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HARRY HICKS

Takes this opportunity to thank the **Bridgetown Public** and his patrons elsewhere for their appreciated favors of the past year, and to wish them all a Prosperous and

Happy New Year.

Always Remember the Full Name
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

McLennan on Nov. 23c.

Matthew.

Story of a Boy Who Made Good.

His name was Matthew. He was armed with his Board of Health certificate. He was strong in the brazen necessary, assertion that, appearances notwithstanding, he was over "over fourteen." He was hampered by no lack of sophistication and looking for a job had wrought within his bosom no new emotions. Yet, for all that, drawn thither by the magnetic "Boy Wanted," his initial entrance to the shipping office was timid and apologetic.

He encountered the head office boy, some few minutes returned from his daily pilgrimage to the New York office an important person of parts, who, from the dignity of tall white collar and glaring red necktie, grinned contemptuously at him. He himself grinned back in utter deprecation, and spoke in a queer, shrill, little voice. The head office boy sneered in a superior way and jerked his thumb toward the assistant shipping clerk.

Following this dignitary, Matthew entered the superintendent's office and the assistant stepped aside to reveal him, with "Boy looking for the job, sir," and waited for anything fustian which Hanford cared to say.

Hanford cared to say nothing facetious, as it appeared rather astonishingly after some thirty seconds, indeed he neglected even to smile, which was rather disconcerting.

What was his name? Matty Schweitzer-Yessir, Matthew. How old? Fourteen last June. Fourteen? Yessir, fourteen last June—seventh of June.

Why wasn't he in school? Matty took this as a bright little jest, and grinned appreciatively as he made reply. "Gotta out! Ever worked before? Sure—yessir. A year in a china factory, an' six months with a grocer, carrying out orders. And he was only fourteen now! Well—yessir.

Were his parents alive? Yessir. Working Yessir. Ma took in washing. B? ther? Step-father, sir. Well—what'd he do? Drank. That last statement of occupation, Matty appeared to think explained the whole conventional situation—and for Hanford it did. He rubbed slowly on his glasses and mentally revolved Matty.

The boy he needed should have been bigger and older and stronger, but he looked nifty at this one, asking work because he had to eat, noted he well scapel hair, the clean, thin chest, the roughened hands with the red knuckles, the dressmaker's cut, the steady presentable shirt, the pipstom legs in the darned stockings, no grotesquely immense shoes. Hanford possessed a heart and conscience, which are at times inconvenient things; and when he was done with the inspection he snapped his glasses into the case with a certain air of finality.

"What wages have you been getting?" "Two a quarter at the china factory."

"And at the other place?" "Platz's-de grocery? Dollarn' a half a week."

"One dollar and a half a week?" "Yessir. Well—" Matty grinned dubiously. "I guess the grub was 'sposed to count for somethin'."

"Oh, you lived with them?" "Nossir, only 't' eat meals. They wasn't much," he supplemented. "Mostly melted grease and cabbage an' them gluey dumplin's—Dutch stuff like that."

"Um. Would you like to come here at three dollarn a week?" "Would I? Say, you gimme de show."

He pulled up sharply. "Yessir." Hanford turned back to his work and picked up his pen. Very well, they would try him. George would give him a time card and put him to work.

Thus, athrill with something as near to childlike joy as was possible to his prematurely aged self, Matty was led out of the presence and installed as junior utility boy of the Burnside Chemical Works.

Perhaps by contrast with the days of the china factory and the grocery, Matthew seemed to regard his lot as happy rather than otherwise. He realized, too, that a large concession had been made in engaging him—he realized it fully after certain days of sweeping and bottle begging that would have set the muscles of a larger boy to aching. He appreciated that Hanford had employed him mainly because he had to work to eat, and as he informed the superintendent, rather precariously one day while passing through the nitric acid shop, he intended to "make good."

Hanford had fully intended to keep track of the boy, but there were other matters immemorable to absorb him and some two months had passed before chance came for the briefest study. That opportunity was not altogether a happy one, for as Matty stood waiting to take a note to the manager in another building, Hanford, staring at him thoughtfully suddenly forgot his meditations for a more concrete proposition.

"Have you been fighting?" Matthew started.

"Nossir."

"Where did you get that lump over your eye?" Matthew grinned, shifted, and looked at the floor.

Hanford's frown contracted in a scowl. "Do you mean to say that your step-father struck you hard enough to make that swelling?"

"Well—no, sir. He didn't work me." "Anyway, it wasn't me he wanted to sock. Yeh see," Matty looked up suddenly, with an animated smile, "yeh see, ma's always callin' him down when he gets full, an' he always gets red hot then, an' says he's going to kill himself if she don't shut up. An', well, last night he was out all night, an' when he come home this morning they got 't' scraggin' an' was said 't' Gawd's sake go an' do it quick. Well, then, he got hystern' ever, an' began to cuss like h—! Hully gee! Didn't he swear! An' then he picked up a chair an' went 't' sock me, an' I got in the way. Then they stopped, an' he went off somewhere. Say, but ma was cryin' when I come 't' work! Oh, it don't hurt much," he concluded, with a consoling grin.

Hanford sighed. Ten years ago he would have taken the child, found an office and investigated the case forthwith; at thirty three he was beginning to understand that he could not reform the world, and that his hands were full at it was. He finished his note, sent the boy away, and lighted his grimy factory pipe.

As a matter of fact his hands were very full indeed.

They had put him there, the Burnside, for more than one reason. As a chemist, he was young and modern; his hand was strong, and his judgment wonderfully accurate and for him attitude did not signify danger. Furthermore, he had won his spurs as amiable executive in the old Fannet works in southern Jersey, where, for some reason, only the roughest and most intractable labor element seemed obtainable.

And that was a qualification here, for they had set Hanford a nasty task the cutting of expenses, which meant the cutting of wages. It was inevitable as business conditions stood; he went about it firmly, and the result was clear-cut.

One or two of the Irishmen left on the spot. They were not indispensable, and their places were filled readily, but when the Hibernian element began to drop away in lots of ten or a dozen a new consideration arose. The replacement seemed inevitably to be German, and Hanford was far from pleased. The Irish crowd would take its scoldings with explosive interruptions and go back to work—or quit. With the new men it was otherwise. They accepted direction silently; they remained silent when he was about; did they object to this or that, it was in a rumbling, underbreath manner. Gradually the feeling grew upon Hanford that all was not as well as might have been.

Indeed, he took to speculating so constantly on the state of affairs, that it was rather considerate of Matty to present a diversion in the shape of his injured hand.

For three long days the junior general-utility boy had been manipulating ammonia with an old brass measure of jagged edges. His hands were raw and blistered, and torn here and there. One of them took to swelling, and his mother applied such remedial agents as tradion and immeasurable ignorance suggested. The hand swelled on, and another day or two later was discerned by Hanford from his window. He sent for the boy and looked at the puffed palm. He saw an abscess that would have sent a finer grained young person to bed. He found the hospital card rather hurriedly and dispatched Matthew to St. Stephens.

In the course of two or three hours, the boy returned, white and weak, and wincing, and related that a youthful medico of the free dispensary—creditably firm in the knowledge that carbolic acid is excellent for pyrogenic conditions—had applied it strong, and sent him forth to await a cure. There were angry white blisters now, and the pain was bringing tears to eyes which usually admitted the utter fatality.

Hanford shut his teeth, telephoned his own physician that a patient was coming, and sent Matthew scurrying up town.

It was a sad call, for the doctor told things that hurt and said things that almost frightened. In the gentlest way he told the boy that the hand would have to be poulticed hourly all night; and that if it were not the whole arm might have to go; that he must impress particularly upon his mother to give the work most minute attention.

Matty's mother was housecleaning—or a lady, she wouldn't be at home until tomorrow night. Relatives? So far as he knew he had none. But he guessed he could do the poulticing himself all right. The doctor rubbed his bearded chin as he groped for a solution. Failing finally, he called up Hanford and asked what he had to suggest.

Continued on page 6.

NEWSPAPER CARRIERS MAY STRIKE IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, December 27.—A strike of drivers of newspaper delivery waggons and helpers is threatened for today. One thousand members of the newspaper delivery association met in secret council last night and were still in conference early today.

The matter of striking or going out on their routes as usual today, it was said, would be determined before the meeting broke up. Meantime at police headquarters a hundred special policemen had been sworn in to protect the newspaper waggons in the event of trouble.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR.

STRONG & WHITMAN.

We wish to thank the public for their support during the past year, and respectfully ask a continuance of the same for 1908.

We wish you all a
Happy and Prosperous New Year

J. H. HICKS & SONS

Murdock Block, Granville Street.