

VOL. 31.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.

O. S. MILLER, Barrister, &c.

Real Estate Agent, etc.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of accounts, and all other professional business.



DR. F. S. ANDERSON, Graduate of the University Maryland.

James Primrose, D. D. S.

J. B. WHITMAN, Land Surveyor.

ROUND HILL, N. S.

Leslie R. Fairn, ARCHITECT.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX

Capital Authorized, \$3,000,000

Head Office: Halifax, N. S.

E. L. THORNE, General Manager.

SAVINGS BANK

Interest compounded half-yearly at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent.

BRANCHES: W. BRUNSWICK, St. John.

CORRESPONDENTS: London and Westminster Bank, London, England.

PATENTS IN ALL COUNTRIES

MARION & MARION, Registered Patent Attorneys.



Pandora Range

OVEN THERMOMETER. NO "BAD LUCK" BAKING DAYS!

Twenty degrees difference in the temperature of an oven is sufficient to make "Good Luck" or "Bad Luck" in baking many kinds of food.

Thermometer fitted in oven door of "Pandora" range has been a proven success for fifteen years.

BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY CO., Sole Agent

The Lion's Share!

We do not expect or ask you for it. We want you to have your share of the good things which we have to offer.

A Satisfied Customer is our Best Advertisement.

We have the best brands in Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Fish, etc.

The finest line of Fruit Syrups, Essence, Teas, Coffee, etc., to be had. Also a full line of Flour, Feed and Crockeryware.

C. L. PIGGOTT.

Are you going to have some Photos for CHRISTMAS?

Call at the BRIDGETOWN PHOTO STUDIO. I have a fine line of the newest Photo Mountings.

N. M. SMITH, Photographer, BRIDGETOWN.

MARK DOWN SALE

50 Pairs of Men's Tan Boots, mixed sizes.

50 Pairs of Men's Oxfords, mixed sizes.

Large Stock of Children's and Misses' Boots and Shoes.

Ladies' Tan and Black Hosiery, to be sold at half their value.

Sale begins to-day and continues until goods are sold.

MRS. J. E. BURNS.

POETRY

The Horse and the Road.

By Josephine Preston Peabody.

The Little Road says "Go."

And oh, it's lonely here at home.

But I must go away.

When the Little Road says "Go."

to-morrow, mark my words."

"I'll not sit down. I'll help Mrs. James serve the things," began her sister, but the lady held up a protesting hand, with:

"Then there'll be no Thankgiving dinner, Dorcas Sweetheart Lee."

"I wonder," in the hope of pleasing Aunt Ann's maid, "if you had been a nobleman, why I was given such a dreadful name. If it were Dorcas alone, or even Sweetheart alone; but the two together! I quarrel with it every day."

"Well, with a loving look, 'it's all the thing under the canopy you do quarrel with. You got it because your pa was so pious, an' your ma so fond of garden stuff. Have it long haul all evenin', an' she'd listen an' potter round among her pink an' roses an' sweetbriar."

"There's a whole hodge of sweet briar an' there, an' she's looking at it today," put in the girl softly.

"Yes, the grey stone house was finished for her to go into when she married your pa, an' she put out that he'd arranged her parlor. But she didn't start out to do that, you was that your pa found the Dorcas part of your name in the Bible. When you was born, he says: 'We desire her to grow up useful. Let her be called Dorcas.' It all came of the Bible readin'. For my part I think a man has no business doing such a thing."

"What, Aunt Ann? Reading the Bible?"

"No, namin' a baby. He doesn't have to read the Bible. Why should he name it? But anyway, your pa said Dorcas, an' your ma, I s'pose, associatin' the Bible readin' an' gardenin', tacked Sweetbriar to it—and there you were. But what a change from the everlastin' digin' of knowledge into youngsters! You've had to give up your school on account of your health, an' here you are huntin' a place as governin' Aunt Ann was cryin'."

"The girl came back and put an arm about her great shoulders protectingly."

"We must be brave," she said. "I don't mind for myself. It breaks my heart to think of you goin' out among your relatives, so I place of your own, but it doesn't give me a qualm to leave the flat. It doesn't seem home. How could it after the old place, the only place you ever lived in? I used to dream I could run away, and buy it back for a home—our home, Aunt Ann. Of course that was nonsense." The tears were falling from her eyes, and she was crying.

"Aunt Ann was crying. The girl came back and put an arm about her great shoulders protectingly."

"We must be brave," she said. "I don't mind for myself. It breaks my heart to think of you goin' out among your relatives, so I place of your own, but it doesn't give me a qualm to leave the flat. It doesn't seem home. How could it after the old place, the only place you ever lived in? I used to dream I could run away, and buy it back for a home—our home, Aunt Ann. Of course that was nonsense." The tears were falling from her eyes, and she was crying.

"Aunt Ann was crying. The girl came back and put an arm about her great shoulders protectingly."

"We must be brave," she said. "I don't mind for myself. It breaks my heart to think of you goin' out among your relatives, so I place of your own, but it doesn't give me a qualm to leave the flat. It doesn't seem home. How could it after the old place, the only place you ever lived in? I used to dream I could run away, and buy it back for a home—our home, Aunt Ann. Of course that was nonsense." The tears were falling from her eyes, and she was crying.

"Aunt Ann was crying. The girl came back and put an arm about her great shoulders protectingly."

"We must be brave," she said. "I don't mind for myself. It breaks my heart to think of you goin' out among your relatives, so I place of your own, but it doesn't give me a qualm to leave the flat. It doesn't seem home. How could it after the old place, the only place you ever lived in? I used to dream I could run away, and buy it back for a home—our home, Aunt Ann. Of course that was nonsense." The tears were falling from her eyes, and she was crying.

"Aunt Ann was crying. The girl came back and put an arm about her great shoulders protectingly."

"We must be brave," she said. "I don't mind for myself. It breaks my heart to think of you goin' out among your relatives, so I place of your own, but it doesn't give me a qualm to leave the flat. It doesn't seem home. How could it after the old place, the only place you ever lived in? I used to dream I could run away, and buy it back for a home—our home, Aunt Ann. Of course that was nonsense." The tears were falling from her eyes, and she was crying.

"Aunt Ann was crying. The girl came back and put an arm about her great shoulders protectingly."

"We must be brave," she said. "I don't mind for myself. It breaks my heart to think of you goin' out among your relatives, so I place of your own, but it doesn't give me a qualm to leave the flat. It doesn't seem home. How could it after the old place, the only place you ever lived in? I used to dream I could run away, and buy it back for a home—our home, Aunt Ann. Of course that was nonsense." The tears were falling from her eyes, and she was crying.

"Aunt Ann was crying. The girl came back and put an arm about her great shoulders protectingly."

"We must be brave," she said. "I don't mind for myself. It breaks my heart to think of you goin' out among your relatives, so I place of your own, but it doesn't give me a qualm to leave the flat. It doesn't seem home. How could it after the old place, the only place you ever lived in? I used to dream I could run away, and buy it back for a home—our home, Aunt Ann. Of course that was nonsense." The tears were falling from her eyes, and she was crying.

"Aunt Ann was crying. The girl came back and put an arm about her great shoulders protectingly."

"We must be brave," she said. "I don't mind for myself. It breaks my heart to think of you goin' out among your relatives, so I place of your own, but it doesn't give me a qualm to leave the flat. It doesn't seem home. How could it after the old place, the only place you ever lived in? I used to dream I could run away, and buy it back for a home—our home, Aunt Ann. Of course that was nonsense." The tears were falling from her eyes, and she was crying.

"Aunt Ann was crying. The girl came back and put an arm about her great shoulders protectingly."

"We must be brave," she said. "I don't mind for myself. It breaks my heart to think of you goin' out among your relatives, so I place of your own, but it doesn't give me a qualm to leave the flat. It doesn't seem home. How could it after the old place, the only place you ever lived in? I used to dream I could run away, and buy it back for a home—our home, Aunt Ann. Of course that was nonsense." The tears were falling from her eyes, and she was crying.

"Aunt Ann was crying. The girl came back and put an arm about her great shoulders protectingly."

"We must be brave," she said. "I don't mind for myself. It breaks my heart to think of you goin' out among your relatives, so I place of your own, but it doesn't give me a qualm to leave the flat. It doesn't seem home. How could it after the old place, the only place you ever lived in? I used to dream I could run away, and buy it back for a home—our home, Aunt Ann. Of course that was nonsense." The tears were falling from her eyes, and she was crying.

dear." The eyes looking into hers were blue and vital, just such eyes as her mother had. A warmth of tenderness and pity for the solitary man swept over her. "I was wondering what special blessing I would give thanks for to-morrow, and here is one at the door." She lifted her sweet face to be kissed. "I haven't been getting much of a fuss made over me." Uncle Tom's voice was rather tremulous. Nobody has killed a last-of-its-kind yet.

He was small, as I have said, and the woman, who came on a run, actually on a run, to throw herself on his neck, weighed two hundred pounds. He did not mind what she was saying. When he left an hour or two later Aunt Ann accompanied him to the door. "You'll eat victuals that are victuals to-morrow, Thomas," she said handsomely, "but you'll eat the days when you were young. And, Thomas, if Mrs. Harton Lee turns her nose up at your clothes, or—or anything, don't let it bother you an atom. She's been turnin' it up at me, an' that's allowed, 'cause I'm a nice, that's better than a daughter to me, till it kind of goes in the air of its own accord."

"She ought to be cured of the habit, maybe we can do it," he answered with a laugh. "Any sign," he said, "of Sweetbriar gettin' married?"

"Never a one," with emphasis. "Not that she hasn't had offers time an' again."

He looked at the awfully figure beside him and smiled. "She's not the first good-looking 'Lee' to be an old maid by choice, eh, Ann?" he said, with such honest pride that his sister-in-law's eyes slipped from his sister's bosom.

"And to think," in a glow of affection and pleased vanity, "that I minded you comin' home poor! 'I'm going to bring you to my room an' get down right up your rich or poor. It may be the girl I was thinking about," he said, "you see, she's had it hard, an' nobody, not an uncle or cousin, has tried to make it easier. She tries that brave face of hers to the world an' never lets on. I've prayed sometimes that you'd come home with enough to buy a little piece of land, an' you'd live with us, an' be happy. But I can stand disappointment. I'm kind of used to it."

"What did she say when you read my note? Was she disappointed, too?" He was eyeing searching Aunt Ann's face.

"A failure," says she, lookin' as if she was tickled to death over findin' someone in need of comfortin', "well, I'll make him forget it for one day anyway." Those were her very words, but you know how she'd say them.

"Oh, yes, he knew. That full soft voice was the sweetest thing he had heard for years. "An' Uncle Tom, you needn't be afraid to fairly stall yourself on victuals to-morrow. They're wholesome, an' there's lots of 'em."

The Thanksgiving dinner went off without a hitch. Uncle Tom sat at the head of the table, because his niece would insist on it. She showed pretty little favors on him. The way she had of peering around the flowers to smile at him, the glances of pride and mode of encouragement she flung at him over the heads of his betters, to quote jealous cousin Graham, "to give her the best of the best."

No wonder the dissatisfied expression faded from his ill face. It was enough to restore him a peace of mind, and he was not a man to let himself be humiliated. No wonder his cynicism and distrust in human nature melted. The truth and tenderness of these were of an enveloping warmth. Mrs. Harton Lee, his right hand neighbor, paid him little attention; to do the lady justice, she had small opportunity. Aunt Ann had her where she could not get away from her.

"I am come here, my girl." He took her hand. "Yonder stands the house you were born in; here's the garden you played in; and both are your own. Don't turn so pale, child; if you hadn't rung true you wouldn't have gotten it. It's yours because you had a welcome for the old man when you married him, a partner, Aunt Ann and I will live with you; and now—Ann!"

Two hundred pounds of good, solid flesh had precipitated themselves upon him, with hysterical exclamations. "You've spoiled my speech, after me spending a good half hour getting it up," he went on. "You ought to know better. I've forgotten all I was going to say, but anyway, the old place is yours, Sweetheart, an' I'll be glad to see you, with your own and a growing gladden, wet with tears. "I can't thank you—now," she whispered, and fled to the kindly corner of the sweetbriar hedge—her own sweetbriar hedge.

As for Aunt Ann, she raised her head from her brother's shoulder, and broke the quiet of that golden Thanksgiving by singing the doxology through from start to finish, to a tune peculiarly her own. Mrs. Harton Lee assessed herself and walked home.

Wakeful Children.

For a long time the two year old child of Mrs. J. L. McPherson, 59 N. Tenth St., Harrisburg, Pa., would sleep but two or three hours in the very best of her parents. Her mother concluded that the child had stomach trouble, and gave her half of one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which quieted her stomach, and she slept the whole night through. Two boxes of these Tablets have effected a permanent cure and she is now well and strong. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Boy Accidentally Kills His Aunt and His Grandmother.

Portland, Me., Nov. 16.—While the boy was preparing to shoot a hawk in the doorway of the farm of William Creighton, at Highland Lake, Saturday afternoon, a shot gun in the hands of Carroll Bailey, aged seven years, was prematurely discharged, and Lydia Leighton, the boy's aunt, was instantly killed, and his grandmother, Mrs. Leighton, is in a critical condition, with two shots in her head.

The boy did not know the gun was loaded, and while examining the lock the muzzle was pointed towards the two women who stood in the doorway. Suddenly the gun went off, and Lydia Leighton received the contents of the gun barrel in the breast and expired instantly. The aged grandmother cannot live.

When You Need Physics.

Get a box of the old reliable Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Gendrake and Buttermilk, which loosen the bowels without causing griping pain, and remedy in half an hour any case of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion. When you have been living on a milk diet and want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must eat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fattener, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and comfortable food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

We will send you a free sample. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, Toronto, Ontario. 50c. and \$1.00 druggists.

Problems for our Boards of Trade to Handle.

(The Maritime Merchant.)

There is no end to the problems that a Board of Trade can find to grapple with. It is not necessary that its executive should be remarkably resourceful in order to turn them up. But there are problems that when solved will do much more to develop the country than others. Perhaps we may be permitted to make a suggestion or two.

Let us take Halifax as a starting point. It is necessary that a place should be on the main line of travel to achieve much commercial greatness. New York and other large Atlantic sea ports in the United States have become what they are very largely because nothing going across the ocean could get out of the great West that lay back of these cities, nor freight that sought the interior get there, without passing through them. Not that the passing to and fro of freight did very much of itself. It was the fact the situation made them convenient places for business and industry. We see the same thing happening in Winnipeg to-day. Winnipeg is going to be an enormous city, simply because nothing can get past it either coming or going. One of the best things that can happen to a town, is to get on the main line of travel. The more people there are going to and fro between America and Europe via Halifax, the more freight and the more ships, the more business, and the more convenience is one of the more important elements in business. This principle has long been recognized by the business men of Halifax and is at the bottom of the last few years' agitation.

It is important not only for Halifax, but for every town in Nova Scotia, and all the way up the I. C. R., that this city should be on the main line of travel. The same convenience is made in the long and arduous journey. Uncle Tom was leading. It did not seem strange to him that which should turn into the street on which stood an old stone house, with wide balconies grilling its pear trees at its feet, and a flower decked yard in front—his feet were always turning that way. He opened the gate and went in.

"I don't like the idea of traveling," said Mrs. Harton Lee, drawing back.

"Oh, that's all right," he said cheerily. "I'll answer for the owner of the property."

His smile slipped into Mrs. Harton Lee's mind. What if—what if—dear me!

"Uncle Thomas," smiling sweetly on him, "have you been ascertaining? Are you the new owner of his place?"

"No, the new owner is—a pause, and a chuckle which simply refused to be suppressed, "Dorcas Sweetbriar Lee."

"Who is taking my name in vain?" called that young person from the parlor.

"I am come here, my girl." He took her hand. "Yonder stands the house you were born in; here's the garden you played in; and both are your own. Don't turn so pale, child; if you hadn't rung true you wouldn't have gotten it. It's yours because you had a welcome for the old man when you married him, a partner, Aunt Ann and I will live with you; and now—Ann!"

Two hundred pounds of good, solid flesh had precipitated themselves upon him, with hysterical exclamations. "You've spoiled my speech, after me spending a good half hour getting it up," he went on. "You ought to know better. I've forgotten all I was going to say, but anyway, the old place is yours, Sweetheart, an' I'll be glad to see you, with your own and a growing gladden, wet with tears. "I can't thank you—now," she whispered, and fled to the kindly corner of the sweetbriar hedge—her own sweetbriar hedge.

As for Aunt Ann, she raised her head from her brother's shoulder, and broke the quiet of that golden Thanksgiving by singing the doxology through from start to finish, to a tune peculiarly her own. Mrs. Harton Lee assessed herself and walked home.

Wakeful Children.

For a long time the two year old child of Mrs. J. L. McPherson, 59 N. Tenth St., Harrisburg, Pa., would sleep but two or three hours in the very best of her parents. Her mother concluded that the child had stomach trouble, and gave her half of one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which quieted her stomach, and she slept the whole night through. Two boxes of these Tablets have effected a permanent cure and she is now well and strong. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Boy Accidentally Kills His Aunt and His Grandmother.

Portland, Me., Nov. 16.—While the boy was preparing to shoot a hawk in the doorway of the farm of William Creighton, at Highland Lake, Saturday afternoon, a shot gun in the hands of Carroll Bailey, aged seven years, was prematurely discharged, and Lydia Leighton, the boy's aunt, was instantly killed, and his grandmother, Mrs. Leighton, is in a critical condition, with two shots in her head.

The boy did not know the gun was loaded, and while examining the lock the muzzle was pointed towards the two women who stood in the doorway. Suddenly the gun went off, and Lydia Leighton received the contents of the gun barrel in the breast and expired instantly. The aged grandmother cannot live.

When You Need Physics.

Get a box of the old reliable Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Gendrake and Buttermilk, which loosen the bowels without causing griping pain, and remedy in half an hour any case of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion. When you have been living on a milk diet and want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must eat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fattener, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and comfortable food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

We will send you a free sample. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, Toronto, Ontario. 50c. and \$1.00 druggists.

President Roosevelt Delivers His Message.

APPEALS TO CONGRESS TO RATIFY THE CUBAN TREATY.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The President's message to Congress is as follows:

To the Senate and House of Representatives: I have convened the Congress that may consider the legislation necessary to put into operation the commercial treaty with Cuba, which was ratified by the Senate at its last session, and subsequently by the Cuban Government. I deem such legislation demanded not only by our interest, but by our honor. We cannot with propriety abandon the course upon which we have so wisely embarked. When the acceptance of the Platt amendment was required for this country by the action of the congress of the United States, this Government thereby definitely committed itself to the unique position as regards this country. It was provided that when the island became a free and independent Republic she should stand in such close relations with us as in certain respects to come within our system of international policy, and it is necessary to follow that course, to a degree, to be included within the lines of our economic policy. Situated as Cuba is, it would not be possible for this country to grant the strategic value of the island by any foreign military power. It is for this reason that certain limitations have been imposed upon her financial policy, and that naval stations have been conceded to her by the United States. These negotiations as to the details of these negotiations are the result of the fact that there is no other power in the world that is so situated as to prevent any idea that there is the intention ever to use them against Cuba, or otherwise than for the protection of Cuba from the assaults of foreign foes, and for the better safeguarding of American interests in the waters south of us.

This interests have been largely increased by the consequences of the war with Spain, and will be still further increased by the building of the Isthmian Canal. They are both military and economic. The granting to us by Cuba of the naval stations also included in it of the utmost importance from a military standpoint, and in such a way that the Republic of Cuba is trusting us. Cuba has made great progress since her independence was established. She has advanced steadily in every way. She already stands high among her sister Republics of the world, and she is loyally serving her obligations to us; and is entitled to the like treatment by us.

The treaty submitted to me for approval accords to the United States economic advantages as great as those given Cuba. Not an interest is sacrificed. By the treaty a large Cuban market lies at our doors, which is already a large market which is capable of great expansion and which is especially important to the development of our export trade. It would indeed be shortsighted for us to refuse to take advantage of such an opportunity, and to force Cuba into making arrangements with other countries to our disadvantage.

The reciprocity treaty stands by itself. It demands no considerations of broad national policy as well as by our economic interest. It will benefit many industries. It is in the interest of the people as a whole, both because of its importance from the broad standpoint of the International Policy, and because economically it intimately concerns us to develop and secure the rich Cuban market for our farmers, artisans, mechanics and manufacturers.

Finally, it is desirable as a guarantee of the good faith of our nation towards her young sister Republic to the south, whose welfare must ever be closely bound with ours. We gave her liberty. We are knit to her by the memories of the blood and the courage of our soldiers who fought for her in war; by the wisdom of the statesmen who served her in peace, and who started her on the path of the difficult path of self-government. We must help her onward, and upward; and in helping her we shall help ourselves.

The foregoing considerations caused the negotiations of the treaty with Cuba, and its ratification by the Senate. They now with equal force support the legislation by the congress, which by the terms of the treaty is necessary to render it operative. A failure to enact such legislation would come perilously near a repudiation of the pledged faith of our nation.

I transmit herewith the treaty with Cuba, as approved by the Senate and ratified by the Cuban Government.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

C. C. Richards & Co.

I was very sick with Quinsy and thought I would strangle. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and was cured in one day. I am never without it now.

Yours gratefully, MRS. C. D. PRINCE, Nauvignawan, Oct. 21st.

Lord Kitchener's Leg Broken in Two Pieces.

Sima, India, Nov. 16.—Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in India, has met with a serious accident. While riding home alone from a country house near here, as he was passing through a tunnel, his horse became frightened and collided with the wall of the side. One of Lord Kitchener's legs was broken in two places. Some time afterwards a coffin, passing through the tunnel, found the commander-in-chief lying there helpless and brought him to Sima. His leg was twisted and both bones snapped above and below.

A Noted Horseman's Experience.

Mr. Antoine Wendling, owner of Levins, 2114 St. Lawrence street, of the Clifton House, Brockville, says no livestock compares with Neville for general use around the stable. For strains, sprains, swellings, internal pains, and especially for affections of the chest and lungs, Neville is unequalled. Mr. Wendling believes Neville is indispensable as a horse liniment; it has strength, penetrating power and works thoroughly. Every horse and stock owner should use Neville. Sold in large bottles.

"Sack 'o' food, sack, with bumper," he would say. "Season it with wit and sprinkles it all over with the charm of good fellowship, but never in an insult to 'o' digestion, 'sack' 'o' wit, 'sack' 'o' wit, 'sack' 'o' wit."—Col. Carter, of Cartersville.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.