Memories of Bear River

The writer was reminded of Bear River by looking over several copies of the "Telephone" which had been sent him from the village. Reading everything printed in that bright paper, even to the business cards, he recalled many names and circumstances that once he was as familiar with as the leaves of his school books. In fancy he stood on the old bridge of fifty years ago, which was built of good honest logs—not the modern structure of today—which seemed to him in childhood more majestic than London Bridge could look to any person. As the veiling mists gather and shift over the beautiful river, and then caught by the out-going breeze, foot seaward again, he catches glimpses, framed, at it were, between the centuries, oddly differing from each other, but full of interest. The earliest ofthese glimpses dates back to a June morning in 1607, and he beholds a strange little vessel dropping her anchor. It is the caravel of Imbert, pioneer of French explorers in this northern waterway, and first of that tide of visitors, which has since followed in his wake. Little did the grim old navigator dream that his name would be forever linked to the beautiful village at the head of the stream. The river must have been beautiful in the old days, as it is today, and on its bosom glided up and down the birchen canoes of a fast-fading race. How the red man looms up in the memory, and one recalls the Muses, the Toneys, Pigtoes, and Labradores—all passed on to the happy hunting grounds. The scene of vision shifts and shows us the thatched cottages of more than one Acadian peasant on the high banks of the river early as 1750. Five years later these troublesome French are removed and their lands given to more loyal settlers.

About 1758 the Hetricks, Van Buskirks, Chutes and Crouses begin to take up lands and the village of Bear River has commenced its history. Again the mists lift and reveal another picture. Nearly a hundred years have passed. The Sachems and their squaws have nearly vanished, and on the hill-slopes where once their lodges stood, a town has sprung up. Shops and warehouses are here and there and wharves, at which lie craft of various kinds taking in or discharging their cargoes. Speaking of vessels one recalls many of the old craft that sailed out of the river—the St. John Packet, the Heiress, the Tamar Marshall and others that cannot at the moment be recalled. The village stores used to excite the childish imagination fifty years ago with their mysterious W. I. goods, and the numberless mugs and pitchers with the head of Victoria stamped upon them. Oranges, lemons and bananas were almost unknown for we had no railroads then, and only semi-occasionally did the "St. John" or "Empress" steam across the bay to Digby. One recalls how Capt. Tom Anthony, Capt. Asa Peters, Capt. Henry Copeland, Capt. James Parker, and Capt John Graham, always brought the youngsters oranges and shells on their return trips from abroad. God bless their memory. Fifty years ago the young fry on the Annapolis sideof the river attended the log shool which was located just beyond the residence of Mr. Willard Clark. Mr. Williamswasthe schoolmaster and the writer recalls how a fresh lot of birch sticks was regularly brought in to "grease the ways" of our youthful imagination. And they were well greased too. Part of the old building still remains, and the cold spring just across the road "goes on forever." It was then at the very edge of Harris's wood, and had no hoops, etc., to keep it within bounds. How many generations of youngsters have lain prone on their stomachs and drank from its crystal depths? Just beyond the spring stands a row of narled old willows planted by Mr. Edward Chute in 1819, They are fragrant with many memories, and are a well known landmark. Who among the older readers does not remember "Uncle Binea?" His orchard, where the boys, and the girls too, for that matter, used to hypothecate apples and water melons, is a thing of the past, but the river front has changed but little. As the writer sat on a ledge of rock one day last summer and chatted with the bright little daughter of Mr. Reid, his memory recalled the digging for private treasure hereabouts, with its weird sounds, rattling of chains, strange lights, etc., of diabolical production. The older boys of that day have carefully kept the secret. Many of the old landmarks of Bear River are gone, but here and there one meets a house that recalls the simple lives and characters of the olden time. Much of the wood-land has disappeared in the smoke of New England, for our new neighbors derived their supply of cordwood from Bear River and adjacent parts.

Many, very many, of the familiar faces that graced the village in our boyhood days have long since been gathered to their fathers. How remembrance brings them to view again—Mr.and Mrs. Wm. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Binea Chute, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Read, Mr. and Mrs. John Milbury, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crouse, Mr. and Mrs. John Purdy, Mrs. Henry Copeland, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harris, "Parson" Godfrey, the elder Blakesleys, Hardwickes, Dunns, Rices and Woodworths, whose given names we have forgotten, the good old stock, everyone of them. "Sire" Harris's mill and brook had great attractions for the boys and girls in the old days. How many trout were caught with a pin-hook out of that brook! and frequently the writer caught something else on his return home. "Sire" had a reputation for being peculiar, but he was kindness itself to us youngsters.

A circus poster was a great delight in the olden time, although the performance was usually given at Digby or Annapolis. A show with an elephant and trick horse or two, a clown and one or two leapers gave unbounded satisfaction. The writer recalls how difficult it was to induce one elephant to trust himself on the bridge, and with what labor the heavily loaded teams were coaxed up our steep hills. Mail facilities were very crude fifty years ago, when the mail coach rumbled through at night, and when postage was paid in the coin of the realm. We can hardly imagine men rushing out in the dead of the night, almost in the garb of Adam, to catch the coach and to hand up letters going "post haste" to St. John or Halifax, but they did it in those days. One recalls the letters with their curious postmarks—"due six pence," "due one shilling," etc., and the queer old postage stamps which were issued in 1852, bearing the value in pence instead of cents. Many of our older people will recall the capture of Sabastopol by the allied troops of England, France and Turkey in 1855, and how there was "a hot time in the old town" when the news came, with bonfires, firecrackers, eating, drinking, and making merry generally, much of which centered about the Hillsburgh hotel, a building still standing, but remodelled into a modern dwelling by Mr. Alphy Chute. The Episcopal church with its sharp-pointed spire brings out of the past many sacred memories. Here the writer attended his first Sunday school as early as 1853-4, and he recalls that his teacher was Mrs. Henry Copeland, that sainted woman who had a smile and a blessing for every one. How many times as a child did he wander through the old burial ground and look with curiosity upon the ancient head stones with their quaint epitaphs and quotations. The Baptist and Methodist churches are modern compared with the little structure within whose walls good old "Parson" Godfrey taught his flock a half century ago. As the bell of the beautiful Baptist church breaks the stillness of the drowsy air one is prone to remember the generosity of her who gave it in memory of a good man and true.

The writer has travelled far and wide, but in no country has he ever found a more beautiful village than Bear River. He has always loved it, and the love grows stronger as the years go by, and although much of his life has been passed away from it he yet retains the most hallowed memories of its dear old scenes and once familiar faces. As he saw it last summer, with all its recent and great improvements, its beauty and calm repose appealed to him stronger than ever. To Clark Bros. and the other spirited business men who have made these changes possible, the people of Bear River, whether in or out of the village, owe a debt of gratitude.

J. MILLIDGE CHUTE.

POTATOES BOILED TO PERFECTION.

In Ireland the humblest peasant places his potatoes on his table better cooked than could half the cooks in this country by trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets"; peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it and so cause it to go to the table waxy and unpalatable. They should be thoroughly washed and put into cold water. In Ireland they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil. Cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling, and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done. The skins will not then be broken or cracked until the potato is thoroughly done. Pour the water off completely, uncover the pot, and let the skins thoroughly dry before peeling.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHES?

Blood Poisoning, Always!

The blood is poisoned by retained tissue waste, due to defective action of the bowels, kidneys or skin. The tissue waste, or dead cells, circulating in the blood, irritates the nerves and brain, and headaches and neuralgia are bound to arise. Headache powders and opiates of any kind do harm, by aiding the retention of the blood poison in the system. To cure headaches, purifiy the blood by opening the bowels, and by stimulating the kidneys and skin to increased action.

Testimonial of Mr. Bert. Cornell, Taylorville, Ont.

Chronic Headaches Cured by Fruit-a-tives

To Fruit-a-tives Limited,
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"I was a sufferer from fearful headaches for over two years, sometimes they were so bad I was unable to work for days at a time. I took all kinds of medicines, was treated by physicians, and yet the headaches persisted. A short time ago I was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives" and I did so with, I must confess, very little faith, but after I had taken them for three days my headaches were easier and in a week they left me. After I had taken a box of the tablets my headaches were quite cured. My appetite was also poor and my stomach was bad and now my appetite is splendid and my digestion is excellent. I have been taken in all three boxes of "Fruit-a-tives," am exceedingly grateful to "Fruit-a-tives" for curing me and I give this unsolicited testimonial with great pleasure.

(Sgd.) BERT. CORNELL.

"Fruit-a-tives" cure headaches and neuralgia because they purify the blood by their splendid action on the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, and thus remove all poisonous material from the system.

With these eliminating organs all active and working as nature intends them to work, there can be no poisons in the blood, and there can be no headaches or neuralgia.

A week's treatment will PROVE how thoroughly and quickly "Fruit-a-tives" cure.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

The Household

THE ESSENTIALS OF GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

Good housekeeping must be mixed with brains, as a certain painter mixed his colors, and it should be remembered too, that the house is made for the inhabitants, not they for the house.

The first essential in our climate is that a house should if possible, be chosen so that each room gets some sun during the day when there is any shining. If this is not possible, try, when you take a house, to find one where, by opening room doors, the sun can be persuaded to penetrate all through it, if only for a few minutes at a time.

Secondly,let your windows shine if you like, but the essential thing is that they should be open wide as much as possible. All the summer the bedroom windows should be wide open, except in driving rains or thunderstorms. Don't have shiny windows and stuffy rooms smelling of the last year's dinners, and gas, and dust, and have spotless linen, but not at the expense of the bed linen, in which you spend a third of your lives. Change the pillow-cases at least once a week. It is not clean to have a satin eiderdown quilt on the bed and three-week-old linen in the bed. Remember that no one sleeps well in a stuffy bed, and no one works well after a night spent there. So have the blankets, if not washed, often hung out in the shade to air if you have a garden, and let all mattresses and pillows spend twelve hours there also at least once a year. Choose a dry, windy day, and place them on dust sheets after beating and brushing them.

Polish up your furniture if you have time, but first see that all dust is carefully removed with a cloth rung out of weak carbolic and water from places which don't show—corners under furniture, tops of bookcases, tops of doors and door lintels.

Finally, a splendidly black-leaded range, shining with steel fittings, is a pretty thing in a kitchen, but it won't ptevent you catching diphtheria and typhoid if your sink pipes and drains are wrong, and your sanitary zinc bin in an insanitary state. Any iron monger will clean the latter and repair the inside for a trifle. Have it done at least once a year.

WHY THE MORNING AIR IS HEALTHFUL.

Most people at some time in their lives probably have risen early enough to experience the bracing effect given by filling the lungs while the dew is still on the grass. So far as analysis goes, the composition of early morning air is not different from the air at any other time. It is well to remember, however, that during the passing of the night to day and of day to night several physical changes take place.

There is a fall of temperature at sunset and a rise again at dawn, and consequently, moisture is alternately being thrown out and taken up again, and it is well known that change of state is accompanied by electrical phenomena and certain chemical manifestations, also. The formation of dew has probably, therefore, far more profound effects than metely the moistening of objects with water.

Dew is vitalizing, not entirely because it is water, but because it possesses an invigorating action, due, partly at any rate, to the fact that it is saturated with oxygen, and it has been stated that during its formation peroxide and hydrogen and some ozone are developed. It is not improbable that the peculiarly attractive and refreshing quality which marks the early morning air has its origin in this way.

Certain it is that the bracing property of the early morning air wears off as the day advances, and it is easy to conceive this loss of freshness is due to the oxygen ozone, peroxide of hydrogen—whichever it may be—being used up.

The difficulty of inducing grass to flourish under a tree in full leaf is well known and is generally explained by saying that the tree absorbs the nourishing constituents of the soil or that it keeps the sunlight away from the grass and protects it from the rain. It is doubtful whether any of these explanations are true, the real reason most probably being that the vitalizing dew cannot form upon the grass under a tree, whereas as a rule both rain and light can reach it. Dew is probably essential to the well-being of both plants and animals to a greater extent than is known.

ECONOMISING POLITENESS.

The practical spirit is much abroad in France just now; it is co-eval with the entente cordiale, and with a new excellence in sports. One of the effects is seen in the curtailment of terms of politeness in letters. That historic termination, "The expression of my most distinguished sentiments," which has such a savour of old-fashioned courtesy in it, is positively threatened. It remains in private correspondence, but its days are numbered in the commercial letter. The Englishman has contracted if for most purposes to "Yours truly," or simply "Yours." A French merchant has gone one better. He has suppressed the concluding formula altogether, and merely signs his name. On the head of his notepaper, and above the address of the firm, is an intimation that expressions of mere formality in correspondence have been omitted to save time, and that the same brief epistolatory style is recommended to all doing business with the house. It is said that this innovation has been received with great approval by the members of the particular business community to which the pioneer belongs.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

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If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you

LEIBIG'S FIT CURE

Fashion Gives a Dime to the Poor With the Soup

Paris, March 24.—Fashionable society is in the melting mood of charity. Scarcely a dinner is given now but the hostess, when the soup is served, orders that each guest must place a dime on the tray the butler passes around. It is counted bad form to give more money. At the end of the month the accumulated silver goes to the poor. A new fifty centime piece in his pocket is now as rigorously a part of the equipment of the man who dines out as his gloves. The fad has benefited the decorative artists, for each charitable dame is determined to outshine her hated rival in the artistic beauty of her collection tray.

Do Not Neglect a Cold

Never allow a cold to take its course. Too often at this season of the year its course is toward pneumonia. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will promptly cure your cold and counteract any tendency in this direction. There is nothing better for acute throat and lung troubles. For sale by S. N. Weare.

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