



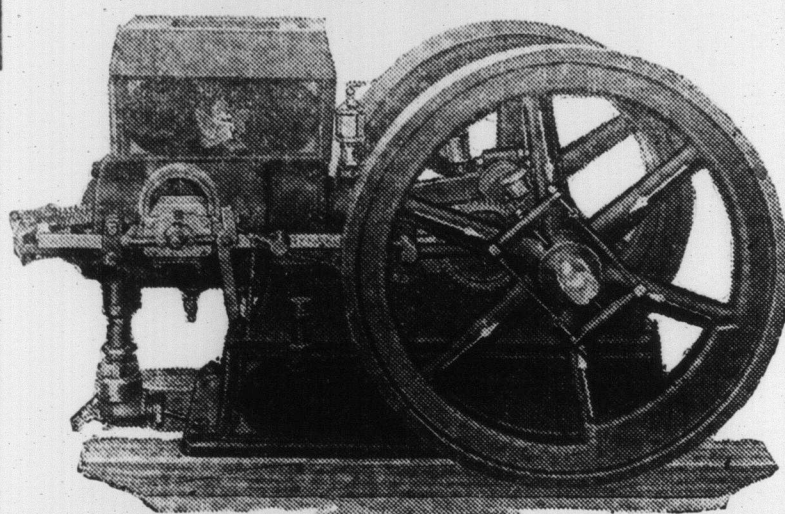
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Why the Ford is the "Universal Car"

Because the simplicity of the Ford Car adapts it to every driver.

—because the power of the Ford car carries it wherever the driver wants to go.

—because its durability and rugged strength make it the car for every condition or usage.

—because of its low first cost and low cost of operation and maintenance. The Ford Car is a good car for you to own.

FORD PRICES— Touring Car, \$675; Runabout, \$610; Coupe, \$1,100; Sedan, \$1,200; Chassis, \$550; Truck Chassis, \$750. Prices are F. O. B., Ford, Ont.

L. B. DODGE, Ford Dealer
MIDDLETON, N. S.

The Time Has Come To Reduce Prices

Don't forget Easter is March 27th. We have our latest styles in. Also samples and cloths of the latest spring patterns.

Prices reduced from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per suit. We guarantee all our goods to be of first quality and to satisfy from every standpoint. Come early, so that you can have your suit for Easter.

G. O. THIES
MERCHANT TAILOR

RALPH LANE, Manager

CLEMENTSFORT

Mrs. A. M. Rawling has gone to Boston on a business trip. The Baptist sewing society held a pie sale in the vestry of the church Tuesday evening last. Lots of pie and a good time.

Mr. Amos Burns has returned from a trip East visiting at the homes of his sons, Dr. A. S. Burns, Kentville, and W. N. Burns, Bridgetown.

A surprise was given Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stronach last Monday evening by their friends, gathering at their home to celebrate their 28th anniversary. All expressed themselves as having a splendid time.

Mr. Charles Maughan met with what might have been a fatal accident, had it not been for the timely interference of his faithful dog.

Mr. Maughan was leading his bull to water when the animal became enraged, attacked him and threw him to the ground. The dog jumped and grabbed the bull by the nose thereby giving Mr. Maughan a chance to recover himself. He escaped with a few minor injuries.

MILFORD

Our teacher, Miss Viola Saunders, went to Bridgetown Friday to spend Easter.

Miss Winifred Weir, of Annapolis Royal, is visiting Mrs. Milledge Floyd, of Milford.

Miss Myrtle Gates went to Lequille Friday to spend Easter with her sister, Mrs. Robert Wood.

Miss Helena Ford returned home from Annapolis Royal Thursday to spend Easter with her parents at Milford.

A wood chopping was held at Milledge Floyd's Thursday evening, followed by a dance in the evening. Refreshments were served and all spent a very pleasant evening.

CENTRAL CLARENCE

Mr. Aldern, of Berwick, was a guest this week at S. B. Marshall's.

Mrs. C. H. Jackson entertained a few friends on Good Friday.

Mr. Henry Messenger went to Middleton on Sunday returning Tuesday.

Drs. Armstrong and Morse operated on Galsys Stark Thursday for tonsils and adenoids.

Miss Rita Marshall left for her home on Wednesday to spend her Easter holidays, accompanied by her friend Vesta Jackson.

HAPPIEST WOMAN IN NOVA SCOTIA

That is What Mrs. Lovett Says After Tanlac Freed Her of Three Years Suffering

"I believe I am the happiest woman in Nova Scotia since my wonderful restoration to health, and Tanlac deserves all the credit," said Mrs. William Lovett, who lives in Tutts Cove, Dartmouth, a suburb of Halifax.

"For three years I was almost a nervous wreck. I got so very little rest by day or night, and became so weak and worn out for days at a time, I could not put my feet out of the house and lots of the time I spent in bed."

"My appetite was poor and my stomach was in such a miserable condition that even a cup of tea often disagreed with me. I don't believe anybody suffered worse from headaches than I did, and I felt so miserable all the time that life became a burden to me. I had dreadful spells of melancholy, too. For nothing I tried helped me and I began to think there was no hope for me."

"I will always feel grateful to the good neighbour who induced me to try Tanlac, as I owe to this medicine the splendid health I now enjoy. In just a short time I was feeling like a different woman. I have fine appetite now, eat anything I want, and everything agrees with me and seems to nourish me so much that I have fully recovered my strength and gained fifteen pounds in weight besides."

"My nerves are calm and steady and I sleep all night long without so much as waking even once. In the morning I feel so bright and cheerful I sing from very joy as I dress myself and realize all my troubles are over. I just can't find words to express the pure joy in my heart for this grand medicine. It has proved itself more wonderful than I thought possible for any medicine to be."

"Tanic is sold in Bridgetown by S. N. Wear, in Middleton by Clifford A. Mumford and in Bear River by L. V. Harris."

He who is wedded to art should have a model wife.

BELLEISLE

Miss Elsie C. Black spent Easter with her cousin, Mrs. G. O. Thies, of Bridgetown.

Mrs. Wallace Covert, of Karsdale, spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. D. Parker.

Miss Nan Chipman, of Nictaux West, spent Easter with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. D. Parker.

Miss Kathryn C. Fraser, of the Normal College, Truro, spent Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Fraser.

Mrs. Phineas Phinney, of Upper Granville, is spending a few days with Mrs. Henry H. Bent.

Miss Lizzie Troop, Miss Vera Hudson and Miss Floestie Kearns were home from their school to spend the Easter holidays at their homes here.

Miss Gladys Troop, who is attending school in Middleton, spent the Easter holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archie F. Troop. She was accompanied by her friend Miss Atkinson, one of the Middleton teachers.

FALKLAND RIDGE

Mrs. Ella Weaver still continues in very poor health.

Burton Marshall left on Thursday to visit relatives in Halifax.

Rev. M. W. Brown was calling on old friends in this place on Thursday.

Bessie Marshall, of the M. B. College, spent the Easter holidays at her home here.

Mrs. Harry Whyntot underwent on Wednesday a second operation on her throat, which was successful.

Among the numerous signs of an early spring, beside our feathered friends, are snakes and frogs.

Elias Love, of New Germany, was in this place on Monday and purchased Stanley Kaubach's oxen.

A large number from here attended the Kenstar Roll Call of the church and induction service of our new pastor, Rev. G. Durkee and wife.

Rita Marshall, teacher of the Clarence school, accompanied by her friend, Vesta Jackson, spent the Easter holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Marshall.

A pessimist is one who is always expecting bad luck and is surprised when it comes.

When a young man tells a girl a lot of yarns she isn't to be blamed for giving him the mitten.

CANOEING IN CANADA

Canoes and fishing-rods: these invigilate most men; they sit up and beam at mention of them—not only men who live with them and by aid of them exist, but men who travel up to the office every morning and to whom the word "fish" means only the course before the entrée. Many a happy evening have I spent in reading of such things—reading in some traveller's book of canoes and fishing-rods, of rifles and the crackle of the camp-fire. And now the fates permit me to write, if not a book, an article on these, as I have of late had many days in their company. For their friends and acquaintances I write this, especially for those who can't just at the moment, arrange their affairs so as to get away from the desk to be among them.

I do not suppose it would be gross free advertisement to give the name of the canoe in which I set out, for it is mentioned in most accounts of Canadian travel; but I will not run the risk of being suspected as a shareholder in the company that makes it, or subsidised it. Suffice it, then, to say that the beautiful craft was of the size that caused it to be stamped, on the little bit of decking at the bow, not merely "Canoe," but: "The So-and-So Canoe Boat." It can be rowed, if necessary, by two pairs of oars and has a place (in that foot of deck at the bow) for a short mast that carries a long, low triangular sail. It is—was on the point of saying "light as a feather;" at any rate, it can be pulled up on the beach, or set afloat, with one hand. It is certainly amazingly light and buoyant.

I chose to row it; and the one pair of oars in an easy swing sent it gliding rapidly through the waters with its load of tent, tent-poles, and blankets; kettles, billy, and frying-pan; four, rice, and seedless raisins; "tin corn," "canned corn," tea, coffee, salt and sugar; three fishing-rods (one for flies, one for spoon, and one for spinner); a heavy six-shooter; and Squaw in stern. Bush fires were shimmering away in the ranges, so that we had to take the further peaks for granted. The nearer mountains stood solemnly up with their green fronts and fringe of summit-poles and timber against a grey-blue background, the drifting smoke of the fires.

After all, though the sun was hidden (very much as in a London November haze) its light sifted through some of the peaks, and lit very impressively the slopes of fir and the outstanding chunks of rock on the slopes. Weird, furred reflections ran down into the deep water, a water smoky-blue and jade-green.

As for the canoe, it seemed a living thing. Soon it and I were in touch with each other, had an understanding. It is a sensitive, polished, exquisite thing. It is full of response and yet it is not easy to wreck. Of the whirl of an eddy it folds with a tremble. At the narrow turns (we were making out into the main Kootenay Lake in British Columbia) it behaved as though eager to show it was in partnership with me. It leapt to the ripples, it dipped to them. It told me, almost in a telepathic fashion, without speech: "Pull, friend; and I'll do the rest."

This may sound like writing to those who have not adventured on eddy or current in league with such canoes; but it is not really as wild as it seems. It rowed in towards shore, and continued in a backwater till the lake spread out again. When I pulled it up on a spit of sand and little stones in twilight I marvelled again at its lightness. And when camp was made—and I sat on a fallen tree while the billy boiled and the fire



crackled, and the sun, a disc of old gold, went slipping down in dun-grey behind a hump or "hog-back," (to use the local phrase)—just to look at that canoe-boat was a delight. Even to that dulled sun it responded with a sheen of gold along its hull.

Without Canoe I would have been, there, like a man on the plains without horse. In the weeks these both seem alive. It was a three-some party: Squaw, self, canoe. The fishing-rod is different. The trolling-rod (or even the spinner) is definitely dead. One just lets the line run out astern and then paddles round and to and fro and the fish catch themselves, imitate themselves upon the hooks while trying to fight the spoon, or to ally their curiosity regarding the spinner; and when enough have done so they are brought ashore to the frying-pan.

The fly-fishing rod is nearer toward having entity. In the dancing water where Coffee Creek empties into Kootenay Lake I did once or twice mistake my own sham flies for real flies coasting the little wave-tops. But, frankly, I am not a sportsman in the sense of liking to kill. When I have fished my supper, like an Indian, I desert. He only goes on fishing beyond the requirements of one meal when he wants to smoke fish for future ones.

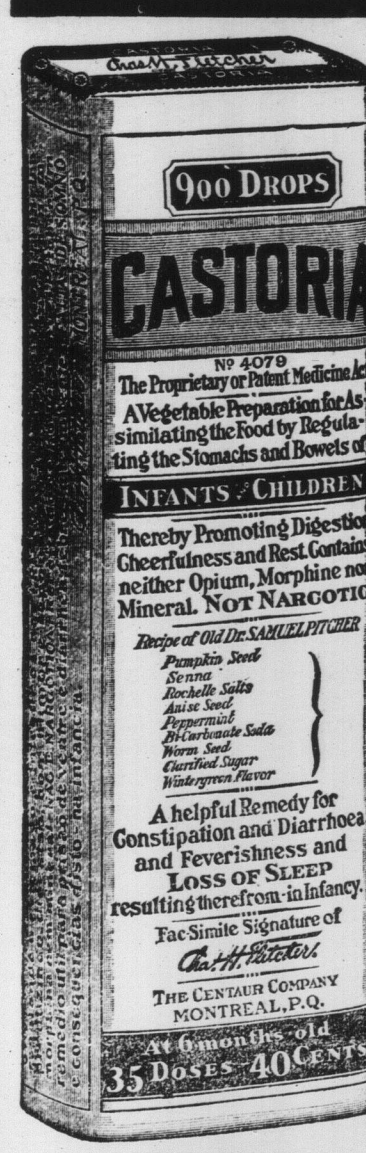
The heavy six-shooter I had brought merely as a defensive weapon, as it was our intention to wander up in the snow-capped mountains, both for their majestic presence and for huckleberries; and although bear generally run from human beings, ever and again they don't. Bears are fond of huckleberries, and sometimes they think they own a whole patch. If they see a human being picking them they come with a "Woof!" to drive him away; not often—but still they do so now and then. The shooting practice had to be kept up, and every here and there, where there was some wild natural wall, I would stick up an empty tin (canned corn was, as I mentioned, part of our supply), and there the pleasure of seeing it fly as the six-gun kicked, and considering (once more in the language of the country) as I culled the battered can and set it up again: "If that was Mr. Bear's name would be Dennis!" But even rifle or six-gun is only an instrument, a beautiful, callous, perfect instrument. There is a certain pleasure in sitting by the fire in the evening, with a little bottle of oil and a pull-through, attending to its toilet, and looking

through it for a speck, while Squaw sits opposite on a couch of lopped fir-boughs (lopped by Friend Axe); but it has no response—for a kick cannot be called a response. The little fraction of a suggestion of life in it is not friendly, like the great suggestion of life in Canoe. Rifle and six-gun are in the same world as Frankenstein.

But the chronicle of the trip is peaceful enough, despite the presence of six-gun in the party. The bears kept out of our way. It is the chronicle of squirrels chattering to us at every landing, in what sounded like small invective—a sound like the winding up, for a long time, of a clock-work toy; of the scuts of two deer flickering away through the woods, their bodies hardly discernible, only to be discovered by the aid of these twinkling tails; of chipmunks chirping and frisking; of gophers (hated by farmers except as linnings for winter coats, but mighty pretty) coming close to look at us; little creatures under a foot high, when sitting up on haunches, with neat little heads—something like polar bears on a small scale—one of a fish hawk that went past one evening, its head moving left and right and returned about five minutes later with a fish in its talons—like a bird flown away with its perch; of Canadian robins that came dancing along the shingle, raising their heads to see if we discarded any choice crumbs; of a blue jay, crested, bright, as a parrot, brilliant in the dusky green woods alongshore and the smoke-sifted sunshine; of the dusk falling over the sliding water where the trout rose after flies and fell with a splash to the quiet of the rocky coves more impressive; of the zig-zag flight of mosquito hawks and then the flutter of bats' wings over the smoke of our fire; and, when the world was blotted out beyond the limit of our fire-sheen, of the musical, almost bird-like bubbling voice of the bull-frog.

That is the chronicle of the trip. And always there was the great quiet of the hills, the limpid loneliness of the waters; always there was the tremendous disorders of gulch and creek, with the fallen trees, from many a storm in the peaks, tilted at wild angles from shore to mid-stream rock, or even shore to shore above the foaming and roaring rivers.

—F. N.



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