



Joker's Corner

TO THE POINT.

The British working man came home late on Saturday evening. His face was red, his voice suggested jollity, and there came no welcome jingling from his pocket.

"Oh, I've had a fine time," he said, "I've been to an Empire meeting. It was grand!"

He ceased speaking, and there was an ominous silence. He looked round suspiciously.

"What's the matter with supper?" he asked angrily. "Ain't it ready yet?"

His wife, who was sitting peeling potatoes, and trying to quiet a crying baby at the same time, rose slowly, and handed him the infant.

"Here," she said, "take hold of your bit of Empire waffle I fry the potatoes."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts, delights in telling this story:

"Once when there was a vacancy in the Massachusetts bishopric, Phillips Brooks was the most likely candidate. I was walking with President Eliot one day and, in the course of the conversation, I said to him, 'Do you think Brooks will be elected?'"

"Well, no," said Dr. Eliot, "a second or third rate man would do as well."

"Phillips Brooks was elected, and a short time afterward, Dr. Eliot and I were walking again."

"Glad Brooks was elected, aren't you?" I asked.

"I suppose so," returned Dr. Eliot, "but to tell the truth, William you were my man."

Harduppe—"Hello, Wigwag. You're just the man I was looking for. Can you lend me thirteen dollars till Friday?"

Wigwag—"But thirteen dollars and Friday are both unlucky."

Harduppe—"Well, then, make it fourteen dollars till Saturday."

Clinton—"I suppose your little ones ask you many embarrassing questions?"

Clublight—"Yes, they are just like their mother."

So the newest Atlantic liner is to have a golf course, tennis courts and shops on deck. Combining all the joys of town, country and seaside. They have had doctors, clergymen, libraries and wireless news and laundries for some years. Likewise chiropractors, manicurists, typists, seamstresses, and an indifferent young person to play the piano. It only remains for them to have a mayor and supervise subscription canvassers, garbage tins and flies for them to feel quite at home.

WHAT IT WOULD DO.

The late Ida Lewis, keeper of the Lime Rock Light at Newport, saved many sailors from drowning, and saved many, too, from drunkenness.

Ida Lewis once rebuked a half-grown sailor who was preparing to brew a Christmas punch.

"It will get you into trouble," she said. "These strong Christmas punches always do. A fine young sailor—but he's filling a drunkard's grave to day—nee offered me a glass of Christmas punch, saying:

"Drink it, ma'am. It's food and drink in one."

"Yes," said I, "and a night's lodging as well if you take enough of it!"

WELL, WELL!



THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use. I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used DYOLA.

CURED OF CONSTIPATION

Mr. Andrews praises Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Mr. George Andrews of Halifax, N. S., writes:

"For many years I have been troubled with chronic Constipation. This ailment never comes single-handed, and I have been a victim to the many illnesses that constipation brings in its train. Medicine after medicine I have taken in order to find relief, but one and all left me in the same hopeless condition. It seemed that nothing would expel from me the one ailment that caused so much trouble, yet at last I read about these Indian Root Pills.

That was indeed a lucky day for me, for I was so impressed with the statements made that I determined to give them a fair trial.

They have regulated my stomach and bowels. I am cured of constipation, and I claim they have no equal as a medicine. For over half a century Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have been curing constipation and clogged, inactive kidneys, with all the ailments which result from them. They cleanse the whole system and purify the blood. Sold everywhere at 25c. a box.

Lost in a Manitoba Blizzard

While staying with some friends at a place called Plumus, a little town on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway about one hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg, I went through an experience the like of which I would not care to repeat. Indeed I had the narrowest escape of my life and will always carry with me the most vivid recollections of that adventure.

It was the winter of 1906 and one evening in December my host, Mr. Good, suggested that on the morrow we should renew the fuel, hoping to procure enough in one day to last till well into the spring. There were two fine teams in the stable not doing anything very much and he arranged that I should take one team, and he the other. Similar arrangements had been made in previous winters.

The bush was twelve miles away and we decided to start early in the morning. As soon as this was settled he went out, bunked up the sleighs, put our axes on a supply of hay for the horses, blankets, etcetera. When everything was complete we returned to the house and at once retired, intending to start early and get back in the afternoon.

By ill luck we did not awake till six o'clock and it was seven before we started for the bush, the first streaks of daylight appearing in the east as we set off. The morning was intensely cold, the thermometer registering thirty-five degrees below zero. The snow was dry and crisp and everything appeared to be cracking with frost.

To reach the bush we had to go along what was called the boundary line—a trail running through a long strip of grazing land or pasture not far from the shores of Lake Manitoba. This pasture was used by some ranchers as it was too wet to farm and a couple of settlers' shanties were the only signs of habitation all the way to the bush. One of the shanties was situated on the banks of a creek that we had to cross just before entering the bush, the place being named Indian Crossing.

When we reached the outskirts of the bush we had a good couple of miles to go to the heart of the bush before reaching the kind of wood required. Nothing particular happened on our journey and on arriving at our destination we gave the horses the hay and started in on our work. The timber was fine, straight as a die and dry as a shot, and in all sizes, the fire having evidently gone through it two or three times. As far as one could see there was nothing but a solid mass of timber and only one who has been there can form an idea of the appearance of that forest.

Now and again we had a short rest and made a few remarks. The deathlike stillness was only broken by the resonant blows of our axes, our voices and the tap, tap, tap of the hardworking woodpecker or the yelp of the stray coyote.

At length our loads were cut and on the sleighs. We hooked on the horses and started on our homeward journey. Not till then did we notice how the sky was clouded over, having been too busy to take a note of anything. Snow was also falling and by the time we reached the outskirts of the bush a small gale was blowing, making the outlook anything but pleasant.

My friend who had the fastest walking team of the two and was on his own ground, naturally led the way. He was soon so far ahead that I could no longer see him, but I knew my team would follow if they could only keep the trail. The gale developed into a blizzard and the snow being fine and dry was whirled about in such a way that it was impossible to see.

Higher and higher rose the wind until it must have been blowing at a velocity of seventy miles per hour. The snow came thicker and I saw the horses

were getting uncomfortable. The snow filled their nostrils, making it difficult for them to breathe, stopped their eyes and caused them to come to a standstill.

Descending from the lead I found we were off the trail and I had to confess to myself that I was absolutely lost, although I had been over the trail some scores of times. The wind seemed to grow stronger, the snow deeper and I could see no farther ahead than my horses.

Having rested for some time I got them started again, but by the way they were going I knew that they were also lost. I yelled to see if my friend would hear me but I might as well have tried to fly as expect to be heard in that wind. Knowing that I had lost all sense of direction and fervently hoping that the horses would find the trail again, I tied the reins round one of the stakes, fastened my fur collar tighter round my neck and sat at the back of the lead with my back to the wind.

It was perceptibly darker than when we started and a strange fear possessed me that they could not last much longer. A stinging pain in my left ear told me it was frozen and getting some snow off my coat I rubbed it out. Not only was I cold, but also hungry, as we had only taken small lunches, which we had eaten in the bush.

The wind howled and the snow flew mercilessly. The horses made frequent stops. They did their best, but the brave brutes were almost played out and walking, but I dismissed the idea at once. The snow was so deep that the horses would soon get ahead of me and then I would be worse off than ever.

By and by it grew pitch dark and I could hardly see the team. The storm appeared to increase in fury every minute and I was too numbed with cold to move, I gave up hope of ever seeing home or friends again. Never did I go through such a time before or since. Only those who have been caught in a bad blizzard can have the least idea of what it was like.

Suddenly the horses stopped. I heard their labored breathing and it told me that they might not be able to start again. By this time I was freezing and cared not whether I lived or died.

All at once a familiar voice sounded in my ears. With a supreme effort I turned round and there was Jim and the dear old house I thought I should never see again. It is needless to say I never was so devoutly thankful to see anyone as I was to see Jim, and as to the dear old house I was speedily inside making gallant efforts to recover from the shock.

Those brave old horses had taken a cross cut I knew nothing about. They well deserved the extra coverings and supper they enjoyed that night.—J. Land, in Rod and Gun.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

Advertisement for 2 IN 1 FAMILY medicine. Includes text: 'Here is one of the many cases in which several members of one family have benefited from the household box of Zam-Buk...' and 'HEALED BY ZAM-BUK'.



Take One Pain Pill then Take it Easy To get the best of Backache Get a Box of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

Nothing disturbs the human system more than pain whether it be in the form of headache, backache, neuralgia, stomachache or the pains peculiar to women. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are a standard remedy for pain, and are praised by a great array of men and women who have used them for years.

"A friend was down with LaGrippe and nearly crazed with awful backache. I gave her one Anti-Pain Pill and left another for her to take. They helped her right away, and she says she will never be without them again."

Mrs. G. H. Wray, Austinburg, O.

At all druggists—25 doses 25 cents. MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

FROM EDITORIAL CHAIR TO PULPIT.

Mr. A. J. Penco, who has been engaged in the teaching profession at the High School, Victoria, B.C. for some years, has resigned his position and entered the ministry.

He has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the United Church of Winnipeg. Mr. Penco was formerly Editor of the "New Star" and will be remembered here by many of our readers.—Kenivels Advertiser.

Advertisement for FERRY'S SEEDS. Text: 'Good gardeners are those who raise good flowers and vegetables. Good flowers and vegetables come from good seeds...'.

Browning the brave old optimist, "who never turned his back, but marched breast forward," to meet whatever life and the hereafter had in store for him, struck this brave note:

Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be, The last of life, for which the first was made: Our times are in His hand, Who saith, "A whole I planned, Youth shows but half, Trust God; see all nor be afraid."

NEW TYPE OF DREDGER.

Scotch Machine That Digs at Depth of Sixty-five Feet.

There has just been launched on the Clyde a dredger of an entirely new type, built to the order of the British admiralty. This new patent cutter suction hopper dredger has a hopper capacity of 2,000 tons.

This dredger, the St. Lawrence, is the first of its type constructed in the United Kingdom to dredge clay and other solid materials by means of a spiral cutter. A recent development in dredge building. The vessel is fitted with an independent set of triple expansion engines for driving the dredging pump and has a separate engine room immediately in front of the hopper compartment fitted with a complete installation of auxiliary machinery. Three marine type steel boilers supply steam for the propelling and pumping engines and for all other machinery throughout the dredger.

In order to withstand the concussion when dredging in clay mixed with stones the dredging pump is huge and effective. The suction pipe is carried on a girder led through a well forward, and its length enables dredging to be done sixty-five feet below water line. The dredger has also been designed for cutting its own flotation. The cutter at the mouth of the suction pipe is driven through a line of shafting fitted on the upper side of the suction frame and machine cut steel gear-work actuated by a set of powerful, independent, compound condensing engines. In addition to the usual winches for mooring from the deck at bow and stern a special winch is placed amidships from which the moorings are led along the suction frame to fair leads at the lower end. The contents of the hopper can be discharged either through the doors in the ordinary way or overhead by the pump for land reclamation. The construction of the vessel enables it to discharge into barges moored alongside or through a pipe line in addition to leading into its own hopper.—Consular Report.

Maritime Business College Halifax, N. S. E. Kaulbach, C. A. PRINCIPAL

Butter Wrappers

Best German Parchment

An increasing number of customers among our farmer constituency are giving us their orders for printed butter wrappers.

If you make good butter you will profit if the purchaser recognizes your package by the imprint on the wrapper.

Send us a Trial Order

Printed Butter Wrappers

500 sheets, 2 lb. size 2.50

1000 " 2 " " 3.25

500 sheets, 1 lb. size 2.00

1000 " 1 " " 2.50

Unprinted Parchment

250 sheets, 2 lb. size .50

600 " 2 " " 1.00

1000 " 2 " " 1.50

300 sheets, 1 lb. size .50

800 " 1 " " 1.00

1000 " 1 " " 1.25

GILMAN CANCER CURE.

New Treatment of Disease Appears to Be Successful.

The new cancer cure developed by Dr. P. K. Gilman, the chief surgeon at the government hospital at Manila, has apparently proved successful with all patients on whom it has been tried, and experiments are to be made with it at Johns Hopkins hospital. Dr. Gilman has been experimenting for more than nine years with his process. It is briefly as follows: The patient is operated upon, and as much as possible of the infected portion is removed. The wound is thoroughly cleaned, and the substance removed by the operation is put through a special process. It is ground up, heated, various drugs are added, the whole is subjected to a very high pressure, and while in this state the vaccine is extracted. This is in turn injected into the blood vessels of the patient, and in most cases three treatments at intervals of two weeks, are required. In short, the operation consists simply in injecting into the blood of the patient vaccine from the very cancerous growth from which he suffers. Three days are required in most cases for a reaction, and during this time the temperature of the patient increases until it reaches 104 degrees.

In about three days the action of the serum becomes localized in the vicinity of the cancer and the tissues begin to heal, with a more healthy condition becomes apparent. After a convalescent period of several months the patients whom Dr. Gilman has treated have been pronounced well, and in no instance has there been a recurrence of the trouble. This establishes the fact, therefore, that in the early history of the cases, after the operation has been performed and the injection made, the cure is efficacious.

Bargain Prices

FOR CASH

5 gals. Oil \$0.80

Five Roses, Purity or Rainbow Flour bbl. 6.50

Golden Star " 5.50

Dairy Feed bag 1.65

Feed Flour " 1.85

Ox Meal " 1.60

Other Feeds at reasonable prices.

J. I. Foster

NURSERY STOCK

Before ordering trees write us for our Catalogue and prices or see our nearest agent. We are the largest growers of trees in Canada. Full line of Apples, Peaches, Pears, Cherries and Plum trees. Our trees are noted for fine root system and largest limb growth. Our nurseries are patronized by the largest and most progressive growers of Canada. Write for agency.

BROWN BROS. CO. NURSERYMEN, Limited, Ontario.

"Browns" Nurseries, Welland Co., Ontario.

To Clean a Shingle Roof. Sprinkle unslaked lime along the comb of a roof and the rain will dissolve it and carry it over the shingled surface, thus removing moss and accumulations of dirt.

A Mammoth's Meal. Inside the remains of a mammoth found in Siberia were vegetables hitherto unknown to science, evidently relics of the prehistoric animal's food.

Then And Now

In December 1910 a young man was drawing a salary of \$400 in the Bank of—He took a six months' course at the Maritime and in December 1191 was drawing \$832. I have other good appointments for the competent. Students are admitted any time at

Maritime Business College Halifax, N. S.

E. Kaulbach, C. A. PRINCIPAL

Professional Cards

O. S. MILLER BARRISTER, Real Estate Agent, etc SHAFNER BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN, N. S. Prompt and satisfactory attendance given to the collection of claims, and other professional business.

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J.J. RITCHIE, K.C. Keith Building, Halifax. Mr. Ritchie will continue to attend the sittings of the Courts in the County. All communications from Annapolis clients addressed to him at Halifax will receive his personal attention.

C. F. Armstrong PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR Transit Work, Levelling, Draughting, Blue Printing, etc. Bridgetown, N. S., Phone 24-3

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UNDERTAKING We do undertaking in all its branches Hearses sent to any part of the County. J. H. HICKS & SON Queen St., Bridgetown, Telephone 46 H. B. HICKS Manager

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. All persons having legal claims against the estate of Elias Ives, on Foster, late of Hampton, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payments to JOHN P. TITUS, Executor. Exs: 1207. Hampton, Jany. 4th, 1912.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures DISEMPER.