

VOL. 31.

### Professional Cards.

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Office days at Bridgetown, Monday  
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**J. B. WHITMAN,**  
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**Leslie R. Fairn,**  
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WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
April 1st, 1903.—17

**UNION BANK OF HALIFAX**  
Capital Authorized - \$3,000,000  
Capital subscribed - 1,337,350  
Capital Paid-up - 1,305,345  
Reserve Fund - \$81,569

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Collections receive immediate attention and prompt returns made.

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IN NOVA SCOTIA—Annapolis, Dartmouth, Pictou, Lunenburg, Sydney, New Glasgow, Antigonish, St. John's, Miramichi, Digby, Kentville, Yarmouth, Truro, Windsor, Wolfville, Yarmouth.  
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Patents taken through Messrs. A. G. & Co. of London, England.  
**Scientific Amer.**  
A handsome illustrated weekly, published every week, containing the latest news and information of the world.  
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**Finest Lines**  
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**Wedding Stationery**  
Satisfaction Guaranteed  
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## Pandora Range

Entirely New

Has been under construction for more than a year—six months were spent in testing and perfecting the range before it was offered for sale.

Is built on entirely new and modern principles from entirely new designs—no old patterns were used to hamper the good working qualities of the new features.

Possesses labor and fuel-saving devices which are entirely new—triple, triangular grates, enameled steel reservoir and special flour construction, are not used in any other make of range.

The fire-box, hot-air flues, body and oven linings, dampers, etc., are improved over old styles and all combine to make a perfect baking oven.

Bold, rich carving extra highly-polished nickeling, heavy leg base and sheet-steel warming closet give the "Pandora" a rich, elegant appearance not seen in old style ranges.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free to any address.

### McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY Co., Sole Agent, Bridgetown, N. S.

### Poetry.

#### Filled His Place.

It wasn't much of a place he filled,  
But he filled and ploughed and he  
ploughed and tilled;  
While the greatest cause for his soul's  
fill was a fisherman!  
So he smiled at he wouldn't do his  
So he smiled at his work and went  
ahead  
With a tuncful heart and a Christian  
hope.

It wasn't much of a place he filled,  
But he filled his place.

The hands that were folded yesterday  
On his breast were folded and hard—  
but say,  
What does it matter, let me ask,  
If they did get rough at a humble task?  
For when death looks up from the  
pallid face,  
What does it matter the place you  
filled,  
If you filled your place?

I fancy the joy of Paradise,  
When it's given out, will cause some  
surprise,  
For the greatest will fall, or I'm no  
hero.

To those that did simple duties here;  
To the man who smiles and goes ahead  
With a tuncful heart and a Christian  
grace,  
Though it wasn't much of a place he  
filled,  
If he filled his place.

#### Select Literature.

### Grandma's Thanksgiving.

(From Boston Youth's Companion.)

What John Glenn called a "spell of  
weather" had frozen the river far  
above the falls, and then a thaw had  
come and broken up the ice, and  
great fragments were sweeping down  
on every tide. The winter had set in  
early, greatly to the delight of Sam  
and Brother and Curly, and as much  
to the discomfort of their mother, who  
saw in every set of nature an attack  
against herself.

"I call it downright heartless in  
them children to be glad of winter,  
when it makes such a sight of differ-  
ence to me," she said. "But there,  
it's just as bad in the summer."

"The children don't know, Miry,"  
said grandma, brushing the soft silver  
curls away from her placid old face.  
Children are full of the world, and  
its glories and themselves. They're  
so glad to be here, you can't expect  
them to be lookin' for trouble."

"As if there was anything else to  
look fer!" said Mrs. Glenn.

"I'd be ashamed of Miry! And here  
we be close on Thanksgiving!"

"Thanksgiving! I'd like to know  
what I've got to be thankful for!"  
"You've got your home, Miry!"  
"I s'pose, really, I've got a right to  
a home."

"And your husband—" went on  
grandma.

"Oh, my goodness, mother! And he  
on crutches!"

"And the children—"

"And hardly knowin' where their  
next meal of victuals comes from!"  
"And—and you've got me, Miry."

"That's so, mother! Yes, I've got  
you—but you're old and bein'."

"I'm able to do a right more than  
you think I be!" cried grandma with  
spirit, "if you wouldn't look after me  
as if I was a piece of cracked china."

"Anyway, if I hadn't got you, I'd  
give up. You're all the sunshine there  
is in the house, 'cept it's Curly. For  
I can't look at the children without  
worryin'. And as for him—I don't  
expect he'll ever do anything worth  
while again. He ain't done nothing  
this year except to help the boys  
get that heap of driftwood and brush  
together on the point for a bonfire. I  
never was so glad of anything in my  
sunshin' days as that it rained all  
Fourth of July week, so they couldn't  
start it. It'll make kindlin', not to  
say firewood for us, 'most all winter."

"Why," she continued, still pursuing

and been dried, and there were  
pine boughs with the pitch in them  
and chips and kindlings and what not.  
She was running before she reached it,  
and then in a sort of agony of breath-  
less haste she stuffed her papers in the  
chinks at the bottom of each of the  
four sides and poured on her kerosene.  
Then she took off her shoe to scratch  
the matches on the inside, sheltering  
the flame till the oil had caught.  
As she put on her shoe again the lit-  
tle flame began to dance and to creep  
up and up; and then instantly, in spite  
of snow and damp, a pillar of fire rose  
and shone steadily into the black sky  
that retreated before it. A flood of  
light poured over river and harbor  
mouth.

"There!" cried grandma. "He can  
do little who can't do that! I guess  
I that don't fight. John said Curly and  
all three of 'em back again, moshin'  
will. Poor little Sam!"

She labored and panted her way  
back to the house, dried her feet in  
the oven, and waited. "I be a little  
touched," she said softly to herself.

It was while John Glenn, out in  
his boat in the dark water, uttered his  
great cry for light that suddenly the  
mighty flame rose behind him. In a  
momentary amazement and bewilder-  
ment he held the boat on his oars and  
started about him; then he gave a quick  
cry. For there, down a lane, of clear  
water, on a broad, glowing sheet of  
rough ice crooked a little red figure  
that seemed to him at the first glance  
a delusion of his tired eyes. But with  
the next—

It was of no use to shout. She  
would not hear him in all the up-  
roar. He bent his oars as if he  
had the strength of a giant; and down  
one stroke of open water he went and  
up another, twisting round here and  
falling back there, and steering care-  
fully between the crashing and grind-  
ing masses.

His heart was beating in his throat  
and the sweat rolled off his forehead  
when he thrust his oar into a fissure  
of the ice and kept the boat fast to  
the broad piece that held Curly.

"Take the crutches, son!" he cried,  
sharply, "and lay 'em straight across.  
I'm holding the boat. Creep over  
now. Careful—quick—sure, sure—and  
bring back sister! Quick! The things  
splitting!"

Sam crawled over the two crutches  
hand side by side and had his arms  
round the little sister. Then together  
they crawled back, and with Sam hold-  
ing her skirts behind, Curly, partly  
asleep, partly dazed, sobbing softly  
with little catches of her breath, crept  
across and tumbled into the boat.

Sam followed, and their father drew  
his oar out of the fissure and backed  
water, threading the narrow channel  
that seemed ready to let the ice close  
upon him. When he came to lower  
water he rowed as if he feared that  
something might clutch Curly away  
from him.

The blaze of the big bonfire fell over  
them and bathed them in its ruddy  
light, and with the flying snow made  
a wide halo round them as they put  
ashore, where Elmira and Brother  
watched and waited for them—Elmira  
in that motionless vigil with fatigue  
and terror.

"Brother, O Brother, do you see?"  
she cried. "Do you see?"

"It's dad!" cried Brother. "It's  
dad and sister!" And then his  
mother felt the life going out of  
her, but called up every power she had  
and held out her arms to all three of  
them.

"O John, John, I'll never speak  
to you again!" he sobbed. "O  
Sam, what a good boy you are! You  
go right in and get on some dry  
clothes. Curly, Curly, mother's dear,  
mother's darlin' little girl, come to  
mother! You was scared to death,  
sister!"

"No," said Curly, a little doubt-  
fully. "O' course Dad would come for  
me." They went up to the house to-

### Consumption

Salt pork is a famous old-fashioned remedy for consumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 years ago.

Salt pork is good if a man can stomach it. The idea behind it is that fat is the food the consumptive needs most.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion.

Feeding him fat in this way, which is often the only way, is half the battle, but Scott's Emulsion does more than that. There is something about the combination of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in Scott's Emulsion that puts new life into the weak parts and has a special action on the diseased lungs.

A sample will be sent free upon request.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label on the wrapper of every bottle of Scott's Emulsion is the same as the one on the wrapper of every bottle of Scott's Emulsion.

**SCOTT'S BOWNE, CHEMISTS,**  
Toronto, Ontario.  
Sole and 311 druggists.

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**SCOTT'S BOWNE, CHEMISTS,**  
Toronto, Ontario.  
Sole and 311 druggists.

### Ayer's

Give nature three helps, and nearly every case of consumption will recover. Fresh air, most important of all.

### Cherry Pectoral

Nourishing food comes next. Then, a medicine to control the cough and heal the lungs. Ask any good doctor.

Health demands daily action of the bowels. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

### Consumption

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### Shocking Murder at Hantsport.

MAN SHOT A BOY OF FIFTEEN FOR PLAYING HALLOWEEN PRANKS.

Hantsport, N. S., Nov. 2.—On Saturday evening in this town the penalty of death was visited upon Percy Cor-kum, a 15-year-old youth, for the simple offence of throwing a turnip at the fence near the residence of Truman Trefry, who admits having taken deliberate aim at the boy and with a muzzle-loading gun fired to its utmost capacity, shot the boy dead. After the shooting Trefry made a statement that he had loaded the gun himself, and had awaited the appearance of three boys who previously passed the house, one of whom had thrown a turnip which struck the window sill. These boys were Percy Cor-kum, Harry Zwicker and Harry Riley. Trefry did not have long to wait for the boys. When he noticed them returning he crouched down behind his fence and almost immediately after young Cor-kum had thrown a turnip Trefry fired the shot. The heart and lungs of the boy were literally perforated. While the remains were lying in a pool of blood on the roadside Trefry remark-ed: "Yes, I fixed him; I had been both-ered long enough and this fellow will tantalize me no more."

He coolly picked the body up from the centre of the road and laid it on the edge to prevent teams from running over it.

Shortly after the shooting Trefry found Dr. Margeson. He told him that he had shot a man as desired the physician to accompany him to his home. Trefry then repaired to the magistrate and surrendered himself. The magistrate told Trefry to go home, but later a warrant was sworn out and Trefry was arrested.

Fred Alley, a farmer who was at the doctor's when Trefry made the announcement that he had shot a man, said that he went direct from the store to Trefry's place. The first knowledge he had of the tragedy, he said, was when Trefry rushed into the store and enquired for Dr. Margeson, saying: "I have shot a fellow; I have fixed a fellow. I have been bothered by the boys before and I have washed the town about it."

Harwood Zwicker, one of the boys who was with the deceased at the time of the tragedy, said Percy Cor-kum, Harry Riley and he were near Trefry's on the evening of the shoot-ing. Zwicker was on the opposite side of the road, a short distance from the house and near the willow bridge. The deceased was a few feet away. Harry Riley was leading the horse Zwicker, who said he cautioned Cor-kum not to throw the turnip at Trefry's house. He, however, threw one in the direction of the residence. It struck the fence. Almost immediately after Zwicker heard the cry of "Who's in the house and in an instant the discharge of a gun followed. He heard a cry from Cor-kum. Then Cor-kum fell to the ground. Zwicker ran away as fast as possible and went home, and did not become aware of Cor-kum's death until some time after-wards, the same night.

An examination of the remains re-vealed that 126 shot had entered the boy, 47 in the body, 23 in the right arm and 3 in the face. Those in the arm had entered near the shoulder and traversed through the bone to the skin on the other side. The lungs and heart were pierced 117—over 37 distinct holes besides the "chamber" ones. The concentrated shot was exactly at the heart and entered the lower point of the left shoulder blade.

Truman Trefry is about forty-four years old and he is married and has one child and an aged mother. He is a laborer and resides in one half of a double tenement of one story and a half, which is the first house inside the Hantsport county line. Trefry was born in Hants county.

The father of the murdered boy is in the United States, having gone there three years ago. His mother is dead, and he resided with his grand-father William Rogers, of Lockhart-ville, Kings county. He was 15 years old and bore an excellent reputation. This is Trefry's first criminal offence.

The verdict returned was that the deceased came to his death at Hantsport from a gun in the hands of some one in concealment, on the evening of October 31st, between 8 and 9 o'clock. The funeral took place this afternoon.

#### A Timely Suggestion.

This is the time of year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is certain to be needed before the winter is over, and it will be more promptly and satisfac-torily when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system. In almost every instance a severe cold may be ward offed by taking this remedy freely at once as the first indication of the cold ap-pears. There is no danger in giving it to children, for it contains no harm-ful substance. It is pleasant to take—both adults and children like it. Buy it and you will get the best. It al-ways cures. For sale by S. N. Wear.

#### Harvesters Glad to Get Home.

Another party of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island harvesters passed through on Saturday's train from the grain fields of the west. One of the men said that there were fully as many more provincial farmers out there to come home as have al-ready proceeded east. That the men are glad to return was evidenced by their faces when the train dashed into the depot. First there was a look of surprise, then followed a broad smile, coupled with a long drawn-out shout, as they leaned out the colonist car windows.—St. John Globe.

#### Corns Between the Toes.

Are removed without pain in 24 hours by Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Insist on your druggist supplying only "Putnam's," for it's the best and safest.

#### Nervous, Sleepless and Exhausted.

Not sick enough to lay up, but you are out of sorts, blood is weak, nerves unstrung, kidneys deranged, vitality is low. You should take Fer-ry's Nervone. It will enrich, strength-en, invigorate and pacify the nerves and increase your energy, vitality and power. Nervone will renew your ap-petite and digestion, make you sleep soundly—in fact, will make you well. Try Nervone. Price 50c. per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50; at druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ontario.

#### A Dakota Dairy Bulletin says:

"The per cent. of butter fat is gov-erned by the breed and not by the feed."

Minard's Liniment cures diphtheria.