FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES-No. 2

### Tea Production Today

If the Chinese, who first discovered tea, had realized the possibilities of the trade and had studied the nature and requirements of the plant, China might still be the largest tea producing country. Centuries of neglect, however, stunted the growth and caused the quality to deteriorate. In the mountains of Ceylon and India, tea was found to flourish. Scientific methods of cultivation and manufacture were introduced with remarkable results. Now the finest tea grown in the world and by far the largest quantity comes from these countries. "SALADA" is mainly blended from flavoury India and Ceylon

# New Telephone Directory

A new issue of the Telephone Directory for the Western District in course of preparation and lists will be closed on April 10th.

The Directory serves our subscribers in "The Valley" (including Brooklyn, Clarkesville, Hantsport and Windsor in Hants County) and in Digby, Lunenburg, Shelburne, Queens and Yarmouth Counties.

Persons who wish to become Telephone Subscribers at this time and Telephone Subscribers who want changes made in their listings are urged to send in their orders to our nearest Business Office at once, and at all events not later than April 10th.

We cannot undertake to give effect in the new issue to Orders received after that date.

> Advertisers who wish to avail themselves of the opportunities for effective, yet low priced, publicity, afforded by use

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POULTRYMEN! Have you Eggs for Hatching this season? If so you should make use of our Classified Columns.

eryday, rather well meaning, fairly good hearted people as Joe Bullitt, Wallace Banks, Johnnie Watson and others. Yes, when she came to read "In Dream" and to "look back upon it all" she would surely know—at last! And then, when the future four long years—while receiving his education—had passed he would go to her. He would go to her, and she would take would go to her, and she would take the mirror, he again.

By BOOTH TAKINGTON.

and that little Freddie Banks got a father and say, "Father, this is William." "Don't you think, Willie." said Mrs. Baxter-"don't you think that, considering the rather noncommittal method of Freddie's courtship, you are suggesting extreme measures?

"Well, she certainly ought to be punished!" he insisted, and then, with a rethe least of it!" he cried. "It's the insulting things you always allow her to say of one of the noblest girls in the United States—that's what counts!

On the very last day—ves, almost the On the very last day-yes, almost the pretty, good business proposition to last hour-that Miss Pratt's in this town you let your only daughter stand there and speak disrespectfully of her, and then all you do is to tell her to 'go play somewhere else!' "

"Now, now!" Mrs. Baxter said. You'll feel better tomorrow."

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded, breathing deeply. For reply she only shook her in an odd little way.
"You'll be all right, Willie," she said

softly and closed the door.

Alone, William lifted clinched hands in a series of tumultuous gestures at the ceiling; then he moaned and sank into a chair at his writing table. Presently a comparative calm was restored to him, and with reverent fingers he took from a drawer a one pound box of candy, covered with white tissue paper, girdled with blue ribbon. He set the box gently beside him upon the table, then from beneath a large green blotter drew forth some scribbled sheets. These he placed before him and, taking infinite pains with his handwriting, slowly copied:

bandwriting, ilowly copied:

Dear Lola—I presume when you are reading these lines it will be this afternoon, and you will be on the train moving rapidly away from this old place here farther and farther from it all. As I sit here at my old desk and look back upon it all while I am writing this farewell letter I hope when you are reading it you also will look back upon it all and think of one you called (Alias) Little Boy Baxter. As I sit here this morning that you are going away at last I look back and I cannot remember any summer in my whole life which has been like this summer, because a great change has come over me this summer. If you would like to know what this means it was something like I said when John Watson got there yesterday afternoon and interupted what I said. May you enjoy this candy and think of the giver. I will put something in with this letter. It is something maybe you would like to have and in exchange I would give all I possess for one of you if you would send it to me when you get homs. Please do this for now my heart is braking. Yours sincerely.

(ALIAS) LITTLE BOY BAXTER.

CHAPTER XXI. The Last Sad Rites. ILLIAM opened the box o candy and placed the letter olates. Upon the letter he placed a small photograph, wrapped in pair of scissors he trimmed an oblong of white cardboard to fit into the box Upon this piece of cardboard he labori-ously wrote, copying from a to-tured, inky sheet before him:

In Dream By WILLIAM S. BAXTER. The sunset light
Fades into night
But never will I forget
The smile that haunts me yet
Tarough the future four long years
I kope you will remember with tears
Whate'er my rank er station
Whilst receiving my education
Though far away you seem
I would see thee in dream.

He placed his poem between the pho tograph and the letter, closed the box and tied the tissue paper about it again with the blue ribbon. Through out these rites—they were rites both in spirit and in manner—he was subject to little catchings of the breath, half gulp, half sigh. But the dolorous tokens passed, and he sat with elbows upon the table, his chin upon his hands, reverie in his eyes.

Perhaps he was helped too by wondering what Miss Pratt would think of him when she read "In Dream" on the train that afternoon. For reasons purely intuitive and decidedly without



no rival farewell poem would be offered her, and so it may be that he thought "In Dream" might show her at last in one blaze of light what her eyes had sometimes fleetingly intimated she did perceive in part-the difference between William and such everyday, rather well meaning, fairly

had my way, I'd see that both she , him by the hand and lead him to he

But William would turn to her, and, with the old dancing light in his eyes.
"No, Lola," he would say, "not William, but Ickle Boy Baxter. Always and always just that for you, oh, my And then, as in story and film and

lay before you, young man." And when the white waistcoated. white sideburned old man had, chuckling, left the room William would slow-

ly lift his arms. But Lola would move "You're all wrought up"—
"I am not wrought up!" shouted and after laying a finger archly upon her lips to check him, "Wait, sir," she would say. "I have a question to ask you, sir." "What question, Lola?" "This question, sir," she would re-

ply: "In all that summer, sir, so long ago, why did you never tell me what you were until I had gone away and it was too late to show you what I felt? Ah, Ickle Boy Baxter, I never understood until I looked back upon it all after I had read 'In Dream' on the train that day! Then I knew?"
"And now, Lola?" William would say. "Do you understand me now?"

Shyly she would advance the one short step she had put between them, while he, with lifted, yearning arms, this fime destined to no disappoint-At so vital a moment did Mrs. Bax-

ter knock at his door and consoling reverie cease to minister unto William. He started, placed the sacred box out of sight and spoke gruffly. "What you want?" "I'm not coming in, Willie," said his

mother. "I just wanted to know-I thought maybe you were looking out of the window and noticed where those children went—Jane and that little girl from across the street-Kirsted, her name must be." "No; I did not."

plenty of money for car fare. He twenty minutes of 1, Willie." thinks they went somewhere on a "What?" street car. I thought maybe you noticed wheth"-"I told you I did not."

"All right," she said placatively. "I didn't mean to bother you, dear." Following this there was a silence but no sound of receding footsteps in- Eight seconds later he returned at a dicated Mrs. Baxter's departure from gallop, hurtled up the stairs and into the other side of the closed door. "Well, what you want?" William thing concealed under his coat.

compassionate voice. "I just thought I'd have lunch a little later than usual. not till half past-1-that is, if-well, I

"Why-why, Jane mentioned it." Mrs. Baxter replied, with obvious timidity. "Jane said"-She was interrupted by the loud, desperate sound of William's fist smiting

his writing table, so sensitive was his condition. "This is just unbearable!" he cried. "Nobody's business is safe from that child!" "Why, Willie, I don't see how it mat-

He uttered a cry. "No! Nothing matters! Nothing matters at all! Do you s'pose I want that child, with her insults, discussing when Miss Pratt is or is not going away? Don't you know there are some things that have no Tom, Dick and Harry?"
"Yes, dear," she said. "I understand,

of course. Jane only told me she met Mr. Parcher on the street, and he mentioned that Miss Pratt was going at 1 o'clock today. That's all I"-"You say you understand," he wailed, shaking his head drearily at the closed door, "and yet, even on such a day as this, you keep talking! Can't you see sometimes there's times when a person can't stand to"—
"Yes, Willie," Mrs. Baxter interposed

hurriedly. "Of course! I'm going now, I have to go hunt up those children, anyway. You try to be back for lunch at half past 1, and don't worry, dear. You really will be all right." He went to his mirror and, gazing long, long and piercingly at the Wil-liam there limned, enacted almost unconsciously a little scene of parting. The look of suffering upon the mirrored face slowly altered. In its place came one still sorrowful, but tempered with sweet indulgence. He stretched

"Yes, it may mean—it may mean for ever," he said in a low, tremulous voice. "Little girl, we must be brave."

And the while his eyes gazed into the mirror they became expressive of a momentary pleased surprise, as if even in the arts of sorrow he found himself doing better than he knew. But his sorrow was none the less gen-uine because of that.

Then he noticed the ink upon his forehead and went away to wash. When he returned he did an unusual thing—he brushed his coat thoroughly, removing it for this special purpose. After that he earnestly combed and brushed his hair and retied his tie. Next he took from a drawer two clean

trushed his hair. He went so far the cration. Suddenly he was deeply af fected by something seen in the glass.
"By George!" he exclaimed aloud. Seizing a small hand mirror, he placed it in juxtaposition to his right eye and closely studied his left profile ne examined his right profile, subjecting it to a like scrutiny, emotional, yet attentive and prolonged.
"By George!" he exclaimed again-

He had made a discovery. There was a downy shadow upon his upper What he had just found out was that this down could be seen projecttiny nimbus. It could be seen in pro-

"By George!" William exclaimed. He was still occupied with the two mirrors when his mother again tapped softly upon his door, rousing him as from a dream, brief but engaging, to the heavy realities of that day. "What do you want now?"

"I won't come in," said Mrs. Baxter. "I just came to see." "See what?"

ueeded something. I knew your watch was out of order"— "F'r 'evan's sake, what if it is?" She offered a murmur of placative laughter as her apology and said



There Was a Downy Shadow Upen His Upper Lip.

because, if you did intend going to the station, I thought you probably "I just wondered," Mrs. Baxter said wouldn't want to miss it and get there timidly. "Genesis thinks he heard the too late. I've got your hat here, all little Kirsted girl telling Jane she had nicely brushed for you. It's nearly

"Yes, it is. It's"-She had no further speech with him Breathless, William flung open his door, seized the hat, racketed down the stairs and out through the front door, which he left open behind him. his room, emerging instantly with some-

William was already more than halfway to the next corner, where there thought probably you meant to go to was a car line that ran to the station, the station to see Miss Pratt off on the but the distance was not too great for 1 o'clock train."

"How'd you find out she's going at 1 of the symmetrical white parcel now carried in his right hand. Her face became pensive as she gazed after the flying slender figure. There came to teen-year old boy who had brought a box of candy-a small one, like William's-to the station once, long ago, when she had been visiting in another town. For just a moment she thought of that boy she had known so many years ago, and a smile came vaguely upon her lips. She wondered what kind of a woman he had married and how many children he had and wheth-

er he was a widower—
The fleeting recollection passed. She her head, puzzled.

"Now, where on earth could Jane and that little Kirsted girl have gone?" she murmured.

At the station William, descending from the street car, found that he had six minutes to spare. Reassured of so much by the great clock in the station tower, he entered the building and, with calm and dignified steps, crossed the large waiting room. Those calm and dignified steps were taken by feet which little betrayed the tremulousness of the knees above them. He made sure that the person he

sought was not in the waiting room Therefore he turned to the doors which gave admission to the tracks, but before he went out he paused for an instant of displeasure. Hard by the inside this booth a little girl of nine or ten was peering eagerly out at Willevel of the glass window in the door. Even a prospect thus curtailed revealed her as a smudged and dusty little girl. To William she suggested out his hand as if he set it upon a head at about the height of his shoulnothing familiar. As his glance happened to encounter hers the peering eyes grew instantly brighter with excitement. She exposed her whole countenance at the window and impulsively

> Three seconds later the dusty faced little girl and her moue were sped utterly from William's mind. For as the doors swung together behind him gates nor iron barriers to obscure the darken the air. She was at some dis-tance, perhaps 200 feet, along the tracks, where the sleeping cars of the long train would stop. But there she stood, mistakable for no other on this

> > (Continued on page 4)

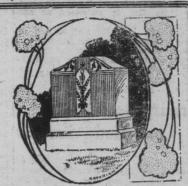


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# S. H. Morrison

# Closing of Roads

The attention of the public is respectfully called to an Act to amend Chapter 77 of the Revised Statutes of 1923 of "The Load o Vehicles Act," passed the 9th day of April, 1924, A. D. Be it enocted by the Governor, Council and Assembly as fol-

1. Section 7 of Chapter 77 of the Revised Statutes, 1923, the "Load of Vehicles Act", is repealed and the following substituted

7. (1) No person shall operate a motor vehicle that is subject to the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Act on any highway in any municipality after the first day of March and before the first day o June following without the permission of the Superintendent of Highways or of such other officer as may be appointed by the Provincial Highways Board for that purpose first had and obtained.

(2) The Provincial Highways Board from time to time each year may, and is hereby authorized and empowered with the approval of the Ministers of Highways, to exempt from the provisions of Sub-section 1 of this section, for the whole or any part of the period between the first day of March and the first day of June following in the year and for which the exemption is granted, every person operating any motor vehicle or a motor vehicle of any particular class that is subject to the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Act, on all highways within any municipality or mulicipalities which highways in the opinion of the Provincial Highways Board will not be unreasonably damaged by reason of the granting of such ex

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