Peterby's Stormy Christmas.

Last year the Peterby family had a Christmas tree, as usual. Mrs. Peterby is a very clever woman, hence the expense for the tree was very light. Of course, she did not use the same tree that had done duty on previous Christmases, but all the ornaments were the same ones that had gladdened the hearts of all the children from the oldest down. As soon as the joyous season was over, Mrs. Peterby stripped the tree and packed the ornaments away for future use.

On Christmas Eve the entire family was excluded from the parlor until the presents were all arranged on the tree, then she called the family into the parlor with a grand flourish.

The eldest son, Frank, got a magnificently bound book, Milton's Paradise Lost. The boy was delighted. There were tears of gratitude in his eyes as he thanked his kind mother for her beautiful present.

"This is the very thing I have been waiting for for years," he exclaimed. "What magnificent illustrations. How true it is that a boy has no friend like his mother!"

He was about to examine the pictures more critically, when Mrs. Peterby wrenched the book from his hand, asking with amazement:

"My son, have you lost your senses?"

"I guess not, mother; what do you mean?"

"What do you mean by trying to ruin that costly book by looking at it?"

"Why, mother, don't you expect me to read it?"

"Expect you to read it?" replied Mrs. Peterby, with a wild snort of amazement. "Of course not. It remains on the centertable, and if any of you children dare to lay a finger on it I'll skin you alive. D'ye hear? The binding of the book matches our wall paper so nicely. That's why I bought it. Laura, where are you going with your new Christmas present?"

"I was going over to Uncle Tom's house to show his folks what a beautiful present I've got."

"Laura Peterby!" said Mrs. Peterby, fixing her eagle glance on the unfortunate girl, who hung her head and cowered before the impending storm, "are you going to sneak out of the house with that beautiful dollar and a quarter umbrella, and expose it to the elements?"

"But, mamma, it's raining."

"Of course it's raining. Is that the kind of weather to which you would expose a costly new umbrella that has been given you as a token of esteem and affection? Is that the kind of a loving daughter you are? If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed you capable of such base ingratitude. Shame on you! You are no longer a child of mine. Put that new umbrella back in the corner. Why do you seek to mar the happiness of the joyous and solemn anniversary by such diabolism."

Jim Peterby, one of the younger sons, had been thrown into a spasm of delight at having captured a valuable note-book and pencil, but he was somewhat depressed when his mother explained that the new note-book would make a very appropriate present for one of his cousins, whose birthday would occur at an early day. She took the book from the boy and locked it up in a bureau drawer.

"Is there any relative of yours going to have a birthday pretty soon?" asked Judge Peterby.

"Why do you ask?" she snorted in reply.

"O, nothing; except if this smoker's set belongs to me and it is not to be used as a birthday present for any outsider, I'll make it useful," and he knocked the ashes off the end of his cigar into the receptacle intended for the ashes.

A wild shriek of despair, a wail of suppressed agony, startled the people passing on the street.

"That's to go on the mantel-piece. You sha'n't ruin it with the ashes from your cigar while I am in this house and in my usual health. The ashes will discolor the gilding. Do you think that I have got nothing to do every day of my life except to clean up after you?"

Judge Peterby subsided with calmness. At last he ventured to suggest that the wine and cake be utilized in dispelling the gloom that was becoming dense and impenetrable every minute.

"Am I a matron of a private insane asylum?" she asked, "or the head of a family of reasonable human beings? Do you really want to gorge yourself with the cake and guzzle the wine that is dedicated to New Year's callers? Tommy, that pair of shoes is for Sunday when the weather is fine. Take them off, I say."

"I don't see-why we celebrate Christmas at all, if the presents are—" said Judge Peterby.

He paused. She was gazing at him.

"Did you say we haven't had a splendid Christmas?" she asked.

"No; but—"

"Didn't you want a smoker's set, and hasn't Frank been worrying me to death for Milton's Paradise Lost, and hasn't Laura been wishing for an umbrella, and haven't you all got what you want? and yet you are kicking! A poor woman can moil and toil and work herself into her grave, and all the thanks she gets is sneers and growls. You are always doing something on Christmas to mar my happiness, that I sometimes wish it never came—"

Then the whole party relapsed into silent joy.—*Texas Siftings.*

Identity of English and American Aims in Asia.

America's supreme concern in China, which appeals to the greatest number of her people, is the commercial opportunity. That is likewise Great Britain's chief concern, and should be that of Germany, France, and Japan. On the other hand, it is doubtless true that Russia's chief ambition is to extend her territorial limits. America, it will be admitted the world over, has no desire whatever for territorial aggandisement. She is on record as being unreservedly opposed to the partition of the empire, to acquire for herself any port, part or province of China, and as being committed emphatically to the "open door" policy. Great Britain is now face to face with a growing sentiment in her own country against any further extension of her imperial domain, and has always led the agitation in favor of the open door. If the war in South Africa would seem to be inspired by a sentiment contradictory to this assertion, it, on the other hand, would appear to mark the limit of conquest which the English people would favor or permit. In America the preponderance of unprejudiced opinion is that the United States have taken and are maintaining possession of the Philippines as a result of meeting the unavoidable moral responsibilities growing out of the war with Spain; but the American people would not tolerate for a moment a policy openly in favor of the partition in China or the acquisition of American territory in the limits of Cathay.

—"Yes, says the philosopher, it is the lot of all travellers to meet rough and smooth. We cannot expect to be taken along the life path on the flowery beds of ease, and if we are the slaves of our own environment, and have nothing better within us, we are quite likely to be the worse for the journey. It's hard on the backbone in some of the sloughs of despond, but we don't want to disappoint the good angels, human or divine, who have charge over us, to keep us in all our ways."

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

Mrs. Talmage on Royalty.

Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage, who recently returned from Europe on the Oceanic, has given the *Christian Herald* a most interesting story of her "Summer Amid Royal Palaces."

"Yes," she says, when asked for a comparison of royal splendor and republican simplicity, "we have had an opportunity of seeing the inside of palaces, and communing with princely and imperial households, such as has seldom been granted to persons unofficial. The publication of my husband's sermons in all the languages of Europe for many years seemed to open every door we might wish to enter. And the first remark I desire to make, in reply to the question as to the contrast between republican simplicity and royal manners, is that there is no contrast at all. The higher in station the more unpretending the personage. It is the people who are afraid of losing their place, or who are struggling for something higher, that take on airs.

"While the 'showrooms' of palaces may be bejewelled and richly upholstered and embanked with lustrous statuary, and aglow with masterpieces of painting, the 'living rooms' of European potentates are for the most part as plain as the rooms of people ordinarily prosperous. While the banquet of a king or queen might easily swamp what we would call many thousands of dollars, and the gleam of the chalice and the flash of the plate are something to be remembered for a lifetime, the ordinary breakfast or luncheon or dinner of a palace is as plain as ordinary cutlery and tablecloth and ice pitcher can make it.

"The breakfast room at Stockholm, where King Oscar and his queen sit morning after morning, is probably as simple as the breakfast room of many of those who read this sketch. When Emperor Francis Joseph invites any one to dine with him at Vienna he sometimes apologizes for the plainness of the meal. Mr. Gladstone, who was in some respects a king, called the repast to which he invited my husband at Hawarden 'a few snacks.'

"The conversation of these people is surprisingly familiar. The Empress of Russia, without any hesitation, expressed to me the preference she had for the Chinese above the Japanese. She said: 'The Japanese may pretend to be friendly, but they stab you in the dark.'

"The crown prince of Denmark, in style and language that we are familiar with in our own homes, said to us: 'Come, let me show you into my den,' and then took us through his study. And the crown princess said to me: 'Come, let me show you my garden. You will find it as quiet as though it were many miles from human habituation, though only five miles from Copenhagen.' With what simplicity the dowager empress of Russia showed us her pictures, and asked us about where we had been, and invited us to come again on the morrow!

"But one must go abroad in order to fully appreciate home life in America. There are more happy people in our country than in any other land. Great palaces and royal families, however kind and benevolent and exemplary, imply a multitude of people with not enough to eat or wear or shelter them. I had rather live 10 years in America than 30 in any other country.

"While there is no contrast between republican simplicity and royal manners, there is a contrast, wide and awful, between our country—where every healthy and industrious man can make a comfortable living—and monarchical lands, where poverty is the common inheritance of the people. This much have I learned from my journeys this summer in the capitals of Europe."

Dollar a Pound Butter Not All Romance.

Commenting on the progress of dairy knowledge, the Victoria (B. C.) Colonist relates the following incident in the history of the "Dollar a pound Darlington butter:"

It must be a quarter of a century ago that Dr. Darlington, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, made his offer of a dollar a pound for all butter up to the standard of the "gilt-edged" variety produced at his farm in the Ramapo Valley, N. J. Mr. Darlington undoubtedly brought butter making up to its highest notch. To sit at the table with him in his beautiful home and hear him talk about butter was to have a new field of knowledge opened. He prided himself upon a peculiar delicate nutty flavor which his butter had. He explained this by saying that in his butter the little globules were preserved uninjured and were broken in the mouth, when they gave off this peculiar flavor, which is very volatile and is dissipated when the globules are broken in the process of manufacture. But he would tell you that his flavor need never be looked for in butter except from cows cleanly fed and housed, whose milk was handled at all stages with absolute cleanliness, scrupulous care being taken with the butter after it is made. "Now you have tasted the butter, come and see how it is made," he said one day, and he led the way from the dining room to the stable, where forty choice Jersey cows were being milked. "The air is just as sweet here as it is out doors," was his remark. The dairy itself was fresh, cool and marked everywhere by absolute cleanliness. The marble butter closet set into the side of the ice-house was spotless.

"My cows," he said, "pasture on that hillside, where they have plenty of grass and white clover, with pure spring water. And do you wonder that my butter is what it is?" When told that this dairy was a rich man's plaything, he denied it and maintained that it paid handsomely at the price paid in New York for prime Jersey butter. When asked if his offer of a dollar a pound for butter was meant seriously, he said it was, and he added that a reputation for its bread and butter was the best advertisement a hotel could have. "I want the guests at the Fifth Avenue to say that they get at its table the best butter in the world."

There are two classes of men who will read the above incident and what they get out of it will differ very greatly. The first-class, and by far the most numerous, will say: "Oh, that's all nonsense. There is nothing in such talk for practical dairymen like me. I am not making fancy butter."

The other class, and their number is alas! too few, will reason thus. "There is a most valuable lesson in that incident for me. What put the exquisite flavor in that Darlington butter was most exquisite cleanliness. Darlington nor any other man has a patent on cleanliness. I can practice it if I have a mind to, and get all the money out of it I have a mind to.

"Then again the finest sort of butter making skill attended the work all the way through. What is there in it that I cannot acquire if I have a mind to?"

The first-class men learn and never forget; the second-class are always learning and of such is the kingdom of successful dairying.

Boy's Essay on Habit.

A schoolmaster once said to his pupils that to the boy who would make the best piece of composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit" he would give a prize. When the five minutes had expired a lad of nine years stood up and said: "Well sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take out the first letter it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another letter you still have a 'bit' left. If you take of still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take of another it is not totally used up, all of which goes to show, that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether." Result—he won it.

His Entrance Examination.

HOW BOOKER T. WASHINGTON QUALIFIED TO ENTER HAMPTON.

[From the Outlook.]

"As soon as possible after reaching the grounds of the Hampton Institute I presented myself before the head teacher for assignment to a class. Having been so long without proper food, a bath and change of clothing, I did not, of course, make a very favorable impression upon her, and I could see at once that there were doubts in her mind about the wisdom of admitting as a student. I felt that I could hardly blame her if she got the idea that I was a worthless loafer or tramp. For some time she did not refuse to admit me, neither did she decide in my favor, and I continued to linger about her and impress her in all the ways I could with my worthiness. In the meantime I saw her admitting other students, and that added greatly to my discomfort, for I felt deep down in my heart that I could do as well as they, if I could only get a chance to show what was in me.

"After some hours had passed the head teacher said to me: 'The adjoining recitation room needs sweeping. Take this broom and sweep it.'

"It occurred to me at once that here was my chance. Never did I receive an order with more delight. I knew that I could sweep, for Mrs. Ruffner had thoroughly taught me how to do that when I lived with her.

"I swept the recitation room three times. Then I got a dusting cloth and I dusted it four times. All the woodwork around the walls, every bench, table and desk I went over four times with my dusting cloth. Besides, every piece of furniture in the room had been thoroughly cleaned. I had the feeling that in a large measure my future depended udon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room. When I was through I reported to the head teacher. She was a Yankee woman, who knew where to look for dirt. She went into the room and inspected the floors and closet. Then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls and over the table and benches. When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked:

"'I guess you will do to enter this institution.'

"I was one of the happiest souls on earth. The sweeping of that room was my college examination, and never did any youth pass an examination for entrance into Harvard or Yale that gave him more genuine satisfaction. I have passed several examinations since then, but I have always felt that this was the best one I ever passed."

The Material for a Farmer.

There is an old proverb of quoted "*Poetae nascitur, not fit.*" which means that poets are born, not made. The man who sends his bright boy to college and keeps the dull one at home, under the impression that a farmer does not need an education, may be spoiling both a good farmer and a good mechanic, for the bright boy may have a sincere love for the farm and the other one would be better off elsewhere. It is not every boy that is bred on the farm who is fit for a farmer, and unless a boy does love the farm and the farm work, it is far better to study his adaptation and give him the chance he needs to prepare him for what should be his life work. The oft cited injunction to keep the boys on the farm has a great deal of nonsense in it. The business men of the world come largely from the farms, and the cities would languish but for the fresh blood from the country: for it is a well-known fact that city bred young men are not apt to be the most energetic in business affairs. The farms need the very best material of the country, but they need the young men who are in love with country life, and are by nature fitted for farmers, and such young men need the very best education to fit them for their work. Our Agricultural Colleges are to-day being crowded with young men from the farms, who in a great majority of cases are sent there by their farmer fathers, not to study agriculture, but to enter into the mechanical or electrical courses of study. Most of the farmers have other ambitions for their sons than to educate them for their own profession, because they themselves do not love the farm and have a low idea of the possibilities of their own profession, and think it totally needless to get an education for farming. The result is that nearly half or perhaps more than half who thus spend their time in learning mechanical engineering fail to develop talent in this line, and finally go back to the farm without the education that would have made them better farmers. If your boy takes no delight in the farm work, has no love for it or his surroundings on the farm, do not try to force him into a farmer, for he will inevitably be a failure as one. But if, on the other hand, he is evidently a born farmer, do not come to the conclusion that therefore he needs no education. Give all your boys the best education in your power. It will be far better than hoarding up money for them, for there is no worse handicap on a young man than the expectation of inheriting money. Select the best material you have for the farm, and then prepare him to be the best farmer in the country, and the boys who are not fitted for farmers give them the education their adaptation needs. A lawyer son may be of material help to the farmer brother, but both should have the best education for their life work. Keep on the farm the boys who are fitted for the farm, and send the others out to their proper places in the world's work, but see to it that they are workers and not drones, for the "world is always on the hunt for educated brains and trained hands," says one of our most successful business men.—*Practical Farmer.*

—A laugh bought at the expense of propriety costs far more than it is worth.

The average man resembles a whale; he no sooner gets on top than he begins to blow.

All men are more or less foolish, but some men outgrow their foolishness in time.

If the use of tobacco shortens a man's days, it probably adds to the length of his nights.

Friendship means more, and at the same time less, than any other word in the English language.

There are only two really great disappointments in life—not getting what you want, and getting it.

Always speak well of the dead—and if you have time you might speak a good word for the living occasionally.

The sting of a wasp is only one thirty-second of an inch long. The rest of the mile and a half is imagination.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

HOOD'S PILLS

Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

—It is a great feature to achieve freedom and power to be genuinely original in the sense of being one's own self, and not a mere imitation and echo of the rest of creation; that is, so to rise above the fear of being frozen or snubbed or ridiculed or stared at as to reach the pitch of never giving these considerations a second thought when once launched on the stream of talk. Abundance of love and abundance of spontaneous abandonment to the interest of the subject in hand are the chief outfit requisite. But what a missionary to the "heathen in their blindness, bowing down to stocks and stones," such a man or woman at once becomes! How grateful every genuine heart to the prolific creative spirit of the universe, for peopling the world with so blessed and exuberant a variety of queer and delightful creatures, no matter though some of them were foreordained from the foundation to be simple monkeys, amusing all sympathetic souls with their lively antics, and some to be ponderous elephants, shaking the earth with their tread. Who wants the elephant to miss his real vocation by insisting on frisking up trees, or the monkey to

"Assume the god,
Affect to nod,
And seem to shake the spheres?"

No. All that is asked is that each shall be himself a good monkey, a good elephant, "making his calling and election sure."—*Boston Herald.*

Look After the Cellar.

At a lecture recently delivered by an eminent physician before an audience of fashionable women the subject was sanitation of the cellar. The lecturer asserted that there were proportionately more cases of fevers in the houses of the rich than in the houses of the poor, and that a large number of the cases could be attributed to the unwholesome condition of cellars, and he suggested that it would be well for all housekeepers to visit their cellars at least once a week. In several cases of typhoid that he visited, after having the plumbing in the house thoroughly examined and finding it in perfectly safe condition, he personally inspected the cellars of the houses in each case, finding in every instance barrels of staw, excelsior and an endless amount of rubbish. He stated that both straw and excelsior were noted breeders of disease.

—People should recognize the truth that street shade trees are a valuable asset of attraction to home seekers, lot buyers and tourists. They should also realize that a street is not like a park. A street is on formal lines. To have an effective street plantation there must be uniformity of type and plan. The old New England towns generally have a street or two of superb elms, Cleveland has its grand Euclid avenue, and there are other lovely street tree plantings in many cities, as in Detroit. Nowhere, however, is there so comprehensive a plan so well carried out of street tree planting and care, as in the beautiful city of Washington. It was there a government plan intelligently carried out and maintained.—*Saturday Post.*

Paint for Tree Wounds.

A very good mixture is made by boiling linseed oil (free from cotton seed oil) one hour with an ounce of litharge to each pint of oil; then stir in sifted wood ashes until the paint is of the proper consistency. Pare the bark until smooth, as the fuzzy end caused by the same will cause it to die back. Paint the wood over when the weather is dry—and if it is very large cover with a gunny sack.

Wash the Doorknobs.

Did you ever think how many times a week the doorknobs are used and by many different persons during the year? They are handled almost as often as money and become very dirty. Germs of disease are resting there. Take soap suds and wash clean; at least once a week, and much oftener if you have time. Rinse with clean water, then use a dry cloth or paper and polish.

Burdocks.

A farmer who finds burdocks come up in the grass about his fences, asks a remedy. Of course, we all know that the very best cure is "the man with the hoe," but it has been found that a small quantity of kerosene poured into the heart of a plant after cutting off, will destroy it so as to leave no trace, except the hole in the ground in the place where it grew.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

—The pathetic announcement is made that Mme. Janauschek is about to be received into the Edwin Forrest Home for Aged and Infirm Actors in Philadelphia. It all rests with her. Almost the last thing the public heard of this brilliant tragedienne was that she was stricken with appoplexy, and that her stage career was ended.

"No one," gravely announced Socrates, "can arrest the flight of time."

"No?" queeringly interrupted a bystander. "I thought anybody could stop a minute." And even the disciples of the great philosopher were forced to smile behind their togas.

One Hen One Day One Mill

It costs a mill a day—one cent every ten days—to make a hen a lively layer when eggs are high, with SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. Calculate the profit. It helps young pullets to laying maturity; makes the plumage glossy, makes combs bright red.

Sheridan's CONDITION Powder

fed to fowls once daily, in a hot mash, will make all their feed doubly effective and make the flock doubly profitable. If you can't buy it we send one pack, 25 cts., five, $1. A two pound can, $1.20. Sample poultry paper free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

FLOUR Is Advancing!

And those in want of a barrel should

SEE US AT ONCE.

We have Ontario & Manitoba patents in stock which we are willing to sell very low for cash.

TROOP & FORSYTH.

There are three conditions.
When the blood is poor;
When more flesh is needed;
When there is weakness of the throat or lungs.
There is one cure: that is Scott's Emulsion.
It contains the best cod-liver oil emulsified, or digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. It promises more prompt relief and more lasting benefit in these cases than can be obtained from the use of any other remedy.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

TEA

is one of the luxuries that every household affords.

I can give you something good at a low price.

1st. **A China Tea** at 25c. a lb.; in a 10 lb tin box 22½c a lb.—$2.25 for the package; in a 20 lb. tin box 20c per lb. or $4.00 for the package.
2nd. **A good Blend Tea** at the same price.
3rd. **A very choice Blend Tea** at 35c per lb.; in the 10 lb. tin box 30c per lb. or $3.00 for the package; in the 20 lb. tin 27½c per lb. or $5.50 for the package.

Send a registered letter, express order or postal note, and the Tea will go forward by the first freight.

This week's prices in Farm Produce as below:

Beef from 5c to 8c., according to the weight and fatness.
Pork, 6 to 7 cents.
Turkeys, 13c per lb.
Lamb 7c per lb.
Geese, 70c to 80c apiece.
Ducks, 65c to 75c a pair.
☞ Will be glad to have shipments either in goods or for cash.

EDGAR SCOTT,
General Merchandise,
14 Buckingham St.
Meats and Provisions, Vegetables and Fruits,
218 Argyle St.
Halifax, N. S.

Buyers' ATTENTION

The Great Selling Stoves are at

CROWE'S Tin & Stove Store

The Largest Assortment At Bottom Prices.

Plumbing and Furnace Heating a specialty.

Job Work promptly attended to.

R. ALLEN CROWE.

PIANOS, ORGANS, Sewing - Machines.

If you thinking about one it will pay you to write us for Price List.

BUGGIES

We have on hand a few open and covered Buggies which will be sold at Bargains to close out. Also a few second-hand Waggons.

A full line of Harnesses always in stock. Write for Price List.

N. H. PHINNEY, - Manager.
Lawrencetown, Aug. 20th, 1900.

PALFREY'S CARRIAGE SHOP —AND— REPAIR ROOMS.

Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Varnishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd 1900 9tf

A. BENSON UNDERTAKER and Funeral Director.

Caskets of all grades, and a full line of funeral furnishings constantly on hand.

Cabinet Work also attended to.

Warerooms at J. H. HICKS & SON'S factory. 39 y

OYSTER and LUNCH COUNTER

OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.

BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.

T. J. EAGLESON,
36 tf QUEEN ST., BRIDGETOWN

WANTED

Old brass Andirons, Candlesticks, Trays and Snuffers; old Mahogany Furniture. Also old Postage Stamps used before 1870—worth most on the envelopes; old blue Dishes and China. Grandfather clocks. Good prices paid.

Address W. A. KAIN,
tf 116 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE

That well known and valuable farm situate near Bridgetown and formerly owned and occupied by the late T. W. CHESLEY. A portion of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. For terms, etc., apply on the premises to Mrs. Shaw. 49 t

Are You Going South From the New England States?

The Best Route to Travel is from Boston to Norfolk, Virginia, BY THE

Merchants' and Miners' Steamers.

The most elegantly fitted boats, finest state rooms and best meals. The rate including meals and state rooms is less than you can travel by rail, and you get rid of the dust and changing cars.

If you want to go South beyond Norfolk to Southern Pines and Pinebluff, the Winter Health Resorts, or to Vaughan, N. C., the Pennsylvania Colony headquarters, Peschland, N. C., the New England Colony, Statham, Ga., the Ohio Colony and headquarters of the Union Veterans Southern Settlement, or to points in FLORIDA, you can connect with the Seaboard Air Line. For any formation as to rates of travel address W. P. TURNER, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

For information as to farming or mineral lands, water powers, manufacturing sites or winter resorts, rates of board, rent of cottages, employment for invalid mechanics who need to go South, address JOHN PATRICK, Chief Industrial Agent, S. A. L. Pinebluff, North Carolina. tApi15

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY —AND— Steamship Lines —TO— St. John via Digby —AND— Boston via Yarmouth.

"Land of Evangeline" Route

On and after MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH, 1900, the Steamship and Train Service of this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):—

Trains will Arrive at Bridgetown:

Express from Halifax	11.06 a.m
Express from Yarmouth	1.17 p.m
Accom. from Richmond	4.35 p.m
Accom. from Annapolis	6.20 a.m
Accom. from Yarmouth Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday	1.38 p.m
Accom. from Kentville Monday, Wednesday and Friday	9.15 a.m

Trains will Leave Bridgetown:

Express for Yarmouth	11.06 a.m
Express for Halifax	1.17 p.m
Accom. for Halifax	6.20 a.m
Accom. for Annapolis	4.35 p.m
Accom. for Kentville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday	1.38 p.m
Accom. for Yarmouth Monday, Wednesday and Friday	9.15 a.m

BOSTON SERVICE:
S. S. "Prince Arthur."
2,400 Gross Tonnage; 7,000 Horse Power.
by far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, N.S., Wednesday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning, leave Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Friday, at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Ry steamers.

Royal Mail S. S. 'Prince Rupert,'
1,200 Gross Tonnage; 3,000 Horse Power.
ST. JOHN and DIGBY,
Four trips per week: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Leaves St. John	7.00 a.m
Arrives in Digby	9.45 a.m
Leaves Digby	1.00 p.m
Arrives in St. John	3.45 p.m

Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.
S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips between Kingsport and Parraboro.
Trains and steamers are run on Eastern Standard Time.

P. GIFKINS,
Gen'l Manager,
Kentville, N. S.

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Oct. 23rd, 1900. 3m

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CHIEF AGENT:
H. C. MARSTERS, Berwick, N. S.
Sept. 5th, 1900. 4m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES WILSON, late of Centreville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby required 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 payment to

O. S. MILLER,
Executor.
Bridgetown June 26th, 1900.—14 tf

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN R. KINNEY, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, are hereby required 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 payment to

HETTIE J. KINNEY, *Executrix.*
JOHN L. MARSHALL, *Executor,*
Bridgetown, N. S., Sept, 11th, 1900.—1f

The Household

The Trail of the Skirt.

Mary, Princess Isembourg, Princess Reuss has lifted up her voice against the trailing skirt.

She does not see why women should perform the duties of a crossing sweeper minus the salary, and so strong are her feelings on the matter that, with the heroism of the true pioneer, she has expressed the wish that she may be able to join some anti-trailing skirt league in England, and further, has announced the intention of doing her utmost to form such a league in Germany.

Lady Warwick, to whom the matter was referred, dismissed it out of hand by the somewhat trenchant remark that she considered all leagues ridiculous.

The view taken by Mrs. Aria, a professional arbiter of fashion, is eminently sensible and practical.

"This", she stated to a "Daily Mail representative, "is precisely another case of cutting your cloth according to the measure of your pocket. If you be a walking woman and a working woman you should have your skirts to clear the ground, studying the essentially useful and disregarding the merely decorative, for no half measures are possible. A skirt may as well trail on the ground four inches as one; no benefit accrues by limiting the grace of fashion, and there is no doubt that the skirt on the ground is more elegant than the skirt off the ground, yet those who have to walk by the way of mud, dirt and dust should boldly cut their skirts an inch from the ground.

"The more fortunate, who spend their days in driving, lounging, visiting, may wisely follow the dictates of fashion and I, for my part, vote as ever for "Fashion for those who can get it."

Sunshine For Children

The little sick child shut up in the dark room pines away because it is denied God's sunlight, which he has so freely given, but which the kind, loving, faithful, but blinded mother shuts out in order to obtain a more comfortable atmosphere.

Not long ago a mother insisted on keeping a sick child in a room where the sunshine never entered, and where even the sunlight was not sufficiently admitted. The little one died, but the mother would not belive that she stood between the child and its recovery would not believe it until she was convinced. A few days later another child became ill, and the mother placed it in the same dark sunless room. She was informed that life or death depended upon the room of sunlight or the room of darkness. Naturally, yet under protest, she removed the child to where sunshine was freely admitted. To convince the mother of the fallacy of her ideas she was requested to remove from her conservatory one of her choicest plants and to place it in the dark room, give it air and water, and all the necessary attention except placing it in the sunlight. The choice plant, like the beautiful child, slowly lost its vitality, drooped and died. The child in the sunny room lived, the mother was convinced but, like many others, not without a sacrifice on the altar of ignorance and prejudice.

Game of Clothes-pins.

A very funny game for little folks, or older ones who wish only to be amused, is that of passing clothes-pins. The players are drawn up in two lines facing each other, and about five feet apart, so there is plenty of room. At the end of each line is a table upon which are a dozen clothes-pins for each of the respective lines. Now the first player nearest the table takes hold of the left-hand player's wrists (crossed) with his own left hand, and picks up a pin with his neighbour's right hand. The second player keeps the pin in his right hand while with his left hand (hands still crossed) he takes hold of his left-hand neighbor's wrists, and passes the clothes-pin as did the first one, on down the line to the lower table. The game is more complicated if the whole line takes hold of wrists at once before the pin is started. If a pin is dropped it goes back to the first table to start again. An umpire sees to that. The line which lands all its clothes-pins upon the lower table first is the winner. Only one pin should be passed at a time. As no player uses his own hand to work with, it is a most awkard and very jolly game. No stiffness can exist when it is played, for everyone gets to laughing heartily.—*National Stockman and Farmer.*

Wrapping Food in Paper.

It is a very common practice to put any food that comes from the grocer, etc., in the brown paper in which the dealer wraps it. While this may be convenient, it certainly is open to serious objection on the score of health and cleanliness. Most of the cheap papers are made from material hardly up to the standard of the housekeeper's idea of cleanliness. When it is taken into consideration that waste paper of all sorts, and those used for all purposes, are gathered up and worked into new paper to wrap our food in it behooves the housewife who cares for the health of her family to see that the articles of food remain in contact with such wrapping as short a time as possible. It is not unusual to see butter, cheese, ham, etc., put away in the cheapest brown paper. Immediately upon receipt of soft groceries they should be taken out of their wrappers and put into earthen dishes.

It is unwise to coax children to eat, or to permit them to realize that one is distressed at their temporary or occasional lack of appetite. Once in a while slight fasting does no harm; indeed it is beneficial. If the disinclination for food becomes protracted the case must be handled tactfully. Palpable over-anxiety will be found very injudicious and is likely to lead to whims and caprices on the part of the child. It will be found more effectual ultimately to ignore any irregularity in regard to the appetite; the cravings of hunger will assert themselves and a natural condition result as the situation adjusts itself. In justice to a child, however, remember that any palate will weary of unvarying food; the system, as well as the taste, demands change, and while it is a serious wrong to pamper a child's appetite, it becomes a duty to see that its food is not confined to one quality or routine. There are too many delicious and nutritious kinds of food which it may be permitted to enjoy.

About Wrinkles.

Lines about the mouth that are in any way objectionable may be the result of mental as well as physical action—for instance, what is known as the "rainy new moon of a mouth," which is produced by melancholy. To avoid or remedy these, cultivate a cheerful happy contented disposition.. Lines may also come from an accumulation of flesh. In this case a gentle massage will help to burn out the adipose tissue and make the flesh solid yet sufficiently pliable. If hot water is used in washing the face it should be immediately followed by an application of cold water.

Hot milk is a cure for many ills. When you come in tired from an afternoon's shopping, or from a performance at the theatre, try how a cup of it will refresh you. As a pick me up it is unrivalled, for it not only stimulates but nourishes. The only point to be remembered is to take it in sips, and not in one draught. In sips it is easily assimilated, but taken at a draught it may easily cause a bad attack of indigestion.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Aunt Fanny's Corner

Fooled the Magician.

THE OLD TRICK OF FINDING GOLD PIECES IN FOOD WAS EXPENSIVE.

"I never sit down to a good dinner," said the old magician, with a reminiscent smile, "but I think of the expensive meal I once indulged in while out West. It was during the political excitement of four years ago.

"I was making a tour of the West, and one day while travelling I was obliged to stop at a farm and ask the man who owned it if he would be kind enough to let me have something to eat, as it would be several hours before I would reach an hotel.

"'Come right in,' he said, genially. 'We ain't got much, but I guess we can cook ye up a snack.'

"The political excitement was running high at the time, and I soon found that the old man was a wild defender of the silver faith, and he talked of nothing else while I was eating. Thinking to have a little fun with him I pretended to find a $5 gold piece in the bacon, which I put in my mouth and went through the motion of swallowing.

"Much to my surprise the finding of the gold did not excite the old man a bit, so I picked out another gold