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I have an immense stock of 1909 Wall Papers direct from the factory including the very latest patterns! Samples shown anywhere in the county.

I have also some 1908 Wall Papers left over that I will close out at great bargains for cash, butter or eggs. It will pay you to get my prices.

F. B. BISHOP LAWRENCETOWN

The Manufacturers Life in 1907

A Comparison Showing Remarkable Progress.

ITEM	1906	1907	INCREASE
Net Premium Income	\$1,847,286.06	\$2,011,973.53	\$164,687.47
Interest and Rents	326,630.96	420,982.81	94,351.85
Total Income	2,193,519.19	2,433,114.15	239,594.96
Assets	8,472,371.52	9,459,230.69	986,859.17

Insurance in Force Dec. 31, 1907—\$51,237,157.00

No other Canadian Company has ever equalled this record at the same age

O. P. GOUCHER General Agent, Western Nova Scotia.

OFFICE—MIDDLETON, N. S.

The E. R. Machum Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.
MANAGERS FOR MARITIME PROVINCES.

A Fine Line of Goods

Is comprised in our new Spring Stock. Make your selection early before the rush begins. Already we are taking on extra help to fill our orders.

I. M. OTTERSON

BRIDGETOWN BOOT AND SHOE STORE

Rubbers! Rubbers! Rubbers!

In all sizes from Men's to the smallest Child's size.

WELL GAITERS

All lengths and sizes in Black only.

WOOL SOLES

For bedroom Slippers in Men's, Women's and Children's sizes.

E. A. COCHRANE.

NEW SPRING MILLINERY

Of all descriptions coming to hand daily at

MISS CHUTE'S

CANNED GOODS

Meats

Corned Beef, Roast Beef, Lunch Beef, Chipped Beef, Tongue, Potted Ham, Chicken, Turkey, Veal Loaf.

Fish

Salmon, Lobster, Clams, Scallops, Kipperd Herring, Finnan Haddies, Smelts, Sardines, Halibut, etc.

Fruit

Peaches, Pears, Plums, Pine-apples, Strawberries, Raspberries, Cherries, Blueberries, etc.

Vegetables

Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, String Beans, Baked Beans, Squash, Pumpkin, etc. etc.

KEEP THIS LIST FOR REFERENCE

C. L. PIGGOTT, Queen St.



Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 16th April, 1909, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years SIX and THREE times per week respectively each way, between MIDDLETON (ANAPOLIS) and MOUNT HANLEY, MOUNT HANLEY and OUTRAM, at Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Middleton, Mount Hanley, Outram and route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Halifax.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 26th Feb., 1909. Sins.

Shelf Hardware

Have added a line of Shelf Hardware to our stock.

Carrying in addition, Paints, Oils, and an extra fine line of Wall Paper samples.

A. R. BISHOP.

Empire Linctment Co., Limited, Bridgetown, N. S.

Dear Sirs,

We are using a large quantity of your liniment for the past year. We use it in bulk for veterinary purposes and find it most effective, etc. We also handle a large quantity in small bottles which we sell through our various commissaries. This is also much in demand and gives satisfaction among the men.

Yours very truly,

Davidson Lumber Co., Ltd., J. W. CROSS, Supt.

Springfield, N. S., September 30th, 1908.

NEW FOOTWEAR

COMING ALONG DAILY

A full line of Men's, Womens', Misses' and Children's Rubbers in all sizes.

SEE OUR GOODS AND GET OUR DISCOUNTS

E. S. PIGGOTT PRIMROSE BUILDING.

Grand Central Hotel

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Centrally located in the business section of the town. Every attention paid to the comfort and requirements of guests.

Sample rooms in connection.

D. J. PACTICK, Proprietor.

What a Shame!

to allow yourself to lose that BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Little by little you allow it to fall out till some day you wake up to the fact it has become very thin.

Atlee's Hairine

Promotes the growth of the hair and prevents it from falling out. Cleanses the scalp thereby preventing dandruff. It imparts to the hair a brilliant soft glossy finish, a luxuriant growth and prevents baldness. In large bottles 25c each.

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FERRY'S SEEDS

Ferry's are best because every year the retailer gets a new supply. They are tested and put up. You run no risk of poorly kept or untested seeds. We have the best quality and most expert seed growers in America. It is our advantage to satisfy you. We will. For sale everywhere. Our 1909 Seed Annual Free. Write to D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

A HYSTERICAL NOVEL

(By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D. D., in the 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

Mr. John Sterling, of Kansas, was a young author who was writing his first book. It was an historical novel dealing with the times of Dom Pedro II. of Brazil. Mr. John Sterling, in selecting Brazil as the scene of his story was confident that he had entered a new field. No one of the writers of historical novels had used the South American continent as the stage for a romance. Nearly every other country had been used, but not Brazil or South America.

John Sterling was a young man of a tragic and somewhat stern temperament, and he had thus far in the writing of his novel employed a goodly number of tragic events. There were plenty of duels, several pitched battles, and a number of disconsolate Brazilian damsels whose love-affairs promised to terminate fatally. Nearly every chapter was deep with plot and counterplot, and the villain of the most pronounced and nefarious dyes. It was to be a novel of purpose, tragic, sombre, thrilling, in which stern parents and weeping maidens and forsaken villagers should call aloud on heaven to witness the vengeance, etc.

Moreover, Mr. Sterling's novel was to be altogether a faithful picture of the times during which the good Dom Pedro lived, that is, between 1831 and 1889. There were to be none of those absurd anachronisms and historical inaccuracies which, according to Mr. Sterling's ideas, marred nearly all the popular historical novels of the day.

In the tragic make-up of Mr. John Sterling's character there was one bright and smiling quality, and that was furnished by his young and happy little wife. She was always smiling, always cool-natured, always looking for the best things, and so tender-hearted that she felt sorry for any one, even the people in stories, who were obliged to suffer pain and disappointment. It was one of the best of her many good characteristics also, that she loved her husband with all her might, and had the most unbounded faith in him as a rising novelist, although so far the only way in which he had distinguished himself was by rising early every morning to kindle the kitchen fire and help eat the modest breakfast; for they had been married only a few months and could not afford to keep a servant. Indeed, to tell the truth they had never been able to go anywhere on a wedding journey; and it was a dream of Mr. John Sterling's to confide to his little wife that from the royalties on the historical novel of Dom Pedro and Brazil they might be able to go to the mountains and the seashore for their honeymoon. For, to the credit of Mr. John Sterling, he deeply loved his sunny, happy bride; and he necessarily had some real romance in him, or he would not have been an author at all.

Alas! when the novel was half finished, the author was taken ill at the most critical point in the book. There was a crisis in every paragraph. The plot was as thick as plaster of Paris just before it sets. The principal characters, including Dom Pedro himself, were wrought up to the most desperate and blood-thirsty measures to defend their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. It was a very inconsiderate time for an author to go and get ill; but that is what Mr. John Sterling did, and when the doctor came to see him, he ordered perfect quiet, and prophesied at least three months of absolute rest.

"But my book! Doctor! I cannot be ill now. I must finish my book, first." "If you write another word on that book, you will be finished before the book is," declared the doctor with the gruffness peculiar to good doctors with stubborn patients.

Mr. John Sterling groaned, but obeyed. He went to bed, and almost immediately began to have long spells of delirium. There were long hours every day when he did not know any one or anything. His little wife sat by his bedside continuously, crying for him as he deliriously murmured sentences from the novel which was only half finished.

One day, about a week after the illness of Mr. John Sterling had begun, his wife, as she sat by him, listening to his ravings, had an inspiration. She had just finished that story of Marion Crawford's in which he tells of a young author suddenly stricken with illness, leaving an unfinished manuscript, which his young wife completed for him. The book turned out to be a great success.

"Why not?" Mrs. John Sterling said to herself. She brought out the unfinished novel from her husband's desk and read it over. The next day she began to write. She was surprised to find how easy it was. During the long hours of her vigils by the side of her husband she wrote on, and in three months she had finished. Then she ventured further. She

would send the completed manuscript to a publisher. She did so, and to her excited surprise the book was accepted on a ten per cent. royalty, and the publishing firm announced its intention to issue the book immediately in time for the holiday trade.

While the publisher was getting the volume ready, Mr. John Sterling grew better, and his delirium ceased. Then one day, before his wife had dared to tell him what she had done he had a relapse, and became delirious again. For three months more he was out of his head. During that time half a dozen presentation copies of Dom Pedro came by express to Mr. John Sterling. His wife proudly opened the packages, and placed the book in a pile on the centre-table in the best room.

One day at the end of Mr. John Sterling's illness, when he had recovered sufficiently to eat sweet potatoes and chicken pie, his excited happy little wife placed one of the copies of Dom Pedro in her husband's hands, and sat down to watch his face as he viewed the book.

To say that he was surprised is to put it mildly. And, as he turned the pages, and began to read the contents here and there, his surprise was so immense that for several minutes he was speechless.

"You didn't think I could write, did you, John?" his wife asked, springing up and throwing a pair of arms (it think it was a pair; that is the usual number) around his neck, and planting a kiss on his cheek.

"No, my darling, I—well, did you really—write all this yourself?" "All myself! Without any help. O, John, what a wonderful thing to have it accepted by the first publisher it was submitted to! Isn't it glorious?"

"Yes, yes, my love! But there must be some awful mistakes in the book! Listen!" He clutched his hair as if smitten with some impenetrable horror. "What is this? 'The entire court stood paralyzed as Washington's army marched out from the sombre forests fringing the banks of the Rio Janeiro, its gallant leader at the head with sword drawn and epaulettes sparkling with morning dew.' 'Yield, most noble Dom Pedro!' cried the President of the United States. 'Yield, or I will turn an X-ray on your breast coat pocket, and reveal to your court the perfidious treaty you have just signed with Patagonia to dead the Panama Canal to that treacherous scoundrel, Benedict Arnold.'"

Mr. John Sterling looked up from the reading of this sentence, and glanced tragically at his little wife. "Did you write that?" he asked in a tone that was almost icy enough to freeze any air.

"Why, of course I did, John! What is the matter with it?" "Matter with it! Why—why—don't you know that George Washington—that Benedict Arnold—that X-ray could not be contemporaneous with Dom Pedro? George Washington was dead before Dom Pedro was born!"

"Well, but, John, it was not so very much before, was it?" "Very much!" groaned Mr. John Sterling, as he turned over several pages and his eye caught another paragraph. Almost mechanically he read it out aloud.

"The wedding festivities of the Count Miguel Stephano and the fair Senora Sportzerilla were at their height. The guests who had been drinking one another's health all the evening in the fair wines of Gascony and the sparkling champagne of Tuscany, now, as the electric clock chimed midnight, sprang to their feet, to drink a simultaneous toast to the noble Alvarez and the lovely Isabel. The eyes of Don Juan Ripazzo sought those of the fair Donna Carla Stephanita, and she blushed like a sweet bride rose after a warm summer rain."

"The crystal goblets were all raised; Dom Pedro gave the signal; and the toast to the newly wedded pair was about to be drunk, when suddenly the swining doors of the banquet-hall were violently flung open and a woman entered armed with a hatchet. The court chamberlain turned pale.

"It is Mrs. Nation!" he exclaimed. "Instantly every arm holding its goblet of intoxicating Haurer was paralyzed. Mrs. Nation, with one bound, sprang down the line of ravily dressed courtiers, and with one blow of her weapon dashed in pieces

the goblets. As she passed Dom Pedro, she snatched his cigar from his mouth, and threw it on the crystal floor. She then—but why go on? O Juliette, you have ruined me! Horrors! Oh what have you done with my historical novel?"

"Why, I haven't done anything to it, only finished it!" she cried, her lips beginning to quiver at the tone of her husband.

"Yes! Finished it! That is the right word. Woman, do you realize that you racked into that description of the court wedding more historical errors to the square inch than I can explain away in a whole appendix? Do you realize that Mrs. Nation was not known when Dom Pedro died? that, even if she had been, she could not have come clear down to Brazil and done a thing like that?" "I don't know about that, John. I don't think there is anything improbable about it."

"Oh, but why talk of it? It is simply just—And, Juliette, do you realize that in the second chapter I had the Count Miguel Stephano killed in a duel with Don Juan Ripazzo? Yet here you have them alive at the wedding! And Senora Sportzerilla died of a broken heart in the middle of chapter four, while Donna Carla Stephanita is shut up in the dungeon of the castle, and has gone insane there! O Juliette, you have ruined me, you have spoiled my first novel!" "But, John, I don't see what error harm is done. And, besides, it did not seem right to leave the lovely (O, but you describe her as so lovely, John!) the lovely Isabel in the grave. So I had her come to life in chapter six; they found she had been buried in a trance; and then I could not bear to think of the Donna Carla Stephanita going mad in that loathsome dungeon; so I had her find some medicinal herbs growing in the dungeon that restored her to sanity; and then Don Juan Ripazzo, who was not really killed any more than Alvarez rescued her from the dungeon in a thrilling moonlight scene in chapter seven. As for Mrs. Nation, John, I felt as if the quantity of Haurer drinking in your historical novel ought to be rebuked in strong fashion; and, as you are a Kansas author and naturally will be read by Kansas people, an allusion to Mrs. Nation will gratify the readers. You see, dear, I thought everything out carefully. I tried to make the story interesting. I didn't want the interest to lag."

"Lag! It is tied on to a seventy-two-mile-an-hour automobile. It is simply—why, Juliette, just listen to this!" cried her husband, who, as if fascinated had continued to turn the pages that his little wife had fondly written:

"Once more the Sultan shook his head, and nodded to the chief headman to do his work and to get about it, as dinner was getting cold. The headman raised the glittering weapon, when a cannon-ball entered one of the palace windows which had carelessly been left open, and took the Sultan's head off. Before the astonished imperial guard could call up the Beethorous police, Dom Pedro entered with the Czar, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and King Peter of Serbia, together with Miss Ellen Stone, Cv Leland, the political boss of Kansas, and the balance of the machine. They seized the imperial guard, and sentenced them at once to the palace dungeon and a diet of the latest breakfast food. That same day Constantine was thrown over to the Russians, and England annexed the Balkan States to India. The Turkish flag was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes raised in its place. The first man to set to the farstaff which was on the minaret of the Yildiz Kiosk, was a United States marine from Kansas. The whole affair was all over in less than twenty-four hours, and before midnight Turkey was partitioned off among the powers, and Dom Pedro proudly sailed back to Brazil, taking with him as his bride the youngest daughter of Lord Pauncefort, the British Ambassador."

"Oh, heavens! What a terrible fumble that is, Juliette! The Sultan, Dom Pedro in Constantinople with Cv Leland and the machine! The Balkan states annexed to India! Dom Pedro married to the daughter of Lord Pauncefort of England! Oh, it is terrible! terrible! You have ruined me!"

"Well, I don't see how I have, John. It seemed to me the Sultan ought to be killed. Instead of those was giving unlimited enjoyment, turing so. And then people in Kansas are interested in the machine. It seemed to me I ought to bring it to somewhere. I am sure I tried to make my part of the story interesting and give people what they want."

"And then," continued her husband with a heartbroken wail, "you have, I see, married off all the characters at the end of the book. Here are Don Gonzales and Donna Louise Hilsler and Baron Arduentes and the Countess Flavia married in the cathedral at Rio Janeiro by the Pope, assisted by Cardinals Ramol-

la and Gibbons! And I have distinctly stated in my part of the story that Gonzales and the Donna Louise had both committed suicide because Gonzales loved the Countess Flavia and Arduentes loved Donna Louise! Oh, but the whole thing is impossible! I am ruined! My career is over!"

"Oh, no, John! Don't say that!" his little wife tearfully pleaded. "How could I leave the reader to mourn the tragic death of those two handsome gentlemen and beautiful ladies? It seemed to me so much better to make everybody happy at the close. And, if you read carefully in chapter seven, you will find how I brought it all around. They were not really dead, you know; only people thought so. And they chanced their minds about loving each other. People do, sometimes, you know, John. And if I have made one or two little historical errors in dates, etc., I am sure John, every historical novel has some inaccuracies in it. It seemed to me the main thing was to make the story interesting."

"It's interesting enough," grimly asserted Mr. John Sterling, as he continued to read. Indeed, he was perfectly fascinated by the narrative and was not able to take eyes or mind from it. His little wife smiled to herself through her tears, as she noted this fact.

"It is interesting, isn't it, John?" she asked, throwing her arms around his neck again.

"Yes, it's interesting enough," he acknowledged. "But it ends my career as a novelist!"

"Oh, no, no, John! Don't say that!" his wife pleaded, the tears coming again.

"You didn't mean it, I know, Juliette," he answered with tragic reserve. "But I shall never dare attempt another novel. Of course I can make a living at something else. Just what I don't know," he added with a gloomy tone.

Mrs. John Sterling had never before been unhappy. But for several days she felt as if the sun of her existence had gone out.

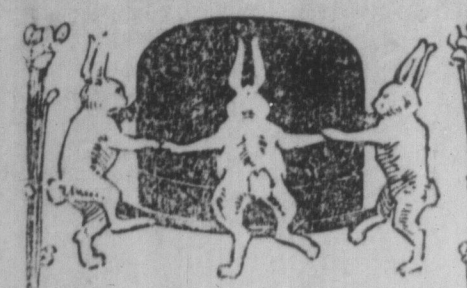
Then one day Mr. John Sterling received a letter from the publishers that astonished him. It contained a handsome cheque for royalties on the sales of Dom Pedro, and the assurance that the book had caught on and had fair to be one of the big sellers. If he had any more of the same kind, the publishers would be pleased to set it.

Before six months had gone by the royalties on Dom Pedro had mounted up to such a figure that one day at the beginning of summer Mr. John Sterling asked his little wife if she did not want to go on a wedding journey to the St. Louis Exhibition.

"Indeed, John, I will go and be so happy! Have you really forgiven me?" "I don't know," replied John, whose tragic brow had relined the last six months been losing a part of its frown. "I will tell you on the way."

So they packed their boxes, and on the day appointed went down to the station and entered the sleeper. As usual as the train had pulled out, Mrs. John Sterling nudged her husband.

(continued on page 3.)



Just the hat that becomes you best—and there is only one style that will—sure to be in the stock of the store that sells hats thus labelled:

WAKEFIELD LONDON

Designed by the best man in London; made in a factory that prides itself on its good name among good dressers. Finished like hats that cost twice the price.

'Twill pay you to find the store that sells these good hats. They cost less than you'd think.

A. A. ALLAN & CO. Limited, Toronto Wholesale Distributors for Canada.

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