J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,

AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate -WILL BE AT HIS-OFFICE IN MIDDLETON, (Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Stor Every Thursday.

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VOL. 25.

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EXECUTORS' NOTICE! LL persons having legal demands against
the estate of CHARLES A. CHUTE, late
of cranville, in the County of Annapolis,
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of the FRED B. STONE, HARRY RUGGLES, Executor

BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WELCOME

Is looked for and called for, asked for and sought for by GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS. But it is not always found, because some dealers keep it "under the counter." Why? Inferior brands pay larger profits.

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WELCOME SOAP

Renowned for its Genuine Washing Quality. Smooth on the hand. Rough on the Dirt.

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See the PREMIUM LIST printed on inside of each Wrapper. The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B.



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S.S. "ST. CROIX"

will sail from St. John to Boston direct every TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 4.30 p. m. (standard). Fast express service due 11 a. m. next day. Returning leave Commercial Wharf, Boston, every MONDAY and THURS. DAY Mornings at 10.00 a.m.

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"Cumberland" and "State of Maine" will sail from St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at of his ducate, and the sparkling rings on the 8 o'clock [standard], due in Boston about 4 p.m. next day. Returning leave Commercial Wharf, Boston, same days at 8.45 a.m.

Through Tickets on sale at all Railway Stations of the Dominion Atlantic Railway. Baggage checked through and examined on board before arriving in Boston.

For rates and information apply to nearest Ticket Agent. C. E. LAECHLER, R. A. CARDER, Agent, St. John, N. B.

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OUR LINE COMPRISES THE

Hamilton," - "Kenwood," - "Wellington," Cents', Ladies', Juveniles and Tandems.

We are territorial agents and can offer customers many advantages No long waiting for replacements. All parts carried in stock and prompt

We also carry a full line of sundries, and have a well equipped repair shop ANNAPOLIS MACHINE & CYCLE CO.

Important Notice!

I have completed arrangements with the celebrated cutter,

MR. A. McPHEE, who will be at my Bridgetown store from this date.

FISHER, the Tailor. Stores: Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1897.

Poetry.

A Life Story.

Above the little sufferer's bed,
With all a mother's grace,
She stroked the curly, throbbing head,
And smoothed the fevered face.
"He does not know my love, my fears,
My toil of heart and hand;
But some day in the after years,
Some day he'll understand;
Some day he'll know
I loved him so,
Some day he'll understand."

A wild lad plays his thoughtless part
As fits his childhood's lot,
And tramples on his mother's heart
Ofttimes and knows it not.

Nor knows his trues treat;
His mother sighs, as still she waits,
"Some day he'll comprehend;
The day will be
When we will see,
Some day he'll comprehend."

The strong youth plays his streng His mother waits alone, And soon he finds another heart The mate unto his own. The mate unto his own.
She gives him up in joy and woe,
He takes his young bride's hand,
Hia mother murmurs, "Will he know
And ever understand?
When will he know
I love him so;
When will he understand?"

The strong man fights his battling days,
The fight is hard and grim,
His mother's plain, old-fashioned ways
Have little charm for him.

The dimess falls around her years,
The shadows round her stand,
She mourns in loneliness and tears,
"He'll never understand,
He'll never know

A bearded man of serious years Bends down above the dead, And rains his tribute of his tears He stands the open grave above,
Amid the mourning bands;
And now he knows his mother's love,
And now he understands, Over an old, grey head

Now doth he know She loved him so; And now he understand

Select Titerature. For Jerry's Sake.

There are still quiet localities along the New England coast, where the old fashioned stage coach is the recognized means of trans-portation between the little seaside village and the nearest railway station. The office of driver of so important a vehiche often develops a peculiarly observant type of character. The man of the reins is, in the country parlance, "no chicken." He has driven to and fro too long and notable a succe of summer visitors, to be unfamiliar with metropolitan marks and manners. The city maiden, with her pretty wiles and graces, no enigma to him, but for the young men o leisure, her partners in the season's game of hearts, he harbors less indulgence. He "sizes up" the wealthy stock-broker or

bank president at a glance, but without aw fingers of the stately dowager make her wrinkled hand no fairer to his sight. It is such as these, he would tell you if he ere to speak his mind, who "come with the birds and go with the birds." They are transient, like the life which they represen

his own mode of living partakes of the per manency of the scenes among which he Yet the driver is not so independent personage as to be unwilling to entertain and impress the passengers whom, in his se-cret heart, he estimates so patronizingly To this end he dispenses with lavish lips his store of neighborhood tradition and romance. He is the most congenial of gossips, and his enjoyment of the good points of his own stories is not at all diminished by the hunredth telling. Should one chance to bes I myself was, one golden day of June—his

olitary fare, it might not be quite amiss to end him a pair of listening ears.

The road, which had been winding for mile or two among the fragrant pine woods, led out suddenly into an open space com-manding a distant glimpse of the sea. But it was not the sight of that shining bit of blue, which drew from me a sudden exclamation of surprise and pleasure. A noble slope of velvet turf at our right was crowned by a building of exquisite proportions, as utterly unlike the plain farmhouses which we had passed, as it, like Aladdin's palace, it had been the magic of a night.

The driver regarded me with ill-concealed "Old Cap'n Jeremiah Parson's place," he

"Well, it is fine, and no mistake!" ass ed my companion. "Folks do pretend to say that there's few better; but, of course, that's not for us country folks to judge. There's the old Cap'n and his wife now, a-He pointed with his whip toward a white

haired man, apparently reading aloud from a book to the little woman who rocked gently beside him, busy with some light handi-

"A fine old couple—good as gold!" said the driver. "Some folks think that Mis" Parsons is a little touched here "-he tapped his forehead suggestively—"but if that's so, all I've got to say is, it's a pity more of us couldn't be hit the same way. Ah, well! it's a mighty queer story.

"Won't you tell it to me?" I asked. "The Cap'n's what they call a self-made an. He hadn't anything to begin the world with, not even an education. He came of a sea-farin' race, and the only thing for such a boy to do was to ship before the mast. Plenty of others have done the same thing and stayed there; but Jeremiah Parsons wasn't that kiud. He kept climbin' up gradual, till he got to be master of a vessel. Then he saved and saved, till he bought a ship of his own. It was clear sailin' after that. I've heard my father tell a-many a time how everything he touched just seemed to turn to money. Why, he made a moderate sized fortune on one voyage, when he brought up a cargo of Para rubber, and the price jumped fifty per cent, before he got into port.

"Meantime he married his wife, a good

way, and that he'd been in love with ever

Portland to see one of the big archite They set great store by one another, and those as knew them best say that there was never so much as a cross look, let alone word, ever passed between them. The to bring his mates to; and the Cap'n told him never to mind the cost; and so the plan-ning of it was left to him. He said to Squire Cap'n was brave as a lion-didn't know what fear was-but with his wife he we

Though they were both masterly fond of children, they hadn't any of their own. My father used to say that he believed the Cap'n would 'a' given every cent he had in the world and done it willin', if so be he could 'a' heard a little voice callin' him 'Father!' I've heard him tell how they were drivin one day, and they come to a mis'able cabi where there appeared to be a child's face to every window pane, and the Cap'n drew the horse up short, and said he, sort o' fierce: "How do you make that out, neighbor?" There isn't a crust a piece for 'em here, and

my house is empty.

"As for Mis' Parsons, the women-folks said that the way she would stop a baby-cart on the street and gaze at the mite of a face the real thing!

The family from one church day under, then, that the gan to assemble fully two hours church time! A peculiar form of sale inside, would a' most have brought the tears Parsons had always been timid and retiring-

to a body's eyes.

"But, strange to say, when they'd been married ten years, there was a boy born—as strong and likely lookin' as one would side himself, he was that proud and happy; but they say that Mis' Parsons didn't seem but they say that Mis' Parsons didn't seem hardly able to speak at all, but would just lay quiet with the child on her arm, never takin' her eyes off it, except when she'd look up to smile in the Cap'n's face.

"There'd always be a Jeremiah in the that folks without much schoolin' wouldn't up to smile in the Cap'n's face.
"There'd always be a Jeremiah in

Parsons family, so the boy's name was wait-in' for him; but because it seemed heavy-like for such a mite, Mis' Parsons shortened it up to 'Jerry.' "They'd got everything planned ahead for

the boy up to the time when he'd be mangrown. It did seem odd, plain as they'd always lived with all their money, that they should 'a' had such notions about that child. They couldn't 'a' laid out to do more for him, if he'd been a prince of the blood. Granny Perkins was nursin' Mis' Parsons, and she'd hear them talkin' low together, the she never let on she was listenin " So you want another house, Mother?"

"Why, yes, Father!" It was amazin' Granny said, how soon they'd learned to call one another, 'Father' and 'Mother,' and how natural the words seemed to come. To be sure, we'd have been all right in the old one, but with Jerry growin' up everygreat reader, so we shall want a room for books; and he'll be bringin' his mates home with him, so there ought to be a big parlor

and plenty of chambers.'
"We'll have everything of the best, Mother. There's money rolling up in the bank, and we couldn't use it better than in gettin' things suitable for our boy. Thank God! we can give him a better chance than ever we had!" "Granny said that somehow the least bit of a cloud went over Mis' Parson's face

at that; but, small as it was, the Cap'n sighted it, and says he, gentle-like: " What is it, dear!" "She didn't answer at first, but when he kept on urgin', she colored up and said she:
"'You don't suppose he'd ever be ashamed of his father and mother, Jeremiah? -he

book · learnin'?' " Ashamed?' said the Cap'n. 'Don't you worry about that, Huldy! There was never a Parsons yet that was ashamed of his own flesh and blood; and our Jerry isn't goin' to he the first one!"

ein' what he will be,

" 'But, Jeremiah-I thought " Yes, Huldy? "" We aren't so very old yet. could study some ourselves, maybe we'd be able to understand him better.' "The old Cap'n slapped his knee.

" 'And a good idea it is, Mother!' says he. Only we'll have to begin right away to get start of the little shaver!" "'And you'll give up seafarin', Father, and stay home with Jerry and me?" "There isn't a ship stout enough to carry me away from you. The boy'll be wantin' a pleasure-boat, maybe. We'll do our sailing

"Well, it went on that way, till the day the baby was three weeks old. Mis' Parsons had been puttin' it to sleep, and just as she was handin' it to Granny to lay down, the old woman gave a scre " What makes him so white?' says she. "An awful look came into Mis' Parson's ace. She snatched the boy back, but he just doubled up limp in her hands. The

long and short of it was, the child was dead. The doctor called it heart disease, and that was all anybody ever knew. "Well, poor Mis' Parsons lay at death' door for days, and, perhaps, 'twas as well for the Cap'n that he had all he could do watchin' her, and couldn't fully sense what

had happened. "When, at last, she did begin to mend it was so slow that one could hardly see the petterment from day to day. But, one afternoon, she woke up out of a long sleep, and one could see that there'd been a chang "Father,' says she, 'I've had a lovely lream. I can't tell it to you; but I've had things showed to me. Father, you know ouse we meant to build, and the books and the piano, and how we were goin' to tudy ourselves, and all that?"

" Don't Huldy-don't dear wife! said the Cap'n, choking. "But I must, Father!" said she. veren't allowin' to do any of those thing

"After that, Mis' Parsons got well fast,

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER,

SOLICITOR.

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

down to the farm. "When it was finally done, they sent to town again for a house-furnisher, and he came down and looked it all over, and adpeople few can realize. Some of them never see a face besides those of the members of vised with them what was best to buy. the family from one church day the real thing!

"There was a college professor and an artist staying at the Point that summer. Mis' we had not yet been made familiar, and our like, but now she didn't seem a mite shy of anybody. So she went and talked with them, and those two men just see to work only form of salutation in the inland dis-

into a long, white robe, which fell over the black one, and down his back hung a large surplice of bright velvet, upon which a gol house those two folks went to readin' and great candles, about a yard long and three inches thick shed a dim light. These were studyin' regular, like children; and if there was anything that Mis' Parsons didn't unthe especial charge of an official who gave lerstand, she'd go and ask the minister "When the time came that Jerry, if he'd After church the worshippers dispersed and many of them did not reach their homes unlived, would 'a' been old enough to go to school, Mis' Parsons took to visitin' the

school every week punctual. She'd often take a little present to the teacher—flowers, or a basket of fruit, or something,—and she would always say: "I brought this for my son." "She and the Cap'n made all sorts good times for the children-Saturday picnics and what not. And every Christm

room, all blazing with candles, and with presents for every one marked 'A happy Christmee for Jerry's sake.
"Then, when Jerry would 'a' had to have been sent away from home, she went around making inquiries about the best boardingschool for boys, and after she'd picked out one that she thought most proper she went with the Cap'n and made acquaintance with the teachers, and had the boys introduced to her, aiming to help along any that were poor and deserving. They used to go to all the anniversaries, and he set on the platform

Eve she had a tree for them in the dining-

Mis' Parsons would smile on the boys speaking their pieces, as if every one had been her own. Boys! why, she had the house swarmcroquet and tennis and hammocks, and swing-poles; and, for the matter of that there were some better things to be learned of her than they could get at any school but that she'd always been ladylike, but there was a difference. She was finer, more understanding. I've heard say that manners are kind of outside dress—some folks have to pad theirs all over to make 'em smooth; but Mis' Parsons's just fitted her! Just her way of listenin' comforted anybody

"Well, the boys that Jerry would 'a' gone to the academy with, got through there and went to college, and Mis' Parsons, she kept ight along with them, looking after then he same as ever. She made up her mind, what society he'd been likely to join, and then what did she do but get the Cap'n to build a house for it—a fraternity house,' I believe they call it. The young fellows all knew her for 'Jerry's mother,' and the wildest of them would have knocked anybody that dared to make game of the little whitehaired woman that went to see them every ent; and they do say that her pleadin' turned back more than one of them

that had got a start on the road to ruin. "The house was full as ever in vacation. Some of the fellows that had sisters brought them along. The Cap'n had bought the re-boat—as neat a craft as you'll see along shore—and he used to take the young folks down the bay, with Mis' Parsons along to do the mothering. It was a pretty sight to see them hangin' around her, and she is so fond and proud of them all.

angels—if there she ain't a comin' now!
Just look at her sharp, and I'll go on with the story after she gets by."

A young woman, simply dressed in a gown of some light fabric, approached us, driving leisurely in a pony-carriage. Her face, shaded by a broad hat, were an expression of great purity and gentleness. She might have been thirty years old. She bowed pleasantly in response to the driver's re-spectful salutation, and when she was agein

her brother the same summer that Jerry's have we'ne' "No, Huldy—no!"

"'No, Huldy—no!"

"'It was all for Jerry's sake, so that he could come up to a different sort of a life than we'd had ourselves! And it wasn't to be just for him alone, because that might 'a' made him selfah and graspin', but fer his friends—some of them, maybe, that hadn't much of their own—so they could be happy and safe there, and perhaps kept from wanderin?"

"'Yes, Huldy."

"'Yes, Huldy,"

"'Yes, Hul

NO. 20.

there. Mis' Parsons just told him every-thing, and how they wanted the house to be just homy—the kind that a boy would love

Dunham, when he was down here one day, lookin' after the builder a little, that he put

he'd ever done.
"They moved the old building off, because

Mis' Parsons wanted the new one to stand

stick and stone that went into it, outside

like, but now she didn't seem a mite shy of

for her as if they'd been her brothers. The

professor made out a great list of the very

best books for the library, besides another shorter one for the Cap'n and Mis' Parsons

have trouble to understand them. And the

painter—he told her what pictures to get

they'd have the best light. And, more than

hat, he gave her one of his own for a pres-

ent, that good judges say is worth a thou-sand dollars if it is a cent.
"When they had got settled in the new

bout it, and he'd explain it to her.

and how to hang them on the walls so that

K-COUNTRY FOLK WHO TRAVEL MANY

Jessie Ackerman, in the fourth of her articles on "Three Women in Iceland," in
The Woman's Home Companion, tells how
she attended a country church in the northern part of the island.
"The Sabbath day was full of interest,
for we had not attended service in the rural
districts. In the early morning we betook
ourselves to the front of the house to watch
the country full assemble. In the distance on the same spot where Jerry was born. It was a long while going up, and they do say that the Cap'n and his wife watched every

company with the preacher, who wore a high hat, a loose, flowing gown buttoned beth ruff around his neck, we entered the view of the congregation, and, not being familiar with the language, the time passed in meditation on the situation.
"In the pulpit the pastor was assisted

KEEPING ON THE TRACK OF THE TRAVEL to the preliminary Peary expedition and to the various parties which hope to climb Mount St. Eliss. Brief reference has also expedition to New Mexico, which deserves further attention. In the plains of Acoma, querque, is a rectangular rock some 700 feet high and about 40 acres in area on its upper and left the table land above inac The villagers who were at work in the valley was left of the former went two miles away and founded, on another table-rock, a new village, which still flourishes. It is believed of the old rock since disaster overtook centuries ago. Professor Sibley's plan is to and so get up. If he succeeds, and his plan is thought to be feasible enough, he may find very interesting antiquities. At any rate he will be likely to find out whether the story the Indians tell about the abandoned village

is true. The quest excites the immagination and if it succeeds it ought to make some fac cinating reading for the newspapers.

Tune of the Tourist. I've checked my trunk and packed my grip; I'm ready now for a summer trip; the greyhound pantheth at the slip to start for Nova Scotia. Out of the city's rush and sparkling eye, the glowing cheek are found in Nova Scotia. In fifteen hours the bay is prossed, so smooth that none are pitched and tossed. No meal is missed, no sleep is lost in reaching Nova Scotia. So faultless is the captain's art, he know's his passage all by neart. (The men are most al they raise in Nova Scotia.) Well, this must be the blessed air that floats around the golfair the maids of Nova Scotia? Now take your choice:-The softer scene, the bloomy white, the burnished green that sheltered sweet Evangeline in olden Nova Scotia; or, on the bolder strand, explore the alcothe Southern shore, the glimpsing sail, the gleaming ear of modern Nova Scotia. And "But there was one of the girls—speak of yet this beach was first to feel the grinding of the Norman keel; here flashed the Euro pean steel first drawn in Nova Scotia. My stars! the beautiful and grand are blended in that little land. It makes the very soul

expand to visit Nova Scotia.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the young negro poet, has not been financially successful as a reader in Eugland, but he is having an agree-"That is Miss Edith Hale. As I was man here," he says, "is a good deal like a goin' to say, she came to the Parsons' with boy just out of school. He feels his freedom and shows it ingenuously. When one has class graduated. She and Mis' Parsons and not been allowed to stick his nose inside the

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Rest