Momitor Auckly The

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32.

BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

"Do you know, I think the first thing

an instant's indecision, was there?"

ted to the conclave of his superiors

was whistling on the rainy stairway.

we used to have, Bud," said Parker.

she come in upstairs with you and Fis-

can tell it by the look of her."

-WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1904.

NO. 33

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UNION BANK OF HALIFAX the top of the "cut under" as they drove rapidly into town, and bright little drops sparkled on the fair hair the drops sparkled on the fair hair

capital Authorized, - \$3,000,000 the long lashes above the new editor's Capital Subscribed, - 1,336,150 cheeks. She shook these transient Capital Subscribed, - 1,336,150 gems off lightly as she paused in the doorway of the office at the top of the Reserve Fund, - 931,405 Mr. Schofield had just added the last

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P Special attention is directed to the COMPARATIVE STATEMENT below showing the progress made by this Bank in the past sixteen years, also the increase

STATEMENT

Assets, 1,305,205 9,170,225 10,375,65 "How beautiful?" She crossed the room and back that could you Mr. Parker?"

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"How beautiful?" She crossed the room and the door she called after him, "Wait!" and went to him and knelt before him and, with the humblest, proudest grace that day was over system had been introduced, and the Besid was running on it. and all that warm rainy that the humblest, proudest grace that day was over system had been introduced, and the Besid was running on it. and all that warm rainy that the humblest, proudest grace that day was over system had been introduced.

The Gentleman

From Indiana By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI. R. ROSS SCHOFIELD was engaged in decorating the battered chairs in the Herald edi-N.M. torial room with blue satin bon, the purchase of which at the bry Goods Emporium had been directed by a sudden inspiration of his supeorce. It was Ross' intention to garnish each chair with an elaborately tied bow, but as he was no sailor and understood only the intricacies of a hard knot he confined himself to that

pecies of ornamentation, leaving, however, very long ends of ribbon hanging down after the manner of the pendants rosettes. Mr. Schofield was alone at taken themselves to the station to meet e train from Rouen. It was a wet, gray day. The wide saved by an angel in light brown. You

ountry lay dripping under formless craps of thin mist, and the warm, driz-ling rain blackened the weather beatshingles of the station, made clear reflecting puddles on the unevenly worn planks of the platform and dampened the packing cases too thoroughly for occupation by the station lounger. The bus driver, Mr. Bennett, and the roprietors of two attendant "cut unm business or the lack of it called

"Geel" repeated Mr. Tipworthy. shelter of the waiting room, but the When the editorial chamber had been nen of the Herald were too agimade so seat that it almost glowed, though it could never be expected to shine as did Fisbee and Caleb Parker and Ross Schofield that morning, the They had reached the station half an lady took her seat at the desk and looked over the few items the gentlee interval in pacing the platform unmen had already compiled for her perusal. Mr. Parker explained many technicalities paculiar to the Carlow Hernicalities pa ch other only in monosyllables. Thos in the waiting room gossiped eagerly and for the thousandth time about the ald, translated some phrases of the printing room and enabled her to grasp te events and particularly about the dous news of Fisbee. Judd Benthe amount of matter needed to fill an tt looked out through the rainy door-When Parker finished the three inat the latter with reverence and a

pride of townsmanship. He de-ed it to be his belief that Fishee competents sat watching the little fig-ure with the expression of hopeful and instant's indecision. ne to meet the strange lady at the "I think we should have regular market reports," she announced ear-nestly. "I am sure Mr. Harkless would her to the lecture, why he had taken supper at the Briscoes' three times and approve. Don't you think he would? ner twice when she was there. Fis-

She turned to Parker.

"Market reports!" Mr. Fishee exoce had told the story to Parker on a melancholy afternoon as they sat together in the Herald office, and Parker had told the town. It was simple enough indeed, and Fisbee's past was a mystery no longer. It might have been revealed years before had there reports!"

been anything in particular to reveal would, dear, if not a woman or a specand if it had ever occurred to Fisbee to talk of himself and his affairs. melther are you, and that's the reason Things had a habit of not occurring to Parker, as there is so much pressure, Mr. Parker, very nervous himself, and if you don't mind continuing to act as reporter as well as compositor until after tomorrow, and if it isn't too wet-you must have an umbrella—would it be too much bother if you went around to all the characteristics. It is a for his own life and not to open it, but if the lady so much as set one foot out of doors before his return to the characteristics. felt his companion's elbow trembling against his own as the great engine, recking in the mist and sending great clouds of white vapor up to the sky, swooped down the track, rushed by them and came to a standstill beyond the platform. Fishee and the foreman made haste to the nearest vestibule leather place we passed, the tannery, and if there's one of those places where and were gazing blankly at its barred approaches when they heard a silvery lough behind them and an exclamation flour mill, if it isn't too far, and at the Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber! Just behind you, blank book and a sharpened pencil, and

will you price everything, please, and there.
jot down how much things are?"

"You Turning quickly, the foreman beheld a blushing and smiling little vision, a vision with light brown hair, a vision ker was departing on the instant whea she stopped him with a little cry, "But you haven't any umbrella!". And she enveloped in a light brown rain cloak and with brown gloves from which the handles of a big brown traveling forced her own, a siender wand, upon him. It bore a cunningly wrought bag were let fall as the vision disappeared under the cotton umbrella, handle, and its fabric was of glisten-ing silk. The foreman, unable to dewhile the smitten Judd Bennett reeled gasping against the station.
"Dearest," the girl cried to the old cline it, thanked her awkwardly, and as she turned to speak to Fishee he man, "you should have been looking for me between the devil and the deep belted out of the door and ran down the steps without unfolding the um-brells, and then as he made for Mr. sea, the parlor car and the smoker! I've given up cigars, and I've begun Mastin's emporium he buttoned it se-curely under his long Prince Albert, determined that not a drop of water to study economy, so I didn't come on should touch and ruin so delicate a

thing. Thus he carried it, triumphantly dry, through the course of his reportings of that day. When he had gone the editor laid her hand on Fisbee's arm. "Dear," she said, "do you think you'd take cold if you went over to the hotel and made a note of all the arrivals for the last week and the departures too? I noticed that MA touch to his decorations and managed Harkless always filled two or threesticks, isn't it?-with them and things to slide into his coat as the party came to slide into his coat as the party came
up the stairs, and now, perspiring,
proud, embarrassed, he assumed an attitude at once deprecatory of his endeavors and pointedly expectant of
commendations for the results. (He about them, and somehow it 'read' very nicely. You must ask the landlord all about them, and if there aren't any, we can take up the same amount of space can take up the same amount of space lamenting the dull times, fust as he used to. You see, I've read the Herald faithfully. Ign't it a good thing I always subscribed for it? She patted Fishee's check with her soft hand and langhed gayly into his mild, vague old eyes. "It wan't be this stranble to fill up much longer. I have plans, gentlemen, and before long we will print nexts; and we print him here matter? was a modest youth and a conscious. After his first sight of her as she stood in the doorway it was several days be-fore he could lift his distressed eyes news; and we must buy plate matter instead of patent insides; and I had a talk with the Associated Press people And I went to the hospital this morn-

under the new editor's glance or, indeed, dare to avail himself of more bothing.

Every chair in the room was ornamented with one of his blue rosettes, tled carefully and firmly to the middle ing before I left. They wouldn't let me see him again, but they teld me all about him, and he's better, and I gob slat of each chair back. There had been several yards of ribbon left over, Tom to go to the jail, and he saw some of those beasts, and I can do a column and there was a hard knot of glossy satin on each of the inkstands and on the deorknobs. A blue band passing of description besides an editorial aboutthem, and I will be fierce enough to suit Carlow, you may believe that. And around the stovepipe lent it an antique rakishness suggestive of the charioteer, and a number of streamers suspended I've been talking to Senator Burnsand a number of streamers suspended from a hook in the ceiling encouraged a supposition that the employees of the firerald were contemplating the indicate festivities of May day. It needed no ghost to infer that these garnitures had not embelished the editorial behavior during Mr. Harkless' activity, but, on the centrary, had been put in place that very merning. Mr. Fishee that not knews of the decorations, and the has eye fell upon them a faint look that is, listening to Senator Burns, which is much stupider—and I think I can do an article on national politics, I'm not very well up on local issues yet, and I'— She broke off suddenly. "There, I think we can get out tomorrow's number without any trouble. By the time you get back from the hotel, father, I'll have half my-my stuff written-'written up,' I mean. Take and not knew of the decrations, and as his eye fell upon them a faint look of pain passed ever his brow. But the girl examined the room with a dancing eye, and they were both tears and laughter in her beart.

"How beautiful?" she cried. "How heavitall?" She creased the room and

your big umbrella and go, dear, and please ask at the express office if a typewriter has come for me." She laughed again with sheer delight. like a child, and ran to a corner and got the cotton umbrella and placed it

in the world, turned up his trousers to keep them from the mud. Ross Scho-field had never considered Mr. Fishee 2 less' room was so pretty."
Ross looked out of the window and laughed as he took her hand, which he particularly sacred sort of person, but he did from that moment. The old shook with a long up and down motion, but he was set at better ease by her man made some timid protest at the apparent unconsciousness of the fact that the decorations were for her. "Oh, girl's action, but she answered: "The great ladies used to buckle the Chevait ain't much, I reckon," he replied, lier Bayard's spurs for him, and you're a great deal nicer than the Chev-You haven't any rubbers! I don't beued to look out of the window and laugh.

She went to the desk and removed lieve any of you have any rubbers!"
And not until both Fisbee and Mr.
Echofield had promised to purchase her gloves and laid her rain cloak over a chair near by. "Is this Mr. Harkless' overshoes at once and in the meantime not to step in any puddles would she chair?" she asked, and; Fisbee answering that it was, she looked gravely at it for a moment, passed her hand gently let the former depart upon his errand. over the back of it and then, throwing the rain cloak over another chair, said He crossed the square with the strang-est, jauntiest step ever seen in Plattville Solomon Tibbs had a warm ar-

Very carefully?"
"You remember, I was confident she the legs and coat tails were visible to would know precisely where to begin,"
was Fisbee's earnest whisper in the than was that of a stranger, probably an Englishman.
In the Recold office the editor turned, smiling, to the paper's remaining vascel, "Mr. Schofield, I heard some talk in Rough of an oil company that had been formed to prospect for kerold of the company that had been formed to prospect for kerold of the company. Do you know willing ear of the long foreman. "Not "No, siree," replied the other, and as he went down to the pressroom to hunt for a feather duster which he thought might be found there he collared Bud

sepe in Carlow county. Do you knew anything about it?" Tipworthy, the devil, who, not admit-Ross, surfeited with honor, terror, and possessed by a sweet distress at find-ing himself tete-a-tete with the lady. "You hustle and find that dustbrush looked at the wall and replied, "Oh, And presently as they rummaged in the nooks and crannies about the mait's that Eph Watts' foolishness." "Do you know if they have begun to chinery he melted to his small assistant. "The paper is saved, Buddie-

dig for it yet?"
"Ma'am?" said Ross "Have they begun the diggings yet?"
"No, ma'am, I think not. They've
got a contrapshun fixed up about three Mr. Schofield had come, blushing, to Mr. Schofield had come, blushing, to join them. "Say, Cale, did you notice the color of her eyes?"

"Yes. They're gray."

"I thought so, too, show day and at Kedge Halloway's lecture. But say, Cale, they're kind of changeable. When mile south. I don't reckon they've begun yet, hardly. They're gittin' the machinery in place. I heard Eph say they'd begin to bore—dig, I mean, ma'am; I meant to say dig"— He stopped, utterly confused and unhappy, and she understood his manly pur-

pose and knew him for a gentleman bee they were jest as blue-mear matched the color of our ribbons." whom she liked. "You mustn't be too much surprised," she said, "but in spite of my ignorance about such things I mean to devote a good deal of space to the oil company. t may come to be of great importance to Carlow. We won't go into it in to-morrow's paper beyond an item or so, but do you think you could possibly find Mr. Watts and ask him for some information as to their progress and if it would be too much trouble for him to call here tomorrow afternoon or the day after? I want him to give me an interview if he will. Tell him, please, he will very greatly oblige us.

"Oh, he'll come all right," answered her companion quickly. "I'll take Tibbs' buggy and go down there right off. Eph won't lose no time gittin' here." And with this encouraging assurance trusting terriers. She knit her brow for a second, but she did not betray an he was flying forth when he, like the others, was detained by her solicitous care. She was a born mother. He protested that in the buggy he would be perfectly sheltered. Besides, there wasn't another umbrella about the perfectly sheltered. place. He liked to get wet anyway; had always loved rain. The end of it claimed. "I should never have thought was that he went away in a sort of of market reports, nor do I imagine tremor wearing her rain cloak over his would either of my-my associates. A shoulders, which garment, as it cov woman to conceive the idea of market ered its owner completely when she wore it, hung almost to his knees. He The editor blushed. "Why, who darted around a corner, and there, breathing deeply, tenderly removed it, ulator, and I'm not a speculator, and then borrowing paper and cord at a neighboring store wrapped it neatly you didn't think of them. So, Mr. and stole back to the printing office, on the ground floor of the Herald building,

to all the shops—stores, I mean—to all the process and the butchers and the leather place we passed, the tannery, and if there's one of those places where they bring cattle, would it be too much. Harkless' chair. She touched it gently, to ask you to stop there—and at the as she had touched it once before that morning, and then she spoke to it as if dry goods store-and you must take a he were sitting there and as she would not have spoken had he been sitting

"You didn't want gratitude, did jot down how much things are?"
Orders received, the impetuous Parless was denarting on the instant whom
Soon she smiled at the blue ribbon, patted the chair gayly on the back and, seizing upon pencil and pad, dashed into her work with rare energy. She bent low over the desk, her pencil moving rapidly. She seemed loath to pause for breath. She had covered many sheets when Fisbee returned, and as he came in softly in order not to disturb her she was so deeply engrossed that she did not hear him, nor did she look up when Parker entered, but pursued the formulation of her fast flying ideas with the same single purpose and abandon. So the two men sat and waited while their chieftainess wrote absorbedly. At last she glanced up and made a little startled exclamation at seeing them there and then gave



With the humblest, proudest grace in the them cheery greeting. Each placed several scribbled sheets before her, and she, having first assured herself that having expressed a fear that Mr. Par-ker had found her umbrella too small, as he looked damp (and indeed he was damp), cried praises on their notes and offered the reporters great applause.
"It is all so splendid!" she crie "It is all so splendid!" she cried.
"How could you do it so quickly? And in the rain too! It is just what we need. I've done most of the things I mentioned. I think, and made a draft of some plans for hereafter. Doesn't it seem to you that it would be a good notion to have a woman's page—'For Feminine Readers' or 'Of Interest te Women'-once a week?"

"A woman's page!" exclaimed Fis-bee. "I could never have thought of that. Could you, Mr. Parker?" Weak Hair

afternoon the editor and Plasse worked in the editorial rooms. Parker and
Bud and Mr. Schodeld (after his return
with the items and a courteeus message from Sphraim Watts) bent over
the ferms downstairs, and Uncle Xenophon was cleaning the storeroom and
serubbing the foor. An extraordingry
number of erreads took the various number of errands took the various see the editor in chief, literally to see the editor in chief. It was hard to believe that the presence had not flown, hard to keep believing without the repeated testimony of sight that the dingry room upstairs was actually the setting for their jewel, and a jewel they swore she was. The printers came down chuckling and gurgling after each interview. It was partly the thought that she belonged to the Hernald their name. gument with Miss Selina as to his identity, Miss Selina maintaining that ald, their paper. Once Ross, chuckling, the figure under the big umbrells-only looked up and caught the foreman gig-gling to himself.

"What in the name of common sense you laughin' at, Cale?" he asked. "What are you laughing at?" resoined the other.

"I dunno!" The day wore on, wet and dreary outside, but all within the Herald's bosom was snug and busy and murmurous with the healthy thrum of life and prosperity renewed. Toward 6 o'clock, system accomplished, the new guiding spirit was deliberating on a policy, as Barkless would conceive a policy were he there, when Minnie Briscoe ran joy-eusly up the stairs, plunged into the room waterproofed and radiant and caught her friend in her eager arms and put an end to policy for that day.

But policy and labor did not end at twilight every day. There were evenings, as in the time of Harkless, when lamps shone from the upper windows of the Herald building; for the little editor worked bard, and sometimes she worked late; she always worked early. She made some mistakes at first and ene or two blunders which she took much more seriously than any one else did. But she found a remedy for all such results of her inexperience, and she developed experience. She set at her task with the energy of her youth-fulness and no limit to her ambition, and she felt that Harkless had pre-

pared the way for a wide expansion of the paper's interests, wider then he knew. She brought a fresh point of view to operate in a situation where he had fallen perhaps too much in the rut. and she watched every chance with a keen eye and looked ahead of her with clear foresight. What she waited and yearned for and dreaded was the time when a copy of the new Herald should be placed in the frembling hands of the man who lay in the Rouen hespital. Then she felt if he, unaware of her identity as be was and as he was to be kept, should place everything in bes

hands unreservedly, that would be a tribute to her work. And how hard she would labor to deserve it! After a time she began to see that as Herald she had become a factor in district politics. It took her breath, but with a gasp of delight, for there was

something she wanted to do.
Rodney McCune had lifted his head, and the friends of his stricken enemy felt that they and the cause that Harkout the leader, for the old ring that the Herald had beaten rallied around Mc-Cune. "The boys were in line again." Every one knew that Halloway, a dull terial that Harkless had been able to find, was already beaten. If John work for him." it was said, Halloway again, but as matters stood he was beaten and beaten badly, and Rodney McCune would sit in congress, for nomination meant election.

But one afternoon the Harkless forces, demoralized, broken, hopeless, woke up to find that they had a leader. There was a political conference at Judge Briscoe's. The politicians descended sadly at the gate from the train-Boswell and Keating, two gentlemen of Amo, and Bence and Shannon, two others of Gaines county, to confer with Warren Smith, Tom Mar-tin, Briscoe and Harkless' representa-tives, Fishee and the editor of the Herald. They entered the house gloomily, and the conference began in de-jected monosyllables. But presently Minnie Briscoe, sitting on the porch pretending to sew, heard Helen's voice, clear, soft and trembling a little with excitement. She talked for only two or three minutes, but what she said seemed to stir up great commotion among the others. All the voices burst forth at once in exclamations, almost shouts. Then Minute saw her father, seated near the window, rise and strike the table a great blow with his clinched fist. "Will I make the nominating speech?" he cried. "I'd walk from here to Rouen and back again to do

"We'll swim out!" exclaimed Mr. Keating of Amo. "The wonderful thing is that nobody thought of this before. There are just two difficulties -Halloway and our man himself. He wouldn't let his name be used against Kedge. Therefore we've got to work it quietly and kee it from him." "It's not too difficult," said the speaker's colleague, Mr. Boswell. "All we've got to do is to spring it as a surprise on the convention. Some of the old crowd hemselves will be swept along with us when we make our nomination, and you want to stuff your ears with cotpass the word quietly among the Haloway people and the shaky McCune people. Rod may get wind of it, but

Do you like your thin, rough, short hair? Of course you don't. Do you like thick, heavy, smooth hair? Of course you do. Then why

Hair Vigor not be pleased? Ayer's Hair Vigor makes beautiful heads of hair, that's the whole story. Sold for 60 years.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time. It is, indeed, a wonderful hair tonic, restoring health to the hair and scalp, and at the same time, proving a splendid dressing. DE. J. W. TATUR, Maddil, Ind. T. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass. for -

you can't fix men in this district against us when they know what we mean to do now. On the first ballot we'll give Halloway every vote he'd have got if he'd run against McCune alone. It will belp him to understand how things were afterward. On the second ballet—why, we nominate. Of course it can't be helped that Halloway has to be kept in the dark, too, but he's got to be." "There's one danger," said Warren Smith. "Kedge Halloway is honest, but I believe he's selfish enough to disturb his best friend's deathbed for his own ends. It's not unlikely that he will get nervous toward the last and be telegraphing Harkless to have himself carhim. That wouldn't do at all, of course And Miss Sherwood thinks maybe

there'd be less danger if we set the convention a little ahead of the day appointed. It's dangerous, because it shortens our time, but we can fix it for three days before the day we'd settled on, and that will bring it to Sept. 7."
"It's a great plan," said Mr. Bence, who was an oratorical gentleman. He thrust one hand in his breast, raised the other toward heaven and contin-

ued, "For the name of Harkless "Wait a minute," said Keating. "I'd like to hear from the Herald about its policy, if Miss Sherwood will tell us." "Yes, indeed," she answered. "It will



is only one course to pursue? We will advocate no one very energetically, but we will print as much of the truth about Mr. McCune as we can, with delcacy and honor, in this case; but as I understand it the work is almost all to be done among the delegates. We shall not mention our plan at all, and we will contrive that Mr. Harkless shall date, and I think the chance of his seeing it in any Rouen paper nay be avoided. That is all, I think." "Thank you," said Keating. "That is certainly the course to follow."

Every one nodded or acquiesced in words, and Keating and Bence came over to Helen and engaged her in con-versation. The others began to look

shout for their hats, vaguely preparing "Wait a minute," said the judge. "There's no train due just now." And Minuie appeared in the doorway with a big pitcher of crab apple cider, rich and amber hued, sparkling, cold and redolent of the sweet smelling orchard where it was born. Behind Miss Briscoe came Mildy Upton with glasses and a fat, shaking, four storied jelly cake on a second tray. The judge passed his cigars around, and the gentlemen took them blithely, then hestitatingly held them in their fingers and glanced at the ladies, uncertain of permi "Let me get you some matches," on the table and handed them to Keating. Every one sat beaming, and fragrant veils of smoke soon draped the

"Why do you call her 'Missisherwood'?" Boswell whispered in Keat-

ing's ear. "That's her name."
"Ain't she the daughter of that old fellow over there by the window? Ain's "No; she's his daughter, but her legal name's Sherwood. She's an adop"—
"Great Scott! I know all about that. I'd like to know if there's a man, woman or child in this part of the country that doesn't. I guess it won't be Fisbee or Sherwood either very long. She can easy get a new name, that lady. And if she took a fancy to Boswell, why, I'm a bach"-"I expect she won't take a fancy to

Boswell very early," said Keating. "Go way," returned Mr. Boswell. "What do you want to say that for? Can't you bear for anybody to be happy a minute or two now and then?"
Warren Smith approached Helen and inquired if it would be asking too much if they petitioned her for some music, and she went to the plane and sang some darky songs for them, with a quaint suggestion of the dialect. Two or three old fashioned negro melodies of Foster, followed by some rollicking modern imitations, with the movement and spirit of a tin shop falling down a flight of stairs. Her audience listened in delight from the first. But the latter songs quite overcame them with pleas-ure and admiration, and before she fin-ished every head in the room was jog-ging from side to side and forward ure and admiration, and before she finished every head in the room was fogging from side to side and forward and back in time to the music, while every foot shuffled the measures on the

right food for growth. Bones
"Just one second," she said. And she
poured all the glasses full to the brim.
Then, as she stood in the center of the
eircle they made around her, she said:
"Before you go shan't we pledge
"Before you go shan't we pledge
"Scott's Emulsion is the right

Scott's Emulsion is the right

Frather in earnest study all the time.
The boy or girl who masters problems
mow will have no trouble at commencement. The teacher can't be fooled.
Negligence in early life comes back on
the laggard in later years.—Torrington Register. each other to our success in this good home grown Indhana cider that leaves our heads clear and our arms strong? If you will-then"- She began to blush furiously, and her voice trembled, but she lifted the glass high over

her head and cried bravely, "Here's to our candidate!"

The big men, towering ever her, threw back their heads and quaffed the gentle liquor to the last drop. Then they sent up the first shout of the campaign and cheered till the rafters rang.

"My friends," said Mr. Keating as he and Boswell and the men from Gaines drove away from the brick house—"my friends, here is where I begin the warmest hustling I ever did. Now, I guess we all think this is a great

"It is a glorious idea," said Mr.
Bence. "The name of Harkless"—
Keating drowned the oratory: "But

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that isn't all. That little girl wants it

teriously from the pavement.
What's the matter, Buddie?" 'Listen. She's singin' over her work." Parker stepped outside. On the pavereaching voice, lifted ineffably in song.
Now it swelled louder unconsciously: now its volume was more slender, and it melted liquidly into the night; again it trembled and rose and dwelt in the ear, strong and pure, and hearing it you sighed with unknown longings. It

was the "Angels' Serenade."

Bud Tipworthy's sister, Cynthia, was with him, and Parker saw that she turned from the window and that she was crying quietly. She put her hand on the boy's shoulder and patted # with a forlorn gesture which to the foreman's eye was as graceful as it was sad. He moved closer to Bud, and his big hand fell on Cynthia's brother's other shouldes as he realized that red not receive his copy of the paper con-taining the notice of the change of he wondered why the editor's singing made Cynthia cry, and at the same Bud henceforth. The spell of night and song was on him; that and something ore, for it is a strange inexplicable fact that the most practical chief eve known to the Herald had a singularly sentimental influence over her subordinates from the moment of her arrival. Under Harkless' domination there had been no more steadfast bachelors in Carlow than Ross Schofield and Caleb Parker, and, like timorous youths in & graveyard, daring and mocking the ghosts in order to assuage their own fears, they had so gived and jeered at the married state that there was talk of urging the minister to preach at them, but now let it be recorded that at the moment Caleb laid his hand on Bud's other shoulder his associate, Mr. Schofield, was enjoying a walk in the far end of town with a widow, and it is not to be doubted that Mr. The words was only left unoccupied for a third managed to get away with the plunches. phosts in order to assuage their own not to be doubted that Mr. Tipworthy's plunches. heart also was no longer in his posses-

sion, though, as it was after 8 o'clock, the damsel of his desire had probably long since retired to her couch. for a faint light on the cause of these spells we must turn to a comment made by the invaluable Mr. Martin some time afferward Referring to ment made by the invaluable Mr. Martin some time afterward. Referring to the lady to whose voice he was now listening in silence, which shows how great the enthrailing of her voice was, he said, "When you saw her or head her or managed to be around anywhere she was, why, if you couldn't git up no hope of marryin' her you wanted marry somebody."

Mr. Lige Willetts, riding idly by,

Mr. Lige Willetts, riding idly by, drew rein in front of the lighted windows and listened with the others. Presently be leaned from his horse and whispered to a man near him, "I

"So!"
"It's a seraphic song,' he said," conmighty sweet." The song was suddenly woven into laughter in the unseen chamber, and

the lights in the windows went out, and a small lady and a tall lady and a

Soft and crooked bones mean When the gentlemen from out of town discovered that it was time to leave if they meant to catch their train Helen called to them to wait, and they gathered around her.

Call the disease rickets if you want to. The growing child must eat the growing child must eat the

Scott's Emulsion is the right treatment for soft bones in children. Littledoses every day

trouble. Right food will cure it.

Toronto, 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

made a desperate resolve to call upon Miss Bardlock that evening in spite of its being a week day, and Caleb Parker gently and stammeringly asked Cyn-thia if she would wait till he shut up the shop and let him walk home with

Soon the square was quiet as before, and there was naught but peace under the big stars of July. That day the news had come that Harkless, after weeks of alternate imprevenent and relapse, hazardously, lingering in the borderland of shadows, had passed the crucial point and was convalencent. His recovery was as him, from the message that he was found and was alive, none of the peo-ple of Carlow had really doubted.

They are simple country people, and they know that Ged is good. (To be continued.)

Launching at Salmen River.

On Saturday morning, Oct. 8th, at 10 o'clock, there was successfully aunched from the shippard of Alfred Perry at Salmon River, Digby county, a fine three masted schooner of 32'

As she slid from the ways into the water, she was named the "Invictus" by her owner, Capt. N. V. Munro, of Bridgetown, after the celebrated "Invictus" shoe made by George A. Slat-

Her lines were greatly admired by the large number who witnessed the to succeed, and that settles it. He lainching, and reflect great credit on her contractor, Mr. Alfred Perry, and That night Mr. Parker, at work in the master builder, Mr. Wentworth the printing office, perceived the figure of Mr. Tipworthy beckening him mysest built vessel of her class ever launched from the Bay Shore. She is 150 feet over all; 125 feet keel; 32 feet beam, 11 feet 6 inches hold, and is

classed Al 12 years in American rement people had stopped to listen.
They stood in the shadow, looking up
with parted lips at the epen, lighted
windows whence came a clear, soft,
stocks ready for sea and was towed at once to Weymouth Bridge to load lun ber for Cuba. She is commanded by Capt. Roberts, late of Battle line S. S. "Nema." She will be kept in the coasting and pitch pine trade.-Ex.

I have used three bottles of your

It gives me great pleasure to zecom-mend it and you are at liberty to use this in any way to further the use of your valuable medicine. ROBERT ROSS.

MINARD'S LINIMENT and am

Two Rivers.

Made a Big Haul. Porch Climbers Get Away With \$10,000

Worth of Jewelery of Mrs. T. away with ten thousand dollars worth of jewelry belonging to Mrs. Timothy

Canadian Typewritist's Record.

Washington, Oct. 7 .- Miss Mary E. washington, Oct. 7.—Miss Mary E.
"Do you?" whispered the other.
"Yes. He and I heard her sing it the
night he was shot. We stood outside
Briscoe's and listened."
"So!"

Washington, Oct. 7.—Miss Mary E.
Pretty, who broke the world's record
several days ago by writing 23,000
words on a typewriter in a day, has
lost her laurels. The new champion is
Olive R. Cameron, one of her fellow
clerks in the Interior Department, who "So!"

"It's a seraphic song,' he said," continued Liga.

"No!" exclaimed his friend. Then, shaking his head, he sighed, "Well, it's learned to run a typewriter north of

A Judicious Inquiry

A well known travelling man who talking happily, came down and drove off in the Briscoe buckboard. William Todd took his courage between his teeth and the song ringing in his ears.

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Insomnia and Indigestion Cured give the stiffness and shape that healthy bones should have.

Bow legs become straighter, loose joints grow stronger and firmness comes to the soft heads.

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