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DENTIST
Crown & Bridge Work a specialty
PAINLESS EXTRACTION

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DR. F. S. ANDERSON
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a specialty.
Office: Queen street, Bridgetown.
Hours: 9 to 5.

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Prompt and satisfactory attention
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We do Undertaking in all its
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Hearse sent to any part of the
County.

J. H. HICKES & SONS,
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**We are
Pushing Paint**

The painting season is at
hand and we are ready to
supply your needs with

**THE
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS**

Let us figure on the paint for
your house. S. W. P. will
prove the best and most
economical paint you can
buy.

Full color cards for the
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SOLD BY
KARL FREEMAN

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
DISTEMPER.

wanted
100 Bbls. N. Spys
Ones and twos. Will pay
spot.
When writing state lowest
price per barrel.
J.G. WILLETT
St. John, N. B.

**Our
Inducements**

Bright, airy, well-warmed, thoroughly vent-
ilated, rooms. Teachers of skill and experience.
The best course of studies we and the most ex-
perienced teachers and business men in
America can devise. The reputation acquired
by forty (40) years' successful work. Success
in placing our graduates in the best situations.
Catalogue free to any address

**S. KERR
& SON**
Old Fellow's Hall

**GOOD MEAT
makes health**

Choice stock of Fresh Beef, Pork,
Veal, Mutton and Poultry. Ham
and Bacon.

FRESH FISH

Special care exercised in handling
our stock.

F.M. WILLIAMS' MARKET

1907 SPRING 1907

Our spring stock has arrived and
is ready for your inspection.

Men's Suits of different varieties
and patterns.

Suits for Boy's, newest in the
market.

Large variety of Men's pants,
fine shirts, caps a specialty.

Great stock of Boots and Shoes.
Ladies' Skirts, newest pattern,
latest style.

Before purchasing elsewhere give
us a call.

Everything marked to the
lowest figure.

Jacobson & Son
NOTICE!

The subscriber is now offering
to the public the best assortment

**Boots and
Shoes**

that we have ever had in stock.
Goods are marked as low as they
possibly can be sold for. A pleasure
to show goods. Call and exam-
ine for your self.

A complete line of Hosiery.

Kinney's Shoe Store
Primrose Block

A lot of Men's Rubbers at 60c
" Boots " " 99c
" Misses " " 95c
" Womens " " 99c
Tiger Tea at 35c. now 30c
" " 30c. " 25c
Vim " 25c. " 20c
Mince Meat 12c. " 08c

**Big discount in Dry
Goods at**

Mrs. E. J. Burns.

**BRIDGETOWN
LAUNDRY**

First-class work done and
satisfaction guaranteed or work
repeated, free. Work called for
and delivered when finished to
any part of the town.

JOHN S. LEE.

Bear River Granite Works

Best and cheapest place to buy
Granite Monuments.
Inquire prices and be convinced

**The effect of Scott's Emulsion on thin,
pale children is magical.**
It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.
It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites
and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone,
and so put together that it is easily digested
by little folk.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

Second Seventy-seven.

It is a bad grade yet. But before
the new work was done on the river
division Beverly hill was a terror to
trainmen.

On rainy Sundays old switchmen in
the Zanesville yards will tell in their
shanties of the night the Blackwood
bridge went out and Cameron's stock
train got away on the hill, with the
Denver flier caught at the foot like a
rat in a trap.

Ben Buckley was only a big boy then
looking on freight. It was dispatching
under Alex Campbell on the West End.
Ben was a tall, loose jointed fellow,
but gentle as a kitten; legs as long as
pinch bars, yet none too long running
for the Beverly switch that night.

His great chum in those days was Andy
Cameron. Andy was the youngest en-
gineer on the line. The first time I ever
saw them together Andy, short and
chubby as a duck, was dancing around
half dressed, on the roof of the bath
house, trying to get away
from Ben, who had the fire hose below,
playing on him with a two inch
stream of ice water. They were up to
some sort of a prank all the time.

Through the rain a rush month with
us. From the coast we caught the new
seed for fruits, and Colorado was be-
coming of China silks. California still
crop Japan tea and the fall import-
ing cattle shipments. From Wyom-
ing came sheep and from Oregon
steers, and all these not merely in car
loads, but in solid trains. At times we
were swamped. The overland traffic
alone was enough to keep us busy. On
top of it came a great movement of
grain from Nebraska that summer,
and to crown our troubles a rate war
sprang up. Every man, woman and
child east of the Mississippi appeared
to have but one object in life—that
was to get to California and to go
over our road. The passenger traffic
burdened our resources to the last de-
gree.

I was putting on new men every day
then. We started them at braking on
freights. Usually they work for years
at that before they get a train, but
when a train dispatcher is short on
crews he must have them and can only
press the best material within reach.

Ben Buckley had not been braking
three months when I called him up one
day and asked him if he wanted a
train.

"Yes, sir, I'd like one first rate, but
you know I haven't been braking very
long, Mr. Reed," said he frankly.

"How long have you been in the
train service?"

I spoke brusquely, though I knew
without even looking at my service
card just how long it was.

"Three months, Mr. Reed."

It was right to a day.

"I'll probably have to send you out
on '77 this afternoon." I saw him
stiffen like a ramrod. "You know we're
pretty short," I continued.

"Yes, sir."

"But do you know enough to keep
your head on your shoulders and your
train on your orders?"

Ben laughed a little. "I think I do.
Will there be two sections today?"

"They're loading eighteen cars of
stock at Ogalla. If we get any hope
off the Beaver there will be two big
sections. I shall mark you up for the
first one anyway and send you out
right behind the flier. Get your badge
and your punch from Carpenter, and,
whatever you do, Buckley, don't get
rattled."

"No, sir. Thank you, Mr. Reed."

But his "thank you" was so pleas-
ant I couldn't altogether ignore it. I
compromised with a cough. Perfect
courtesy even in the hands of the awk-
wardest boy that ever wore his trou-
sers short is a surprisingly handy thing
to disarm gruff people with. Ben was
undeniably awkward, his legs were too
long and his trousers decidedly out of
touch with his feet, but I turned away
with the conviction that in spite of
his awkwardness there was something to
the boy. That night proved it.

When the flier pulled in from the
west in the afternoon it carried two
extra sleepers. In all eight Pullmans,
and every one of them loaded to the
ventilators. While the train was
changing engines and crews the excu-
sionists swarmed out of the hot cars
to walk up and down the platform.
They were from New York and had a
band with them—as jolly a crowd as

"The bridge is out."
"Get out your passengers," said
Ben's brakeman.

"There's no time," cried the passen-
ger conductor wildly, running off. He
was panic stricken. The porter tried to
speak. He took hold of the brakeman's
arm, but his voice died in his throat.
Fear paralyzed him. Down the wind
came Cameron's whistle clamoring
now in alarm. It meant the worst,
and Ben knew it. The stock train was
running away.

There were plenty of things to do if
there was only time, but there was
hardly time to think. The passenger
crew were running about like men dis-
tracted, trying to get the sleeping
travelers out. Ben knew they could
not possibly reach a tenth of them. In
the thought of what it meant an in-
spiration came like a flash.

He seized his brakeman by the shoul-
der. For two weeks the man carried
the marks of his hand.

"Daley," he cried in a voice like a
pistol crack, "get those two stockmen
out of our caboose! Quick, man! I'm
going to throw Cameron into the cat-
tle."

It was a chance—single, desperate,
but yet a chance—the only chance that
offered to save the helpless passengers
in his charge.

If he could reach the sliding switch
about of the runaway train he could
throw the deadly catapult on the sid-
ing and into his own train and so
save the unconscious travelers. Before
the words were out of his mouth he
started up the track at topmost speed.

The angry wind staggered him. It
blew out his lantern, but he flung it
away, for he could throw the switch
in the dark. A sharp gust tore half
his rain coat from his back. Ripping
off the rest, he ran on. When the wind
took his breath he turned his back
and fought for another. Blinding sheets
of rain poured on him. Water stream-
ing down the track caught his feet. A
sliver he tripped him, and, falling
headlong, the sharp ballast cut his
wrists and knees like broken glass. In
desperate haste he dashed ahead again
toward the sliding switch.

The headlights loomed before him like
a mountain of flame. There was light
enough now through the sheets of rain
that swept down on him, and there
ahead, the train almost on it, was
the switch.

Could he make it?

A cry from the sleeping children rose
in his heart. Another breath, an in-
stant floundering, a slipping leap, and
he had it. He pushed the key into the
lock, threw the switch and snatched it
to make deadly sure, braced him-
self against the target rod. Then he
looked.

No whistling now. It was past that.
He knew the firman would have
jumped Cameron too? No, not Andy.

He saw streams of fire flying from
many wheels, he felt the glare of a
dazzling light, and, with a rattling
crash, the ponies shot into the switch.
The bar in his hands rattled as if it
would jump from the socket, and
lurching frightfully, the monster took
the siding. A flare of lightning lit the
cab as it shot past, and he saw Cam-
eron leaning from the cab window
with face of stone, his eyes riveted on
the gigantic drivers that threw a
sheet of fire from the snarled rails.

"Jump!" screamed Ben, useless as
he knew it was. What voice could live
in that hell of noise? What man es-
cape from that cab now?

One, two, three, four cars pounced
over the split rails in half as many
seconds. Ben, quivering dizzily for life
to the right, heard above the roar of
the storm and screech of the sliding
wheels a ripping tearing crash, the
harsh screech of escaping steam, the
hoarse cries of the wounded cattle.
And through the dreadful dark and
the fury of the hubel the wind howled
in a gale and the heavens poured a
flood.

Trembling from excitement and ex-
haustion, Ben staggered down the
main track. A man with a lantern ran
against him. It was the brakeman
who had been back with the torpedoes.
He was crying hysterically.

They stumbled over a body. Seizing
the lantern, Ben turned the prostrate
man over and wiped the mud from his
face. Then he held the lantern close
and gave a great cry. It was Andy
Cameron—unconscious, true, but soon
very much alive and no worse than
badly bruised. How the good God
who watches over plucky engineers
had thrown him out from the horrible
wreckage only he knew. But there
Andy lay, and with a lighter heart
Ben headed a wrecking crew to begin
the task of searching for any who
might by fatal chance have been
caught in the crash.

And while the trainmen of the pas-
senger train was backed slowly—so
slowly and so smoothly—up over the
switch and past, over the hill and past
and so to Turner Junction and around
by Oxford to Zanesville.

When the sun rose the earth glowed
in the freshness of its June showers

**Everybody
Agrees**

that COD LIVER OIL and IRON are
beyond question, the greatest medi-
cines known. Then why does not
everybody take Cod Liver Oil and
Iron? Simply because most people
cannot take the Oil and few can digest
the Iron in any ordinary form. These
difficulties have been entirely removed
by the introduction of FERROL, in
which the Iron is scientifically com-
bined with the Oil, rendering the Oil
palatable and the Iron digestible.

FERROL

is manufactured from the best quality
of Cod Liver Oil (the whole of the Oil)
and is richer in oil than any other
emulsion, and while it contains just the
right quantity of the best form of Iron
prepared that not one person in a thou-
sand finds any trouble in taking it,
and infants digest it without difficulty.
Moreover the well-established value of
the Oil and Iron is immensely
enhanced by the process of manufac-
ture, and as the formula is freely ex-
posed it is not to be wondered at that
physicians everywhere have fully
endorsed FERROL and used it largely
in their practice. FERROL is invalua-
ble for the treatment of any kind of
Lung or Bronchial troubles, while for
wasting diseases it has no equal, and

**"You Know What
You Take"**

S. N. WEARE, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Each, the flier, now many miles from
Beverly hill, was speeding in toward
Omaha, and mothers, waking their lit-
tle ones in the berths, told them how
close death had passed while they
slept. The little girls did not quite un-
derstand it, though they tried very
hard, and were very grateful to that
man, whom they never saw and whom
they would never see. But the little
boys—never mind the little boys—they
understood it, to the youngest urchin
on the train, and fifty times their
papas had to tell them how far Ben
ran and how fast to save their lives.
And one little boy—I wish I knew his
name—went with his papa to the depot
master at Omaha when the flier stop-
ped and gave him his toy watch and
asked him please to give it to that
man who had saved his mamma's life
by running so far in the rain, and
please to tell him how much obliged
he was—if he would be so kind.

So the little toy watch came to our
superintendent and so to me, and I,
sitting at Cameron's bedside talking
the wreck over with Ben, gave it to
him. And the big fellow looked as
pleased as if it had been a jeweled
chronometer. Indeed that was the only
medal Ben got.

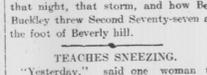
The truth is we had no gold medals
to distribute out on the West End in
those days. We gave Ben the best we
had, and that was a passenger run.
But he is a great fellow among the
railroad men. And on stormy nights
switchmen in the Zanesville yards,
smoking in their shanties, still tell of
that night, that storm, and how Ben
Buckley threw Second Seventy-seven at
the foot of Beverly hill.

TEACHES SNEEZING.

"Yesterday," said one woman to
another in a Chestnut street car, "I
met a sneezing teacher. I do not mean
a teacher who sneezes, but a person
who teaches the proper way to sneeze.
It struck me as a decided novelty. I
think I will take lessons. The teacher
argues that he is a most useful person
to society. Nobody, he says, can pre-
vent sneezing, no matter how many
formulas and medicines the afflicted
one may absorb. But they sneeze
may not be avoided, it may be culti-
vated, and from a stertorous snort it
may be modified into a gentle, melo-
dious noise. For anybody who startles
the neighborhood with frequent sneezes
the experiment may be worth while."
Philadelphia Record.

When "sweets"
lose their sweetness—
and "substantials,"
their charm—there are
always MOORE'S
PERFECTION
CREAM SODAS to
coax back
the appetite.

Do YOU
know how
good they
are? 105



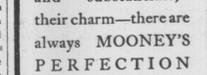
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