

**RICE INDIAN TEA BLENDER**

**MORSE'S TEA**

WITH FINE YOUNG LEAVES FROM CEYLON

**Here We Have It!**

**The Best And Only The Best**

Fruit Syrups	Canned Meats
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Teas and Coffees	Canned Fish
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**C. L. Piggott** QUEEN ST.

**Bargains in Lawn Tennis Shoes**


We have 21 pair Men's Lawn Tennis Shoes to close at 60cts.

Mens' heavy Grain Brogans at \$1.70 pair

Mens' heavy Grain Boots at \$2.50 pair.

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Also MEN'S, BOYS', YOUTH'S, WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S RUBBERS, all sizes and at reasonable prices.



**Joseph I Foster** GRANVILLE ST.

**Bedding Plants** STRONG TRANSPLANTED STOCK

Tuberous Begonias from 4 inch pots \$1.50 per dozen. Calliopsis, Coreopsis, Canary Vine, Gaillardia, Linaria, Lupinus, Lobelia, Mignonette, Petunias, Scabious, Stocks, Verbenas, and many others at 25c. per dozen.

Geraniums 75c. per dozen up. Emeral Green Lawn Grass seed 30c. per lb. by mail 5c. extra.

Cabbage, Celery, Cauliflower and Tomato plants. Write for catalogue.

**Men's Hot Weather Underwear**

The famous Zimmerkitt Porous, Fine Egyptian, silk finish; Balbriggan, shirts and drawers. Prices very low, as we buy direct from the mills.

**Nobby Straw Hats**

Boaters, plain and fancy; Soft Straw sunup brim. Selling low to clear.

The place to get a **STYLISH CUIT** SUIT at a low price. Boy's Wash Suits.

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**Always in Stock**

A complete line of WALL PAPERS in all the latest and leading designs, samples sent to any part of the country.

CREAM SEPARATORS, SEPARATOR PARTS and high grade SEPARATOR OIL always in stock.

A few high grade CARRIAGES to clear sold on reasonable terms

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**F. B. Bishop - Lawrencetown**

**Come! Come! Come!**

Save money as I am going out of business and must dispose of my stock, at and below cost.

1500 yds. good and serviceable print, per yd. . . . . . 07

150 yds. dress goods all colours actually worth 40c. only . . . . . 35

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**EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!**

39 pair Ladies' Lace Boots worth \$2.00 selling for . . . . . \$1.49

37 pair Children's Coarse Shoes, sizes 6 to 10 only . . . . . 67

35 pair Girls' Coarse Shoes, sizes 11 to 2 only . . . . . 99

A few pair Mens' Elastic Side Shoes, only . . . . . 1.49

Read very carefully the most profitable reading you have done for years every item is the real truth.

**REMEMBER THE PLACE.**

**B. JACOBSON** Queen St.

**LOST IN THE WILDS**

Lucky Ones Return or Are Found—Others Perish in Forest Depths.

Of wilderness' terrors there are not a few, but the worst of all is being lost. It is a sensation which makes the heart ache, which clouds the brain with sickening horror and which weakens the strongest of men. The agony does not abate as the hours draw out, but increases. Daylight is a mockery, and night adds to the pangs of hopelessness. Yet being lost is one of the commonest of experiences, even in such 'make believe' wilds as the Adirondacks. The truth is, there are probably more people lost in the Adirondacks every year than in any other popular playground in the world. When one is thoroughly lost in the Adirondacks death actualizes itself in the face. There is no way of knowing how many lost people have perished in the Adirondacks, even in recent years.

A party of hunters goes back into the woods. One of their number fails to show up at night. They shoot their guns and shout at intervals for a few hours, then, laughing somewhat nervously, turn in. In the morning they search for the missing man. He is not found. They search the next day, and go out to the settlements to see if he has turned up there. Perhaps half a dozen woodsmen go into the forest deep to look for him. He is not found. Perhaps some weekly newspaper tells about the 'stranger' who is lost up near Piseco, and only his family and near friends at home, in Syracuse, or Binghamton, or Buffalo, or Pennsylvania, ever knew that he did not come home.

Last fall a newspaper man from Little Falls, on his first trip in the woods, was unable to find his way back to camp, which was on a little brook. He knew, however, that a due south course would bring him to safety. That first night out he built a fire beside a little lake. Near midnight he heard some one coming through the dark autumn forest, 'crying in the wilderness.' The stranger came closer and closer. The newspaper man answered the cry. Whoever it was passed along the other side of the lake, not two hundred yards distant, leaping through the woods at full speed, shouting for help, but insensible to the cries of the other lost man. The reporter made his way safely to the highway near Morehouseville. The identity of the other man none ever knew. It was said, however, that a hunter from Dolgeville, forty miles distant, was missing, and had been missing for weeks.

**MANY HUNTS EACH YEAR.**

There are unnumbered, unrecorded hunts for the lost every year in the Adirondacks, but there are a few hunts so dramatic and so interesting that they are long remembered in the localities where they are made. Thus, last August Miss Lillian Titus, Zaydel Beardsley and Sands Titus, fifteen year old, a brother of Miss Titus, all of Auburn, left a camp on Fourth Lake of the Fulton Chain to take a walk. This is in as tame a part of the Adirondacks as one could imagine. Trails and roads lead in all directions and intersect on all sides. Still, the wilderness lingers under the trees, and it is not always easy for the woodsman himself to keep a straight course when he comes to an unfamiliar swamp or to knolly land. The three became confused. As night approached they became scared in the darkness. Beardsley separated from his two companions to find the trail he thought must be near by. At midnight he was discovered by one searching party, and the other two were found a mile or more away by another party. At no time were the three more than four miles from their camp.

This is the commonest of 'being lost' experiences, for the summer visitors wander away from the roads, and the minute they are out of sight of hotel flags and macadam roads, if they are not familiar with the rudiments of woodcraft, they are in danger of being lost. Woodsmen, moreover, often lose their way, but, having endurance and experience, they keep going and are likely to come across some familiar scene and then work back to camp.

This deer hunter on a misty rainy day in the Moose River country started for camp one mid-afternoon. He thought he knew exactly where he was; but just at dusk, as he turned down into the valley where his camp was supposed to be, he came out at a spot on a river which he knew was seven miles from camp. He turned back, took a course by compass and the lay of the land, and headed for camp. Two hours later he saw the camp fire through the woods. It was pitch dark, but he had held true over two ridges hundreds of feet high, through a dark swamp, across a deep pool in a brook, through an alder

bed and over a patch of wooded knolls—this without being able to see his compass for his matches were wet. The most remarkable search for a lost man in the Adirondacks in recent years was that one for William Edwards, bookkeeper in 'Sol' Carnahan's lumber camp, a few miles south of Raquette Lake. On August 12th, 1907, Edwards, having been to town, left the train at Raquette Lake. It was afternoon, and there was a road part of the way, and a path the rest of the way to the camp. He followed the road to the dam on Summer Creek, the outlet of Timothy Woodruff's private preserve lake, and in the twilight, missed the path. He may have gone up some chopping path, or at some windfall. When night came on he was stumbling through the woods with no trail under foot, and the forest gloom closed in upon him in dark shades.

**YELLED AND SEARCHED VAINLY.**

On the following day Carnahan heard that Edwards had started for camp, and, being an old woodsman, knew that one of two things had happened. Edward, who was about sixty years of age, had dropped dead or he was lost. Carnahan told of several of his crew to make a search, and these men, some of whom could track a deer, followed Edwards' footprints along the road, into the trail, over the dam, and finally out of the trail a half mile or so from the dam. They yelled and screamed around vainly, but that night Carnahan knew that Edwards was wandering in the woods.

The next day the whole crew, more than sixty in number, were turned out to hunt for the missing man. They formed in a long line and raked through the woods. They whopped and yelled, and some fired revolvers. Between sounds all hands would stop to listen, climbed up long steep ridges, and then, loggerlike, roared and raced down the far side. They were heard miles distant.

For a week this gang of loggers hunted the valleys and mountains. Carnahan sent out and got bloodhounds, and probably for the first time these dogs were put on a man's track in the mountains. But storms had come, and there was no scent for the dogs to follow. There was no way of knowing what had become of Edwards. Everything which the woodsmen could think of was done, but vainly, and finally the search was given up. It did not seem possible that the man could have survived, and it was decided that he had wandered away and died in some hole.

On August 21st, nine days from the time when Edwards started for the camp, and forty when it was supposed he had been dead several days, two of the loggers were paddling down Moose River, five miles from Carnahan's camp, when they heard a weak voice in the ferns and grass of the river-side.

"Gentlemen," the voice said, "I am lost."

They sprang ashore, and there, flat on his back, too weak to lift his hands, was Edwards. They carried him to the camp, took him to Titus, and he was brought around. He said that he had been without food for eight days, when he found some berries. He had kept travelling as long as he could stand up, and then crept on his hands and knees. Finally he lay down to die, without even knowing that he was within twenty feet of a river forty yards wide. He must have travelled at least forty miles, and that would have taken him across highways in any direction, had he gone straightway. He seems to have known of the simple expedient of travelling by the sun or following a brook down, or ever keeping three trees in a line. This last means is that used by woodmen hunters. Two trees ahead which are in line are selected; a third tree beyond is chosen as the nearer of the two is passed, and so on, repeating as long as one wishes to keep a straight course. There is no place in the Adirondacks in which four days' walking straightway will take one to a public highway, railway or clearings.

Perhaps the greatest time during which a man was ever lost in the Adirondacks is six weeks. Guidas Bourgauff four or five years ago was hired by the Adirondack Fish and Gun Club, in the heart of the woods, to be club warden and preserve watch man. One day in early July he had a day off and went fishing. That was the last of him for weeks. Members of the club and guides searched for him, and no trace of him was found. One day, six weeks later, he was discovered accidentally fifteen miles from the club house. At sight of the men he fainted. He was in a little cave, from which he had sailed forth to eat berries and roots, barely managing to live.

**CHANCE SAVED HIS LIFE.**

Three years ago E. J. Smith, of Lowell, N. Y., was following a trail in the Beaver river country. He saw a man lying a few yards from the trail in some bushes. Thinking

the man intoxicated he was going to pass on but, deciding to make sure, he went to look. The man was unconscious. He had become bewildered and travelled till he was exhausted. He was revived, and proved to be Charles Castlin, of Boston. He had been lost more days than he could tell. He was taken back to his camp, some miles distant. Had he dropped fifty yards further from the trail he might never have been found.

In last September a man named Nelson LaDuke, of Rochester, sprang from a train near Tupper Lake Junction and raced away through the woods. He was crazed with drink, but it was an opportunity the railway detectives had been waiting for some weeks. The New York Central has established a bloodhound kennel at Utica, N. Y., for the primary purpose of following up car thieves, but with other purposes of helping trail down criminals in general and finding people who are lost in the big Adirondack woods. Here was a lost man, and to the scene were rushed Detectives Randall, Landers and Humphreys, with a great, 12-monthly bloodhound pup. The trail of the man was taken up, and in forty minutes he was found deep in the timber slash, where he had fallen. Henceforth when any one is along the west side of the Adirondacks the bloodhounds will be called for.

One of the lost man tragedies happened in the Jones Lake country of Kerkira County. Two woodsmen had a camp on the outlet, from which led lines of traps. One day one of them found the skull of a man a few rods from the brook. A pair of rubber boots, with bones in the legs, but with the soles of the feet worn off, were nearby. That was all. The man was never traced or identified, and for years his skull served as a soap dish in the trappers' camp.

One thing would save a man from being permanently lost, and that is a compass. If one is on the east side of the mountains a due east course will take him out; a south course on the south side will bring one to a clearing, etc. But people, when lost, distrust compasses, forget their woodcraft and do not even recognize their own camp when they pass it on the run.

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for years, and consider it the best liniment on the market. I have found it excellent for horse flesh.

(Signed)

W. S. PINEO.

"Woodlands," Middleton, N. S.

**ILL-HEALTH FROM ALCOHOL.**

Sir Andrew Clark, the great London physician says:-

"I am speaking solemnly and carefully in the presence of truth, and I tell you that I am considerably with in the mark when I say to you that, going the round of my hospital wards to-day, seven out of every ten owed their ill health to alcohol."

The late Edward Everett Hale:-

"If any body will take charge of all Boston's poverty and crime which results from drunkenness, the South Congregational Church, of which I have the honor to be the minister, will alone take charge of all the rest of the poverty which needs relief in the City of Boston."

Abraham Lincoln:-

"The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive, but will aggravate the evil. There must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer. It must be eradicated, not a root must be left behind; for, until this is done all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink."

**Compare Your Troubles With This Woman's**

In a little town of Clifton Hill, Australia,—you see this is a far away story, but none the less I assure you a true one—lives a woman who has a history of suffering, such, that if it were chronicled in the pages of fiction rather than in the book of life we should call it "impossible."

Forty years ago this woman had erysipelas in her right arm and was obliged to have it amputated to the socket.

A few years later the disease attacked her again, and her left leg was cut off.

No sooner had she lost her right arm than she had learned to write with her left hand, but before long that hand also was attacked and had to be taken off at the elbow. She learned to use the stump, and then mortification set in and that arm was also amputated to the socket.

She has now one leg and no arms.

Six years ago she lost her voice.

You say, "Such a creature's life cannot, possibly be of any use to her or anyone else. It would be better for her to die."

Please suspend your judgement a little.

"That creature,"—even since the last of her misfortunes—the loss of her voice—bellef her, has written a book, "Cloud and Sunshine." This book has run through three editions in her country.

And not only that, but she has helped to support herself by acting as secretary for a busy doctor.

How? Oh, by an ingenious arrangement of a pen fixed in the right arm socket and controlled by part of a compass, which lends it the curves needed for the formation of written letters.

But "how" is not the point. That's comparatively unimportant. THAT SHE HAS DONE IT IS WHAT COUNTS.

That's why I have been telling you this story.

Despite the gruesomeness of its details, I think it ought to be printed in every newspaper and periodical in the land.

After reading it do you feel that you have any right ever to plead any handicap of disposition or physique or circumstance that you may chance to labor under, as an excuse for failure.

After reading it do you feel that you have any right ever to say "I can't?"

**IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE TODAY THERE IS A MAN WHO HAS BEEN BLIND SINCE HE WAS ELEVEN YEARS OLD.**

Nor is he merely one of the rank and file of senators. He is a leader. The other day I read his name in a list of men as big enough to fill the presidential chair.

Nor did he have the help of riches to put him where he is. He was a very poor boy.

I think every school boy and girl in the land ought to be taught about Senator Gore, even if some historical fact has to be crowded out to make room for this living one.

In the light of lives like this, how do we—we, the vast majority, who have our eyes and our health and the full use of all our powers—HOW DO WE DARE TO BLAME ANYONE OR ANYTHING BUT OURSELVES FOR FAILURE?

I wonder.

Hull, P. Q., Feb. 16, 1910

Empire Liniment Co. Bridgetown, N. S.

We have used your Empire Liniment and found it very satisfactory and can recommend it to all horse men, it acts quickly and effectively for sprains, colic and horse distemper.

Respectfully yours,

BOLAND BROS. Butchers.

**Compare Your Troubles With This Woman's**

Having come into some money, a Cockney went for a holiday to Paris. He knew nothing of the language, but trusted wholly to his native wit carrying him through. His first dinner, however, proved full of trials. He was desperately hungry, but could not understand the menu. First the waiter brought him soup, and then the visitor pointed to the next item, and the waiter brought him more soup. After three courses of soup he was pining for something more solid; so he pointed to the last item of all, feeling pretty sure that he had missed the soup this time. The obliging waiter went off, and presently returned—with a bundle of toothpicks.—London Daily News.

**AN INNOCENT ABROAD.**

The young son of a prominent railway man was playing with the drawing room chairs one afternoon when his father entered, accompanied by a gentleman whom the child had never particularly fancied.

As the visitor took a chair, the boy remonstrated: "I beg your pardon sir, but this is a train of cars."

"Very well, my son," was the answer: "I'll be a passenger."

But the youngster didn't want the grown-up for a passenger, so he said: "Where do you wish to get off?"

"Cincinnati."

"All right," said the boy. "This is Cincinnati."—Lippincott's.

**REALLY!**

The owner of the dog was notified and will probably be shot by the police—Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript.

This is interesting, if true.—New York Herald.

**ENTICING.**

"How is it that your hens are so prolific?"

"I feed them on layer cake."—Lippincott's.

**A Treatise on the Horse, FREE.**

**KENDALL'S SPAIN CURE**

Consistency, Wis. Oct. 5th, 1899

"Please send me your book 'Treatise on the Horse'—I saw by your ad that it was free, and if it cost \$5, I would not be without it, as I think I have saved two valuable horses in the last year by following directions in your book."

William Wages.

It's free. Get a copy when you buy Kendall's Spain Cure at your dealer's. If he should not have it write us. 40 Dr. W. J. Kendall Co., Essexburg, N. H.

**Joker's Corner**

**TOO MUCH FOR HIM.**

Mrs. Simper found herself for the first time without a cook. She had paid very good wages, and suffered patiently from the carelessness and caprice of a succession of unsatisfactory kitchen helpers.

After preparing several meals with her own fair hands and gaining confidence in the art, she approached her husband with a brilliant proposition. "What do you say, dear," she began, "if we do without a cook, and I keep the money for my very self? Suppose I cook for one month, what shall I get?"

"Well," said the husband, "by the end of one month you will get one of those long crepe veils for widows."—Scraps.

**A QUICK TRIP.**

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**Feels Light Cuts White Tastes Right**



**The Oven PROVES The Quality of PURITY FLOUR**