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THE WEEKLY MONITOR AND WESTERN ANNAPOLIS SENTINEL, BRIDGETOWN, N. S., JUNE 9.

Farm For Sale

The subscriber offers for sale two farms at Centrelea. One contains 150 acres, three hundred fruit trees putting up one to two hundred barrels of apples, forty acres in hay and tillage, cutting twenty tons hay, fifty acres pasrunning through field and pasture. ture, fine intervale and brook Cottage house and good barns. The other is a small farm, containing 3 acres, one hundred fruit trees, bearing about fifty barrels yearly. Suitable for man with trade.

Advertiser is leaving the province.

Centrelea

Apply early.

MAJOR A. MESSENGER,

May 11th, 1909.

**To Horse Breeders** 

The Annapolis Royal Stock Associwill travel their beautiful dark German Coach Stallion, CHUS, No. 844, O. D. C. and H. B. A., in Annapolis (Cor ty and adjoining sections the coming

Terms:-

SINGLE SERVICE, \$10.00. SEASON, \$15.00.

WARRANT, \$25.00.

### Pedigree:-Foaled May 26th, 1902. Sire Antiochus (imp.) Dam Julia (416) by Nimrod (imp.) by Black

Hawk Morgan (812) by Morgan (492).

For further particulars apply to

F. A. CHIPMAN, Annapolis. JAMES FOWLER, Driver. C. R. BNT, Se cretary.

4 ins.

May 4th.

## Lime Vitriol Paris Green For sale by BISHOP. R.

**PUMPS! PUMPS!** 

House Pumps, Stock Pumps Deep Well Pumps

PIPE AND PIPE FITTINGS OF ALL SIZES

Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd

erfection is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor. Cowan's is most delicious and most economical. THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO. 72

A Fine Line of Goods

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

# **UNFOLDED HANDS**

(John Barton Oxford.) Old David Griscom awoke from his

after-dinner nap on the front porch with an une sy feeling, which amounted alm st to guilt. He straightened hir self in his rockingchair-which his son had insisted on bringing out or him-and glared about definitely as if he were denying an imputation that he had been dozing at mid-day. In his semi-somnolent condition his first hazy idea, was that it was Sunday; but the sound of his daughterin-law's voice, raising in secular cres-

cendos as she washed the dinner dishes in the back kitchen, and the shouts of the men loading the teams in the hay-field, brought to him the realization the despite his idleness here on the porch, it was a week-day, Old David ted. On the impulse of the mome e half rose from his ettled back in it with chair; then I all the air d man who bows to the

nevitable. Beside hi he floor of the porch, lay ing paper, where his hands. Grisit had fall om pickee set his spectacles

his nose, and read on the bri and then he hitched for a time. about in the chair; and the longer he

read, the more frequent became these restless squirmings. At length he cossed the paper from him and pushagain." ed the spectacles up to his forehead.

"Ain't nothin' in the papers these days," he told himself disgustedly. Seems as if they gets worse every expression on his face. vear!'

He sat for a while looking thoughtthe next morning, David came shufflully at the July sky. The smell of ing into the kitchen, where his daugh the new-made hay came fragrant ter-in-law was shelling peas. from the meadow. "Great hayin weather," he mused.

'Most always we gets more or less day an' I don't believe I shall be showers in the hayin'-time, but there back to dinner." ain't been a drop of rain for more'n a week. I'll bet the lower lot's makin' well."

put it up for you right away." His keen old ears caught the sound of a creaking hay-rack, as it went pie, an' a bottle of cold coffee," he rumbling into the barn. A wistful specified. light came into the gray eyes; but he stolidly kept his solitary state in

the rocking-chair.

at all," she explained. "He's been Her Meal at the Walderf-Astoria over to Parker's every day for the past week, helpin' 'em hay-workin' for a dollar a day." For a moment her husband stared

set to work, trimming the poles and at her in dumb incredulity. Then planting them upright, one in each slowly, a great enlightenment came to his bewildered mind. Without a

So engrossed was he in his occupa- word he turned on his heel and went tion that he failed to note the rapid out by the back door.

lengthening of the shadows eastward He hurried down the road to the and the approach of supper-time. A Parker farm, and made his way bell jangled lustily from the back straight to the hay-field. There was door, but old David, absorbed in his old David, pitching enormous forkwork, did not hear it. Indeed it was fulls of hay into the waiting rack not until heavy footsteps sounded and boyishly chaffing the men on top. behind him, and he turned to find his "Buck up there, buck up!" old son close upon him, that he realized David was calling to them. "You got the lateness of the hour. to hustle some now to load as fast "Thought I better be settin' these as us old fellers of seventy can pisch poles," he observed with something up to you!"

of an apology in his tones. The younger Griscom strode up to "Father, we might just as well his father and laid a hand on his have an understanding in this mat- shoulder. "I guess I've made a mister first as last," his son said with take, father," he said gently. "You finality. "If I'm going to run this can pitch hay or hill corn or paris place I want to do it. I gave up my green the potatoes over to your own place an' come here so you could farm any time you're a mind to, an' have things easy, an' you keep right I won't open my mouth. I'm sorry on, just as if I wa'n't capable, or as I've drove you to anything like this.' The old man's eyes rested fondly Old David's face twitched uncer- cn his son. "You meant well, Sam,"

tainly for a moment. There was he said soothingly. "You done what something amounting almost to ap- you thought was right, but you overpeal in the glance he gave his son; done the leisure business a little mite

## SICK SKINS IN SUMMER

His son turned back towards the the heat. How when they have to house, and old David silently follow- work when impaired or damaged by ed him, a queer half-hurt half-angry sunburn and heat spots? No wonder eaten in the Waldorf-whatever the

Directly after the early breakfast patch of skin on face, neck, or arms meal here for about fifty cents. is blistered by the sun, apply Zam-Buk at once. It will cool and soothe beautifully, and new skin will be "I wish you'd put me up a lunch. Clara," he said. "I'm goin' off to-Zam-Buk will stop that terrible itch-

"You just tell me what you want," ing and smarting. Keen Zam-Buk handy, use it freely, and this will be was the cheerful response, "an' I'll the happiest summer you have ever with his most polite bow. 'Did I unsrent. viewed from the skin health derstand you to ask whether you "Oh, some sandwiches an' eggs, an' standpoint. All druggists and stores. could get a good meal here for fifty

NATIONS SHOULD BE COM-"Where are you going, father?" she PELLED TO KEEP THE PEACE.

A man who makes his home at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York re-

lates the following incident, and vouches for its truth:

A nice-looking old lady, who bore unmistakable signs of having recently come from the country, and who was apparently intensely interested in conditions in New York City came into the corridor of this great hotel some mornings ago, and was looking about her with a most lively interest. An attendant stepped up to her and asked her what she wished; not with any intention of discourtesy, but with a very humane desire to assist her in any possible

'I know well enough what I want,' she said, 'but I don't vnow whether you are the man that I should go to. Are you the owner or the manager of this hotel?'

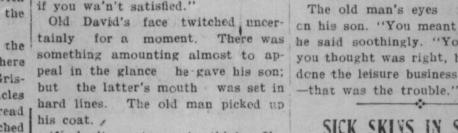
'No, madam, I am neither, but I can speak for the management and would be glad to serve you in any way.' She was such a nice lady that the heart of even a New York hotel attache warmed toward her. 'It's just this yay, mister, said. 'I am visiting some friends uptown and broke away today to look about a little and see some of the sights of this town. I am sixty-eight years old and I live way up in York state and this is my first visit to New York. I have heard tell about

Summer is the hardest time for the this place for many years and I have human skin. Its delicate tiny pores, always thought that I would die hapif worked under the best conditions, py if I could only take one meal would have a rough time because of here. I would like to go back and tell the friends at home that I had one has rough patches, freckles, etc. | rest is-and what I wanted to ask Zam-Buk heals sick skins. When a you, mister, was if I could get a

Just at that moment Oscar, the genial and general manager of the quickly formed. When you are foct- place, whom everybody knows, was or have some chafed places, passing. Overhearing this question, Zam-Buk will give you ease. When he stopped and looked at the old the mosquitoes raise lumps on you. lady. Like everybody else he warmed toward her instantly.

> 'Good morning, madam,' he said, cents?

'Yes, sir,' said the old lady, 'that is about all that I can afford to spend just now as I wish to buy



"I don't want you to think I'm

findin' fault with you. Sam, or that I ain't satisfied," he said hastily. "I promise you I won't raise a finger

asked, as she made her way into the

