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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. H. F. Williams & Co., Parker Market, Halifax, N.S.

COMMISSION - MERCHANTS, AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, APPLES, POTATOES, BEEF, LAMB, PORK, AND ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCTS.

Special Attention given to Handling of Live Stock. Returns made immediately after disposal of goods.

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DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL, DENTIST. Offers his professional services to the public.

A. A. Schaffner, M. D., LAWRENCE TOWN, N. S. Office and residence at Mrs. Hall's, three doors east of Baptist church.

James Primrose, D. D. S. Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Grandville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Denton.

JOHN ERVIN, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR. NOTARY PUBLIC. Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.

O. S. MILLER, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate Agent, etc. RANDOLPHS BLOCK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

The Best Returns For the Least Money ARE OBTAINED FROM THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR CANADIAN COMPANY.

CANADA ASSURANCE LIFE COMPANY. All persons having local demands against life insurance should apply to the Canadian Assurance Life Company.

Weekly Mirror

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST. VOL. 25. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1897. NO. 11.

Election Hats. If you must buy a hat on the Election buy it from J. I. Foster.

He is selling \$2 and \$3 HATS for 50c. each. Clothing! Clothing!

Men's \$3.90 Suits, Pants at \$1.00, Vests at \$1.25

LADIES' BLOUSES! We have a large line of the above at 60c, 65c, 75c, 85c and \$1.

FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES ALWAYS ON HAND.

JOSEPH I. FOSTER. Bridgetown, April 13th, 1897.

JUST RECEIVED. By the undersigned, ONE CAR OF GOLDIE'S FLOURS

"BEST," "CROWN OF GOLD," "SUN," "VICTORIA."

"FIVE LILIES," "FIVE ROSES," "KING OF PATENTS," "CREAM OF ROSES," "QUEEN CITY."

Prices are Right! Satisfaction Guaranteed! W. M. FORSYTH.

1897 - 1897 PUMPS! Spray Pumps, House Pumps, Wash Tubs, Wringers, Wash Boards, Garden Hose, Barrel Covers, Maslin Kettles, GRANITE IRONWARE

in all the latest patterns, Nickel-Plated Tea Kettles, AND ALL KINDS OF KITCHEN FURNISHINGS.

Cook Stoves and Ranges. Custom-made Tinware. Factory Cans and Cheese Factory Work a specialty.

Plumbing and Jobbing Promptly attended to. R. ALLEN CROWE.

"Sir William," 2.25. (Exercise half mile, 1.97.) Will stand for service during a portion of the season in charge of W. F. Gibbons, at the Grand Central Hotel Stables, Bridgetown.

This is a rare opportunity to get the service of a beautiful horse at a moderate charge. His record is no limit of his speed. At the time he met with the accident last summer and went an exercise half in 1.07 it was thought by all that he could have gone the full mile in 2.14, and on a mile track could have taken a record of 2.10 or better. His breeding is the best, and that, combined with his courage and disposition, should make him one of the greatest sires. For further particulars enquire of W. F. GIBBONS, or HUGH FOWLER, Bridgetown, April 13th, 1897.

WALL PAPER! STOCK NOW COMPLETE AT Central Book Store. B. J. ELDERKIN.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. All persons having local demands against the estate of JAMES MARSHALL, deceased, are requested to render the same, accompanied by a receipt, to the undersigned, within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to CHARLES M. DANIELS, Executor. Bridgetown, April 13th, 1897.

\$38.50 CASH WELCOME SOAP 300 WRAPPERS High Grade Bicycle

Write for full particulars. Option of Ladies', Gentlemen's or Boy's Whistles. We have made a SPOT CASH PURCHASE of a large number of Whistles from the Largest Manufacturer, and offer this splendid opportunity to everybody to own and ride for a small amount.

A Strictly First-Class, Up-to-Date Wheel—the equal of any High-Grade Bicycle in the market. GUARANTEED.

The celebrated Morgan & Wright Cycle-Repair, Single Tube 14 inch Tires, Guaranteed Saddles, Combination Rubber Pumps, Improved Joints, Trust Proof Ball Bearings, Tool Steel Cores and Caps, Nickel-Plated Handle-Bars and Parts, and the Finest Workmanship and Material throughout.

Buy the Famous Welcome Soap and Save Your Wrappers. The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B.

Before... Your '97 Wheel Correspond with Us. OUR LINE COMPRISES THE "Hamilton," "Kenwood," "Wellington," "808."

Cents, Ladies', Juveniles and Tandems. \$1.00, - \$85, - \$70, - \$55.

We are territorial agents and can offer customers many advantages. No long waiting for replacements. All parts carried in stock and prompt attention paid to purchasers. We also carry a full line of sundries, and have a well equipped repair shop.

ANNAPOLIS MACHINE & CYCLE CO. CURRY BROS. & BENT, BRIDGETOWN WOOD-WORKING FACTORY, BRIDGETOWN, N. S. Contractors and Builders.

A WORD IN THE EAR OF THE WISE MAN SUFFICETH. There are many who were in Annapolis Valley, and some of them have and others have not thought on our village of last spring that we had come to Bridgetown to stay, and asking for their patronage. We have been here a year, and have done \$30,000 worth of business, building houses, and we flatter ourselves we have given satisfaction and carried out our obligations to the hilt.

We have paid our factory help regularly every fortnight, thereby distributing over \$6000 in cash amongst the shopkeepers in Bridgetown and vicinity during the past year. Our aim is to do this every year, and we solicit the assistance of the public to enable us to do so.

We consider this the best outlet for the Valley. We are all practical men, and give our whole time and attention to our business. We are ready to handle any kind of building no matter what its dimensions, and will estimate all orders for repairs, painting and remodeling plans practically.

Plans, Specifications and Estimates can be had of us at small cost. We have just received direct from the factory a carload of C. Cedar, and on the way Walnutwood and Quartered Oak. On hand: Shingles, Cleaboard, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hair, Laths, Nails, Paper, etc., and a large stock of DRY LUMBER, SHEATHING, FLOORING, MOULDINGS of all kinds, Wood Mantels, Counters, Store and Church Fixtures, Sashes, Doors, and Factory work of every description at short notice.

GO TO J. E. BURNS' FOR BARGAINS in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Dry Goods, Groceries, HARDWARE, - GLASSWARE, - PATENT MEDICINES, Etc. J. E. BURNS, - BRIDGETOWN.

Grand Spring Opening GENTS' WEAR! The largest stock in the two Counties, bought for cash from the manufacturers and will be sold at Extremely Low Prices.

W. F. GIBBONS, HUGH FOWLER, Bridgetown, April 13th, 1897.

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Wanted! One Case Whips. (All Styles and Prices.) Direct from the Manufacturer. B. STARRATT, Bridgetown, April 13th, 1897.

Forty. A Famous Old Song. Gather ye rosebuds as ye may, Old Time is still a-flying: And this same flower that smiles to-day Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, The higher he's getting, The sooner will his race be run, And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first, When youth and blood are warring; But when the words and wits Time will succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time, And while ye may, go merry: For having lost but once your prime You may forever tarry. -Robert Herrick.

The Great Gray Rock and the Sea. "Ha, ha! you waves cannot cover me!" Said the Great Gray Rock to the Sea; And the Summer wind shook her off her feet, But the winter comes with his ice and cry, "Ha, ha, you have covered the Rock!" cries he.

"I'll go to that far-off place, will you go with me?" "Wherever you like," said she, simply. She had hitherto been too busy to think of love. But when Morand took her in his arms a deep joy took possession of poor Frederika.

When later the father came home Frederika simply said to him: "Morand loves me; he wishes me to be his wife." "Oh, God bless you both," said Morand, and then he asked: "Do you stay or go?"

The father then thought for a moment and added: "Yes; we must expect that you will want a home of your own. That is right. You know pretty well what are the duties of a father. It is hard for me to part with both of you, but it is better so."

Salome helped her sister to arrange her wedding dress, silently but energetically. She seemed to have quailed in one moment, but she was not to be so easily daunted. She had a plan, and she was to carry it out.

Salome stood on the bridge which spanned the foaming stream, and gazed dreamily at the mountains beyond, and then at the meadows. Salome's covet was slowly coming, and in her presence she could see her sister, Frederika, making the hay. The girl was not lazy, only dreamy. Presently Salome was by her sister's side. Then she took a bundle of hay and carried it to their father's house, for old Morand was the farmer.

The girls worked on, when Salome's bundle of hay was raised and carried to her. The girl trembled, she knew her father would be angry, but she had no choice. For her father had expected him. Morand was to teach him forest ways.

"I thought it was Cousin Joseph," cried Salome, with a smile and then Frederika laughed. "We were expecting the cousin, but you know he is shut up for weeks in his factory. Joseph comes less for the grand forest and it will weary than he does for gardens and his flowers."

"I do not admire his tastes," answered Morand. Then he followed, and as they passed the window of their little house, there was the old mother, and Salome kissed her. She stood a little in the background. She now turned back and sought a new bundle of hay. Then Morand ran after Frederika and took her bundle and carried it for her.

Then the father joined the three young people. Now Frederika, who was the practical sister, went into the house to prepare the evening meal. "Come along, Morand," said the old farmer. "The soup will get cold, and we must milk the cows before we go in."

Morand looked in despair; he had never milked a cow in his life. "I have much to learn," muttered he, plausibly. "Supper is waiting," said Frederika. As they hastened on, Salome noticed the dog and had such in his buttonhole a bunch of flowers. They were crocuses.

"So you like crocuses, Mr. Morand?" he said. "I thought you did, Miss Salome," he said. So, for a time, Morand lived with the farmer. The harvest was gathered and there was a good stock of potatoes. The winter was coming along, and a cold one, but the family were prepared to face it. Salome's mother required the girl's constant attention.

Morand watched Frederika from morning till night, engaged in her household care. "She looks less pale than yesterday," thought Salome. "Perhaps father is right; she will revive in the spring."

Morand and Frederika were laughing together—sometimes even her father, too—but Salome only sat and watched her mother. "Take care, my child, take care," the mother feebly murmured, as the lettuce had dropped, and over the beloved features came a solemn, terrible beauty. Salome uttered a sharp cry and ran towards her.

When she came to herself she was beside the kitchen fire, Morand alone sitting near her. "Thank God, my child, your mother was not alone when she died!" he heard her father say. Morand at once found the means of sending the sad news to Joseph, and Joseph came at once. It was a bitter cold day when the mother was buried in the village graveyard. It was terrible work, making their way through the deep snow. It was Joseph who gave Frederika his hand and Morand supported Salome. "Why, why," said Salome to herself a thousand times, "did my poor mother bid me 'take care!'"

Father Dominic seemed to take no notice in passing events. His wife was dead. Then an unusual thing happened. Dominic wrote a letter, and Morand went to the village to post it. In a week afterward Morand had a letter, and he read that he had an appointment as forester in another part of the country—on, about his father, he might remember the forester's assistant.

Morand hesitated. The old forester, who had guessed the contents of the letter, had turned aside. Salome watched both with evident anxiety, Frederika, busy preparing dinner, was the only one who took no heed. Morand met Salome's inquiring eyes. "I am appointed forester to a place fairly well paid, but a long way from here."

"I begged that favor." I wanted to keep you here; I am not the man I once was; my strength does not come back with the spring; I think the must have taken it away with her, all my courage and all my hope." His daughters tried to comfort him, but he shook his head without replying. Morand precipitately escaped from the room.

When the young man came back his dress had been laid for him only. But Frederika had taken care that all should be quite comfortable for him, even more so than usual; and she was in the kitchen alone. Morand seized her hand. "I'll go to that far-off place, will you go with me?"

"Wherever you like," said she, simply. She had hitherto been too busy to think of love. But when Morand took her in his arms a deep joy took possession of poor Frederika.

When later the father came home Frederika simply said to him: "Morand loves me; he wishes me to be his wife." "Oh, God bless you both," said Morand, and then he asked: "Do you stay or go?"

Kate's Bicycle. "No, sir! I don't believe in no such things as that, even for boys, and as for a girl of mine flying around the country on one of 'em, I won't hear to it."

John Benton shut his thin lips firmly and looked at his daughter Kate. "But, father," said Salome, smiling at him so, "you said if I would keep the hens out of the wheat field I might have all the chickens I could raise in the lower pen. I've done it faithfully, daddy, indeed I have! The wheat is all harvested, and you said it was a good crop."

"So 'is, my child, so 'is. The best crop I've had for years. No a head broken, and no a straw trampled by them pecky hens. Yes, you did your duty there," her father confessed.

"And I said the chickens to-day, every one," Kate went on, slowly drawing her hand from her dress pocket. "Here is the money, \$40. It is all my own." "That would cost \$35. They are not the best ones, of course, but good enough for me. The other \$5 will get me a dress like the village girls wear and—"

"So you'd fool away every cent of that money!" interrupted her father, crying the roll of bills with greedy eyes. "Not much. If you don't know how to take care of it, I'll do for you. I know where I can let it so it will bring you \$20 a year. Enough to buy you a pair of shoes, and land knows you wear out lots of shoes."

"But, father," Kate began, the hot tears springing to her indignation eyes. "There ain't no better school," returned her father shortly. "I'll put this money where it will be safe and earning you something besides. The idea of a girl riding on one of them wheels!"

"But, daddy," she took the same again, with hope of pleasing him, "I know how to ride now. Cousin Mary let me learn on here."

"The more fool she was. You can't have one, that's all there is about it. Mary will be back next week and then you'll get this foolishness and be glad that I saved your money for you." So saying he left the house, and Kate's money went with him.

Yes, Mary would be back in a week, and Kate's days of joy would end, she dashed the indignation tears away and rushed to tell Mary the sad news.

"But mine will be here seven whole days more," said Mary, consolingly, after listening to Kate's tearful story. "You shall have it every moment that you can spare."

"Oh, that ain't mine! You're good, but I do want one of my own, and I earned it, too," sobbed Kate.

At supper time John Benton, all smiles, announced that he had let Kate's \$40 for a year at 10 per cent.

"Four dollars for you," he said to Kate. "Keep that for now, and you'll be rich when you get a woman."

But Kate could not answer. She only thought of the coveted bicycle now beyond her reach.

"And I've sold the red oxen for \$200. It was too late to put it into the bank, so there it is, mother," he went on, throwing his pocketbook into his wife's lap. "Take good care of it, and, oh, I forgot to tell you that father is sick, and I have got to go there to-night—at once."

"When will you be back, John? I hate to stay alone with that money in the house," said his wife nervously.

"Nonsense, what'll harm you? I have 'laid up' the money before, and I've never been killed for it," laughed her husband as he arose to go out. "Hallo, who are you? Something to eat? Of course you can. Here, Jane, give this fellow some vittles, and then you'll better move on, sir, for my woman here is sick of strangers."

"Oh, John—your've done it now," faltered his wife. "He was there all the time and knows all about the money, I'm sure."

"Who, what man always comes, and he returned impatiently, in the same low tone.

The tramp loaded the victuals from Mrs. Benton's trembling hand, gave her a few mumbled thanks, and went slowly down the highway.

"He'll be back after dark—after your father has gone," mused the woman.

"Perhaps not, mammy, and we'll look all the doors," returned Kate, bravely; but she had caught a keen glance from beneath the man's shaggy brows, and was not satisfied as she seemed to be.

Soon John Benton drove off, and darkness fell upon the old farmhouse. To add to the loneliness Mary and her mother, who had been staying the day with another relative, did not return, but sent word that they would remain away all night.

"We'll hold the fort, mammy," said Kate cheerfully. "The doors are all fastened, and the windows—all but the little one in the back room that no one would ever think of. So go to sleep, now, mammy, it's all right."

Mrs. Benton was tired with her hard day's work, and her bed breathing soon told her her earthly troubles were forgotten for awhile.

But Kate's eyes were open wide enough. She crept out of bed when sure that her mother was asleep.

First she took the pocketbook from the bureau drawer and slipped it between the straw mat and the feather-bed, then she drew near the open window to watch and wait for the welcome daylight.

Slowly the great clock ticked the moments away. A cricket chirped merrily near the chimney, sometimes a nightbird darted by the window with a hoarse cry, and the moonlight flooded the outside world with a mellow light.

Jas. Ritchie, Q.C. BARRISTER, AND SOLICITOR.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY. Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies.

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S.

She had not long to wait. Cautious footsteps tread the kitchen, the sitting-room and entered the parlor. Kate could see every movement through the open door.

The man hesitated a moment, looked keenly around, and entered a small, dark closet.

Kate caught her breath, darted forward, and slid the bolt with a quick, nervous click. The burglar was a prisoner.

"If the bolt only holds," breathed Kate, "many a man has heard him there, and I'll soon bring him."

She rushed to the head where Mary's bicycle was kept, whirled the wheel out into the moonlight and mounted it.

She heard faint footsteps as she passed the parlor windows, but they only increased her speed.

The moonlight made weird shadows along her pathway, and unseen foes seemed to be lurking about every hand, with eyes on the village square, she sped on.

"Burglars—you don't sayso," cried Constable James, when her story was told. "I'll be ready in a minute—with two men and my trusty dog, and his last attempt at a robbery for one while."

Kate rode slowly back, but was there in time to witness the capture of the tramp. Then she ran up the stairs to awaken her father, and when he came, she showed him the man who had been the robber.

"That was all the thanks that Kate could give," said John Benton, who had called. All his ideas about girls and bicycles seem to have been changed greatly, for he never fails to watch Kate, as she flashes by, with a smile upon her grim face.

Perhaps the thinking of the \$200—Kate's little in family fund.

Value of Carbonate of Lime. In a communication to The Lancet, Dr. Hood gives his experience as to the value of carbonate of lime in the form of calcined oyster shells as a means of arresting the growth of cancerous tumors, and although the opportunities for employing it in test cases have not been large, the results attained by its use are characterized as having proved satisfactory in a high degree.

Several instances are named in which a preventing use of calcined oyster shells powder arrested the growth and pain in tumors undoubtedly of a cancerous character. Where the nature of the affection is early recognized, a persistent trial of this method has pronouncedly beneficial results.

It is in his favor being that of entire non-interference with any other remedies resorted to for the relief of pain. The oyster shells for this purpose may be conveniently had from a house over, as calcined white lining of the oyster shell scraped off, the substance thus obtained being then reduced to a powder, and as much as will lie in a silver taker taken once or twice a day in a little warm water or tea.

Deadliness of all Guns. The English government is now experimenting with a gun which will fire 1,000 shots in 123 seconds. It is the deadliest of all the automatics now being invented.

As with all machine guns, the first shot must be fired by hand. After that the weapon will absorb cartridges and emit a chain of bullets as long as it is fed. Experiments have shown that a house over, as calcined white lining of the oyster shell scraped off, the substance thus obtained being then reduced to a powder, and as much as will lie in a silver taker taken once or twice a day in a little warm water or tea.

A New Man. A woman puzzled a Boston clerk considerably a few days ago. Her husband is a bank president in Newburyport, says The Boston Herald. The clerk had shown her the bills in sheets of twelve, which are cut after being signed. The generous president gave one of these sheets to his wife, and she naturally started at once for Boston. After making her purchases in one of the large stores she drew the bills out of her pocketbook and calmly said to the clerk: "I have returned you a bill, and I will pay you, but upon getting a bill. The attendant clerk at first refused to receive the money, but finally the matter was explained.

Tired, Nervous, Sleepless. Men and women—how gratefully they write about Hood's Kidney Pills! They are so tired and discouraged, having lost all faith in medicine, now in good health and able to do any and every kind of work. Hood's Kidney Pills has power to enrich and purify the blood and make the weak strong—it is a experience of a host of people.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Minnesota has a law giving a bounty for tree planting of \$2.00 per acre. The annual appropriation is \$20,000 but if more acres are planted than comes within the appropriation at the price specified it is pro-rated. In 1896 there were 5,833 acres planted to trees.

Minard's Laxative for Rheumatism.