Western Annapolis Sentinel

SUCCESSOR TO THE BEAR RIVER TELEPHONE

VOL. 12 — BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA, MARCH, 6, 1908. — NO 9

Absolutely Pure

From Grapes, the most healthful of fruits, comes the chief ingredient of

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

Costs a little more than the injurious alum or phosphate of lime powders, but with Royal you are sure of pure, healthful food.

ROLL TOP DESK. NO. 106S.

Made of Elm, and having a highly polished gloss finish. With four drawers that lock automatically with fall of the curtain. Adjustable shelf that pulls out, at top of drawers. A roomy knee-hole 42in. long, 30in. wide, and 50.n. high. Eaton's price, $20.00.

Our Price cash with the Order $18.00

Sent by freight. Name your Station.

Send a Post Card for our New Illustrated Furniture Catalogue.

W. E. REED, M.S BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Please show this ad. to your neighbor who may be interested.

WANTED

2000 lbs each, Multiplier Shallops, and Potato Onions

I am prepared to give highest market prices for these lines. Send samples, give quality and price.

Atlee's Drug and Stationery Store

Annapolis Royal N. S.

For all kinds of Baking

—for Bread, Biscuits and Pan Cakes—for Pies, Cakes and Fancy Pastry—no flour, milled of a single kind of wheat, compares with a BLENDED FLOUR.

It bakes whiter and lighter—it contains more nutriment—and it yields MORE bread etc. to the barrel.

"Made in Ontario"

Use A Blended Flour

(of Ontario and Manitoba Wheat)

and you use the perfect flour.

BLENDED FLOUR combines the splendid food properties of Manitoba wheat—with the lightness and nutty flavor of Ontario wheat.

TRY A BLENDED FLOUR—the result of your first baking will PROVE its superiority.

This trademark is on all fine BLENDED FLOURS. It is the sign of quality. Look for it on every bag and barrel you buy.

5

WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?

(Published by request.)

A ragged, shivering little boy was brought before a magistrate for stealing a loaf of bread from a grocer's window. The grocer himself was the informer. The judge was about to pass sentence on the little wretch, when a kind lawyer offered the following considerations in mitigation of his offence.

"The child," he said, "was the eldest of a miserable group; their father lies low in a drunkard's grave. This morning, when the act was committed the mother lay drunk on the floor, and her children were crying around her for bread. The elder boy, unable to bear such misery any longer, rushed from the hovel, resolved to obey that paramount law of nature which teaches us the principle of self-preservation even in disregard to the law of the land. He seized the penny loaf from the grocer's window, and returning to that wretched home, spread the unexpected morsel before his hungry brothers, and bade them eat and live. He did not eat himself. The consciousness of crime, and fear of detection, furnished a more engrossing feeling than that of hunger. The last morsel was scarcely swallowed before the officer of justice entered the door. The little thief was pointed out by the grocer, and he was conducted before the public tribunal.

"In the midst of such misery as this," said the kind hearted lawyer, "with the motive of this little criminal before us, there is something to soften the heart of man, though I deny not that the act is a penal offence. But the tale is by no means told. This little circle, now utterly fallen and forlorn, is the wreck of a family once prosperous, temperate, frugal, industrious and happy. The father, strange as it may appear, was once a professor of religion. The very first drop of that tincture of destruction which conducted him through the path of corruption to the grave, was handed him by this very grocer, who now pursues the starving child of his former victim for stealing a penny loaf. The farm became encumbered—the church expelled him from its communion—the wife sought refuge in the same tremendous remedy for all distracting care, and oblivion of her domestic misery. Home became a hell whose only outlet was the grave.

"All this aggregate of human wretchedness," said the lawyer, "was produced by this very grocer. He has murdered the father—he has brutalized the mother—he has beggared the children—he has taken possession of the farm—and now prosecutes the child, for stealing a loaf to keep his brothers from starving!

"But all this is lawful and right—that is, it is according to law. He has stood upon his license. The theft of a penny loaf by a starving boy, where his father laid down the last farthing for rum, is a penal offence!"
—Anon.

SET THE RIGHT VALUE ON TRIFLES

"I have two words of council and suggestion that I think worth your onsideration," says Margaret E. Sangster to her thousands of girl readers in the November issue of the Woman's Home Companion. "The first is, be careful lest you underrate little things. In the scheme of life as it affects the well being of the home nothing is trifling. The pretty stock that sets off the dainty toilet, the trim belt and the modish buckle, the becoming method of arranging the hair, the neat gloves and shoes that are accessories of a girl's costume, are of more value in setting off her beauty than are rich stufis and gowns in the height of fashion. Following out this idea, the tact that sets people at ease, the unobtrusive helpfulness, the readiness to divert a fretful child or comfort a disappointed one, may appear trifling, but they reveal character and are indicative of sincerity and nobility in womanhood. Do not underestimate little things anywhere.

"The second word is, think twice before guaging anything by its financial return. Thousands of girls not in actual need are making the mistake of fancying that the earning of money is the most desirable thing the period has to offer. Believe me, it is often the least rewarding thing in which a girl can engage. The daughter at home on whom is laid the obligation to earn her own bread should feel herself in no way inferior to her friend whose duty it is to take her place among the paid laborers of the world."

MARIAN'S CHOICE

The slender toe of Marian's slipper sought the piazza floor and set the hammock swinging. There was that graphophone again across the street! How could people!

Next door the Drew's piazza was gay with Japanese lanterns and young voices. The light and the laughter filtered through the vines and crossed the dark fawn between the houses.

It had been so every evening since Marian came home. As soon as it grew dusk the chairs and steps began to fill.

Hilda had told her that she would be a welcome addition whenever she might come over, but Marian had not yet crossed the lawn to join the piazza company, although she had returned Hilda's call promptly—in calling costume and with card case.

Again she set the hammock swinging gently. was it only three weeks since those swift-passing, sad, happy, last days of school! How she would like to see the girls! But there was August to look forward to—all of August at Newport with Julie Framingham.

"Dinners, dances, yachting luncheons Bring your prettiest clothes," Julie had written. The Framinghams were among those whose names appeared frequently in the society columns of the newspapers, and "The Sands" was noted for hospitality and brilliant entertaining.

It was pleasant to forget the graphophone and close her eyes and dream of August.

But there would be July first—July with a dressmaker in the house and much sewing, for Julie's easy injunction meant no less.

The graphophone ceased, and Marian breathed a relieved sigh. As she turned comfortably in the hammock she heard through the sitting room window the rustle of a newspaper, then, "Where's Marian?" in her father's voice.

"I haven't seen her since dinner," replied her mother. "Perhaps she is over at Hilda's. She hasn't been about among the young people very much yet, but I know Hilda asked her when she first came home."

"Hilda's a nice girl."

"I wonder why he said that?" though Marian, letting herself down from her arrested position on her elbow. Of course Hilda was a nice girl, although she should cultivate poise and and reserve, she told herself, remembering how Hilda had rushed up the steps and hugged her, just as if they were children still.

Poise and reserve were qualities much dwelt upon at Miss Frelinghuyson's school. At the woman's college where Hilda had spent her last four years less was made—or at least said—of them.

"Do you think this Newport visit is going to be a good thing for Marian?"

"A good thing!" Marian's mind repeated the phrase in astonishment. How strange for her father to question it! But she could trust her mother to make him understand.

"We want her to have every advantage," said Mrs. Ellis, hesitating. "You can spare the money, John?" she added, more quickly. "Because if—

"Yes. Times are sort of tight just now, and a number of our investments are not doing anyting, but I think we can see this through and give the little girl her good time. I hate to have you say that you are going to give up your trip, though."

"It was as much yours as mine."

"I know. But you need the rest, and you've talked about that trip for years."

"You too. But we'll go next year, if all is well. I should be sorry to have Marian miss this pleasure, for I think she has felt a little forlorn since she came home. It's different from vacation. School days are over altogether now and she misses her friends, of course."

"All right. I want her to be happy and contented—that's all. It seemed to me that she hasn't been quite so, since she came home." Mr. Ellis rose. Through the open window Marian saw him go round to the other side of the table. "I believe I'll go up to bed. I don't know when I've been so tired."

He bent and kissed his wife, then stood for a moment beside her!

"Every dollar that I can earn is yours and hers—you know that,- he said.

"I know, I know, John," replied Mrs Ellis, gently.

A throb came in Marian's throat as she heard her father's step through the hall and up the stairs. Poor father! Every night since she had been home he had apologized for being sleepy, or excused himself and gone to bed. She did not see him except at dinner and in the evening, for he stayed in town to luncheon and she did not get downstairs for the early breakfast.

Five minutes with the punching-bag five minutes with chest weights and ten minutes of other exercises, followed by a cold shower, brought her down with a fine readiness for the meal, but it also made her late for it.

So they were giving up the tour that they had talked of so long!

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis' wedding tour had been like the Marches,' down the St. Lawrence River and among the Thousand Islands. They had always said they would go again, but the years had never gone.

When the Marches took their silver-wedding journey, Mrs. Ellis said, "We'll take ours, too, where we took the first.

And this was the year! Marion had forgotten that. How careless of her!

The hammock hung motionless for a time.

Affairs in the Ellis household ran so smoothly, so methodically, and withal so simply when compared with the manner of living which she had found in the homes of most of her friends at the Frelinghuyson school that she had never thought of sacrifices.

Of course they were not rich—she knew that—but there had always been seemed to be enough for them to live amply, with a margin for small luxuries and a generous hospitality. Now, as Marian looked back over the past four years, she wondered.

Vacations spent by her father and mother but a short distance from home, or perhaps not taken at all—"the summer was so cool, and they were so comfortable at home... So many gowns that her mother had declared would do perfectly well for another year with a little freshening. So many things that could be done better by herself than by any one whom she could hire to come in.

It had all seemed very easy and natural, and each year Marian had gone back to school—one of the best schools in the country, as it was also one of the most expensive.

She gave a little sigh. "I'm afraid I'm one of those investments of father's that are not doing much," she thought.

The next morning, instead of going at once to her books when she had finished her breakfast, Marian went out into the garden. Immediately on coming home she had set about planning a systematic division of her days. After breakfast an hour of German, an hour of Anglo-Saxon, then a walk of five miles, before luncheon. In the afternoon a nap, readings in a course of old English novels that she had arranged, and such calls as were absolutely necessary. This would be for the summer. Later she would do more studying.

How lovely the roses were with the dew on them! Gathering an armful, she carried them into the house and arranged them in a blue china bowl on the sitting room table. For the first time she felt as if she was really enjoying her vacation.

When she had finished, she went out to the kitchen. It was Mrs. Ellis' habit to make the deserts for dinner herself, and Marian found her in the pantry with a bowl and an egg-beater in her hand. "If you've an easy textbook for beginners, mother, I'll see if I can work out the pudding proposition for today," she said.

The bowl and egg-beater went out with a cordiality that was both prompt and marked. "You're a dear!" her mother said, gratefully, and Marian thought how young she looked. "The Indian Society is to meet here this morning and I've been wondering how in the world I could manage this and get my dress changed in time. Here's a receipe-book." As she hurried up the back stairs Mrs. Ellis glanced over her shoulder. "Norah is busy in the laundry, so if you want any help, call me," she said.

"Suet pudding, troy pudding, dew pudding, queen of creams, rice sherbet, graham pudding"—Marian turned the pages slowly—"too elaborate or too heavy or not explicit as to details. Tapioca cream. M-m—gives all the quantities exactly and seems easy."

"Success is gratifying, and Marian gave the mixture which she took from the stove somewhat later a satisfied whisk, cooled it into a pan of water, and at last turned it into a glass dish and set it away in the ice-box.

Then she ran up the back stairs, paused in her room for a few swift, freshening touches, and ran down the front steps to catch the eleven o'clock trolley car for town.

As she hurried past the sitting-room door she heard a confused murmur of voices and caught a glimpse of numerous summer hats. ...

"I'm glad I brought in the roses," she thought.

Late that afternoon, as Mr. Ellis turned from the street into the shaded path leading to his house, it was with the memory of parched air and scorching pavements, the glare of slate roofs reflected into his office windows all day long, and a hot dusty ride out from town.

A voice greeted him from the side piazza.

"It's cool here, father."

He turned the corner of the house. Marian came forward in a fluttering pink organdy. Since Julie's letter she had been wearing shirt waists the whole day through to save her better gowns for August. She had a tray of silver and glass in her hands, and at the back of the piazza, screened from the street by vines, was a table spread with a white cloth.

"Company?" her father inquired, apprehensively, conscious of something unusual, and feeling that any extra effort to entertain would be a burden tonight.

"Nobody but ourselves," Marian reassured him, "but we're going to have dinner out here. Don't you think it will be pleasant?"

"Charming! Whose bright idea—yours?"

Marian nodded. "Dinner may be a little late. I didn't think of it until a few minutes ago."

"Then I shan't have to hurry getting

(Continued on page 4.)

Black Watch

Black Plug

The Chewing Tobacco of Quality.

BLACK WATCH

2271

A Doctor's Statement

Baie St. Paul, C.C., Que. March 27th, 1907.

"Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen:—

My many thanks for **Psychine and Oxomulsion.** I have used them with very great satisfaction both in my own case and in that of my friends. It affords me much pleasure to recommend a remedy which is really good in cases for which it is intended. I am, yours very truly,"

DR. ERNEST A. ALLARD.

Doctors recognize that **Psychine** is one of the very best remedies for all throat, lung and stomach troubles and all run down conditions, from whatever cause. It is the prescription of one of the world's greatest specialists in diseases of the throat, lungs, and stomach, and all wasting diseases. Ask your druggist for it, at 50c and 1.00, or T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

St. George's Baking Powder

is best for Biscuits — best for Cakes—best for Pies—best for everything you bake that requires Baking Powder."

"One can to try, will always make you buy St. George's."

Have you a copy of our new Cook Book? Sent free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

27

Professional Cards

Dr. F. S. Anderson

Graduate of the University Maryland

PAINLESS EXTRACTION

By Gas and Local Anesthesia

Crown and Bridge Work a specialty.

Office: Queen street, Bridgetown.

Hours: 9 to 5.

O. S. Miller

BARRISTER,

Real Estate Agent, etc.

SHAFNER BUILDING,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

O. T. Daniels

BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.

UNION BANK BUILDING.

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to loan on first-class Real Estate.

J. B. Whitman

Land Surveyor,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Undertaking

We do undertaking in all its branches

Hearse sent to any part of the County.

J. H. HICKS & SON

Queen St, Bridgetown, Telephone 46

J. M. FULMER, Manager.

J.J. RITCHIE, K.C.

Keith building Halifax.

Mr. Ritchie will continue to attend the sittings of the Courts in the County. All communications from Annapolis clients addressed to him at Halifax will receive his personal attention.

J. M. OWEN

BARRISTER & NOTARY PUBLIC

Annapolis Royal

MIDDLETON EVERY THURSDAY

Office in Butcher's Block

Agent of the Nova Scotia Building Society

Money to loan at 5 p.c. on Real Estate

Arthur Horsfall DDS. D.MD

Dentist

Annapolis Royal - Bridgetown,

At Bridgetown, Mondays and Tuesdays of each week. Office of the late Dr Primrose. Hours 1 to 5.

LESLIE R. FAIRN

ARCHITECT

Aylesford, N. S.

BEAR RIVER GRANITE WORKS

Best and Cheapest place to buy

GRANITE MONUMENTS

Inquire prices and be convinced

Bear River Meat ----and---- Provision Market

Choice fresh Meats, Hams and Bacon, and Canned goods of all kinds. Fish market in connection Fresh fish when they can be procured, Salt always on hand. Cash paid for poultry of all kinds.

Soliciting your patronage

I remain yours

M. Armstrong

BEAR RIVER, N. S.