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Special Attention given to Handling of Live Stock.

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Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its ranches carefully and promptly attended o. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.

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Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

**Optical Goods** 

NEW JEWELRY.

P. G. MELANSON. of Middleton, has now on show the largest and most varied line of Superior Spectacles and Eye-Glasses ever shown in Annapolis County.

His stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver-plated ware is second to none, and is marked at astonishing low prices. Give him a call and verify the truth of the above statement. Repairing a Specialty.

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Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of claims, and all other refessional business. 51 tf HIDES AND PELTS WANTED WANTED by the Bridgetown Larrigan Co.,
a large number of Hides and Pelts, for
which the highest market rates will be paid.
Place of delivery.—the Murdoch Tannery.
W. H. MACKENZIE, Manager.
Bridgetown, Oct. 10th, 1894.

Meekln



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

LIMITED.

VOL. 23.

We are now making soft mud, sand-moulded Brick at the rate of twenty-five thousand These Brick are 10 p.c. larger than any other

made in Western Nova Scotia. They are Hard, Straight and Square. No better

We also have a stiff mud machine for making Wire Cut Brick, with a capacity of sixty housand per day. These are smooth, hard and straight, and we make them this year half a pound heavier than usual. We have on hand five hundred thousand Wire Cut Brick left wer from last autumn.

our from last autumn.

Our Brick are absolutely free from "white wash."

Come and see us and get prices, and before concluding a purchase take a look at the willdings made from our Brick and compare with these made from stock obtained elsewhere.

-the Moir Building in Halifax, built three years ago, and the County Asylum here, built

Address: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

# A Grand Spring Opening

MORRISON'S,

MIDDLETON. The Best Lines of

Cloths and Trimmings ever shown in the County. Sole agent in Middleton for

THE - CELEBRATED - "TYKE" - SERGE.

I guarantee satisfaction in fit and workmanship or no sale. Prices away down to beat the band.



### BRIDGETOWN

is now ready to meet the wants of all customers, having just opened up a full and complete stock of

BOOTS AND SHOE S

My line of Ladies' Button Boots is simply fine, with a very fine line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Oxfords, in Black and Tan. Also Misses' and Children's Tan Button and Lace Boots.

My Men's Department is complete in all its lines, consisting of Calf, Buff and Russett, in Bals, Congress and Oxford, with all the heavy lines of the very best quality for farming and heavy work. They have no equal in the trade.

My line of Dressings is stocked with all the best kinds and also new from the factory this spring. No

My line of Dressings is stocked with an the best kinds and also new from the factory this spring. No old dressing to be sold. Russett Cream and dressing for Tan and Russett Boots and Shoes. Lace Department complete in all its lines, in colors. So don't forget the place. No trouble to show

E. A. COCHRAN, Fresh Eggs taken in exchange for goods, for two

**CURRY BROTHERS & BENT,** 

# Manufacturers & Builders.

Bridgetown Wood-Working Factory. We beg to notify the public in general that we have recently purchased the premises of Granville street, formerly known as the J. B. Reed & Sons furniture factory, and are now equiping it with additional machinery for carrying on a general business in

Contracting and Building.

Doors, Sashes, Frames, Stair Work, Mouldings, Clapboards, Sheathing, Flooring, Shingles, Laths, etc., and will constantly have on hand a full stock of Lime and all other Building Materials. Our motto will be "give every man a good job." We have come to stay, and if you want a ling of any kind put up let us know, and we will give you a figure that will suit the times. WANTED: -Seasoned Spruce and Pine Lumber.

### "White" Sewing Machine.

On the contrary, our prices are exceptionally moderate when you compare same with the results obtained in the use of the White. LOOKS WELL, IT'S BUILT WELL,

LASTS WELL. SEWS WELL,

27 Points that you'll consider when you ceme to buy. J. A. GATES & CO., - SOLE AGENTS, - MIDDLETON, N. S. P. S.—Sewing Machine Findings, Needles and Oil always on hand.

# ANOTHER FIRE

The "QUEEN,"

so favorably known for prompt and liberal settlement of loss, has appointed MR. S. N. WEARE

as their Agent, and he is prepared to accept applications on all classes of property a LOWEST CURRENT RATES. The Queen is backed by \$40,000,000 of British capital, and does the largest business in the Province.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1895.

left one of the pieces,—the ring with the single pearl, which she said she was coming single pearl, which she said she was coming for "next week;" that was three months ago. There were bits of furniture, too: a quaint carved chair, a lacquered foot-stool, an old piano, whose cracked tones with their

relics of sweetness reminded one of the voice of a little old prima donna, still struggling o hold her place in the musical world. A rich crimson China crape shawl hung over a carved oaken hall-stand; and there were some fine gowns that had been part of an actress's wardrobe. An old musket stood

The Stocking Basket. Cosily thron'd in her cushioned chair,
A mother reclined from toil and care,
Except the darning of a stocking.
And her chair's perpetual rocking.
I thought I had somewhere seen it styled
The plague of life, such a basket piled
With tiresome, everlasting stitching. The plague of life, such a basket plant with thresome, everlasting stitching, With work so very unbewitching, And as she broke the thread asunder, Weaving in and out, over and under, I wished the rents in human life Could be mended with as little strife.

She took in her hand a tiny thing,
All striped with a white and scarlet ring,
And smiled as she thought of the silken ha
And laughing eyes of her darling fair;
Of the rosy lips and dainty hands,
The pleasing cries and loud demands.
She sighed as she thought of the world u
tried. tried,
And up and down her needle plied,
She knew it said, oh, blessed are such!
And strok'd her work with a tender touch,
Softly folded and laid it away,
As the little feet in slumber lay.

"Best Liver Pill Made."

Parsons' Pills

But on the next a tear-drop lingers:
The mother wrought with trembling fingers,
And sadly bowed with an anxious face,
Appealing on high for strength and grace
To guide the steps of her wayward son,
To bless and protect her erring one,
Nor suffer the wand'ring feet to roam
Forth from the love of his early home;
To shield him from the glittering net
The tempter with costly jewels had set;
To save him from the sparkling bowl,
And all the dangers that sear the soul.

As on the third her looks were bent,
The face wore a smile of sweet content,
For the fair-haired girl whose gentle ways
Were extolled by all with a voice of praise:
For her sunshine ever glowed,
And from her lips rare music flowed;
With graceful carriage and modest mien
She moved through life like a fair young

queen,
The mother said with a fervent prayer,
The mother said with a fervent prayer, May Heaven shield her from harm and care, From cruel want, and the stings that smart, From the bruises of a blighted heart.

The next were those whose feet had trod The next were those whose feet had tree-for many summers the earth's green sod, And the storms of many winters felt, In joys had smiled, and in sorrows knelt. No cloud so dark, but the glimmering hue Of the sunrise ever struggled through; No gloom so deep, faith could not brighten; No toil so hard, love could not lighten.

The last for one who was passing down
To her narrow home with a silver crown
Of wondrous lustre, that seemed to shed
A light of glory round her head.
Peacefully sinking in quiet rest
Awaiting those of the truly blest;
For her she plead the right to share
All tender aid and watchful care.

And thus the stockings all were mended With each stitch a thought was blended; With ev'ry thread for future wear, The weaving in of a silent prayer.

### Select Biterature.

The Other Mother.

One of the noisy group of children always to be found in Cherry Street had fallen on the pavement and was crying bitterly. In a more aristocratic part of the city her screams would have brought many mothers to doors and windows; but here she cried on unheeded except by her playmates, who stood about woman who had been busy in the back of one of the shops heard the cry and came hurrying out of the door and down the street toward the little group. She took the child in her arms and cuddled it against her bosom, soothing it with crooning words and gentle touches that one would hardly have expected from such coarse, rough hands. The other children stood about in a kind of wonder and surprise, offering explanations. claimed-" honest, we ain't."

"She jest done it herself," put in another; she allers is a tumblin' about, anyhow." The woman was still comforting the child, and would have taken her back into the shop with her, had not a woman just then come out upon the opposite doorstep and called to her in angry tones and words sprinkled with aths, to "leave the child come to her-she'd teach her to trouble folks with her yelling!" and "Other folks had better look out for theirselves and not meddle with her young ones!" Her voice was thick, however, and her brain dull from drink, so that she was satisfied when she had thus delivered herself, and crawled back into the hou when the child was put down on the pavement again. When she had disappeared, the woman hugged the child to her own childless heart once more, and touched caressingly the tangled heads of one or two of the others Then she turned and entered the shop again -the one with the three gilt balls over the

It was unusually quiet there in the shop this afternoon, for her husband's brother had gone off to the races for the day and her father in-law lay in a half drunken sleep in knitting, which lay on a chair behind the counter, seated herself in the corner, and the edles began to click. A meagre light crept in in streaks through the dingy window pane and shadowed the curious collection of ob-jects about the shop as though it wished to discover their business there. It rested on a widow's homely face, softening its rugged lines and discovering a latent sweetness there. She was a Scotch woman, and had the patient, steadfast blue eyes of her race, set under a brow that in a more fortunate and appreciative sphere of life would hav been termed intellectual.

of degrading associations and this squalid street. It was as though a fresh sea breeze had found its way into a stagnant inland swamp. She gazed absently about the shop as she knitted. Many of the objects that her eyes rested on suggested strange associa-tions to her. A number of musical instru-ments lay on the shelf and ornamented the walls near the windows, and she could seethe gentle face of the shabby, old starving man who had brought the Stradivarius violin that hung among them; he had died, she re-membered hearing, a few days later. She recollected when the French horn was brought, and knew that its owner, a young a

lay in the glass case. They were not very valuable, surely, but she recalled the face of the young girl who had went with the sure of the young girl who had went with the face of the young girl who had went with the face of the young girl who had went with the face of the young girl who had went with the face of the young girl who had went with the face of the young girl who had went with the face of the young girl who had went with the face of the young girl who had went with the face of the young girl who had went with t

quaint carved chair, a lacquered foot-stool, an old plane, whose cracked tones with their against the wall beside these, stiff and He saw only the vision of his country home;

But the woman ceased to be mindful of these things, as she knitted on. She was thinking of her far-away Scotch home, that she had left when her husband brought her away to America. It was only a little fishing cottage perched on the crags, but she three gilt balls—the childless mother waited ing cottage perched on the crags, but she longed now for a breath of that salt air and a glimpse of the wild free waves, and she thought of the kindly faces gathered about the fireplace. But it was not this picture that filled her eyes with tears. It was the emptiness in her arms, where a precious den had lain for so short a tie for that short three months. Just long enough it had been for them to grow accustomed to its sweet dependence, so that ever after they would feel the invisible presence and look for the warm human touch. It was

the mother's heart of the woman, which no life of harshness or repression could subdue. The foot-falls in the street outside the open door grew more numerous as the scant daylight waned. They were tired, heavy, often unsteady footsteps. Now she heard them, and now, busy with her thoughts, she did not notice them. She was almost startled when a young man, with a quick, sharp tread, turned in at the door. His step upon the floor tore the cobweb of memories her brain, and with an effort she brought her mind back to the present. His manner was nervous and excited as he thrust his hand into his vest pocket, and she saw that he looked ill. A feeling of pity came over her as she noted, too, what a handsome, boyish face it was, not really bad, and not weak either, as were so many of the faces that came there, although one could see in his eyes the unmistakable restlessness and fever of the gambling man, who almost always comes sooner or later to haunt the pawn shop. She had learned well, in these few years, the eaning and the signs of this, among the other moral diseases, and she had seen other faces as young as his with the same taint in them; but her pity welled up fresh from her heart at each new sight of human degrada-

and his clothes were unkemp. When in his nervous haste his hat fell off almost unheeded, and she saw the dark curls that might have been a child's, her mother's heart throbbed vet again within her. and with uncertain fingers was unrolling something from a bit of tissue paper. An exclamation broke from the woman's lips as the covering was torn away. It was a minia-ture of a woman—a beautiful woman, a face

a young face, a face which could not grow old. She did not notice the rich jewels set about it, but stood murmuring. "Weel, weel, sae bonny, sae winsome!" It was as though a rare and lovely flowe

had been placed in her hand. But as she murmured and exclaimed, the face of the young man grew paler.
"Don't!" he cried, in a sharp, painful

voice, and with a sudden gesture, as though ne would take it back. "Don't! I can't bear it .-- What will you give me for it?" She took the miniature in her hand rever-ently, almost as she might have touched the beautiful young face, had it been there beside her. She gazed at it earnestly,—for loveli-ness of this kind or of any kind rarely came near her life,-and then she turned it over once and again. As she turned it the second time, an inscription on the back held her attention: "For my little son, from his loving mother." She read it aloud, and the

date that followed. "Ye'r mother?" she cried, "God's mercy, lad! Ye'r mother, -- and ye bring it here?' His hand had reached for it spasmodically when she began to read, and now he cried

"Dont! Don't! Let me go!"-and his face grew rigid with pain.
"Ye shall not go!" exclaimed the woman,

with a great determination wakening in her eyes. "Ye shall not go and take it to some ither place,—ye'r mother! But sin ye need siller, ye must aye let me gie it ye wi'out that. I am a mother, too," she went on, half proudly, half pleadingly, "an if my ain airn wad be but a wee laddie now, still I ken how it wad ha been wi' me had he parted wi' aught. There! lad, there!"

He had thrown his head down upon

arms on the counter, and his frame shook with a man's dry sobs. The gentle touch of her hand was on his hair and the comforting tones of her voice were in his ears, speaking to him as though he were a child. "Aye, lad, and ye'll take th' siller au' gae back t' her,-there! there! An' if ye're

been wrang, why, there's mony a day left to fill wi' gude, brave deeds, and there's money as 'll gie ye th' hand o' welcome back. An' she'll be sae glad t' see ye; her hand has been lonesome for the touch o' ye, lad, and her eyes dim for th' sight o' ye; an' if ye'd been to th' mouth o' hell, her luv wad still be yours, lad. I ken, lad—I ken—because—I am a mother." A little breeze came in through the broken

pane of the window and set the strings of the old violin quivering. It stirred the folds of the China crape shawl, too. And still he stood with his head in his arms upon the counter: and still her voice sounded in his

"Don't ye ken that ye are her ain, lad, her ain,—and could she ever be happy wi'you awa' frae her? I ken weel how she looks wi' each step in the street, and wonders where her lad is. Gae home to her, lad, gae home this vera night!"

There was a tenderness in her voice, as

though she were pleading with her own boy, and in her own heart was the anguish of that other mother. The pent up love of her lonely heart was spending itself in the service of heart was spending itself in the service of this unknown son and mother. It found its way into the bewildered brain of the boy, bringing to him without his will all the ten-der home memories that he had striven against. He almost thought the hand his mother's; and the love in the voice might

K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the

NO. 17.

A Chinese Solomon.

"A poor man made his living by

for his trouble. The judge's wisdom was

recognized everywhere, and his judgment

The Middle Aged Woman.

It is the easiest thing in the world to

est thing in the world, says a recent writer,

later on, to dress suitably for that trying

period when autumn is just shading into

winter. If any woman wants to make a grandmother of herself (though I have never

found that woman yet), the problem is easy

enough, for there are endless suggestions for

the wearer of snowy locks and spectacles, bu

nation to dress in style, there are difficultie

"Wear dark, rich materials," the fashion plates vaguely advise, with that light-heart-

ed disregard for probabilities and pocket-books which distinguish them; and as to

what she shall do for rich materials if she

herself is not rich profound silence is ob-

It is safe to say that more middle-aged

leaf browns, which are so often far more be

Two Colossal Children.

The quaint little town of St. Nicholas,

lights in nursing a doll, which seems ludio

rously out of place and proportion in the arms of the young giantess. The couple are

attracting the attention of the country

round, and on fine days crowds of people

flock into the quiet little town in order to

catch a glimpse of these colossal children.

Nutrition and the Nerves.

enders and turquoise blues.

served.

Translated for the Literary Digest.

The Danish Norwegian paper Nordlyset New York, publishes this week an interest ing story, very characteristic of Chine. literature in general. It is entitled "The te young girl who had wept when she had ft one of the pieces,—the ring with the "I will do—what you say," he said. "I Stolen Onions." and selling white onions. He was a hard-working man, and his toil brought an extra

from her, and only said:
"I will take it, to get--to her. She will come and thank you—some day.

He raised her large, rough hand to his lips; and then he left the shop. But he did not see the faces in the crowded streets nor hear the noise of the great city, as he pushed on. he heard only the mother's voice whose tone had become almost lost to him in the discord And in the dim dingy street the shadows

deepened and the lamps were lighted; and amid the gloom and babble, behind the coun-

### Fruit for Health.

The approaching warm weather suggests questions of diet which control the general nealth and make or mar personal comfort to an enormous degree. What shall we eat or drink and what avoid to insure health, to increase the enjoyment of living, and to do caused the doors to be closed. He then this economically, without adding to our usual expense, is a question inviting enough

The way of life becomes very easy if we once divest ourselves of the ideas of extrava-gance and usage common to our condition. The only effective way to modify habits is to

Although fruit as a common article of diet is making great advances among us, its use is by no means as general as it might be. The reason why it has made such rapid strides is due in no small degree to our great need of it. The increased consumption of cereal foods containing starch in large quantities has promoted the use of drugs and less aperients to correct irregularity of habit. Ripe fruits provide us with a form of sugar which taxes the digestive organs least and a series of dilute acids of decided solvent action in the medium of nature's own distilling. No wonder so many cures

are claimed for food fruits. The common error of regarding fruits as too watery comes from a misconception of the use of water in the animal needs. Every one knows that the purity of water governs the degree of health we enjoy, and that water of suspicious or less good quality does not serve us so well. While water alone will not repair the body's waist, since it contains no food constituents for the formation tion, in a way not common in the pawnshop heart. The young man's face was haggard, of new bone and muscle, it can and does make the food we eat more effective, because good water improves our digestion and decreases the body of its effete matter by taking it through the excretory organs. The more we can do to feed rationally, by the use of as much raw vegetable substance, as fruits and salads, the less concern we shall

Eating every kind of fruit we can afford, in its season, and the dried fruits, like dates, figs and bananas, as reserves at all seasons of the year, three times a day, in the place of some of the forms of cereals, as to white bread and pie, will enable us to form new habits of diet of priceless value to comfort

that of gayety in dress. "Black, black, black!" mourned a fastidious foreigner from the capital of fashion at an assembly of midand health. Very much of the discomfort we suffer in dle-aged American men and women. "Do warm weather proceeds from the impaction of masses of undigested starchy matter deze not know it take ze young complexion?'
A mistaken belief that black is the kindes rived from soft bread, potatoes and pie. If of colors to faded face tints and gathering we must have these things every consumer crows' feet-in reality it is the most merc should see that they reach him in as finely less-leads the woman in her forties and fif divided a state as possible, and so cooked as to develop to the fullest extent the browned ties to neglect soft stone and navy blues dark reds and olive greens, the rich autumn

surface of breat crust and fried potatoes. A Vision of Heaven.

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE STORY OF A SCOTCE MOTHER AND CHILD. They sat together on the warm, sparkling and, the mother and the child. The tiny golden head nestled against the protecting reast, the wan face lit by the evening sun

the eyes were closed, and a smile parted the loodless lips. The maiden slept. The mother watched beside her sleeping child-and she, scarce more than child her self, murmured a mother's prayer, "Lord Jesus, save my little girl." Again and again she repeated it, "Save my little girl." Softly she drew the threadbare tartan shawl round the slender frame. Gentle as was the motion it roused the sleeper. The

great blue eyes opened. "Did I wake ye, Jeannie?" "No, no, mither, ye didna wake me; I woke my ainsel. I had a bonnie dream,

"Ay, dearie; what was it?" "Afore I went to sleep I was watchen' the ships wi' their white sails flittin' owre the water, an' I wondered whar they were a' gaun. I looked, an' looked, an' looked, an' hen I thought I was in a wee boatie, wi' white sails, too, mither. They said it was gaun to heav'n. The sky was black owre my heid, an' great waves tossed my boatie to an' fro. But far away the sun was glintin' on the water, an' there were steps of gowd gaun up, up, up. They said that was the way to heav'n. Is't soo, mither? Are ye list'nin'?"

"Aye, aye, Jeannie, I'm list'nin' to ye." "I sailed a lang, lang time. I came nearer an' nearer the steps. I was a'most there, mither. They said: 'Gae, Jeannie, an' ye'll no be tired ony mair.' I was gaun, but they said again: 'No, Jeannie, the next time "My wee lamb." The mother pressed the

Nervous exhaustion results especially from defective assimulation of food. Anything that affects the general nutrition of the body will injuriously affect the ner-Anything that affects the general nutrition of the body will injuriously affect the nervous system.

So long as the digestive organs are not in a healthy condition the process of building up of tissues and of removing wasted tissues from the system cannot go on as it should to insure health.

Whoever, therefore, is suffering from nervous debility must first of all do something that will restore the digestive organs to their normal condition. The great merit of Hawkers nerve and stomach tonic is that it brings about this important change, and restores healthy action to the digestive organs. It effect upon the nervous system is very marked. The person taking a course of this remedy according to directions and with a due regard to regular habits will regain lost appetite, food will be digested without distress, restful sleep will be enjoyed, the nerves invigorated and health fully restored. These are not idle words. The happy experience of thousands is behind them. Be advised, therefore, and if your system is out of order secure a supply of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic.

It is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 ots. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) St. John, N. B., and New York City. "The next time." The sun set in crimson glory over the sands and sea; heavy purple night-clouds overshadowed the earth. Ere the glory oversnatowet the earth. He are goody faded the little maiden was far away on her journey up the golden stairs. Still the mother watched and prayed: "Lord Jesus, save my little girl."

The Truth Ought to be Known.

Rev. T. Dunlop, Alliston, Ont.: "Your K. D. C. has done all it claims to do. Two members of my family have been wonderfully helped, though, so far, they have used but one package. This is the first testimonial I have given to any remedy, but the truth ought to be known."

Old men and women, young men and maidens should test our wonderful remedies. They prevent indigestion and cure dyspepsia. Samples free to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

—It is very hard for one who never does anything but with an eye to what he can make out of it, to believe that there are other people actuated by higher motives.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER,

SOLICITOR!

IONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companie

THE TERRORS OF DYSPEPSIA

A DISEASE THAT MAKES THE LIFE OF ITS

HOPE FOR THOSE SIMILARLY AFFECTED

fine crop. One year, when his field was particularly rich in large and excellent onions, he brought his cot-bed out into it, that he might sleep at night on his field and protect his property against thieves. A few nights' experience showed him that no for Pale People. It was Mrs. Wood who therefore, gave up sleeping out-doors, but left his cot bed behind him as a precaution, as he thought. In the morning he found all when the newspaper man made known his mission she said, "Yes I can give you a his onions gone. In sorrow and consternation he ran to the nearest justice and made known the robbery. The judge demanded that he should bring either the thieves or save my life, they at all events rele witnesses. The poor man, unable to do so, explained that only his cot-bed had been left; nothing else was there to bear witness against any thief. The judge ordered the more than a year, but all the time was grow ing steadily worse. The medicine cot-bed brought into court. This was done. As the cot gave no answer to the questions put to it, the judge ordered that it be beaten ture was worse than useless for it did me no good. Then my husband thought as I was for "contempt of court." At this the attendants at court and spectators began to laugh something else, as they felt that unless a loudly. The merriment rose to an uproar sentenced each to pay one pound of onions, ting into me. I then tried a number of med and to arrest until the payment was made. icines recommended for dyspepsia, but none of them brought the hoped for relief. We allowed to go out and buy onions with which to pay his fine, the poor gardener was called achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I determined to give them a trial. I got a in, and requested by the judge to examine the onions, to determine, if he could, if any supply and before the second box was gone I found myself getting better. I continued of them were from his garden. He declared that undoubtedly most of them came from the use of the pills until I had taken eleven his field. As they nearly all had been bought from the same dealer, the judge issued a warrant for the arrest of that dealer. a couple of years ago, and I have not now the least sign of dyspepsia." Mrs. Wood fur-ther said that her husband had been a victim At first the thief denied his guilt, but soon sed. He was condemned to be flogged, of kidney trouble for a long time and had and all the onions paid as a fine were given taken a great deal of medicine for its cure to the gardener, who was thus richly paid but to no avail. When it was seen that

> from his complaint, and he attributed all to the use of Pink Pils and would not be without them in the house. Messrs. Stott & Jury informed the News that Pink Pills have an enormous sale They have handled Pink Pills for years and say that they cannot recall a single in which a customer came back and said they were not perfectly satisfied with the results. This is certainly a remarkable record, but then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remarkable medicine, and cures when other med

Pink Pills were doing his wife so much good,

Mr. Wood determined to try them, and they

acted like a charm as he is now entirely free

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a

box, or six boxes for \$1.50.

A Hint About Photograph "My Aunt Alice had her photograp taken the other day," said the young lady, rhotograph after 40 is apt to come as a sort of shock. It is so uncompromising—at least the proofs are sure to be before the skilful artist has "touched them up." It was the

proofs that disgusted Auat Alice.
"If I look like that woman," said she holding them at arm's length, "then the fewer counterfeit presentments of me in existence the better. I have always said that no one should be photographed after 50, and I never should have consented only Jack coming than the perennial blacks and grays.
Of course, harsh striking scarlets, purples west with him. Better leave well enough alone and send down my portait there to posterity." This with a rather conscious rose pinks, and bright greens are manifestly unsuited to the period of the sere and yellow leaf; the colors selected should be either plance at the beautifully executed painting of a fair young matron in the prime of he beauty, for Aunt Alice has been a beauty deep or delicate garnets and olives, or else and a toast, and one cannot wonder that she is annoyed at such an unpleasant reminder of the flight of time.

"Come with me to the photographer's, aunt," I pleaded, "and let me pose you and East Flanders, boasts the possession of two children of such extraordinary abnormal arrange things, and I promise you if you are not pleased with the proofs we will never growth as to put completely in the shade all similar infant prodigies of the past or pre-sent. These Brobdignagian youngsters are boy and girl. The older, Master Clement ention the subject to you again." It took a little urging to get her consent, but Jack and finally our joint entreaties prevailed, and I cerried her off in triumph. We went edst, is fifteen years of age and weighs no less than 420 pounds; the circumference of his body is six feet six inches; he measures to a younger photographer, one more open to suggestions than the one she had first chosen, and who had made the great mistake of thirty-six inches around the leg and twenty-eight inches around the arm. His sister, proceeding which resulted in a large head of the sitter. Few faces over 40 will stand this Bertha, is eight years old, and turns the scale at 224 pounds. In spite of their dimensions their activity is remarkable, for test. I wheedled this young and progressive photographer into doing just what I wanted, and he gave us a "small head on a carte de they trip and skip about with all the agility of other children of an equal age. It is an astonishing sight to see these infant mounvisite." We had a light background, and tains of humanity romping about in country lanes with other children of the village. Aunt Alice wore a particularly becoming One would imagine them to be the offspring ing. Wrinkles disappeared as if by magic, and the straight, beautiful features and of a race of giants, so high do they tower over the heads of their little playfellows. pretty, wavy white hair made a most pleas Their appearance is interesting, both having ing picture. Aunt Alice had to confess that she was satisfied.—N. Y. Tribune. extremely handsome and regular features. Bertha, like other girls of tender years, de-

You've no idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs
of the people who feel all tired out or run
down from any cause. It seems to oil up the
whole mechanism of the body so that all
moves smoothly and work becomes delight.
If you are weak, tired and nervous, Hood's
Sarsaparilla is just what you need. Try it.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation iliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indi

The Longest Words. Below are the nine longest words in the English language at the present writing:

Anthropophagenenarian, Disproportionableness, Velocipedestrianistical. Transsubstantiationablen

—Alex. Stephen, senr., Esq., of Halifax, says: I suffered some time with Asthma and Bronchitis, accompanied with great nervous exhaustion; and after using three bottles of Puttner's Emulsion was completely revived, and am to-day perfectly free from either Asthma or Bronchitis, and my nervous system much invigorated.

—The man who worries over his surround-ings would not cease to worry if his surround-ings were changed. The change that is needed is in the man, not in his surround-