

## NEW WALL PAPERS!

Here we are again with a larger stock than ever of new and leading designs in WALL PAPERS.

I buy direct from the largest mills in Canada, and in large quantities, and CAN QUOTE YOU VERY REASONABLE PRICES.

I have another large shipment to arrive Feb. 1st.

WRITE, CALL or PHONE and I will show samples in any part of the country.

**F. B. BISHOP, Lawrencetown**  
Cream Separators always in stock.

## Good Seeds

Are of First Importance to the Farmer.

Our stock of Field and Garden Seeds is now complete:-

Timothy, Red Alsike, White and Alfalfa Clover, Brown Top, Mangle, Sugar Beet, Turnip, Carrot, Cabbage, Parsnip, Corn, Peas, Beans, etc.

Vitriol, Paris Green, Sulphur for spraying.

Granville Street **C. L. PIGGOTT, N. S.**

## T. J. MARSHALL CUSTOM TAILOR

Is prepared to take your order for a new SPRING SUIT OR OVERCOAT. A fine line of materials to select from.

Cleaning and Pressing neatly executed.

SHAFNER BUILDING, Queen Street

## Mid-Summer Sale

OF

## OXFORDS.

Mens'  
Boys.  
Youths'

Womens'  
Misses'  
Childrens'

**E. S. PIGGOTT**

## Amusement Blended With Education

KEEP AUGUST 30  
TO SEPTEMBER 7  
For Halifax  
Fair.

## AT THE Provincial Exhibition. DAILY AIRSHIP TRIPS From the Exposition Grounds.

The vaudeville program at the Big Nova Scotia Fair will be A. 1 and at the same time the

### Regular Exposition Features

of the Great Exhibition will be up to the high standard hitherto set. There will be speed competitions on the seven days of the fair for prizes aggregating \$6,200. The exhibition premiums total \$20,000.

Goodale's Airship Trips will be made daily, and besides, there will be seven great vaudeville acts for the grand stand.

M. McF. HALL, Manager and Secretary.

## The Monitor Wedding Stationery

will suit the most fastidious of brides. Correct in style, excellent in workmanship. Old English Wedding Text, Imperial Script, Tiffany Script on smooth or kid finish stationery. Ask for samples.

## Are You One of the "Let Lives?"

"I should say you are a 'let-live'," commented Molly, the little stenographer lady, after a remark from the man-who-thinks.

"And what might that be?" inquired the man-who-thinks. "I'm afraid I'm not, for it's a new one to me, Molly."

"Why, hasn't the lady ever told you about her let-live club?" questioned Molly, in surprise. "Big sister, I'm surprised at you. Go ahead and tell them right now."

"It is queer that I haven't before," said the lady-who-always-knows-somewhat. "Well, it's this way:-"

"When I was first married we moved to R— R— is one of those prim little old-fashioned towns where everybody knows everybody else. Across the street from me lived a dear little woman with three adorable children. She was one of the sweetest, most kind-hearted and self-forgetful little women I ever knew, and I took to her at once and apparently she did to me."

"We were great friends for several weeks, and then one day a caller said to me: 'My dear, you are so intimate with Mrs. R— I've been wondering if you knew about her. You see, my dear—and then followed the old, old story of a girl who had loved 'not wisely but too well.'"

"She didn't remember to tell the sequel of a woman whose brave efforts to live her past down had been constantly frustrated by happier women, but I could tell that to myself. 'I knew my friend was now a good and honorable woman, altogether far more worth knowing than most of the women who enjoyed telling this cruel bit of gossip about her, and I meant this shouldn't make the slightest difference in our friendship.'"

"But, of course, the next time I saw her I couldn't help thinking about it—that's the worst about hearing these things, you can't help thinking about them."

"I certainly never meant to show it. I tried as hard as I knew not to, but evidently some sixth sense of her's was prenatally sharpened by suffering, for she hadn't been with me five minutes before she said suddenly: 'You know, they've told you. You can't be the same any more.'"

"I couldn't deny that. I knew, but of course, I told her as warmly as I could that it didn't make any difference at all."

"She simply broke down and cried. 'It can't help but make a difference,' she said. 'You are sweet not to want it, but you can't help thinking about it. And it was so beautiful to have you not know and treat me just like other people. I was afraid every time I saw you it would be different. They tell everyone, you know, and then they look at me that way. It's my punishment, and, of course, I deserve it, but sometimes it seems as if I could not stand it.'"

"Well, my husband's business changed and we had to move from R— about two months later. During that time we both tried to be the same, but there was a feeling of constraint. I always felt afterward that if I had been there right along and had time enough I could have brought things back the way they were at first, and been real close friends, for I never saw a woman I admired or liked better. But, you see I didn't have the chance."

"I suppose you see what all this has to do with the 'let-lives.' It came over me that Mrs. L. was only one of a great many people who've made mistakes or sinned in some way in their early lives, and who are tied for a lifetime to their sins by people's cruelty. So I simply made myself a promise that I'd never under any condition pass along anything like this about any man or woman who was trying to live it down, and that I'd try to make as many others as I could see it that way."

"Molly called it a club. Well, it is a sort of big silent club, with no meetings or dues or anything like that. Your only obligations are to make this promise, and also to promise to tell anyone else about it when ever you can, and give them a chance to join."

"Molly," said the man-who-thinks, "I said I didn't belong, but I do right from this minute."

"Lady," said the wants-to-be-cynic, who had listened without one flippant interruption—a record for him. "Me, too, please."

N. B.—The lady-who-always-knows-somewhat wants me to extend her invitation to belong to the 'let-lives' to you, if you aren't already a member.—Ruth Cameron.

All reports from the West indicate a bumper harvest, estimated at 200,000,000 bushels. The work of cutting, threshing and garnering has begun.

Keep your mind on the task before you. Many a man finds disaster in day dreams.



## Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached

Not Blended

### C. P. R. May Never

Take D. A. R. Over

The taking over of the D. A. R. by the C. P. R., an event which was looked upon as one of great importance to Nova Scotia, is evidently still as remote as ever. Sometimes a rumor appears that the road will be taken over very shortly; at other times the report has it that it will never be taken over. Mr. Murphy, general superintendent of transportation for the D. A. R. was in St. John recently on a trip of inspection. He was interviewed in regard to the probable date when the D. A. R. would be taken over by the C. P. R.

Mr. Murphy said that it would be some time, if ever, before the C. P. R. undertook the active operation of the road. He pointed out that the break between St. John and Digby is a missing link which would make it very difficult to operate the Nova Scotia line as an integral part of the system.

Regarding the suggestion that a car ferry might be established between the two ports, Mr. Murphy remarked that although it might be possible to do almost anything in these days, the rise and fall of the tide on the coast and the weather conditions would not make the plan particularly feasible.

### For Aged People

Old Folks Should be Careful in Their Selection of Regulative Medicine

We have a safe, dependable and altogether ideal remedy that is particularly adapted to the requirements of aged people and persons of weak constitutions who suffer from constipation or other bowel disorders. We are so certain that it will relieve these complaints and give absolute satisfaction in every particular that we offer it with our personal guarantee that it shall cost the user nothing if it fails to substantiate our claims. This remedy is called Rexall Orderlies.

Rexall Orderlies have a soothing, healing, strengthening, tonic and regenerative action upon the bowels. They remove all irritation, dryness, soreness and weakness. They restore the bowels and associate organs to more vigorous and healthy activity. They are eaten like candy, may be taken at any time without inconvenience, do not cause griping, nausea, diarrhoea, excessive looseness, flatulence or other disagreeable effect. Price twenty-five and ten cents. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store, W.A. Warren.

Whisper, my dear. A dressmaker whom I know just came back from a trip to Paris. "To think that American women are still wearing those abominable tight skirts," she said. "Why they dropped them long ago in Paris. They say they are ugly and impossible. I suppose you people will realize that in a year or two." What matter if my previous arguments against tight gowns have fallen flat? Surely I have an answerable one in that.—Ruth Cameron.

It is common knowledge that wasp-dung is wasted with. The mind that goes wool-gathering returns empty.

### Woman Owns \$250,000 Dairy Farm, and Makes \$12,000 Income Yearly

Gives up Life of Luxurious Society Pleasures to Arise at three a.m. and Milk the Cows; Now Milk from Crab Tree Farm is Famous.

A woman can start and build up a large dairy farm, actually attend to all its details, compete with men and win success.

Mrs. Scott Durand has proved it. Her Crab Tree Farm, near Lake Forest, Illinois, is famous. Crab Tree Farm milk is served in "cute little jugs" on dining cars and at many restaurants. Mrs. Durand designed the jugs herself.

Seven years ago Mrs. Durand was a Chicago society woman, wealthy and untried with luxury and functions. Through club activity she became interested in the public supply—especially for the congested districts. She knew nothing about dairying—but bought a farm—two hundred and eighty acres—and proceeded to find out. She paid \$447 an acre. Last year she refused \$250,000—twice what it cost—for Crab Tree farm.

SHE IS NETTING \$12,000 A YEAR.

Mrs. Durand says she is netting \$12,000 a year from her farm. In seven years she has doubled its capacity and learned the dairy business in all its phases. A model group of dairy farm buildings, of reinforced concrete, lighted and heated by electricity, is now under way.

Mrs. Durand, garbed in a cool comfortable and simple summer frock, a big sun hat tied down over her face, was standing near the farm house in earnest conversation with a group of men when a reporter found her.

"I was discussing the plans for my new buildings," she explained. "There are so many details to see to—just how I want things laid out. Over there I'm going to keep my little calves. I know all about calves and just what they want. And I have been puzzled about my alfalfa field, to the north."

She was bubbling over with plans. "Nothing goes on without me here. I have a hand in everything," she said. "Why I've been my own herdsman, taken personal care of the cows and the milk. For years I got up at three o'clock every morning to work about this place."

KNOWS BUSINESS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM.

"That's how I learned the dairy business. Now I know it from top to bottom."

"I don't believe in 'gentlemen farmers' at all—the sort that are bored to live on their places. They pursue the dairy business as a fad, hiring a superintendent and plenty of help and buying expensive equipment. They are a detriment to legitimate dairying and are the real cause of exorbitant milk prices."

Mrs. Durand and her husband recently visited scores of fine dairies in Europe, getting ideas for Crab Tree farm. She purchased abroad forty-two blooded Guernsey and Alderney

May be the dough had forgotten to rise.  
Or had risen quickly overnight and fallen again—  
To rise nevermore.  
Twas weak flour, of course.  
Meaning weak in gluten.  
But FIVE ROSES is strong, unusually strong.  
With that glutinous strength which compels it to rise to your surprised delight.  
Stays risen too.  
Being coherent, elastic.  
And the dough feels springy under your hand.  
Squeaks and cracks as you work it.  
Feel the feel of a FIVE ROSES dough.  
Note the wonderful smooth texture—soft—velvety.  
Great is the bread born of such dough—  
Your dough!  
Try this good flour.

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### Jumped From Fast

Moving Train

Man From Amherst Did not Want to Miss the Boat for Boston.

Truro, July 14.—There was brought into Truro on No. Two train this afternoon a man belonging to Campbellton, whose name is Roger Carmody or Carmichael, who was travelling from Amherst to Boston via Halifax. He had been asleep and woke up while the train was passing Folly Lake at a speed of about twenty miles an hour. The track runs close to the lake-side, and jumping up he ran to the platform and leaped off. The train was stopped and a search made. The man was found near the track bruised and cut, but not seriously injured. On being questioned as to his motive, he explained that he didn't want to miss the Boston boat.

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## NEW FIRM! NEW PRICES!



Call at R. ALLEN CROWE'S old stand and get prices on Stoves, Ranges and Kitchen Furnishings.

Special prices quoted on all PLUMBING GOODS for the next THIRTY DAYS.

**Crowe Elliott Co., Limited, Bridgetown, N. S.**

Phone 1 ring 2.

Successors to R. Allen Crowe.