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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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plans may have failed, the stronger and better phoenix rises from the ashes. The chief factor in success undoubtedly (** 4** 2** p. making close connections at Yasmouth will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and (**). The chief factor in success undoubtedly (**) at 2** p.m., making close connections at Yasmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast

We also have some big bargains in other makes, both

the hardened block pin which prevents

the chainless models and the combined

Bridgetown, N. S.

y happens. That which we plan for

and feel that we almost have a right

to expect often disappoints us, just as

the evils we dread and wear ourselves

out in fretting over generally never happen. Good luck and bad luck, happiness and sorrow, are all apt to

and have apparently nothing to do

with our planning. This realization of

abortive striving might paralyze effort

nan finds his failures are only step-

oing stones, after all, to better devel-

pment, and, although his original

plans may have failed, the stronger

is not to become despondent, and not

to lose courage. It is a long lane

that has no turning, and sooner or

later the opportunity comes if we only

have the patience and courage to wait

for it. A great financier in England

three times, and at fifty was forced to go into hiding from his creditors.

That he honorably discharged his

debts and died a very rich man was

of never knowing when he is beaten.

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Agents,

WEDNESDAY

VOL. 28.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1900.

Poetry.

Waiting for Mother. The old man sits in his easy chair, Slumbering the moments away, who breaming a dream that is all his own, On this gladsome peaceful day. His children have gathered from far

near,
His children's children beside—
And merry voices are echoing through
The "The homestead's" hall so wide. But far away in the years that have flown Grandfather lives again;
And his heart forgets that he ever knew
A shadow of grief or pain.
For he sees his wife as he saw her then—A matron comely and fair;
With her children gathered around her board.

On ! happy the days of the "Auld Lang Of the years long slipped away!

And the old man's lips have gathered And the oid many of anile,
amile,
And his heart grows young and gay.
But a kiss falls gently upon his brow
From his daughter's lips so true;
"Dinner is ready, and, father dear,
We are only waiting for you."

The old man wakes at his daughter's call, !
And he looks at the table near—
"There's one of us missing, my child," he We will wait till mother is here. There are tears in the eyes of his children As they gaze on an empty chair; For many a lonely year has passed. Since "mother" sat with them there.

But the old man pleads still wistfully But the old man pleade still wistfully:
"We must wait for mother, you know!"
And they let him rest in the old arm chair
Till the sun at last sinks low;
Then leaving a smile for the children here,
He turns from the earth away,
And had gone to "mother" beyond the
skies. Wite the close of the quiet day. 'Nough For Me.

(James Foley, Jr., in Bismark Tribune.) "Sometimes I think I'll thrash him, good, He needs it bad, I'm sure, An' sometimes—well, I b'lleve I would 'N then I can'tendure I' tech th' musin' little kid, For when he smiles. y' see, He looks jes' like his mother did, An' that's enough for me.

I guess a hundred times or more
I've taken him inside
T' bedroom there, an' closed th' door
An' tried an' tried an' tried
T' bring myself to strike him, onct,
Jes' onct—an' then I see
His mother's smile on his wet face,
An' that's enough for me. An' that's enough for me.

First thing I know I'm sittin' there Pettin' th' little chap,
An' strokin' of his curly hair,
Holdin' him in my lap,
An' dreamin' of her—seeing her
Jes' as she used to be,
An' somethin' makes my eyes t' blur
An' me cry silently.

He's got the same prown cycs and An' the same silky hair,
An' the same silky hair,
Looks so like her, the little lad
That—well, I jes' don' dare
Te lay a finger rough on him,
'T'd almos' seem as though
I was a' bein harsh to her.
An' so I let him go.

He ain't a bad boy—no, he ain't,
Jes' mischievous, that's all.
In all his make-up th' ain't a taint
O' meanness—an' I call
T' mind when things she used to do
Exactly as he does,
I thought was jes' the cutest an'
'Th, dearest ever was. the evils we dread and wear ourselves out in fretting over generally never happen. Good luck and bad luck, happiness and sorrow, are all apt to come out of a clear sky, so to speak, and have apparently nothing to do and have apparently nothing

T' hire me t' tech him. with our planning. This realization of abortive striving might paralyze effort were it not for the fact that energy in one direction produces results in another; that is, an active, resolute man finds his failures are only step-

Select Ziterature.

No Room for Him, By ETHEL F. HEDDLE,

"I think you'd better tell him, Hugh." " I don't see that. You can tell him your

whose success came late in life failed only due to the Briton's characteristic

ogg detown and Vicinity
he Tailoring business
by C. McLellan, we
ing Establishment
manteed as to fit and worket our new stock. Tyke and
on hand.

MARSHALL

Granyille Street.

**Granyille Street.

**The Tailoring business
by C. McLellan, we
have been succeeded the street of the state o

at last, and suddenly got up, feeling rather sweeping cloak, "but it don't seem right! office. What is the meaning of this Marke?" at last, and suddenly got up, feeling rather faint and dizzy, as the solemn boom [of Big Bsn striking one seemed to fall upon his ear with a crashing stroke. At one o'clock punctually, Marks always went for his coffee and bread and butter to one of the nearest "A. B C's.': afterwards, for the little time left, he was wont to stroll into one of the to be? No one wants me. There isn't any lock. What is the meaning of this Markes?" He pointed to the broom in trembling indignation. "I—I was getting on in years, you see, sir," Marks said apologetically, "and a ratepayer's bread! There must be somewithing I can do, and yet there doesn't seem to be? No one wants me. There isn't any lock. Mr. Northcote. I did indeed; but of

the chief one was to go out every Saturday afteroon to Upper Tooting. His daughter Ella was married to a city clerk and lived there, and there were four rosy, happy children, to whom Marks/carried every week a little present. Ella and her husband were in rather straitened circumstances and the old man knew this. It was quite wonder-In rather straitened circumstances and the old man knew this. It was quite wonderful, Ella often thought, how he seemed to guess the little things she needed, and how he managed to bring them with him in his often though.

were very bad, and his coat was thin. His not dwell now upon the long wearly tramps, overcost had had to go,—so—had a great many other things,—and the keen December wind seemed to shake him through and through.

agad to make his little income last as he did, was often her wonder; "but father was such a careful, unselfish old man,"

As Marks walked down the street to day, everything seemed to strike him with a new aspect. Hitherto he had felt himself a useful atom of the mighty city, part of its commerce, and its progress, and its workmen, and its power. He earned his bread here in London; he could hold his head up with the best. Money is power, and it was so sweet to know that he could help his daughter and her ohildren. Today it was all changed. He felt suddenly as if he had stepped out of the busy throng; his place now would know him no more. He looked with a kind of scared glance at the ragged woman who was offering matches to a passer. There was a little don't matter much to me!" he said to hood; today, neither had he. The thought | and if I died to-night, I 'avn't much to leave his usual lunch, mechanically, too, from the sharp-featured, weary young woman in the black gown, whose eyes had a way of soften-

ing a little as she attended to Marks. He Mark's brain, and he bent over and whis. the lawyer's horror, he suddenly broke down was always so civil and courteous, and thanked her so gratefully for her attention, The other started, and ga that she always felt less tired after he had lile laugh before he let his head fall against to Upper Tooting," he was understood t left the shop. Yet he almost started in the middle of his lanch to-day, murmuring to said, "I'm very willing! you can take your children toys again! It locan't sound as if himself he had no business to be taking it ! | chance! But it's a turning up, ain' it!" A glass of milk would have been cheaper. And then presently the ambulance came, and then he wandered out into the suushine and the crowd dispersed, and no one seemed I tail came true, however, as beautiful and again. It was so strange to have a holiday to notice that an old man in a shabby and miraculous things have a way, sometimes, in the middle of the week. He felt that he very shiny coat, with white hair fluttering of coming true, even in this sad world. had no right to it, that he was a culprit, feebly in the breeze, was left standing by Marks went out to Upper Tooting in a new somehow he had stolen it. Presently he found himself before the Houses of Parliacrossing sweeper's new broom in his hand. ment, with the beautiful towers—they seem to be flecked with gold today—rising into everywhere, and the busy rush of new life, the crossing. the beginning of the mighty tide and flow of fashion and wealth, which one seems to feel in the air at the dawn of the London season. He wandered round and looked at the statues. Beaconsefild's strange face seemed to curious patronymic with most people, but to But the whole story Ella never knew, and

look down sardonically upon his faded primrose wreath. "He went on working till

Mr. Marks showed a curious amiability. she will never know. She will never know. Who swept the crossing in Parliament Street.

Perhaps it was his gentle manner, modest

How father thinks it would orders her too. ed to himself. "And so did Gladstone! Lord! he was Prime Minister when he was over eighty! And there was Tennyson, too, writing his loveliest poems up to the last! have been a lot of work in me yet, and no-body ever yet found fault. No, not in thirty-five years. I thought they'd have let me go on at the office till the very end, with even just a little salary; I'd have been more careful, if I'd not thought that. I could have done without a joint so often—

asys dreary lac, shade all. We all the little salary; a good barlyagging from the business that goes in for the ruination of governor," and sulked the whole day after your boots; but he just looks at me as if he they heard of his "ridiculous provision" for doesn't 'ear, and off he goes. Out in all could have done without a pint so often—
could have taken milk at lunch—I have

weathers, too, I sees, and 'im and old man,
say!" Basil muttered; and he was so cast
down by the unexpected drain on the Northreally been extravagant!" and poor,
Marks leaned against the railings, suddenly clasping his hands in a kind of nervous wrath with himself. "Now I must

of the hyacinths, with a kind of sad delight; and then somehow or other he drifted home, extravagance to take the 'bus at St. Martin'f

church as of old.

O. T. DANIELS BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUDITO TO. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

I told them you were always to be in the

left, he was wont to stroll into one of the "Meccas" to watch the others play chess.

His scheme of life was very simple; it consisted chiefly of work for Marks met work. sisted chiefly of work, for Marks was most or license, as it were, that when there seem. One gentleman told me his office was not a useful, and people had a way of giving him odd jobs to do—he was always so goodnatured. But he had his pleasures too, and the chief one was to go out every Saturday aftercon to Unper Tooling. His daughter

he managed to bring them with him in his pocket. "No such fish as in the city," he would say; "no such fruit!" How, he managed to make his little income last as he did, was often her wonder; "but father was such stinging want than a pain. And to think stringing want than a pain. And

offering matches to a passer. There was a kind of terror to him today in the sight. He "It don't matter much to me!" he said to lawyer called. His communication, and to the more than the said to lawyer called. had always bought his matches from this poor woman; she had no sure means of liveliarm, "for I adn't much strength left in me, cote, senior, had invested the sum of two came like an adder sting. He went into the in my will, savin' my broom—and that's a name; he would have the interest to live "A. B. C." shop mechanically, and ordered good one, for I bought it yesterday? Any-

It was as if a sudden flash of light illumined news with widely open eyes, and then, to The other started, and gave a kind of sen

III. hawk, was a good lady who lived up to her become. deal to know what his work is," she would he is as good as a nurse for the children.

remark to some of her friends; "I've asked And in conclusion I have pleasure in

The chief thing was, that by reason of the of it! crossing he was able to make enough to me, and it's hard enough to make things do, as it is, at Upper Tooting."

He wandered away then round the square, observing the flaunting tulips in the plots, and the sweet pinks and white spiky stems of the hyacinths, with a kind of said delight. not tell Ella, for she'd be offering to support

now and said she really could not think why ant announcement regarding the governhe had changed "to such an outlandish ment's South African policy. walking because it would be sheer reckless place," and she thought his foot must surely The weeks passed, and for a little Marks

It was passed, Challenger to little Marks

walked into the outer room with a faint shrug, and marched straight up to where an old clerk, white-haired, and with a grey, furrowed face, which was all a fine network of wrinkles, was bending over a heavy ledger,

Money to Loan on First-Class

thousand pounds at five per cent. in Marks'

and hid his face in his hands. "I'll be able to go out on Saturdays again

Mark's landlady, by name Mrs. Sparrow- and thin he was, and how very old he had Mr. Marks showed a curious amiability. she will never know. She will never know and courteous, against which even a Spar Her father thinks it would grieve her too rowhawk was not proof; perhaps it was the regularity of his small payment for his one and vigor at Upper Tooting, where he lives tiny attic room. Yes Mr. Marks puzzled how. He calls himself "an idle old man," his landlady a good deal. "I'd give a good but he is a very happy old man. Ella says

Salisbury Says Never Again

Lord Salisbury, who was entertained as

'Some have used my name,' said the prem be healed by this time? To which her father sent tremulously evasive answers. He really dared not go to Upper Tooting, even tion of territory, no annexation of gold fields. if he could afford the farcs. It would never do for Ella to see his present clothes!

I never gave a pledge. I never meant to give a pledge. (Loud cheers). I stated a simple It was nearly Christmas by this time and historical fact. We were accused of going The weeks passed, and for a little Marks
The younger brother moved away to his
own table, and began biting his pen sulkily.
Of the two, perhaps, he had the stronger
will; he had certainly the worst temper, and
the greater command of strong language.
Remembering these thing, Basil Northcote
walked into the outer room with a faint
sorbed that her eyes were not so keen as

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mouth.

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