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We would be glad to talk with you about that pump you are going to put in after haying.

We have a good stock of the celebrated Myers Pumps of all kind -- both house and barn pumps.

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PER 3 CENT This interest is compounded every half year, and added to the principal. This soon amounts up.

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Thirty-Four Branches in Nova Scotia.

DARING DEEDS BY TWO MEN OF ADVENTURE.

One Purloined a Battleship and the Other Did About Everything Else--Operations Carried Them Over Many Seas and Three Continents.

The first fire of a new army has been lighted; the world has a new fighting force of "The Lost Legion." The Legion of Frontiersmen, says the London Sketch, have made their first bivouac, not, indeed, as they would have wished it, under a sky reddened by the glare of battle, but that they might notify in time of peace that they will be ready in time of strife. They are becoming an arm of imperial defence, and they aim at being the intelligence branch of the service when the god of war calls for sacrifice. They represent the true frontiersmen, men who have worked, hunted or fought in wild countries or at sea, the brotherhood of the camps, Guerilla tactics are second nature to them; and so it is that they will act as guides, scouts, pioneers and mobile forces for raiding. Wherever their numbers are sufficient they will have a command.

Typical of all are their founder and honorary secretary, Frontiersman Roger Pocock and the London correspondent, Mr. De Hora. Both are keen adventurers--we use the word in its older sense, deprecating the fashion that has distorted the term into meaning some form of skunk. Frontiersman Pocock has been many things. He was clerk in the cable service, a laborer on a fruit farm and a general farm in Ontario, insurance clerk, survey hand, "boots" in a hotel or navies, milkman's book-keeper, log hauler, railroad navvy, book agent, peddler of photographs, dairyman and trooper in the Northwest police--all in two years. While trooper he took part in the forced march of forty-two miles a day for seven days from Regina to Prince Albert, in a vain endeavor to prevent the Northwest rebellion; but it was not his fortune to finish, save under the R.D. Cross. Half way he was frozen and so was invalided with a pension.

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2 1/2 OZ. BOTTLE TRIAL SIZE 10¢

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UNITED STATES AND JAPAN IN NEXT GREAT STRUGGLE.

The capture of Japanese spies, taking photographs of the fortifications at Newport, last week, has set army, navy and financial circles as well, talking of the startling prophecy made at the close of the war in the far East by an influential Russian magazine. "The next great war," ran the Russian prophecy, "will be between the United States and Japan."

Two months ago the agents of the American government, up in the frozen north, shot down the Japanese mail pouches; then came the Newport incident.

BECAME RIVALS. Not many years ago the legions of Uncle Sam swept back to inglorious defeat the soldiers of old Castile. Then, when they saw that all hope of preserving their empire was lost, the Spaniards sued for peace and gave into the possession of the United States the Philippine Islands.

Soon afterwards the Japs found themselves engaged in a war with the Russian bear and they seized several provinces on the mainland as trophies to their triumphal arms.

Across the waters that wash the shores of Japan, and a little to the south, in the Philippine Islands, they are but a day's sail from the land of the Mikado and there is no portion of the world more lovely to his eyes.

While the great nations of Europe were sleeping in contentment on their arms and were each watching the other like bull dogs in leash, the little yellow man of the east was becoming powerful, and emissaries from their armies had the entire into some of the most exclusive military clubs on the continent and in this country. Their little black eyes watched intently how the armies were mobilized and drilled and they sent lengthy despatches to their native land of all they saw. Their armies became wonderful machines and after the Russian war the nations of the world awoke with a shock. Another world power was born almost in a day. Henceforth the Japs would have to be dealt with in matters of international importance.

WATCHING THE PLAY. About this time the statesmen of the world over and the great bankers of Europe and the United States, who, after all, supply the wherewithal to make war possible, began to look about them so as to fortify if possible what the next move on the international checker board would be. They had just witnessed the dawn of new eras in regard to two great powers. The Japs had extended their dominions in eastern Europe and the United States had acquired posses-

sions in the far east. Both were growing in manes glorying in the strength of their recent conquests, and both had by a strange fatality become neighbors.

Then the statesmen saw something else. If Japan were to become bigger she would naturally like to become the possessor of the Philippines. These islands then would likely become the next bone of contention, and now the diplomatic world is awaiting to see if its judgment will prove correct.

Although to the casual observer, unskilled in the ways of nations, all seems as merry as a wedding bell, the secret agents of the two governments are hard at work and the military strength of the leaders of the front are constantly compared, each by the other. There is nothing of any importance pertaining to the military life of this country that is not called the land of peach blossoms.

RECORDS CAREFULLY KEPT. And within the confines of the war offices at Tokio are rooms whose thresholds are crossed only by the select. Here little yellow men who have become bent and aged in the service and whose integrity is beyond dispute are trained to speak in whispers and to pore over papers and maps of vital interest.

These men know the secrets of nations and their lips are sealed. Each one in his own heart, fondly cherishes the new ideal set up by their conquering armies.

They are constantly receiving messages from far over the seas which are catalogued and filed away to be opened "in case of war only."

And it is feared at Washington that more maps and diagrams of the United States fortresses find their way into the hands of the Japanese spies than to those of any other nation.

HUSTLE THEM AWAY. But America is not resting on its former glory by any means. Constant preparations are being made and the Flower Kingdom is closely watched. Many of their spies are known and are constantly given passports and hustled from the country. These have increased at an alarming rate during the past year so that now the most strenuous efforts are being made to locate them and to drive them away.

When the officials of this nation watched the suspects last week they were introduced to a new method of obtaining photographs of fortresses. Attention was first attracted to them by their suspicious movements in seeking the highest points of land

whose business it was to capture food supplies, and in the National Scouts. His most recent expedition was up the west coast of Greenland.

Mr. De Hora, the well known mining engineer, who was born on a stock ranch in California and brought up as a cowboy, has a unique record in that at the early age of three and twenty he stole a battleship. He had been before the mast, peering in the south seas, and, scenting further adventure, he threw his lot with a revolutionary leader, and, aided by a boat's crew speedily gathered together, contrived to steal the war vessel Huescar from Peru.

In her he committed piracy on the high seas by stopping a British tramp steamer, with the result that he had to fight H. M. S. Shah. He was badly beaten, but escaped only to find it necessary to surrender to the ruling government. His next expedition, made in partnership with the former revolutionary leader, ended in the discovery of the famous Macchellan treasure--\$2,000,000 in a supple Spanish galleon of the seventeenth century--spoils promptly confiscated by a schooner sent by the Argentine government, whose captain Mr. De Hora entered a little later at the head of three hundred cowboys from the Rio Negro. It was he also who led Colonel North's exploring expedition from Brazil to Ecuador. Thus adventure followed adventure until the South African war broke out. At that time he was acting as mining engineer in Johannesburg, and, seeing the state the city was likely to get into, he raised a corps of six hundred neutrals to fight as armed police. This was their work until the arrival of Lord Roberts, when their organization formerly handled over the place to the care of Captain Walter Kirton, also by the way, of the London command--surely a difficult record to eclipse.

They passed from one elevation to another, and every now and then one of their number would reach up under his arms and appear to manipulate something through the arm holes of his vest. At first sight he appeared to be a deep-chested man, although he was of normally light build.

This fact too attracted attention, and on closer observation he appeared to have a camera concealed under his waistcoat, while his chest was padded to make his general aspect appear somewhat normal.

VEST BUTTON A LENS. One of the buttons of his vest glinted brightly in the sun and on close inspection it was found to be the lens of a concealed camera.

If in the course of events war should come the United States would not need to fear Japan. A comparison of the relative strength of the armies and navies of both nations shows that Japan is little more than half as powerful as the republic.

Their army is much bigger on a peace footing and comprises some 400,000 men exclusive of officers, while their sailors are numerically equal to those of the United States.

The standing army of this nation comprises only 100,000 men in times of peace, but their war footing can easily total between 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 men against 8,200,000 for Japan.

In regard to naval vessels this nation leads the kingdom of the east by nearly twice as many heavily armed vessels, while their efficiency is far better than those of Japan.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow again. This is a splendid result to me after being bald for several years. Wm. J. R. Pines, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Sole Manufacturers of AYER'S SASSAPARILLA, PILES, CHERRY PECTORAL.

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

900 DROPS
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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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35 Doses - 35 CENTS

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Peaches, Apples, Strawberries, etc. | Potted Turkey, Pigs' Feet, Chipped Beef, Ham Leaf, Beef Leaf. |
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Bridgetown, N. S.
Gentlemen—I have used your
EMPIRE LINIMENT
myself and in my family and
believe it to be one of the
best liniments on the market.
Yours truly,
JOHN LABRUN,
Ariohat, C. B., April 26, 1906.

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ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

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Money to loan at 4 1/2% on Real Estate security

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sittings of the Courts in the County
All communications from Annapolis Co.
clients addressed to him at Halifax,
will receive his personal attention.

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Real Estate Agent, etc.
SHAYNER BUILDING,
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Prompt and satisfactory attention
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all other professional business.

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DENTIST
Crown & Bridge Work a specialty
PAINLESS EXTRACTION
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Monday and Tuesday of each week.

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Physician, Surgeon
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Office and Residence—Church street, Bridgetown
TELEPHONE CONNECTION

JOHN FOX & CO.
Auctioneers and Fruit Brokers,
Spitalfield and Stratford Market
LONDON, G. B.

By Chicago wholesale house, special representa-
tive (man or woman) for each province in Canada.
Salary \$20.00 and expenses paid weekly. Expense
money advanced. Business successful, position
permanent. No investment required. Previous ex-
perience not essential to engaging.
Address: General Manager, 124 Lake Street,
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WANTED
Sore Nipples and Chapped Hands
Are quickly cured by applying Chamberlain's
Salve. Try it; it is magic. Price 25 cents.

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DR. F. S. ANDERSON
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a specialty.
Office: Queen street, Bridgetown,
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BEAVER FLOUR
makes the lightest, most whole-
some and most nutritious bread.
It is a blend of Ontario Fall Wheat
for fine flour
Milling done by the most skilled millers
in Canada.
It is ideal household flour for
either bread or pastry.
For the latest Canadian information,
write for prices on all kinds
of Flour, Corn-meal and Cereals,
to E. C. Taylor Co., Limited, Charlottetown.

ENTERTAINING GUESTS.
There is one important thing that
should not be overlooked in the enter-
tainment of guests: treat them with
equal courtesy. Be also careful to
treat your poorer and humbler relations
whom you have invited to your house,
with due respect and cordiality—neither
with any show of patronage, nor any
marks of neglect. Whoever else may
be your guests, let there be nothing in
your manner to indicate that you are
ashamed of the good old aunt that is
visiting you, and the trust way to ac-
complish this is not to be ashamed of
her. She may not dress in the latest
fashion, and her talk may be of country
matters; she may ask some queer
questions, and show her familiarity
with a style of life that is somewhat
foreign to that of your other visitors;
but if you are not willing, under all cir-
cumstances, to treat her with cordial
civility, you should not have asked her
to your house. No man ever loses caste,
in the opinion of the truly refined and

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE LITTLE SISTER.
When the days are dreariest,
When the nights are long,
Sadden on the creaking stair
Sounds her careless song:
Sadden on the darkened sill
Falls a footstep free,
And the little sister comes
Back again to me.

Hythe and gay and jubilant,
All her world's a jest,
Laughter on her merry lips,
Youth upon her breast,
Happy dreams within her eyes,
During days to be—
So the little sister comes
Back again to me.

And she bath the eyes I had
When the world was new,
And she bath the eyes I had
When the world was true.
And my very name she bears—
Ah, so slow our life!
Just the little sister now
Who one day was I.

Strange that she who knew no fears
So my tears should wake;
Strange her very happiness
My own heart should break,
O, so other than myself,
Two, yet one, are we—
Little sister of my age
Comes she back to me.

Not a wistful ghost she comes—
Better so perchance—
But with lips too faint to sing,
Feet too faint to dance,
And I turn my eyes from her
(Eyes she must not see)—
When the little sister comes
Back again to me.

A MOTHER'S RULES.

Things which I must teach my
little girl:
That if you must choose it is
better to be a beautiful home-
maker than a fine housekeeper,
then, for instance, ruffled pillow-
cases cost too much if they mean
ruffled tempers.

That the one indispensable qual-
ity in a home is happiness; over-
home, no matter how beautiful,
which misses that, is a failure, but
no home, whatever its faults, can
be wholly a failure if it is happy.

That happiness is a matter of
spirit, not things.
That it is possible only when
every member of the household is
considered, and all work and plan
together, and God is its constant
Guest.

That to be in her own place,
wherever that may be, a beautiful
home-maker is the liveliest ambi-
tion a woman can have.

These are things that I want to
help my little girl to understand.

NONSENSE.

There is a great deal of non-
sense palmed off on the commu-
nity about the reaction of the child
from over-strictness in parental
training. When I hear a man say:
'My parents brought me up so
rigidly that a reaction took place
in my mind, and I have turned
away from religion.' I have some-
times asked: 'Did they teach you
to be honest?' 'Yes.' 'To tell the
truth?' 'Yes.' 'Were they strict
about it?' 'Yes.' 'Has any reaction
taken place on these points?' 'No
one can learn the multiplication
table from the sheer love of it;
but I never knew anyone to say
that his mind was in reaction
against the multiplication table.'

SELECTED RECIPES.

Scalloped omelet is a novelty.
Soak three tablespoons of stale
crumbs in a cupful of milk for two
hours. Beat six eggs—whites and
yokes separately—very light. In-
to the yokes stir the soaked bread
crumbs and season the mixture
with salt and pepper. Last of all

stir in with a few light strokes the
stiffened whites. Butter a deep
pudding dish, pour the mixture in
to this, set it on the lower grating
of a quick oven and bake until
light and brown. Sift brown
crumbs over the top, and serve the
omelet as soon as it is removed
from the oven.

An Egg Souffle—Scald a cup
of milk, putting in a tiny pinch of
soda. Beat the yolks of six eggs
until light and creamy, and the
whites until stiff enough to stand
alone. Add one-half teaspoonful
of salt, a dash of pepper, and one
rounded tablespoonful of butter to
the milk and stir it into the yolks;
then beat in the whites very quick-
ly. Pour into a deep buttered
dish and bake in a moderate oven
for ten minutes, or to a delicate
brown. Serve immediately in the
bake dish.

Crabapple Marmalade—After
using the juice for jelly, take the
pulp left over and press it through
a fruit sieve. Take one quart pulp
to one quart sugar and boil slowly
for two hours. It should be stirred
all the time as it is apt to stick
and burn. Put in glass or jars.
When cold it will be so thick it can
be cut in slices. It is fine for the
lunch basket.

To make 'piccalilli'; Wash half
a bushel of green tomatoes, and half
a peck of green peppers. Remove
the skins from half a peck of onions
Put vegetables separately through
a meat chopper, using the large
knife, or if a meat chopper is not
at hand use a chopping knife and
tray; then chop up two medium
sized cabbages.

Put a layer of tomatoes with a large
preserving tinfoil, cover with a layer
of cabbage, then with a sprinkling
of peppers and onions, and a
generous sprinkling of salt. So
continue until all is used, cover,
and let it stand over night. In the
morning drain, return to the kettle,
cover with vinegar, and add three
pounds of brown sugar, two pounds
of white mustard seed, and two
ounces of allspice berries, three
ounces of whole cloves, and six
ounces of stick cinnamon; the last
three spices to be tied in three
small bags made of cheese-cloth.
Bring slowly to the boiling point,
and let simmer for six hours. Re-
move the spice bags, turn into jars
and adjust the covers.

For Sour Crabapple Jelly—Cut in
quarters, take out seeds and cores, cook
in porcelain or enameled kettle, cover
enough to cover nicely. Cook briskly
for one hour, then drain through a cloth
jelly bag until the juice is all out. Do
not squeeze them at all. Now to one
quart juice add one pint granulated sug-
ar and boil one quart at a time until
it drops from the spoon in a small ball.
Pour in glasses and it is ready to serve
when cold. It is delicious.

For Spiced Crabapple—Take one peck
of crabapples, seven pounds brown sugar,
one quart good cider vinegar, five cents
worth stick cinnamon, whole cloves, all
spice and nutmeg. Boil all together;
take out apples and cook down juice,
pour it over fruit and can it.

Rice Souffle.—To one-half cup
of cold boiled rice add one cupful of warm
milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter,
one tablespoonful of salt, and a dash
of pepper; mix well, with three well
beaten eggs. Heat a tablespoonful of
butter in a frying pan, and, when hot,
pour the mixture and set the pan in
a hot oven. When it is thoroughly cook-
ed, fold it double, turn out on a hot
dish, and serve at once.

SHOCKING CRUCIFIXION SPECTACLE ON THE STAGE.

**Famous Religious Pictures
Used for Scenery—Red
Ink for Saviour's
Blood.**

**Ghastly Head of John the
Baptist Brought Down
to the Footlights.**

To perform the impossible—for
theatre managers to profit in mo-
ney by mimicking on the stage the
sublime spectacles in the story of
the life and passion and crucifixion
of our Saviour—is an enterprise
that has had to be again rebuked
by a relevant public.

The latest, worst conceived and
most futile of these efforts has been
witnessed at a theatre in Denver,
Col.

Familiar with the correct prej-
udice of the public against profes-
sional actors attempting to imperson-
ate the Saviour, the management
of this theatre hit upon a gruesome
device whereby they hoped to get
around this difficulty, and yet pro-
duce all the thrills for their patrons
to be expected from a reproduction
of the crucifixion scene on Calvary.

They went about this with charac-
teristic showman zeal, which the
late P. T. Barnum might have en-
vied. Obtaining copies of celebrated
religious paintings depicting the
most impressive moments in the
life of the Saviour, they had them
recopied on a large scale by sceny-
painters and used them for scenery.

No, these managers were "too
reverential" to present an actor in
the character of the divine hero of
their drama, but in their scenery
picturing the crucifixion, they spared
no expense in the way of paint—
especially the red paint which
flowed from the wounds of the pic-
tured Saviour and the two thieves
upon the crosses.

Every one who frequents the
theatre must have noticed the pan-
orama-like effect produced by
cleverly painted scenes, cunningly
lighted and merged into the fore-
ground where the actors appear in
their parts.

It is the business of a scene painter
to create more perfect illusions
of reality than are attempted by
other artists of the brush. And here
was a wonderful opportunity which
appears to have been neglected.

The famous paintings used as scene
models were copied quite faithfully with
respect to their general groupings and
the backgrounds and other objects were
the same—but how different the details
and the technical methods of scene-painter
artists!

Theatre scenes are painted in "dis-
temper"—that is, colors mixed in wa-
ter. For these immense canvases, as
large as the side of a house, bucketfuls
of paint are required. This is splashed
on with brushes, some of which are
identical with those used for whitewash-
ing. A sining of common glue fixes the
colors so that they will not readily rub
off.

The illusion of a scene that is real
and in relief—instead of being painted
on a flat surface—is accomplished by an
exaggerated use of light and shadow,
which when the scene is viewed near by,
causes it to appear only a meaningless
blur. Distance from the spectators
beyond the footlights, and an effective
management of other lights, however,
bring the whole picture, with every de-
tail, into what seems actual reality—ex-
cept, of course, that the figures do not
move.

Thus, in this theatre in Denver, we
famous religious paintings travestied
with a view to creating in the minds
of the audience the illusion of the Saviour
being crucified.

No painful detail was omitted. There
were the nails rimmed with crimson
where they pierced the cross; there
was the red blood from His wounded
side; there was the sweat of agony upon
His brow—and ney him, on other cross,
seemed to writhe the figures of the
tormented thieves.

Other episodes, travestied from other
celebrated paintings, served as scenery
for other parts of the drama where the
theatre management did not dare to
present an actor in the character of
Christ. It was too great an inspiration—
too great a chance not to be made the
most of!

Neither did this Denver theatre man-
agement neglect opportunities for sensa-
tional realism in other parts of the drama.
For example, the dramatist could not
deny himself the joy of bringing in the
beautiful but cruel Salome, with her de-

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE LITTLE SISTER.
When the days are dreariest,
When the nights are long,
Sadden on the creaking stair
Sounds her careless song:
Sadden on the darkened sill
Falls a footstep free,
And the little sister comes
Back again to me.

Hythe and gay and jubilant,
All her world's a jest,
Laughter on her merry lips,
Youth upon her breast,
Happy dreams within her eyes,
During days to be—
So the little sister comes
Back again to me.

And she bath the eyes I had
When the world was new,
And she bath the eyes I had
When the world was true.
And my very name she bears—
Ah, so slow our life!
Just the little sister now
Who one day was I.

Strange that she who knew no fears
So my tears should wake;
Strange her very happiness
My own heart should break,
O, so other than myself,
Two, yet one, are we—
Little sister of my age
Comes she back to me.

Not a wistful ghost she comes—
Better so perchance—
But with lips too faint to sing,
Feet too faint to dance,
And I turn my eyes from her
(Eyes she must not see)—
When the little sister comes
Back again to me.

A MOTHER'S RULES.

Things which I must teach my
little girl:
That if you must choose it is
better to be a beautiful home-
maker than a fine housekeeper,
then, for instance, ruffled pillow-
cases cost too much if they mean
ruffled tempers.

That the one indispensable qual-
ity in a home is happiness; over-
home, no matter how beautiful,
which misses that, is a failure, but
no home, whatever its faults, can
be wholly a failure if it is happy.

That happiness is a matter of
spirit, not things.
That it is possible only when
every member of the household is
considered, and all work and plan
together, and God is its constant
Guest.

That to be in her own place,
wherever that may be, a beautiful
home-maker is the liveliest ambi-
tion a woman can have.

These are things that I want to
help my little girl to understand.

NONSENSE.

There is a great deal of non-
sense palmed off on the commu-
nity about the reaction of the child
from over-strictness in parental
training. When I hear a man say:
'My parents brought me up so
rigidly that a reaction took place
in my mind, and I have turned
away from religion.' I have some-
times asked: 'Did they teach you
to be honest?' 'Yes.' 'To tell the
truth?' 'Yes.' 'Were they strict
about it?' 'Yes.' 'Has any reaction
taken place on these points?' 'No
one can learn the multiplication
table from the sheer love of it;
but I never knew anyone to say
that his mind was in reaction
against the multiplication table.'

SELECTED RECIPES.

Scalloped omelet is a novelty.
Soak three tablespoons of stale
crumbs in a cupful of milk for two
hours. Beat six eggs—whites and
yokes separately—very light. In-
to the yokes stir the soaked bread
crumbs and season the mixture
with salt and pepper. Last of all

stir in with a few light strokes the
stiffened whites. Butter a deep
pudding dish, pour the mixture in
to this, set it on the lower grating
of a quick oven and bake until
light and brown. Sift brown
crumbs over the top, and serve the
omelet as soon as it is removed
from the oven.

An Egg Souffle—Scald a cup
of milk, putting in a tiny pinch of
soda. Beat the yolks of six eggs
until light and creamy, and the
whites until stiff enough to stand
alone. Add one-half teaspoonful
of salt, a dash of pepper, and one
rounded tablespoonful of butter to
the milk and stir it into the yolks;
then beat in the whites very quick-
ly. Pour into a deep buttered
dish and bake in a moderate oven
for ten minutes, or to a delicate
brown. Serve immediately in the
bake dish.

Crabapple Marmalade—After
using the juice for jelly, take the
pulp left over and press it through
a fruit sieve. Take one quart pulp
to one quart sugar and boil slowly
for two hours. It should be stirred
all the time as it is apt to stick
and burn. Put in glass or jars.
When cold it will be so thick it can
be cut in slices. It is fine for the
lunch basket.

To make 'piccalilli'; Wash half
a bushel of green tomatoes, and half
a peck of green peppers. Remove
the skins from half a peck of onions
Put vegetables separately through
a meat chopper, using the large
knife, or if a meat chopper is not
at hand use a chopping knife and
tray; then chop up two medium
sized cabbages.

Put a layer of tomatoes with a large
preserving tinfoil, cover with a layer
of cabbage, then with a sprinkling
of peppers and onions, and a
generous sprinkling of salt. So
continue until all is used, cover,
and let it stand over night. In the
morning drain, return to the kettle,
cover with vinegar, and add three
pounds of brown sugar, two pounds
of white mustard seed, and two
ounces of allspice berries, three
ounces of whole cloves, and six
ounces of stick cinnamon; the last
three spices to be tied in three
small bags made of cheese-cloth.
Bring slowly to the boiling point,
and let simmer for six hours. Re-
move the spice bags, turn into jars
and adjust the covers.

For Sour Crabapple Jelly—Cut in
quarters, take out seeds and cores, cook
in porcelain or enameled kettle, cover
enough to cover nicely. Cook briskly
for one hour, then drain through a cloth
jelly bag until the juice is all out. Do
not squeeze them at all. Now to one
quart juice add one pint granulated sug-
ar and boil one quart at a time until
it drops from the spoon in a small ball.
Pour in glasses and it is ready to serve
when cold. It is delicious.

For Spiced Crabapple—Take one peck
of crabapples, seven pounds brown sugar,
one quart good cider vinegar, five cents
worth stick cinnamon, whole cloves, all
spice and nutmeg. Boil all together;
take out apples and cook down juice,
pour it over fruit and can it.

Rice Souffle.—To one-half cup
of cold boiled rice add one cupful of warm
milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter,
one tablespoonful of salt, and a dash
of pepper; mix well, with three well
beaten eggs. Heat a tablespoonful of
butter in a frying pan, and, when hot,
pour the mixture and set the pan in
a hot oven. When it is thoroughly cook-
ed, fold it double, turn out on a hot
dish, and serve at once.

SHOCKING CRUCIFIXION SPECTACLE ON THE STAGE.

**Famous Religious Pictures
Used for Scenery—Red
Ink for Saviour's
Blood.**

**Ghastly Head of John the
Baptist Brought Down
to the Footlights.**

To perform the impossible—for
theatre managers to profit in mo-
ney by mimicking on the stage the
sublime spectacles in the story of
the life and passion and crucifixion
of our Saviour—is an enterprise
that has had to be again rebuked
by a relevant public.

The latest, worst conceived and
most futile of these efforts has been
witnessed at a theatre in Denver,
Col.

Familiar with the correct prej-
udice of the public against profes-
sional actors attempting to imperson-
ate the Saviour, the management
of this theatre hit upon a gruesome
device whereby they hoped to get
around this difficulty, and yet pro-
duce all the thrills for their patrons
to be expected from a reproduction
of the crucifixion scene on Calvary.

They went about this with charac-
teristic showman zeal, which the
late P. T. Barnum might have en-
vied. Obtaining copies of celebrated
religious paintings depicting the
most impressive moments in the
life of the Saviour, they had them
recopied on a large scale by sceny-
painters and used them for scenery.

No, these managers were "too
reverential" to present an actor in
the character of the divine hero of
their drama, but in their scenery
picturing the crucifixion, they spared
no expense in the way of paint—
especially the red paint which
flowed from the wounds of the pic-
tured Saviour and the two thieves
upon the crosses.

Every one who frequents the
theatre must have noticed the pan-
orama-like effect produced by
cleverly painted scenes, cunningly
lighted and merged into the fore-
ground where the actors appear in
their parts.

It is the business of a scene painter
to create more perfect illusions
of reality than are attempted by
other artists of the brush. And here
was a wonderful opportunity which
appears to have been neglected.

The famous paintings used as scene
models were copied quite faithfully with
respect to their general groupings and
the backgrounds and other objects were
the same—but how different the details
and the technical methods of scene-painter
artists!

Theatre scenes are painted in "dis-
temper"—that is, colors mixed in wa-
ter. For these immense canvases, as
large as the side of a house, bucketfuls
of paint are required. This is splashed
on with brushes, some of which are
identical with those used for whitewash-
ing. A sining of common glue fixes the
colors so that they will not readily rub
off.

The illusion of a scene that is real
and in relief—instead of being painted
on a flat surface—is accomplished by an
exaggerated use of light and shadow,
which when the scene is viewed near by,
causes it to appear only a meaningless
blur. Distance from the spectators
beyond the footlights, and an effective
management of other lights, however,
bring the whole picture, with every de-
tail, into what seems actual reality—ex-
cept, of course, that the figures do not
move.

Thus, in this theatre in Denver, we
famous religious paintings travestied
with a view to creating in the minds
of the audience the illusion of the Saviour
being crucified.

No painful detail was omitted. There
were the nails rimmed with crimson
where they pierced the cross; there
was the red blood from His wounded
side; there was the sweat of agony upon
His brow—and ney him, on other cross,
seemed to writhe the figures of the
tormented thieves.

Other episodes, travestied from other
celebrated paintings, served as scenery
for other parts of the drama where the
theatre management did not dare to
present an actor in the character of
Christ. It was too great an inspiration—
too great a chance not to be made the
most of!

Neither did this Denver theatre man-
agement neglect opportunities for sensa-
tional realism in other parts of the drama.
For example, the dramatist could not
deny himself the joy of bringing in the
beautiful but cruel Salome, with her de-

sire to be presented with the head of John
the Baptist. And the management was
to be trusted to see that she got it—a
gruesomely real and bloody head on a
salver.

This time the "property man" of the
theatre triumphed. Probably he will be
a scene painter some day for by the aid
of paint—red, for the blood at the sever-
ed neck, blue-white for the pallid, dead
cheeks and brow, black for the matted
hair—the head of John the Baptist
seemed to the audience as though it
might have been very recently lopped off
the shoulders of a living man.

It is needless to pile up the sensa-
tional horrors of this monstrous spectacle
presented in the name of art, as the
management advertised—"reverently,
and without sacrifice or levity."
Certainly levity cannot be charged
against them. Far from being amusing,
the spectacle was one to inspire grief—
tears of indignation.

Confronted by the protests of citizens
and of several clergymen, the manage-
ment of this enterprise claimed to have
letters commending it from pastors in
other parts of the country. They sent
invitations to the clergymen of Denver
to attend the performance, and their
good and artistic intentions were wide-
ly advertised.

But the Denver clergymen unani-
mously refrained from countenancing
the exhibition.

Poets, novelists and playwrights have
agreed during the last two centuries
that the most sympathetic and wonder-
fully dramatic story ever told is that of
the life and death of our Saviour. Poets
and novelists have retold it in their
printed pages with simplicity and grand-
eur, and without offence; playwrights
have never ceased to lament the popular
prejudice which has restrained them from
adapting it for the stages of theatres.

In the old "mystery plays" certain
episodes in the Saviour's life were crude-
ly enacted; but these efforts were more
like religious ceremonies than theatrical
performances—just as are the "Passion
Play" performances at Oberammergau.

The latter is the only instance where
an actor upon the stage has appeared in
the character of the Saviour. But all
the religious world has approved this
exception, because of its motive—a
periodical expression of gratitude to the
Almighty for what seemed like providen-
tial rescue of the community from the
plague—and because the actors per-
form their parts in that spirit, and never
appear in any other.

When people from all parts of the
civilized world began to flock to the
"Passion Play" performances at Ober-
ammergau and agreed that they were
good and reverential as well as the most
pathetic and thrilling ever witnessed,
the desires of playwrights and theatre
managers to profit by stage materials
manifestly so superior flamed up afresh.

In this country the ill-fated enterprise
of Salmi Morse is still remembered. He
was an enthusiast, and not irreverent.
He prepared a stage version similar to
the "Passion Play" and spent a fortune
in preparations to present it at a New
York theatre on the most lavish scale.

From the start Salmi Morse encoun-
tered the most energetic opposition on
the part of clergymen and religious
people generally throughout the country.
But he persisted in his preparations up
to a few days before the date fixed for
the first performance. Then, acting upon
the pressure of public sentiment, the
city government prohibited the perfor-
mances prepared at such a great out-
lay of money. Salmi Morse, finding him-
self not only ruined financially, but the
project dearest to his heart rendered im-
possible of achievement, rushed to the
river and drowned himself.

The college performance attracted
wide attention. It was agreed by those
who witnessed it that the drama was
not only a great work for the stage,
but that its management of the scenes
in which the Saviour would be expected
to appear in the person of one of the
actors was so ingenious and discreet as
to disarm all possible criticism.

Mr. Greene admitted that it was his
greatest effort as a dramatist—a labor of
love, which he hoped the public would
accept as given by professional actors in
regular theatres. Only one such perfor-
mance was given, however, and that only
to members of the Lambs Club and their
guests at the Garrick Theatre. Although
no one could be found who was present
on that occasion who did not stoutly de-
clare the whole performance both in-
tensely interesting and reverential, Mr.
Charles Frohman withdrew the Garrick
Theatre from future use by the Lambs
Club, and all plans for presenting the
drama before audiences of the general
public were abandoned.

At that time the newspapers printed
a double page of excerpts from "Mr.
Greene's "Nazareth," showing how he
avoided bringing the figure of the
Saviour into the view of the audience,
etc. without apparently weakening the
force of vital scenes.

In the trial before Platte the gestures
and attitudes of the other characters cre-
ate the illusion that the Saviour is stand-

ing on a platform, the edge of which is
just visible on the left of the scene. The
crucifixion scene, with stage directions,
is as follows:
"A roadway on the approach to Cal-
vary—across the stage—in a vine-covered
wall. Behind the wall a distant view of
Calvary."
"The crowd is pressing behind the
wall, and noisily cries out: 'Hi, hi, hi,
Hail King of

The Weekly Monitor

Proprietor
JAS. J. WELLS
Lesse and Manager

ISSUED ON WEDNESDAY,
14 BRIDGETOWN, ANnapolis Co., N. S.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 10, 1906.

Town's Eastern Line Extended.

The usual monthly meeting of the town council was held last night. Councillor Longmire was the only absentee.

The following bills were read and referred to be paid:

Chas. P. Walker, (gravel) \$100.00

Charles Berry, (gravel) 4.38

Montreal Pipe Foundry Co., 399.52

E. A. Craig, 29.66

C. L. Eggen, 10.87

George Snow presented a statement of work done in excavating to put the water system to the Marshall property, showing that he was \$21 behind. This job he took at fifty cents a rod and found afterwards that he could not make it pay. Com. Calder thought, in view of the fact that Mr. Snow had been a faithful employe of the town it would not do to be too sharp, and that Mr. Snow's claim for an extra sum should be allowed.

Com. Harlow said the town council had based their judgment on his figures at 50 cents, and there was no claim-moral or otherwise-against the town. If any mistake has been made it was Mr. Snow that led the town into it.

Com. Calder claimed that the work had been done at any rate cheaper than the town could have got it done, and it was only right to pay him the extra amount.

The clerk figured up that the work had so far cost the town \$317 instead of \$400 as figured.

Com. Chutes and Com. moved that George Snow be paid 594 cents a rod for 222 rods for excavation and the motion passed.

A bill for labor for \$12.55 also passed.

Avard Anderson was present. He asked that he be taken into the limits of the town and the water put as far as his place. It wouldn't be necessary to carry the water more than 55 rods, he thought.

The clerk estimated that it would cost \$150.

Mr. Anderson said he would take two taps and he thought Major Slocomb would take two taps. If the town did not want to take him into the limits he would be satisfied to buy the water. But he thought the town would benefit by his admission as his taxes would amount to more than would be necessary to keep up the road passing his place.

Com. Harlow and Freeman moved that the corporate limits of the town be extended to Avard Anderson's estate.

Com. Harlow, Freeman and Chutes voted in favor of the motion. Com. Calder against, and Com. D. Witt did not vote.

Annapolis Co. S. S. Convention.

The eighth annual convention of District No. 11 met at Clarence on Thursday last. Good interest was manifested through the sessions.

The speakers for the afternoon were: Rev. R. Elliott and Rev. E. O. Road. Miss Jackson and Mrs. C. Balcom conducted an interesting and helpful primary lesson.

At the evening session Rev. A. Tykeman gave an address on the Sunday School as a factor in national life. Rev. W. Brown spoke on the "Twentieth Century Christian Citizenship."

The Secretary reported a membership of 846 in 13 schools, three Home Departments, three White Ribbon Armies, fifty-five schools united with the church. Nine schools contributed toward the Provincial Association fund.

Officers for the ensuing year are: President, H. O. Whitman; 1st vice, President, H. Messenger; 2nd vice, President, W. Hilsley; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Cassie Whitman; Superintendent of Home Department, Mrs. G. O. Thies; Superintendent of Teaching, William Cushman; Superintendent of Temperance, J. W. Whitman; Superintendent of Primary, Miss Estella Saunders; Superintendent of L. B. R. A., Rev. W. Brown.

Boni Expects to Block off Divorce.

Paris, October 6.—Count Boni de Castellane, it is now understood, will fight the divorce proceedings brought by his wife, formerly Anna Gould, when the case comes up on October 17.

The countess, it is said, will probably be unable to secure a divorce on statutory grounds, and must be satisfied with a separation. If the latter is granted and the judge decides Boni's allowance according to the countess's fortune the amount allowed him is likely to greatly exceed the offer now made by her.

This explains Count Boni's strenuous opposition to a divorce.

Countess Anna Likely to Get Only a Separation, With Big Allowance to Husband

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No Bridgetown Bridge This Year.

The new bridge across the Annapolis river at Bridgetown will not be put into position until spring. The cause of the delay is the non-delivery of steel to the contractor. The provincial engineer has written that owing to this fact work will not be started on the abutments until the close of the winter, but promises that just as soon as the weather will permit the work will go forward. The Paradise bridge will be pushed to completion at once. As regards the Granville Ferry bridge there is considerable activity manifested by those interested.

Property Transfers Throughout County

There have been a number of important property transfers throughout the county lately. In Torbrooke George E. Corbett, of Annapolis, is acquiring the deeds of a large amount of property, and considerable property has changed hands in Lawrenceburg and Middleton. In Bridgetown, Bayly Hoyt has become the owner of Harriet A. Hoyt's property and Edwin L. Fisher has purchased Henry "Manny's" store. L. D. Shaffer has purchased from Susan Demmon the property now occupied by Rev. E. Underwood, Jesner, John B., to Robert E. Gesner, property at Middleton.

Hall, H. S., to Langille, property at Wilmet.

Morse, Thomas H., to Samuel K. Morse, property at Paradise.

Whitman, R. V., to Kate S. Whitman, property at Williamstown.

Buckler Ann J., to Sophia Durling, property at Lawrenceburg.

Chute, Jarvis, to Frank Charlton, property at Bridgetown.

Brown W. H., to W. A. Piggett, property at Paradise.

Banks Ed. M. et al to Ed. Banks, property at Torbrooke.

Banks Ed. M., to Byron Wheelock, property at Torbrooke.

Dargie John to Thomas Foster, property in Annapolis county.

Thomas William to P. St. C. Elliott, property at Middleton.

McLean Tuttle J., to M. C. Munro, property at Margareville.

Anthony John to Willoughby Anthony, property at Bridgetown.

Milbury David F., to A. Milbury, property at Port Lorne.

Milbury Agnes M., to David M. Milbury, property at Port Lorne.

Gillis Joseph H., to Wm. H. Lynch, property at Perotte.

Godfrey Edwin, to Philip Cain, property at Louville.

McComick Samuel to George E. Corbett, property at Torbrooke.

Ritely David G., to George E. Corbett, property at Torbrooke.

Bartheaux Samuel M., to George E. Corbett, property at Torbrooke.

Potter Joseph B., to Eber Potter, property at Clementsvalle.

Potter Joshua C., to Eber Potter, property at Clementsvalle.

Woodbury John to Eber Potter, property at Clements.

Weaver Rupert A., to E. Morgan, property at Falkland Ridge.

Murdoch Bessie B., to Joseph E. Lloyd, property at Bridgetown.

Ramey Susan, to O. S. Miller, property at Bridgetown.

McAndrews A. L., to Henry Fritz, property at Port George.

Lewis Handley to William Green, property at Port George.

Whitman S. James to Geo. E. Corbett, property at Torbrooke.

Drew Solomon, to Geo. E. Corbett, property at Torbrooke.

Ray Norman to Bertha H. Ray, property at Margareville.

McLaughlin Geo., heirs of, to George McLaughlin, property at Perotte.

Pineo William S., to M. T. Harding, property at Middleton.

Demmon Susan to L. D. Shaffer, property at Bridgetown.

Sandford Maud, to Sarah Taylor, property at Clements.

Many Henry to Edwin L. Fisher, property at Bridgetown.

Thorne John K., to Stephen R. Thorne, property at Lower Granville.

Wyle Robert F., to F. Smith, property at Granville Ferry.

Banks Mittee to Geo. E. Corbett, property at Torbrooke.

Pierce A. J., to Arthur Miller, property at Nictaux.

German Emma, to W. H. Freeman, property at Maitland.

Waystaff Valentine to Harry Mailman, property at Lake LaRose.

Shaw, Isaac, to L. A. Potter, property at Middleton.

Hoyt Harriet A., to W. Jesse Hoyt, property at Bridgetown.

Potter David F., to Ralph A. Potter, property at Clements.

Goldsmith B., to James A. Spurr, property at Perotte.

Spurr James to Reginald Rice, property at Perotte.

Harris John R., heirs to T. R. Rice, property at Lake LaRose.

Mosher Lillian L., to Maurice Phinney, property at Victoria vale.

Fales, Frank A., to O. A. Parker, property at Victoria vale.

Holland George to Geo. E. Corbett, property at Torbrooke.

Hoffman Melbourne to George E. Corbett, property at Torbrooke.

Peck Sarah to B. L. Munro, property at Greenland.

Hoyes Leander to Charles Goucher, property at Bridgetown.

Swift Edward to Samuel Swift, property at Dulhouse.

Swift Edward to Samuel Swift, property at Dulhouse.

Does This Apply To The Valley?

Ontario Fruit Grower Says Millions Lost Yearly Through Want of Cold Storage

(Montreal Witness.)

Changing conditions in production and trade necessitate change of methods in meeting new requirements. Within the memory of the living, the old provinces of this Dominion have gone through several revolutions in production, from hunting furs and lumbering to growing fruit. At one period our farmers did well raising wheat and barley, but the wheat belt has moved westward and the barley has lost its principal market. Our farmers, however, found that they could not make money and keep their soil in better heart by desisting, which has developed with wonderful success. Fruit culture has also grown to splendid proportions, though it can only be indulged in by those who can afford to wait for slower returns. Fruit culture, however, owing to the perishable nature of the product can be carried on only in a most wasteful manner without facilities for marketing which are only beginning to develop. Millions of barrels of apples are grown annually. Yet, strange to say, out of ten million barrels produced only about one and a half million barrels are exported. A small part of the crop is turned into cider, but by far the largest part is left to rot on the ground or fed to pigs. The waste and loss thus entailed are stupendous, and the question naturally arises why it should be so, and whether means cannot be found for getting this fruit to markets hungry and willing to pay well for it?

Mr. Cochrane, a leading farmer of the Niagara district, is at present in the city endeavoring to interest our merchants, shippers and railway managers in this matter. No doubt, many a farmer shakes down his apples because he cannot afford to get them picked, but Mr. Cochrane as a practical fruit grower, is a good authority for the view that the waste is in large measure due to the lack of adequate means of preserving the fruit from deterioration in transit from the orchard to shipping. Cold storage is the only way to secure this object. Considerable work has been made by the Department of Agriculture to give a start to the cold storage business, but the facilities are still lamentably lacking. When the fruit is picked and packed in barrels it is allowed to stand in ordinary warehouses and sheds, and is transported in freight cars to Montreal. During this process the fruit naturally generates heat and by the time it gets to the British market it is shabby and largely unsalable. Mr. Cochrane avers that more than three-quarters of these apple shipments are lost in this way, and the growers do not get enough from them to pay for the barrels. Hence, the trade has lost millions of dollars have been lost by the producers. But if cold storage were provided at convenient localities, the fruit would be chilled before shipment and would arrive at its destination sound and luscious.

Mr. Cochrane estimates that a cold storage plant can be permanently established at a cost of a dollar per barrel. That is to say, a plant to accommodate fifty thousand barrels could be erected for fifty thousand dollars. One hundred of these distributed over the country would cost five million dollars, an amount less than what one year's apple crop in Ontario alone is worth. There are two ways by which this system of cold storage can be established. Either the federal government must assume the expenditure or private enterprise in the form of a capitalized company must undertake it. The latter is the preferred, and cold storage for fruit, cheese, butter and other perishable products established throughout the country, as grain elevators are. It should be a paying business from the start, and would bring many millions of dollars annually into the country, now lost through the want of proper facilities for marketing. This is really a matter of imperial concern. Every household in Canada, as well as in Great Britain, is concerned, for a system of cold storage would mean plentiful and cheap fruit for everybody. A few of the farmers who have large orchards have constructed large root-houses or fruit cellars in which fruit picked from the trees after the first of October is at once placed. By thoroughly ventilating on cool nights, and the shutting out the warm air during the day, these serve very well the purpose of cold storage for the local market, or until shipment. Famine apples, which are really a fall apple, are being kept in prime condition in these fruit cellars until the middle of April.

Apples Wanted

M. W. GRAVES & Co. are ready to buy any quantity of apples for cider purposes

Bridgetown, N. S.

AUCTION

Household Furniture

At the residence of S. B. PENNEL, Lawrenceburg, on

Friday, Oct. 19,

at 1 o'clock, p.m.

Lot household furniture consisting of 3 Bedroom Suites, 1 Bell Organ, 1 Singer Sewing Machine, Carpets, Mats, 1 Parlor Suite (new) 1 Charter Oak cook stove, 1 sitting room stove, 1 Extension table, Lounges, Mattresses, Table Linen, Bed Clothing, Clocks, Pictures, Dishes, etc., etc.

TERMS—All sums under \$5 cash; above that amount nine months.

John Hall Auctioneer.

AUCTION

Live Stock and Farm Produce

at

W. H. MACKENZIE'S FARM

Tuesday, Nov. 1st

12 head Young Cattle, from two years old up

5 Calves, 5 Cows, 1 roke Oxen, 50 to 60 tons Hay, 50 to 75 bushels Potatoes

Lot Farming Implements, in The Farm—one of the best in Upper Granville

Thanksgiving

Day Oct. 18, 1906

Halifax & South Western Railway

will issue round-trip tickets at single fare on October 17 and 18, 1906, good for return until October 22, 1906, to all points on the railway and to points on the Intercolonial and Dominion Atlantic Railways.

P. Mooney, District Freight and Passenger Agent.

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are prices the lowest for equal quality, but then everybody claims the same thing. But we agree to return your money if you find as good shoes elsewhere at a lower price. No man is the only shoe man in the world and no store is the only shoe store.

We don't expect to secure your custom by chance, but by fair dealing.

We are not trying to see how cheap a shoe we can sell, but we are trying to sell the best shoes made for the least money possible, and the large quantities of shoes we sell enable us to do this to your satisfaction.

Kinney's Shoe Store

Primrose Block

J. U. LOGIE

Specialist in Optics

will be at Sanelton's, Bridgetown, October 12 and 14 [two days only].

Consider my practice and experience—every town in the two provinces for thirteen years.

Millinery opening

at Miss Lockell's

Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5 & 6.

Ladies are cordially invited to inspect our fall and up-to-the-minute stock of imported millinery. Latest styles at lowest prices.

Berries and Plums

shipped on consignment. Get the highest prices. Probable prices furnished on receipt of post card.

J. G. WILLETT,

5 North Wharf St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE

1 Pair yearling Steers

1 Express wagon

2 Sets of Bob Sleds, new

2 Sleighs

1 Steel Plough, new

2 Sowing machines

1 Sewing machine

at the Post Office East Inglisville

Asa N. Whitman.

Apples Wanted

M. W. GRAVES & Co. are ready to buy any quantity of apples for cider purposes

Bridgetown, N. S.

AUCTION

Household Furniture

At the residence of S. B. PENNEL, Lawrenceburg, on

Friday, Oct. 19,

at 1 o'clock, p.m.

Lot household furniture consisting of 3 Bedroom Suites, 1 Bell Organ, 1 Singer Sewing Machine, Carpets, Mats, 1 Parlor Suite (new) 1 Charter Oak cook stove, 1 sitting room stove, 1 Extension table, Lounges, Mattresses, Table Linen, Bed Clothing, Clocks, Pictures, Dishes, etc., etc.

TERMS—All sums under \$5 cash; above that amount nine months.

John Hall Auctioneer.

AUCTION

Live Stock and Farm Produce

at

W. H. MACKENZIE'S FARM

Tuesday, Nov. 1st

12 head Young Cattle, from two years old up

5 Calves, 5 Cows, 1 roke Oxen, 50 to 60 tons Hay, 50 to 75 bushels Potatoes

Lot Farming Implements, in The Farm—one of the best in Upper Granville

Thanksgiving

Day Oct. 18, 1906

Halifax & South Western Railway

will issue round-trip tickets at single fare on October 17 and 18, 1906, good for return until October 22, 1906, to all points on the railway and to points on the Intercolonial and Dominion Atlantic Railways.

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Ladies', Misses' & Children's.

Fall and Winter Coats.

New Plaid Dress Goods.

New Tweed, New Plain Cloth, Suitings. New lines arriving daily

STRONG & WHITMAN

BRIDGETOWN BOOT AND SHOE STORE

Just received all our heavy lines of Grain Bals for Men's, Boys' and Youths' for Fall Wear. Waterproof.

Half sales by the dozen or single for repairing.

E. A. COCHRAN, Granville Street

Bedroom Suite, No. 127

Selected Birch. A large and showy suite. Two well front drawers in dresser and shaped top. German level mirror, 24x30 in. Dresser, \$15; Commode, \$7; Bedstead, \$5; Chair, \$1; Rocker, \$1.25; Stand, \$1.50; Spring, \$2.50, with a Mattress, \$3.00. The usual city price for the 9 pieces is \$38. Our price for the 9 pieces complete cash with the order, is—

\$32

Delivered FREE or Freight paid

Send a card for our New Illustrated Furniture Catalogue

W.E. REED, Bridgetown, N. S.

(Please show this ad. to a neighbor who may be interested.)

New Fall Goods

Ladies' Jackets

We are showing the very latest styles and prices are very moderate. We have had to send two repeat orders already this season.

Ladies' Furs

Ladies' Fur Ruffs and Stoles in all the new Furs, including Sable, Jap Mink, Marmot, Jap Sable, Columbia Sable, Ohio Sable, Black, Blue and Grey Opossum.

LADIES' MUFFS TO MATCH

Ladies' Fur Jackets in a variety of Furs

Ladies' Underwear

We are opening this week the finest lot of Ladies' and Children's Vests and Drawers and Combination Suits that we have ever shown. Quality and prices cannot be equalled

We have a few of these Waists and Underskirts left which we will continue to sell at the same very low prices

John Lockett & Son

BRIDGETOWN

LOCAL AND SPECIAL

The Parish Sewing Circle will be held Thursday afternoon from 2 to 5 at the residence of Mrs. Charles DeWitt.

Charles DeWitt's mare, Terrence Queen, lowered the Maritime province record to 2:11 on the Halifax track last Wednesday.

The Dominion exhibition closed last Friday with a record breaking attendance, aggregating 142,766. A surplus is anticipated.

Thomas Foster broke a rib while falling from a chair one day last week. He was putting a blind up when the chair slipped and he fell.

W. W. Chesley's store is in the hands of carpenters receiving a thorough overhauling. A steel ceiling has been put in and new floors laid.

J. R. DeWitt's "Meadowdale" has won \$1020 since being put on the track in July. This is a good sum for a "green" horse. His record is 2:20.

The marriage of Helen Maude daughter of James Hills, of Halifax, took place in St. Mark's church, in this city this morning at 10:30 o'clock.

For Yarmouth exhibition the Dominion Atlantic Railway will issue excursion tickets at one way first class fares on Oct. 9th, 10th and 11th, good to return October 13th.

After Saturday 13th October, "Flying Bluenose" trains will run on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday only up to and including 20th October, after which date they will be withdrawn for the season.

Julia, the year and a half old child of Harry Everett, fell from a chair one evening last week, and broke her right arm just above the wrist. Dr. Barnaby was called and dressed the injury.

Mrs. Albert Walker and family, Upper Granville, desire through the columns of the Monitor to thank all those who so kindly sent flowers and otherwise showed sympathy to them in their recent sad bereavement.

A Grand Manan schooner was here last week on a trading trip. The skipper, Mr. Denton, is seriously considering going into the fish business here, opening a fresh fish market and a smoke-house for the curing of fish and haddies, etc.

The schooner Onyx arrived last week from New York with 225 tons of hardwood. After discharging she loaded lumber and sailed Monday evening. She only got down the river a short distance, however, before she was "bung up" until the next tide.

Miller and Elliott have so far this season shipped over a thousand barrels of apples including one car which went to Sydney last Saturday. London advices are quoting Ribston and Kings at 82. Gravensteins are now practically out of the market.

The high wind of Sunday did great damage to the orchards all through the valley, thousands of barrels of fruit having been blown off. It is said to have been one of the most destructive in years. Several large growers who have talked with the Monitor say that they have had from 90 to 140 barrels on the ground.

N. B. Neilly is building a large addition to the St. James hotel to accommodate his increasing patronage. The new L which will face on Queen street will be 47 by 30 feet, three stories high, and contain twenty rooms and a bath. This will give the hotel a total frontage of 107 feet. J. H. Hicks & Sons are doing the work, which will be finished this fall.

L. D. Shaffner's two new schooners will be launched this month, one the Montrose, at Shelburne on the 20th, and the other, the Annie M. Goudley, at Hantsport on the 21st. Both are ten schooners, the former of 200 tons and the latter, 175. The dimensions of the Montrose are: Length of keel, 100 feet; beam 28 1/2 feet; depth 10 feet. Of the Goudley: Length of keel, 90 feet; beam, 27 1/2 feet; hold, 9 feet. Both are intended for the southern trade.

A young fellow from across the river is qualifying for the penitentiary. He went into Henry Mamy's store last Thursday and purchased a watch for \$5, paying for it with a bill folded in such a way as to show the "5" rather prominently. Mr. Mamy took the bill without further examination and the youth walked out. A little later Mr. Mamy opened the bill and found it to be a United States of Columbia bill for "Cinco Pesos," practically worthless in this country. Even at face value it would be but \$3.75. He kept a lookout and when the purchaser of the watch passed the store, jumped on him and mugged him disgorge.

Mr. Editor, Will you allow me, through the columns of your paper, to extend to my many friends my heartfelt thanks for their great kindness during the illness and burial of my late wife, who passed away the better land on September 20th.

S. B. PENNELL, Lawrenceville, Oct. 5th, 1906.

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HYMENEAL.

A very pretty wedding took place on Sunday morning, October 6th at the residence of Captain Walker, Clements, port, when his daughter, Lottie Edna, was united in marriage to Roy King, of Shubert, Nebraska. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Douglas Lemmon, of Annapolis. The bride was decorated for the occasion, with autumn leaves and cut flowers. The bride owing to the absence of her father, was given away by her uncle Henry Wright, of Bear River, she was becomingly attired in white silk wearing the customary veil and carried a bouquet of white sweet-peas and maiden hair fern. After refreshments were served the guests dispersed with best wishes for the happy couple. The bride was the recipient of many nice presents. Mr. and Mrs. King leave for Nebraska Monday where they will reside.

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LADIES FALL COATS of the celebrated John Northway make. The pick of the market. Coats that are elegant in design and workmanship. Choice in patterns and moderate in price.

Our new stock of DRESS GOODS and SUITINGS comprise all the newest effects and as usual the best values. New Silks, and all sorts of new dry goods to supply all demands.

NEW FURS, the largest assortment and best values to select from.

J. W. BECKWITH BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We the undersigned wish to inform the public of Bridgetown and vicinity that we have opened a first class

UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT

in connection with our Furniture Store on Queen St., and we are now prepared to attend to whatever pertains to the business in all of its branches in a satisfactory manner. We have secured the services of J. M. Fulmer, who has had many years experience in Undertaking and Embalming, and who will direct all funerals. Being a graduate of Clark's School of Embalming and the Oriental School of Embalming of Boston, with his practical experience, we are prepared to cater to Embalming and preservation of the dead.

Full line of Undertaking Supplies carried in stock. Out of town orders solicited and promptly attended to. TELEPHONE 46 or 41 BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

J. H. HICKS & SONS

EDWARD A. HICKS HENRY B. HICKS

Cloth for Ladies' Suits

NAVY BLACK GREY

Flannelettes in Kimona, Velours and Empire Twill. Black Saten Skirts, Sheetings, Linen Towels and Cable Linen.

Good discounts on all Summer Goods, Hosiery, White-wear and Undervests.

Also Stationery, School Books and Supplies

GEO. S. DAVIES

Our Fall Stock

is arriving daily and we ask the public to give us a call.

No trouble to show goods

JACOBSON & SON

C. L. Piggott's Block, Queen St.

Get ready for Fall

and call at our Store and get a nice Suit of Clothes, either in ready made or Custom made.

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There is plenty of indisputable evidence to prove that Consumption has been cured even after the symptoms were well defined and the lungs actually involved.

On the other hand, there has always been a point beyond which the disease has been considered incurable. Until a comparatively recent date this point had a place at a very early stage of the malady, but modern scientific discovery and common-sense methods of treatment have gradually moved the hopeless point further and further back, until now the Consumptive is not "given up" until the very last stage of the disease is reached.

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In fact, it is claimed that, with plenty of fresh air, sunlight and comfortable surroundings, FERROL has pushed the hopeless point to the limit, that is to say, where these fall the chances of cure are very slim indeed.

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For restoring lost weight and building up the run-down system FERROL is absolutely without an equal.

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HEWSON TWEEDS for Ladies' Suits have more than beauty of style and coloring to commend them. They are PURE WOOL—wear as only wool can—and may be washed without injury.

Woven in a great variety of beautiful patterns. Not expensive. Ask your dealer to show you his newest styles in HEWSON TWEEDS.

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Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

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Chas Hearn, - Tailor Repair Rooms

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W. E. REED'S

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Reversible Health Mattress

No. 1

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Here is a pretty design that always makes a good appearance, with four handsome brass vases. Head 52 in. high, foot 42 in. high, 4 feet wide and 6 feet long. The usual City price for this bed is \$5.75.

OUR PRICE Cash 5.00 with order.

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SIZE—37 inches wide by 6 feet long, with Pull, Brackets and Screws, all ready to put up, each cash with order, 35c.

COLORS—Dark Green, Light Green or Cream

Six or more Blinds in one order delivered FREE, or Freight paid.

All the above delivered FREE, or Freight paid.

W. E. REED, Bridgetown, N. S.

The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY.

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Some time ago, he had discovered valuable minerals in the volcanic rock. Mining operations were in full blast when the extinct volcano took its revenge upon the human ants gnawing at its vitals and smothered them by a deadly outpouring of carbonic acid gas, the bottled up poison of the ages. A horde of pigs, running wild over the island—placed there no doubt by Chinese fishers—had met the same fate while latent on dreadful orgy.

Then there came a European who knew how the ancient gas, being heavier than the surrounding air, settled like water in that terrible hollow. He, too, had striven to wrest the treasure from the stone by driving a tunnel into the cliff. He had partly succeeded and had gone away, perhaps to obtain help, after croakily registering his knowledge on the lid of a tin canister. This, again, probably fell into the hands of another man, who, curious and unconvicted, caused himself to be set ashore on this desolate spot with a few inadequate stores. Possibly he had arranged to be taken off within a fixed time.

But a sampan laden with Dyak pilgrims came first, and the intrepid explorer's bones rested near the well, while his head had gone to decorate the hut of some fierce village chief. The murderers, after burying their own dead—for the white man fought hard, witness the empty cartridges—searched the island. Some of them, ignorantly, inquisitive, descended into the hollow. They remained there. The intrepid, pertinacious barbarians, fed for their lives, embarking so hastily that they took from the cave neither tools nor oil, though they would greatly prize these articles.

Such was the tragic web he spun, a compound of fact and fancy. It explained all perplexities save one. What did "22 divided by 11" mean? Was there yet another fearsome riddle awaiting solution?

And then his thoughts flew to Iris. Happen what might, her bright picture was seldom absent from his brain. Suppose, egg hunting, she had stumbled head across the valley of death! How could he hope to keep it hidden from her? Was not the ghostly knowledge rather than the horror of a catastrophe?

He rushed back through the trees until he caught sight of Iris wandering to the track and pointing out the fatal quarry, but in such wise that she could not look inside it.

"You remember that round hole we saw from the summit rock?" he said. "Well, it is full of carbonic acid gas, to breathe which means unconsciousness and death. It gives no warning to the inexperienced. It is rather pleasant than otherwise. Promise me you will never come near this place again."

Now, Iris, too, had been thinking deeply. Robert Jenks bulged large in her day dreams. Her nerves were not yet quite normal. There was a catch in her throat as she answered:

"I don't want to die. Of course I will keep away. What a horrid island this is! Yet it might be a paradise."

She bit her lip to suppress her tears; but, being the Eve in this garden, she continued:

"How do you find out? Is there anything nasty in there?"

"Yes, the remains of animals and other things. I would not have told you were broken hearts rendered other objects conspicuous. He could see plenty of fish, but not a single shark, while on the inner slope of the reef was a black triangle, the destroyed fore part of the Sirdar, which had struck beyond the reef, relatively to his present standpoint. He had wondered why no boats were cast ashore. Now he saw the reason. Three of them were still fastened to the davits and carried down with the hull.

"Seaward the water was not so clear. The waves created patches of foam, and long submarine plants swayed gently in the undercurrent.

"To reach this reef, the rock—anticipating its subsequent name—had must cross a space of some thirty feet and waded up to his waist.

"He made the passage with ease. Punched against the bole of the tree was a long, narrow case, very heavy, iron clamped and marked with letters in black triangles and the broad arrow of the British government.

"Rifles, by all the gods!" shouted the sailor.

The Sirdar carried a consignment of arms and ammunition from Hongkong to Singapore. Providence had decreed that a practically incombustible store of cartridges should be buried across the lagoon to the island. And here were rifles enough to equip half a company. He would not risk the precious ax in an attempt to open the case. He must go back for a crowbar.

"What else was there in this storehouse thrust by Neptune from the ocean bed? A chest of tea, seemingly undamaged; two barrels of flour, utterly ruined; a saloon chair, smashed into its pivot; a battered chronometer. For the rest, fragments of timber intermingled with pulverized coral and broken crockery.

A little farther on the deep water entrance to the lagoon curved between sunken rocks. On one of them rested the Sirdar's huge funnel. The north-west section of the reef was bare, among the wreckage he found a coil of stout rope and a pulley. He instantly conceived the idea of constructing an aerial line to ferry the chest of tea across the channel he had forded.

"He threaded the pulley with the rope and fastened it to the tree, affixing a touch of artistic completeness to the ruin of his operation. He had fastened the other end to the trunk

before he realized how much more simple it would be to break open the chest where it lay and transport its contents in small parcels.

He laughed lightly. "I am becoming a little headstrong," he said to himself. "Anyhow, now the job is done, I may as well make use of it."

Recalling the rope ends, he cast them across to the reef. In such small ways do men throw invisible dice with death. With those two lines he would win a few fleeting seconds drag himself back from sterility.

Picking up the ax, he carelessly stepped into the water, not knowing that Iris, having welded the incipient saw into a flat pancake, had strolled to the beach and was watching him.

The water was hardly above his knees when there came a swirling rush from the seaward. A long tentacle shot out like a lasso and gripped his right leg. Another coiled around his waist. "My God!" he gasped as a horrid sucker closed over his mouth and nose. He was in the grip of a devilfish!

A deadly sensation of nausea almost overpowered him, but the love of life came to his aid and he tore the suffocating feeler from the feebly leg. Yet a fourth flung itself around his left ankle. A few feet away, out of range of the octopus but some of his length, he saw a fourth flung itself around his left ankle. A few feet away, out of range of the octopus but some of his length, he saw a fourth flung itself around his left ankle. A few feet away, out of range of the octopus but some of his length, he saw a fourth flung itself around his left ankle.



The remaining arm darted to again clutch with sinuous activity to grasp the man's face or neck.

With sinuous activity to grasp the man's face or neck. With the ax he smote manly at the curling feeler, diverting its aim and again, but failed to reach it in a single sweep. With agonized persistence the sailor knew that he was yielding. Were the devilfish a giant of its tribe he could not have reached the nearest rock. The creature could afford to wait, strengthening its grasp, tightening its coils, pulling and pumping at its prey with remorseless certainty.

He was nearly spent. In a prostrated of despair he resolved to give way and with one mad effort seek to bury the ax in the monster's brain. But ere he could execute this fatal project, for the cuttle would have instantly swept him into the trailing weeds, five revolver shots rang out in quick succession. Iris had reached the nearest rock.

The third bullet gave the octopus cause to retreat. It quivered forth a torrent of dark colored fluid. Instantly the water became black, opaque. The tentacle, flourishing in air, thrashed the surface with impotent fury. That around Jenks' waist grew taut and rigid. The ax dashed with the inspiration of hope. Another arm was severed. The huge dismembered coil slackened and fell away.

He was anchored immovably. He turned to look at Iris. She never forgot the fleeting expression of his face. So might Lazarus have looked from the tomb.

"The rope!" she screamed, dropping the revolver and seizing the loose ends lying at her feet.

She drew them tight and leaned back, pulling with all her strength.

One Cold and Another

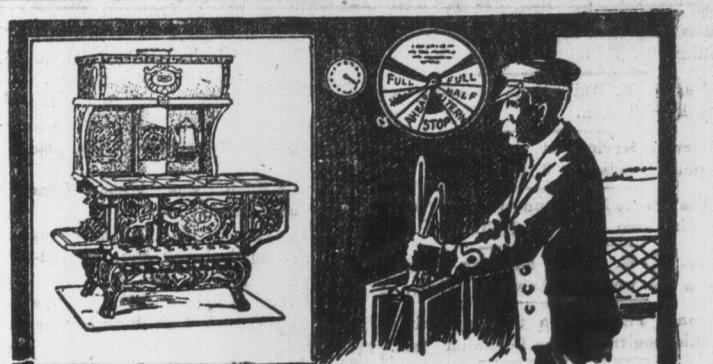
The season's first cold may be slight—may yield to early treatment, but the next cold will hang on longer; it will be more troublesome, too. Unnecessary to take chances on that second one. Scott's Emulsion is a preventive as well as a cure. Take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

when colds abound and you'll have no cold. Take it when the cold is contracted and it checks inflammation, heals the membranes of the throat and lungs and drives the cold out.

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BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY COMPANY, SOLE AGENTS.

savior flung the ax to the rocks and grasped the two ropes. He raised himself and plunged wildly. He was free. With two convulsive strides he was at the girl's side.

He stumbled to a bowlder and dropped in complete collapse. After a time he felt his hand placed timidly on his shoulder. He raised his head and saw her eyes shining.

"Thank you," he said. "We are quite now."

CHAPTER VI.

FERRE emotions are necessarily transient, but for the hour they exhaust the psychic capacity. The sailor had gone through such mental stress before that he soon that he was benumbed, wholly incapable of further sensation.

Being in good condition, he soon recovered his physical powers. He was practically unharmed. The skin around his mouth was sore. His waist and legs were bruised. One sweep of the ax had cut clean through the bulging leather of his left boot without touching the flesh. In a word, he was practically unharmed.

He had the doglike habit of shaking himself at the close of a fray. He did so now when he stood up. Iris showed clear signs of the ordeal. Her face was drawn and haggard, the pupils of her eyes dilated. She was gasping into depths of inimitable, unexplored. Compassion awoke at sight of her.

"Come," said Jenks gently. "Let us get back to the island."

He quietly resumed predominance, helping her over the rough pathway of the reef, almost lifting her when the difficulties were great.

He did not ask her how it happened that she came so speedily to his assistance. Enough that she had done it, daring all for his sake. She was weak and trembling.

Reaching the firm sand, she could walk alone.

"Did—the thing—grip you?" she nervously inquired.

"All over at once, it felt like. The beast attacked me with five arms."

She shuddered. "I don't know how you could fight it," she said. "How strong, how brave, you must be!"

This amused him. "The veriest coward will try to save his own life," he answered. "If you use such adjectives to me, what words can I find to do justice to you, who dared to come close to such a vile looking creature and kill it. I must thank my stars that you carried the revolver."

"Ah!" she said. "That reminds me. You do not practice what you preach. I found your pistol lying on the stone in the cave. That is one reason why I loved you."

It was quite true. He had the weapon aside when delving at the rock and forgot to replace it in his belt.

"It was stupid of me," he admitted. "But I am not sorry."

"Why?"

"Because, as it is, I owe you my life."

"You owe me nothing," she snapped. "It is very thoughtful of you to run such risks. What will become of me if anything happens to you? My point of view is purely selfish, you see."

"Quite so. Purely selfish. He smiled sadly. "Selfish people of your type are somewhat rare, Miss Deane."

She moved toward the cave, but he cried:

"Wait one minute. I want to get a couple of crowbars."

"What for?"

"I must go back there." He jerked his head in the direction of the reef. She uttered a little sob of dismay.

"I will incur no danger this time," he explained. "I found rifles there. We must have them; they may mean salvation."

When Iris was determined about anything her chin dimpled. It puckered delightfully now.

"I will come with you," she announced.

"Very well. I will wait for you. The title will serve for another hour."

He knew he had decided rightly. She could not bear to be alone—yet. Soon the crowbars were secured, and they returned to the reef. Scrambling now with difficulty over the rough and dangerous track, Iris was secretly amazed by the remembrance of the daring activity she displayed during her earlier passage along the same precarious roadway.

Then she darted from rock to rock with the fearless certainty of a chameleon. Her only stumble was caused, she recollected, by an absurd effort to avoid wetting her dress. She laughed nervously when they reached the place. This time Jenks lifted her across the intervening channel.

They were standing on the landward side of the shallow water in which he fought the octopus.

Already the dark fluid emitted by his assailant in his final discomfiture was passing away owing to the slight movement of the tide.

"Now that you have brought me here with so much difficulty, what are you going to do?" she said. "It will be madness for you to attempt to ford that passage again. Where there is one of those horrible things there are others, I suppose."

"That is one reason why I brought the crowbars," he explained. "If you will sit down for a little while I will have everything properly fixed. He delved with one of the bars until it lodged in a crevice of the coral. Then a few powerful blows with the back of the ax wedged it firmly enough to bear any ordinary strain. The rope ends veered through the pulley on the tree were lying where they fell from the girl's hand at the close of the struggle. He deftly knotted them to the rigid bar, and a few rapid turns of a piece of wreckage passed between the two lines strung them into a fastness which could not be attained by any amount of pulling.

Iris watched the operation in silence. The sailor always looked at his best when hard at work. The left sullen, wholly self contained expression left his face, which lit up with enthusiasm and concentrated intelligence. That which he essayed he did with all his might.

He toiling with steady persistence, felt not the inward spasm which sought relief in speech, but Iris was compelled to say something.

"I suppose," she commented with an air of much wisdom, "you are contriving an overhead railway for the safe transit of yourself and the goods?"

"Yes."

"Why are you so doubtful about it?"

"Because I personally intend to walk across. The ropes will serve to convey the packages."

She rose impetuously. "I absolutely forbid you to enter the water again. Such a suggestion on your part is quite shameful. You are taking a grave risk for no very great gain that I can see, and if anything happens to you I shall be left all alone in this awful place."

She could think of no better argument. Her only resource was a woman's expedient—a plea for protection against threatening ills.

The sailor seemed to be puzzled how best to act.

"Miss Deane," he said. "There is no such serious danger as you imagine. Last time the cuttle caught me napping. He will not do so again. Those rifles I must have. If it will serve to reassure you, I will go along the line myself."

Without another word he commenced operations. There was plenty of rope, and the plan he adopted was simplicity itself. When each package was securely fastened he attached it to a loop that passed over the line stretched from the tree to the crowbar. To this loop he tied the lightest rope he could find and threw the other end to Iris. By pulling slightly she was able to land at her feet even the cumbersome chest, for the traveling angle was so acute that the heavier articles the more readily it sought the lower level.

They toiled in silence until Jenks could lay hands on nothing more of value. Then, observing due care, he quickly passed the channel. For an instant the girl gazed after him at the sea until the sailor stood at her side again.

The tide had turned. In a few minutes the reef would be partly submerged. To carry the case of rifles to the mainland was a manifestly impossible feat, so Jenks now did that which done earlier would have saved him some labor. He broke open the chest and found that the weapons were apparently in excellent order.

(To be continued.)

How to Cure a Cold.

The question of how to cure a cold without unnecessary loss of time is one in which we are all more or less interested, for the quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger of pneumonia, which is all more or less of us. Mr. B. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va., has used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for years and says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. It has recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by W. H. Warren, Ph. M.

Tobacco was introduced into the West Indies in 1494. But tobacco was not cultivated in Europe until 1594.

