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BUILDINGS of all descriptions Raised and Moved, by land or Water, without taking down chimneys or disturbing the occupants. Stranded Vessels, of all sizes, raised and floated. Boilers and engines, of all description, hoisted in and out of steamers, placing them in any position.

I am the only building mover in the Lower Provinces thoroughly fitted with the latest improvements. Having had twenty years' experience I can guarantee satisfaction. With numbers of fine recommendations.

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VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1889. NO. 28.

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GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

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ONE DOLLAR LESS

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Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

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Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

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T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

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By mail to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

"I heartily recommend PUTTNER'S EMULSION to all who are suffering from affections of the Throat and Lungs, and I am certain that for Wasting Diseases nothing superior to it can be obtained."

"I have been suffering from Pulmonary Diseases for the last five years. * * * * About two years ago, during an acute period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try PUTTNER'S EMULSION. I did so with the most gratifying results. My sufferings were speedily alleviated. I added several pounds to my weight in a short time and began to recover strength. This process continues until life, which had been a misery to me, became once more a pleasure. Since then PUTTNER'S EMULSION has been my only medicine. * * * * As one who has fully tested its worth, I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering from affections of the *Lungs and Throat*, and I am certain that for any form of *Wasting Diseases* nothing superior can be obtained." * * * *

ROBERT R. J. EMMERSON.

Sackville, N. S., Aug. 1889.

Brown Bros. & Co.,

HALIFAX, ... NOVA SCOTIA.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

The Last Good-Night.

Clad in their night-gowns, clean and white,
The children come to say 'good-night.'
'Father, good-night,' says Marjory,
Climbing for kisses on my knee.

Then Ernest, Kittie, Harry next,
And baby, till I felt perplexed,
Wishing the last good-night was said,
And each and all were packed to bed.

These small folks take me unawares:
I hear them call, when safe upstairs,
As I sit down to read or write,
'Father, I want to say good-night!'

The book or pen is laid aside;
I find them lying, open-eyed,
Five rosy rebels, girls and boys,
Who greet me with tumultuous noise.

Can I be stern with such as these!
Can charming ways and looks displease?
They hold, and scarce will let me go,
And all because they love me so.

Then in a vision suddenly
The future seems unveiled to me!
It is my turn, though all in vain,
To long to say 'good-night' again.

I see the years stretch forth and on,
The children all grown up and gone?
No chamber echoes to their tread,
The last good-night has long been said.

And by his fireside desolate,
An old man sits, resigned to wait,
Recalling joys that used to be,
And faces that he may not see.

Therefore, what bliss is mine that now
I still can smooth each fair young brow!
And feel the arms that clasp me tight,
The lips that kiss the last good-night!

—*J. B. Eastwood, in Norristown Herald.*

Select Literature.

Love's Stratagem.

Lieutenant Marshall clanked into his diminutive quarters helmeted and sworded: 'Hail, guardian of the fort!' cried Mrs. Marshall, looking up from the perusal of a letter from home. 'Did you have a horrible night?'

'So, so.'

These nights on guard were always horrible in Mrs. Marshall's mind, and so unnecessary, she grumbled, in piping times of peace. No Indians within five hundred miles; no labor riots. She did not believe in work of supererogation.

Marshall was saying, 'In time of peace prepare for war,' sleepily, when an orderly rapped. 'Hello! here's active service for you'—reading the paper handed in by the orderly. Betty came and read over her husband's shoulder. 'I am not sure that I like this kind of police duty, however.'

'August twentieth. That's to-morrow, Tom. An escort of ten men. To pursue and arrest and bring back to jail in Green River, James O'Leary.' What does it mean?

'O'Leary is the fellow who broke into Jones' jewelry store in Green River the other day. He is a desperate character, I hear; escaped from Texas a few months ago, where he was awaiting trial for man-slaughter. I wish the Green River people would look after their own rascals. And why should the colonel pitch on me to go? Just off the guard, too, and as seedy as you please.'

Betty sympathized with him fully, of grievances eased off in that sunshine. He course; you might be sure of that. Tom's picked himself up presently, and went back to the guard-house to turn over his responsibilities to his immediate successor; then, to see the colonel, and glean particulars in regard to the morrow's expedition. It was borne in upon him that the colonel had proposed to compliment him by this detail. 'If I can only keep my eyes open,' he said to himself, strolling down the line from the colonel's office, gazing at the photograph of the escaped burglar which had been handed him. Two or three officers were standing on the porch talking to Betty when he came up. He showed the photograph.

'O'Leary, his countenance,' said one of these. 'Old Jim, they call him, because he was christened John, and because he looks like a babe. If we were in San Antonio now, and you caught him and brought him back to the jail there, the chances are he would be lynched. He has a very unenviable reputation down that way. He's been wanted in Texas a long time—wanted badly.'

'Who is it he looks like?' Betty wondered.

'One of Raphael's cherubs? No; they're too fat and jolly. A mediæval saint.'

'I don't believe he has done all those dreadful things,' cried Betty, still gazing.

Tom took the photograph and turned to go in-doors, the other young men moving on.

'I have to be off before dark, Betty. I take my men into Green River, and start from there with the constable, and one or two of his myrmidons.'

Betty followed him into the house. 'Do get a good sleep, dearest,' she said, 'and by the time you are about again dinner will be ready.'

Tom got off duly, cheered and speeded by his wife and cook. The latter displayed unusual energy, asking more questions than Mrs. Marshall could answer as to the burglar at large and the efforts being made to capture him. This cook was a young woman of twenty-four or so, of a type that one walking in the beaten path is more apt to find in Bret Harte's novels than in real life. But life at a frontier post is hardly a beaten path. Betty had remarked of her hand-maiden that she might have been brought up anywhere, and come from anywhere, and done anything Once, going out suddenly into the kitchen, she had discovered the cook mounted on a table singing a variety theatre ditty, with appropriate gestures, to two other neighboring cooks and an enlisted man or two. There was a racy abandon about this performance which suggested to Mrs. Marshall that the singer was at home behind the foot-lights.

'It makes me creep,' Betty told Tom, 'to think how she has probably been knocked about the world. Her father was a miner, and she was brought up in that atmosphere—excitement, false hopes and disappointment.'

'Married, I dare say,' supplemented Tom. 'And put a bullet through the fellows head, and then has taken up with one or two others.'

'Yes, yes.' Betty dropped her voice to an awestruck whisper. 'She actually showed the photograph of a friend of hers who she said was 'in' for five years—in (such a dreadful word) for bigamy. In prison at Leavenworth.'

'Why don't you get rid of her?' cried Tom, briskly. 'She's a beastly cook; I know that.'

But in spite of her questionable antecedents the mistress' heart went out to the maid with the same instinct which had prompted her at the East to visit dingy tenement-houses and pauper wards in hospitals. There was a responsiveness, an affectionateness, about the cook to the attraction of which Betty succumbed. Besides, the girl was pretty, with a slender rounded figure, and brilliantly bright hazel eyes, a fair, pure skin. These charms increased after she had lived a decent quiet life with the Marshalls for two or three months, and a certain haggard look disappeared.

To be sure, she had been a little off her head for the last week or so. She had looked in the morning as though she had not closed her eyes the night before; she had returned to a former habit, which had yielded to Mrs. Marshall's expostulations, of going about until high noon with her head tied up. 'So fearfully unchearful,' complained Betty. Moreover she was peevish and fretful. There was altogether an air, unmistakeable in the house-keeper of uncertain tenure of of office about her, which struck a chill to Betty's heart. This young lady was as wedded to present ways as a cat. All change had a vague element of terror for her.

Hence it was with a sense of relief that she remarked that her Mary was aroused from her apathy and indifference by the fact of Lieutenent Marshall's unexpected orders. She was as communicative as possible, pleased at having hit upon a subject of interest. Still she kept recurring to the strong impression that Mary was an odd creature. She had forgotten something, and went back to the kitchen unexpectedly. There stood Mary in the middle of the room, her clenched slender fists pressed against her temples, her bright dark eyes gazing out before her with a fixed intensity of concentration; poised on her small arched feet as though about to spring she suggested a alert trapped creature, at bay. What an untamed, problematical girl, and what a mixed civilization had produced her! Meantime all well-balanced house-keepers will agree that Mrs. Marshall was most unfortunate in having such an unsuitable cook, were she ever so devoted to the regeneration of humanity.

Dusk was gathering about the post when Mrs. Marshall betook herself to her front door and looked up and down the line of quarters and across the parade ground, and wished for Tom. A man came rapidly down the plank walk, paused, and addressed her:

'Does Mrs. Escadero live here?'

It was a second before Betty remembered that that was the elegant name of her cook. 'Yes, she does.'

'Can I see her? I'm a brother of hers.'

Betty looked with pleased interest. A lamp was lighted near by at the moment, and brought out the slender features and fair hair of her companion's striking face, and which was also strikingly like Mary's. He seemed quite a boy; younger than Mary; or perhaps it was the expression. He had a quick, bright, boyish smile that flashed upon Betty before he moved into the shadows of the porch.

'I will call your sister, or you can look her up yourself if you choose. Through that gate; the kitchen is at the end of the yard. You will find her there.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' said the young fellow, and then disappeared through the gate.

Afterwards some friends came in, and there was a game of whist, and a frugal, impromptu supper followed A friend offered to stay all night if Betty was nervous at being left alone; but this offer was rejected, and she scorned the notion of fear. Nor was she in the least afraid; it was part of her creed that soldier's wife should have a stout heart. She made a pretence of closing doors and windows for the night, saying all the while in her heart it was a waste of strength to take these precautions in a place so carefully patrolled Finally, she went out into the kitchen to say a last word to Mary. She found the kitchen deserted. A lamp was burning high, the flame blown about by a draught from the open door. She closed the door and looked about her. Another door led upstairs to a loft adjoining her own room; it occurred to her to shoot the bolt, which was on the outside. 'Somebody might slip in and up while Mary is out.' On her way upstairs she laughed at herself for having done this. How silly of her! The bolt could be slipped back again in a moment. Once in her room, it occurred to her that the door leading from her room into the garret was the one to make fast. But on examination it proved to have no fastenings.

She heard Mary come up to the room she occupied at the head of the stairs presently, hesitate, then go into her own room, but without closing the door.

'That is nice of Mary,' reflected the little mistress. 'She thinks I am afraid.' And she smiled to herself at the notion.

Still, for all, she could not sleep. She tossed restlessly for a while, half lost herself in troubled dreams, sat up in bed broad-awake and longed for day. 'Goodness me! it's a mouse!' she thought, hearing subdued, annoying noises in the adjoining attic. 'I wish it were the cat.'

The gray dawn reassured her. The night's mysteries were vanquished; speculation no longer lurked in corners. She closed her eyes and slept.

She awoke suddenly. Her bed was drawn close to the door of the attic aforesaid. That door had been opened very softly, but it had jarred the bed. A figure stood holding the door, closing it very gently—a man's figure, slight, fair hair. She saw that much, then closed her eyes in an instinct of preservation, but not before she had recognized the man who had asked for Mrs. Escadero of the night before. He wore a soft felt hat, as he had done then, and he carried his boots in one hand. He had evidently spent the night in the loft, after being stowed away there by his sister. Betty, in fact, had locked him in, and Mary had come up to her room without noticing the shotbolt. All this flashed across Mrs. Marshall in a second, as also his extraordinary likeness to her cook, which, to be sure, she had remarked the night before. It was one of those all-over likenesses, attitude, action, expression—unmistakeable.

Betty did not stir. The man's hope was to slip through the room without rousing her; and if she was feigning, as his sharpened senses may have guessed, it suited his purpose to accept the situation. He had weighed the chances, and this was the best—his only one. His sister had given him the geography of the house the night before, and he had rapidly decided to come this way on discovering a while ago, that egress below was barred. He stealthily crossed, found his sister (she was his sister) sitting up wide-eyed in bed, as alert as he, as quick to comprehend what had happened; ready, in pursuance of a previous plan, to help him put on a suit of her clothes, including an ulster, and to dress herself in the gray clothes he wore. Not a work was uttered meanwhile. It might have been Mary only, rising betimes and stirring about as she made ready to begin her day's work. In fact, as Mrs. Marshall lay there, she wondered in the whirl of her excited startled brain, weary too with a night's sleeplessness, whether she had not dreamed that a slight, fair man had stood a second at her bedside on his way through the room.

No, it had been no dream. The pair went down stairs presently, and out of the front door. Then Betty rushed to the window in time to see them—a man and a woman—cross the parade-ground, making for the little railroad station which lay just outside the post.

'She was taking him to the cars; he is in some trouble,' Betty decided. 'Just what might be expected from that wild West creature. What an extraordinary resemblance between them! Poor soul! I hope she will get him off.'

She was all for defeating the ends of justice in her sympathy of her attractive cook. She had a distinct impression that the latter numbered jail birds of all kinds among her friends; this was probably one of them. Still, she hoped he would get off all right.

They just made the train. Betty stood by the window, shivering in her night-dress, and heard the whistle shrill, and saw the cars sweep up and linger an instant, and then sweep on again. She watched next to see Mary come back across the parade-ground. She would come in quietly amd go about her work as though nothing had occurred. Her mistress would make no sign; in truth her strongest feeling was sympathy and pity. She did wish that Mary had given her her confidence; she need not have smuggled her brother in and out in that way. But, again, it would never have done to tell if the man was a fugitive from justice. Poor soul! Poor soul! This accounted for despairing looks yesterday.

But how long she was getting back! Mrs. Marshall went back to bed again presently, and, tired out, dozed off to sleep and slept an hour or so in spite of herself. She awoke suddenly, recalled the event of the past night, and pulled herself together. Nine o'clock. She would get up and dress.

She hurried through her toilet, somewhat spurred by a vague misgiving. When she she went down-stairs she found the house quite deserted save for the soldier who worked about the house, and was known as their striker, who on this occasion kindled the kitchen fire, and was now standing around that apartment awaiting further developments.

'Cook deserted?' he inquired, easily. Desertions were common enough in that region. 'Seen her git aboard the train this morning. Said she was tired of working. Had her brother along. Her twin, she said. Like as two peas in a pod.'

So the fact of Mary's departure was established. Mrs. Marshall made the best of it; made herself some coffee, went into Green River in the mid-day ambulance, secured another servant, whom she brought back with her, and congratulated herself that Tom had been out of the way during this domestic flurry. 'Especially during last night's occupation.' It did not occur to her that if Tom had not gone, Mary's brother would not have come.

That day went by. At the middle of the next one Tom returned.

'Did you catch the burglar?' his wife asked, after a joyful welcome.

'No; he got away from us. I see you've replaced your Prairie Rose,' nodding in the direction of the Irish girl who was laying the lunch-table in the next room. 'I brought her back with me all the same—as far as Green River, that is.'

'What do you mean?'

'That the Governor of this Territory has retained Mary Escadore as a witness in the case of State *versus* James O'Leary. They turn out to be brother and sister.'

Mrs. Marshall stared at her husband in a dazed way. Then the whole thing began to dawn upon her. 'O Tom!' She rapidly sketched her adventures during his absence.

'By jingo! You are a plucky little soul. No screaming? No fainting? No hysterics? But you poor little chicken, it was pretty rough on you!'

Betty scorned these compliments. 'I was not afraid in the least. I was excited and overwrought and absorbed in the situation. It did not dawn upon me who the man was. I should have turned to stone if I had dreamed it was O'Leary standing over me.' And she shddered. 'When I watched Mary walk off across the parade-ground with him, my idea was that he had done something, of course—stolen a horse, or forged, or—,

'Some trifle of that sort. But now for my story.'

He had tramped over the prairies with his escort for hours before coming upon a trace of the man he was looking for. These wanderings had brought him to a part of the country crossed by the railroad that skirted the post and near the river. It was a rolling country, so that the view was broken between short given points. The scouting party separated in order to command the whole field. All at once one of the soldiers saw a boat put off from the shore, and gain mid-stream with a few rapid strokes. A woman held the oars. At the same time a man clambered back up the steep river-bank, having first pushed the boat off; the bank was steep, and had probably concealed the party of soldiers from his view. Having gained the top, he paused to recover breath, then in full view of Lieutenant Marshall, who instantly identified him with the object of his search. He signalled to his men, and they had surrounded and captured O'Leary, or, as they thought, in a twinkling.

Their prisoner made little or no resistance. He started to run at first, to be sure, but after giving one rapid anxious glance across the river, where his companion had landed, and where she was speedily lost to sight behind the high land and rolling hillocks on that side, he submitted to the inevitable ts be captdred.

It was not until they were all back again in Green River that it was discovered that they were not bringing back O'Leary at all, but his sister, Mary Escadpro, Marshall's cook. And by that time O'Leary himself was in safety, far enough away.

'Recognize her? Not I,' said Tom. I recognized him from the photograph I had with me. I believe it did cross my mind that my prisoner resembled your Prairie Rose; but I merely regarded it as a coincidence. She says they are twins. It's an odd thing now that a precious rascal like that should be able to inspire such devotion. I declare to you, Betty, I don't believe that woman had a thought of herself in the matter.'

And Betty, having the lukewarm attachment and feeble friendships and clinging loves of respectable people, felt a stir at the heart as she remembered that from the beginning outcasts have passed into the kingdom of Heaven, whose name is also Love. The sins of these wild O'Learys or Escaderos, or whatever their name might be, were many, no doubt. Please God! there was a balance in their favor, kept by a merciful recording angel.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Let Girls be Girls.

One cannot emphasize too strongly the foolishness or thoughtlessness, to put it as mildly as possible, of the mother who allows her young daughter to assume the dress and manner of a young woman before she has fairly outgrown her girlhood. The child will want to; there never was a girl yet who did not want to be 'grown up' long before she had any business to be, and who, if she was allowed to have her own way, did not sadly regret it when she came to realize what she had done. More than one girl has bitterly reproached her mother for giving way to her whim and allowing her to have her own way in a matter upon which the mother's judgement ought to have been insisted upon as the wisest and best. Keep the children as long as may be; nothing is more painful than the immature men and women, sad caricatures oftentimes of their elders. There is enough of responsibility and grown-up care that come with life; delay taking them on as long as possible. You may think, indulgent mother, that the dress makes no difference with the childishness of your girl; that long or short skirts, simple or elaborate coiffures are mere externals, and that the mind or the thought or the habit of life is not affected by them. But this is a sad mistake of yours. The dress will influence the manner, and it most certainly will very markedly influence the manner of the persons whom she meets. If she dresses in consonance with her years, she will be treated like the child she really is; if she assumes the dress of a young woman, she must expect to be treated like one. You know very well that you cannot expect from the child the experience of even a young woman, and unless you take care of her dress, and make it suited to her years, you may subject her to great distress, and many times to dangers for which she is not prepared. So don't be too anxious to make grown women of your girls; let life come to them naturally, a step at a time; let them become accustomed to one new situation, one added responsibility, before you crowd another upon them. Fortunately for all the girls, particularly so for those whose mothers are only

INFLUENCED BY 'THE STYLE,'

common sense is enjoying a well merited popularity at this time, and is affecting dress among other things. Young girls are no longer put into corsets to aid nature in 'forming the figure,' an aid which has usually led to deformity. The growing girl is kept in well fitting waists, which allow her figure to grow as nature intended. This is particularly true of the children of the upper class, and that is why among the "exclusive set," as it is called, are found such fine specimens of young womanhood. Healthy, lithe, agile and graceful, they are wonderfully attractive, and are, mentally and physically, a good match for the young men. It is only the uncertain mother—she who wants to do right, but doesn't quite know how—who lapses into the faults of what were formerly the fashions. The world has grown away from the traditions of delicate women. The chronic invalids are looked upon with pity rather than admiration. A small waist isn't regarded as the summit of feminine attainment. She is sent to bed early to keep her freshness; she is treated to simple food at regular hours, and is otherwise taken care of. The result is a beautiful young womanhood that delights everybody.

Nerviline. What is it?

Nerviline is a combination of the most powerful pain relieving substances known. Nerviline is not a nostrum, but a preparation which has received from members of the medical profession, clergymen, the press and others most enthusiastic endorsation. If suffering from pain of any kind, external or local, give Nerviline a trial. Nerviline cures toothache, cramps, neuralgia and almost instantly. Trial bottles 10 cents, large bottles 25 cents, at druggists and dealers everywhere.

—'Doctor,' said a lawyer to a clergyman, 'if the parson and the devil went to law, which do you think would win?' 'The devil, sir, for all the lawyers would be on his side.'

A Strong Following.

Many diseases result from neglected constipation, such as sick headache, bad blood, foul humors, heartburn, dizziness and general ill health. From one to three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure constipation and all diseases caused by irregularity of the bowels.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, *and firmly set.*"—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Newspaper Law.

The following is a *resume* of the laws in force regarding the receiving of newspapers:

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order a discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect to take the periodicals from the office, to which they are directed, they are responsible till they have settled up their bill and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

6. If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of their time if they do not wish to continue taking it, otherwise the publisher is obliged to send it, and the subscriber will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrearages, is sent to the publisher.

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest anyone for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid and then orders it discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it 'Refused,' and have a postal card sent notifying the publisher, lays himself liable to arrest and fine for theft.

Favoring Commercial Union.

CLOSING SESSION OF THE HEARING IN BOSTON BY THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON CANADIAN RELATIONS.

BOSTON, Sept. 14.—The closing session of the United States Senate committee's hearing on this country's relations with Canada was held to-day, Senators Hoar, Pugh, Dolph, and Butler were present. W. O. Blaney, representing the Boston Chamber of Commerce, favored annexation or commercial union, by which reciprocity shall be enjoyed by the two peoples. He would have reciprocity between all countries on the American continent. A large and profitable trade was done with the Canadian provinces under the reciprocity treaty. There are 500,000 barrels of flour shipped in bond through the British provinces. Under free trade with Canada a large part of that would be American flour. What would benefit Boston and New England would benefit the rest of the country also. It would not be wise to put any restrictions on Canadian roads. The Grand Trunk is to New England what the Erie Canal is to New York. He did not believe in the Interstate Commerce law. New England had suffered by it.

James Means, of Brockton, representing the boot and shoe industry, took exception to the statements made by Mr. Allen, of this city, yesterday, that the shoe industry for years had depended upon the tariff. He felt sure he could sell a large quantity of goods in Canada under the reciprocity.

John S. Farlow, representing the Tariff Reform League, favored annexation if it were possible as he believed the Canadians would make loyal citizens. But if that could not be, he would favor reciprocity.

Severely Attacked.

I was severely attacked with diarrhœa and vomiting, the pain was intense and I thought I could not live till morning. Six doses of Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry cured me and I have not had the least symptom of it since. MRS. ALICE HOPKINS, Hamilton, Ont.

YOUNG'S COVE, N. B.—A fact little known I think to the readers of the *New Star*, either in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, came to the knowledge of the writer a few days ago, whilst going through Queens Co., N. B. Almost at the head of the Grand Lake is a small cove where the steamers running up and down to St. John during the navigable seasons call. It is known as Young's Cove, and takes its name from one of the first settlers, "Abraham Young," who came out from Scotland when a young man, and settled there. Some years after he took unto himself a wife and brought up a family. Years after he left the place (Young's Cove) and selling off moved away to the United States, whereabouts, I could not find out, but the purchase money to be given him by the purchaser of this property, he authorized his son Abraham (called Brigham for shortness) to collect for him. The money was collected which fortunately for the payer, he was in a position to prove not only by the receipt but by witnesses, for the son, with the cash $1200, never reached the old man, and all trace of the son was for many years lost, until years after when Brigham, came out as a full fledged Mormon, with charge of Salt Lake, and its inhabitants. Such is the story given to me by one of the oldest inhabitants of Young's Cove, the property in question being shown me. Doubtless this account may interest many as well as it did the writer.

TRAVELLER.

—Catarrh is in the blood. No cure for this loathsome and dangerous disease is possible until the poison is thoroughly eradicated from the system. For this purpose, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best and most economical medicine. Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Paris Fur Notes.

Muffs will be very large this winter.

Gray astrakan and chinchilla will be much worn.

Long shoulder capes will be in great request.

Long haired furs, sable, fox, etc., will be favorites.

A flattened boa, in preference to the round, promises to be stylish.

Ermine is being received and is made up in many garments for evening wear.

Natural furs are in great favor, and sable, marten and beaver will have a great run.

Combined furs will be fashionable. Sealskin will be trimmed with Persian lamb and astrakhan.

White furs will undoubtedly be seen more the coming winter than for some time.—*Cloak, Suit and Ladies' Wear Review.*

—Having used the 'OPELEKA' Cough Mixture in my family, I pronounce it a good article.

JAMES J. MCLACHIE.