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NO. 7.

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Yearly advertisements charged off after the first month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

The average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,154 being considerably larger than that of any other paper published in the City.

WELLAND CANAL. Notice to Bridge-builders. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for the Welland Canal.

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THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS OF Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the instruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT. THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY, Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

21 CASKS Refined Sugar. Received This Day, Ex. Steamer via Halifax.

J. & W. F. Harrison, 11 and 12 North Water, St. John, N. B.

Hardware and Carriages. STOCK EMPORIUM, MIDDLETON, Annapolis County, N. S.

OUR IMPORTATIONS this season have been unusually large, and our Stock in the following lines is very heavy.

Building Materials. SUCH AS—CUT NAILS, 3/4 FINE LATH TO 1/4 FLOOR BRADS, FINISHING NAILS, &c.

BOILED AND RAW OILS, PRESSED SHEET, AND BELGIAN SHEET, ZINC, DRY AND TARED SHEATHING, SHEET LEAD, LEAD PIPE & 1/4 IN BORE.

Branden's Celebrated London Lead. in which we keep two grades—No. 1 and Extra—the latter taking EIGHT GALLONS OIL TO THE HUNDRED.

CAUTION! EACH PLUG OF THE Myrtle Navy! IS MARKED T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE. 35 PER CENT! HE DOES NOT INTEND raising the price of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making the glory of the moonlight!

Still further Reduction. As his Sales will increase under the New Tariff, he has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY.

BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from \$12.00 to \$16.00. A good suit for \$39.00. WALNUT CHAIRS, \$3.50 to \$6.00. CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, \$8.00 to \$10.00.

WASH STANDS, \$1.00 to \$1.25. JOHN B. REED, Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered to the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz—

10 First-class Cars (a proportion being sleepers), 20 Second-class Cars, 3 Express and Baggage Cars, 20 Postal and Smoking Cars, 240 Box Freight Cars.

TERMS TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

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proud without blame? He saves two lives—no, three; I mean—and calls it 'quite an incidental affair.'

'What was the third?' asked Richard, in a tone by no means enthusiastic.

'Is it possible you don't know? Has not your friend Mr. Davenant told you? returned the young lady.

'No, Richard said shortly. 'Well, it was Miss Chalcombe of course.'

'I never heard she was in any danger. Oh, yes, she was! And Captain Thurlstone finished into the waves and dragged her to the boat just before it upset.'

'No, I dare say not. And Miss Chalcombe too was so overcome and frightened that she is not well enough to come here to-night.'

'Oh, I thought Miss Chalcombe was not here simply because Davenant was ill and had to stay away,' said Richard.

'That seemed the natural cause of her absence to me.'

'Certainly. There is no one knows Davenant's intentions better than I do, and I have no hesitation in saying that he intends to marry Miss Chalcombe.'

'But I have not been in to support her. My dear Lady Broadmead, she cried, have you not been in to support her?'

'Oh, yes, she will have him. I am so ready to conduct you, I am so afraid you are not enjoying yourself.'

'I am spending a delightful evening, said the stout lady, looking back to smile and tell the, as Captain Thurlstone conducted her, for the third time, to the supper-table.'

'Now I am going to find you a partner, Miss Broadmead, cried lively Lady Saterleigh. 'I cannot think of allowing you to sit out a dance, and so many beaux long to get a chance of dancing with you.'

'Miss Broadmead smiled a little superciliously. She looked down upon military society as being impetuous and uncertain in its movements; nevertheless, being not being so numerous apparently as supposed, she was glad to dance with the pink-faced young officer, whom Lady Saterleigh led up to her, blushing uncomfortably.'

'My dear Broadmead—Mr. Luffincoot. 'Pleasure of this dance?' said Luffincoot. And Miss Broadmead smiled a sweet smile.'

'At she pranced up and down in the hard gallop, shaking like a jelly, she saw sitting in the cool veranda, among roses and jasmines, Richard Lacroix and Poppy looking brilliantly beautiful beneath the dazzling light of the clear May moon.'

'There is no doubt of it, my love, said Captain Chalcombe, smiling off to another part of the garden with his boys—yes, Lady Saterleigh too, may be.'

'Of course it would, Mrs. Chalcombe returned, following up her husband quickly, as he retreated toward the garden. 'And I wonder, John, you don't exert yourself a little more about the matter.'

'Exert myself, my dear? What in the world could I do? I am always very civil to the young fellow, and I am sure he walks in and out of my house just as he pleases.'

'That's just it; you have no right to allow that. You should speak to him, and tell him that a man can't single out a girl for attentions in this way without doing her harm; therefore he must drop them at once.'

Lady Broadmead's question, put with her sweetest smile—a smile that expanded her countenance amazingly—ruined Richard's ire to a point beyond patience.

'What? he cried. 'Marry Luffincoot? Why, he is a boy—he is younger than her, and I believe I am quite sure she has never thought of such a shrewdly.'

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bles and fruit—this was his weak point, and flattered him into a smile—and if good management, our dinner cost us very little. I nearly always get the fish as a present, or I let old Dan Trezoon have a few vegetables or flowers for them, and he is quite content. And then Thurlstone never hear of our having a party that they don't send something which they know is exactly the thing I want. It is very nice of them, and I shall miss their kindness terribly when it all stops.'

'Stop, my dear? 'Yes, stop; it won't go on for ever.' 'Well, I don't know that I want to be under any obligation to them or any other rich folk, said the sturdy captain. 'I always make a point of returning them gift for gift.'

'Nonsense, John! As if your presents could be compared with theirs! A bundle of early asparagus, a bunch of flowers, a few rubbily old curranties you picked up among the savages—what are they in comparison with cases of champagne, bunches of venison, broods of birds—'

'What are you driving at, Lucy? cried the Captain, wiping his brow forehead as his mental eye swept the horizon of the future for the storms and rocks that loomed ahead.'

'I don't want to be mean,' said Mrs. Chalcombe, 'or to seem mean, but I can't help thinking of my children, and I know the Davenant connection would be a good thing for me. As for the little presents that fall in now, they appear to be fair enough, considering that Edgar is here either to lunch or to dine at least three times a week, and I am always obliged to make a little difference for him, though I say I don't.'

'Her husband heaved a great sigh of relief, and stooped for his towel again. 'Yes, my love—yes, looking on it in that light, the presents are not more on their side than on ours. We can't afford to give the young fellow five guineas—he knows that; so you need not fear, Lucy, I shall not make myself uncomfortable about the matter. Now for the geraniums! I don't know how you got on for the day's work.' And Captain Chalcombe trotted away again with cheerful alacrity towards his beloved greenhouse.

'John, cried his wife's voice sharply, 'what are you running off for? The garden can wait, and my business can't.' 'The man turned back with a dismayed face.'

'I thought you had said your say, my love.' 'No, I have only just begun it.' 'Then I wish you would be quick, Lucy. I believe I shall have a sunstroke if I stand here much longer doing nothing. You mean never get straight before the wind; you talk to twenty points, and never know on which you are sailing.'

'When Captain Chalcombe grew nautical, he also grew angry, and, aware of this, Mrs. Chalcombe very rarely pushed his patience in the direction of her own happiness, some one else had stepped in who will stretch it for him.'

'Some one else? repeated her husband, dropping two flower-pots and breaking them. 'Some one else coming after Lillian, do you mean?'

'My meaning is plain enough,' said Mrs. Chalcombe, 'with a flash in her handsome eyes; and I only wish his regiment was ordered to India to-morrow.'

'It is not one of those military killers, I hope? 'Yes, it is—and one of the worst of them too.'

'Ah, I thought you asked that young Harwood too often to the house! You should not do it, Lucy.'

'This was a disagreeable turn in affairs. Mrs. Chalcombe started for an instant at her husband, and then burst into a laugh. 'What a goose you are, John! Harwood is a very good fellow, and he thinks no more of Lillian than he does of—or our cook.'

'I am glad to hear it. But, if you invite him so often, he'll be the next to be in love with her, that's certain.'

'It is not Harwood, and never will be Harwood,' returned Mrs. Chalcombe sharply. 'It is that gay wild young fellow in the Lancashire-Thurstone.'

'Thurstone! Why, he has never been inside my house! 'No; I have taken care of that. But it does not matter; he is in love with Lillian, and she is growing sentimental about him, and the sole way to stop it will be to get her engaged to Davenant at once.'

'Yes, so it will. I'll take your advice, Lucy—I'll speak to him. He will be glad to be warned of this. Thurstone, bless my soul! exclaimed the Captain, his dear wife, this thing stagnating him completely. 'Way, she scarcely knew him! I don't believe, Lucy, my dear, he is such a fool.'

'It is not everybody gives your daughter so much credit for sense as you do yourself, Captain Chalcombe. You must take my word for it that she is simpleton enough to throw away a good husband for a handsome face, and you must act accordingly. It is not a loss to her only, it is a loss to all the family if she flings away her happiness recklessly in this manner. Such men as Edgar Davenant don't cross a girl's path twice in life, or go begging for wives into the same family after being rejected once.'

'From which speech it was plain Mrs. Chalcombe had no hope of Edgar becoming her son-in-law by any other means than through Lillian. No wonder she was anxious and angry. To her sharp worldly mind it seemed nothing less than madness to throw away such a chance of gaining a wealthy luxurious home.'

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