Miscellaneous.

The Old-Fashioned Cradle.

The historic and old-time cradle is dead and buried in the rubbish of the garret. A baby of five months, filled with modern notions, would spurn to be rocked in the awkward and old-time thing. The baby ejects the 'Alexandria feeding bottle" out of its mouth, and protests against the old-fashioned cradle, giving emphasis to his utterances by throwing a rattle that cost $7, and kicking off a shoe imported at fabulous expense, and upsetting the 'baby basket' with all its treasures of ivory hair brushes and 'Lubin's powder.' Not with voice, but by violence of gesture and kicks and squirms, it says, 'What! You going to put me in that old cradle? Where is the nurse? My patience! What does mother mean? Give me a 'patented self-rocker.' The parents yield. In comes the new-fangled crib. The machine is wound up, the baby put in, the crib set in motion, and mother has no more responsibility.

Now the 'patented self-rockers,' no doubt, have their proper use; but go up with me in the garret of your old homestead and exhume the cradle that you, a good while ago, slept in. The rockers are somewhat rough, as though a farmer's plane had fashioned them, and the sides just high enough for a child to learn to walk by. What a homely thing, take it all in all, you say. Stop your depreciation. We were all rocked in that for about fifteen years that cradle was going most of the time. When the older child was taken out a smaller child was put in. The creak of the rockers is pleasant yet in my ears. There I took my first lesson in music as my mother sang to me. Have heard what you would call better singing since then, but none that so thoroughly touched me. She never got $500 per night for singing three songs at the Academy, with two or three encores grudgingly thrown in; but without pay she sometimes sang all night, and came out whenever encored, though she had only two little ears for an audience. It was a low, subdued tone that sings to me yet across forty-five years. You see, the edge of that rocker, worn quite deep? That is where her foot was placed while she sat with her knitting and sewing, on summer afternoons, while the bees hummed at the door and the shout of the boy at the oxen was heard afield. From the way the rocker is worn I think that sometimes the foot must have been very tired and the ankle very sore; but I do not think she stopped for that. When such a cradle as that got a-going it kept on for years.

Scarlet fever came in the door, and we all had it; and, oh, how the cradle did go! We contended as to who should lie in it, for sickness, you know, makes babies of us all. But after a while we surrendered it to Charlie. He was too old to lie in it, but he seemed to be so very, very sick, and with him in the cradle it was 'rock!' 'rock!' But one day, just as long ago as you can remember, the cradle stopped. When a child is asleep, there is no need of rocking. Charlie was asleep. He was sound asleep. Nothing would wake him. He needed taking up. Mother was too weak to do it. The neighbors came in to do that, and put a flower, fresh from the garden-dew, between the two still hands. The fever had gone out of the cheek and left it white, very white—the rose exchanged for the lily. There was one less to contend for the cradle. It soon started again and with a voice not quite so firm as before, but more tender, the old song came back; 'Bye!' 'Bye!' Bye!' which meant more to you than anything rendered by an opera troupe in the presence of an American audience all leaning forward and nodding to show how well they understand Italian.

There was a wooden canopy at the head of the old cradle that somehow got loose and was taken off. But your infantile mind was most impressed with the face which most of the time hovered over you. Other women sometimes looked in at the child, and said: 'That child's hair is not attractive!' or, 'What a peculiar chin!' or, 'Do you think that child will live to grow up?' and although you were not old enough to understand their talk, by instinct you knew it was something disagreeable, and began to cry till the dear, sweet, familiar face again hovered and the rainbow arched the sky. Oh, we never get away from the benediction of such a face. It looks at us through storm and night. It smiles all to pieces the world's frown. After forty-five years of rough tumbling on the couch it puts us in the cradle again, and hushes us as with the very lullaby of heaven.

Let the old cradle rest in the garret. It has earned its quiet. The hands that shook up its pillow have quit work. The foot that kept the rocker in motion is through with its journey. The face that hovered has been veiled from mortal sight. Cradle of blessed memories! Cradle that soothed so many little griefs! Cradle that kindled so many hopes! Cradle that rested so many fatigues! Sleep now thyself, after so many years of putting others to sleep. One of the great wants of the age is the right kind of a cradle, and the right kind of a foot to rock it.—*New York Observer.*

No, Thank You.

We quote the following from the article entitled, 'A Commonsense Temperance Talk with Our Boys,' in the *Homemaker* for July:

I heard two collegians discussing the subject (of wines) last month, apropos to a college dinner.

'Of course,' said one, with the consequential touch of self-complacency and patronage, the fellows' call 'fresh,' and which only length of days can cure, 'if a fellow hasn't wit enough to know when to stop, he'd better be careful at first. Some heads are built weak you know.'

'Careful in what?' interpolated I. (Both laughed.)

'Why, drinking, of course,' said the first speaker. 'A fellow has to take his seasoning sooner or later; some can stand it, some cannot, at least for a while.'

He was, as I have intimated, a Freshman. His friend, a bearded Senior, the only son of a rich man, clapped him good humoredly on the shoulder. 'When I was your age, old fellow, my father said to me, 'If I had my life to live over, I would never take a glass of wine or smoke a cigar.' I have never tasted wine or touched tobacco and I am glad of it—gladder every day I live. I might have been built with a strong head, and then again I might not.'

'What do you say when you are offered a treat?'

'I say, 'No, thank you. I never take it.'

'And if they poke fun at you?'

'I let them poke, and stand by to be ready to put them to bed when their heads give out.'

There are—for the comfort of mothers let it be said—many 'fellows' strong enough to maintain this stand; sensible enough to see that the risks are not worth taking. It is the fool who meddles with the firearms; the coward who carries a revolver.

If we could only divest boyish minds of the idea that there is something 'knowing' and dashing in tippling; make them comprehend that bravery, cleanliness, purity, and health and strength, are with him who refuses to debase the temple of his body to even the first stages of dissipation, the work would be done. Our boy does not in the beginning, nor for a long time, drink because he loves the beverage. When the desire for liquor has come to him, the terrible danger has already fastened upon him.

The New Line to Halifax.

OTTAWA, September 26.—Hon. John Beverly Robinson, ex-Lieut. Governor of Ontario, Messrs. Chas. Riordan, J. K., MacDonald, Robert Hay, ex-M. P., J. J. MacDonald, and Hector Cameron, Q. C., of Toronto, and W. Heaton Armstrong, banker of London, England, are all in the city to-day in connection with the Temiscouato railways. Mr. Heaton Armstrong is the largest English stockholder. The gentlemen were closeted with members of the government all morning. It is asserted that the visit of the C. P. R. magnets yesterday had reference to the same road. This line of railway, if granted government aid, would be, it is asserted, a strong competitor of the C. P. R. for ocean bound freight. It was announced some time ago that the Grand Trunk had determined to secure the possible air line on Canadian territory to Halifax, and it is understood that with this object in view they have secured an option on the Temiscouata Ry., and are now having surveyed a route from the terminus of the latter as direct to Moncton, N. B., as possible. Mr. Davey, engineer in chief of the Temiscouata Railway company, and Mr. Cranston, C. E., are now engaged in locating the road between Edmundston and a point on the Intercolonial near Moncton or Salisbury, N. B., the distance between the two places being 160 miles, but in order to secure traffic of an important section of the country a slight deviation from an air line will be made, increasing the distance 30 miles, or 190 miles in all. This would make the distance from Montreal to Halifax in the neighborhood of 753 miles, or about 100 miles shorter than by the present route over the Intercolonial and Grand Trunk.

A BREAKFAST TABLE BAROMETER.—Is it not a pity that so much scientific energy and research should be wasted in providing forecasts of the unpleasant weather forwarded to us regularly from Washington, when every householder or even lodger has at his daily disposal—so it would seem, an infallible meteorological prophet in the shape of a cup of ordinary *café au lait*, taken with sugar. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; few pine to penetrate the weather secrets of the morrow. To discover those of the coming six hours or so, all they have to do is to drop two lumps of 'best loaf" exactly into the centre of a cup filled with coffee and milk, in just proportions, and then to watch the surface of that refreshing beverage. Gaseous bubbles will presently arise and gather together in a group or groups. If they make a sudden rush to the side of the cup 'much rain' will be the order of the day. Should their eccentric movement be performed with stately deliberation, 'showery' will be the word. If, however, they retain their central station slowly rotating until they burst, the barometer that does not indicate 'set fair' may be assumed not to know its business. This is the latest of the thousand and one unerring appliances of weather wisdom. Babble prognostication looks as simple as fortune telling.—*Godey's Lady Book.*

HOW TO MAKE COWS GIVE MILK.—A writer in an exchange says that his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all that is required for other purposes, 260 pounds of butter were made this year. This is in part his treatment of the cow: 'If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cows, every day, water slightly warmed and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not this daily practice, that your cow will give 25 per cent. more milk immediately under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse clear water unless very thirsty. But this mess she will drink almost any time and ask for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pail at a time, morning, noon and night.

ST. HELENA.—Lord Knutsford has received from the Administrator of the Colony of St. Helena a very interesting report. It shows that but for grants in aid made from Imperial sources this once famous island is—to use the phrase of the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Post*—going to the dogs. Its revenue for the last financial year was £1,000 less than its expenditure. The economic difficulties attending the condition of the island, the official administrator of the Government reports, render the position of the officer administrating the Government very far removed from a bed of roses. St. Helena is garrisoned by a company of infantry and a battery of artillery, which cost the Imperial Government £21,429 a year. What this little army is needed for does not appear. The force is an appreciable portion of the population of the island, which does not exceed 5,300.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—A year ago a quantity of raisins, shipped from California to London, brought better prices than the Mediterranean fruit. As a result, it is stated that this year orders have been received from Amsterdam, Vienna, and from Australia. The Californian fruit arriving this year in the eastern markets has been of a particularly fine quality. The gold mines, which created such a rush out there in '48, were not half such a bonanza to the country as the fruit farms are destined to be.

—If you have a fruit tree that is not bearing as it should, stir the soil well and and apply a dressing of rotten manure. If, a few days after, a dressing of wood ashes can be put on it will make it all the better. Prune well, especially when cutting all the old, diseased wood.

In Many Forms.

Dyspepsia assumes many phases, all disagreeable to the sufferer, yet it takes no form which from two to four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters will not cure. B. B. B. cures dyspepsia, tones the weak stomach, aids digestion, sharpens the appetite, and renovates the entire system.

Diamond Dyes

Brilliant! Durable! Economical!

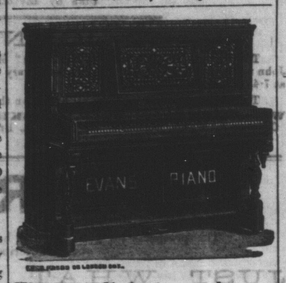
Diamond Dyes excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None other are just as good. Beware of imitations, because they are made of cheap and inferior materials, and give poor, weak, crocky colors. To be sure of success, use only the DIAMOND DYES for coloring Dresses, Stockings, Yarns, Carpets, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., &c. We warrant them to color more goods, package for package, than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond* and take no other.

A Dress Dyed
A Coat Colored
Garments Renewed } FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

At Druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.
Montreal, P. Q.



They are light in touch.
Unrivalled in tone,
Handsome in appearance,
Unrivalled in durability,

AND NOT EXCELLED BY ANY PIANO MANUFACTURED in the DOMINION.

MILLER BROS.,
SOLE AGENTS,
MIDDLETON, N. S.

THIS YEAR'S
MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
IN BRONZE
on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

Administration Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late Albert Marshall, Esq., of Clarence Centre, deceased are hereby required to render the same duly attested, to the subscriber within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

ALBERTA A. MARSHALL,
Sole Administratrix.

Clarence Centre, July 3rd, 1889. 6m

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late Henry S. Piper, Publisher, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MINNA K. PIPER,
Sole Administrator.

Bridgetown, Aug. 10th, 1889.

KEEP STILL.—In one of Dr. Burton's Yale lectures the following advice was given to the young ministers: 'When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mid-fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability.'—*Exchange.*

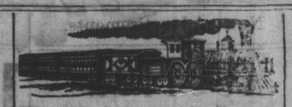
Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 60 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Drs. DeBlois & Primrose, Bridgetown, and Dr. Morse, Lawrencetown.

—On Saturday night Mary J. Glom, a squaw, said to be over 100 years old, sought protection at the police station. She left early yesterday morning, but in the evening she was found by a man on King square and again taken to the police. Mary is well known in St. John and, up to within five years, could be seen every week selling baskets on the streets. She is now very feeble and can hardly walk.—*St. John Telegraph.*

Have You Thought About It?

Why suffer a single moment when you can get immediate relief from all internal or external pains by the use of Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure. Nerviline has never been known to fail in a single case; it cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline. You will find Nerviline a sure cure for neuralgia, toothache, headache. Buy and try. Large bottles 25 cents, by all druggists.



Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y

Time Table.

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Express Daily.	Accommodation Daily.	Express Daily.
		P.M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	1 10	6 10	.....
6	Round Hill	†1 28	6 35	.....
14	Bridgetown	1 47	7 05	.....
19	Paradise	‡2 00	7 25	.....
22	Lawrencetown	2 08	7 40	.....
28	Middleton	2 23	8 05	.....
32	Wilmot	‡2 33	8 23	.....
35	Kingston	2 40	8 37	.....
42	Aylesford	2 55	9 12	.....
47	Berwick	3 08	9 35	.....
50	Waterville	3 15	9 50	.....
52	Cambridge	‡3 20	‡10 00	.....
54	Coldbrook	‡3 25	10 10	.....
59	Kentville—arrive	3 35	10 20	.....
	Do—leave	3 50	11 10	5 45
64	Port Williams	4 02	11 30	6 00
66	Wolfville	4 09	11 40	6 06
69	Grand Pre	4 18	11 55	6 15
79	Horton Landing	‡4 21	12 00	‡6 19
			P. M.	
72	Avonport	‡4 27	‡12 10	‡6 25
77	Hantsport	4 40	12 30	6 40
82	Falmouth	‡4 55	12 52	‡6 55
84	Windsor	5 03	1 00	7 03
90	Newport	5 20	1 50	7 26
93	Elderhouse	5 27	2 05	7 35
103	Mount Uniacke	5 50	2 45	8 05
113	Beaver Bank	6 13	3 20	8 33
116	Windsor Junct	6 20	3 30	8 40
121	Bedford	6 37	4 20	8 55
129	Rockingham	6 47	4 35	9 10
129	Richmond	.....	4 45	9 20
130	Halifax—arrive	7 00	4 50	9 25

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Accommodation Daily.	Express Daily.
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
0	Halifax—leave	7 00	.....	3 15
1	Richmond	.....	7 25	3 20
5	Rockingham	7 12	7 40	3 30
9	Bedford	7 22	7.55	3 40
14	Windsor Junc—leave	7 35	8 10	3 55
17	Beaver Bank	‡7 47	8 50	4 15
27	Mount Uniacke	8 10	9 25	4 45
37	Elderhouse	8 34	10 00	5 10
40	Newport	8 42	10 15	5 20
46	Windsor	8 55	10 35	5 35
48	Falmouth	‡9 04	11 10	‡5 47
53	Hantsport	9 19	11 32	6 03
58	Avonport	‡9 32	‡11 50	‡6 18
60	Horton Landing	‡9 38	12 00	‡6 24
61	Grand Pre	9 41	12 10	6 27
64	Wolfville	9 51	12 25	6 38
66	Port Williams	9 57	12 40	6 45
71	Kentville—arrive	10 00	1 00	7 00
	Do—leave	10 25	1 40	
76	Coldbrook	‡10 35	‡1 55	.....
78	Cambridge	‡10 40	‡2 05	.....
80	Waterville	10 45	2 15	.....
83	Berwick	10 52	2 30	.....
88	Aylesford	11 05	2 45	.....
95	Kingston	11 20	3 20	.....
98	Wilmot	‡11 27	3 35	.....
102	Middleton	11 37	4 00	.....
108	Lawrencetown	11 52	4 24	.....
111	Paradise	‡12 00	4 37	.....
		P. M.		
116	Bridgetown	12 13	4 57	.....
124	Roundhill	‡12 32	5 25	.....
136	Annapolis—arrive	12 50	5 50	.....

N. B.—Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, one hour added will give Halifax time. Trains run daily, Sunday excepted. (†) Indicates that Trains stop only when signalled, or when there are passengers to set down.

Steamer "City of Monticello" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, a. m., for Digby and Annapolis. Returning, leaves Annapolis same days for Digby and St. John.

Steamer "Evangeline" will make daily connection each way between Annapolis and Digby.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 5.30 a. m., and 2.45 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m., and 2.30 p. m.

Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis for Boston every Tuesday and Friday, p. m., direct.

Steamer "Yarmouth" leaves Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evenings for Boston.

Steamers "State of Maine" and "Cumberland" leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6.10 a. m., and 8.55 a. m. and 8.30 p. m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets by the various routes on sale at all Stations.

J. W. KING, General Manager,
in place of P. Innes, resigned.

Kentville, June 7th, 1889.

THE BACKUS WATER MOTOR
—is the most—
Economical Power Known
—; FOR ;—
DRIVING LIGHT MACHINERY

It takes but little room.
It never gets out of repair.
It can not blow up.
It requires no fuel.
It needs no engineering.

There is no delay; no firing up; no ashes to clean away; no extra insurance to pay; no repairing necessary; no coal bills to pay; and it is always ready for use.

Is is invaluable for blowing Church Organs, for running Printing Presses, Sewing Machines, Turning Lathes, Scroll Saws, Grind Stones, Coffee Mills, Sausage Machines, Feed Cutters, Corn Mills, Elevators, etc.

Four-horse power at 40 pounds pressure of water. It is noiseless, neat, compact, steady and above all

IT IS VERY CHEAP.
PRICE, $15 to $300.

Send for circular to the Backus Water Motor Co., Newark, N. J., stating paper you saw advertisement in.

Bath Brothers'
Livery Stables
BRIDGETOWN.

WE have purchased from Mr. F. FitzRandolph the entire stock and good will of his Livery Stable Business, and the Livery Stable Stock of Mr. W. J. Glencross, and are therefore in a position to furnish the most Stylish Turnouts that can be desired.

Passengers conveyed to all parts of the country at Reasonable Rates.

TEAMS IN WAITING AT ALL TRAINS

Single or Double Teams for Wedding Parties Furnished at Short Notice and Fitted up in Best Style.

Special attention will be given to the wants of Commercial Men.

Livery Stable opposite Rink.

W. C. BATH. - - - H. S. BATH.

FOR SALE.—A Franklin Plow Cutter in good order. Will be sold *cheap*. Apply at once. Having a power cutter we have no further use for the machine.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

STRETETSVILLE, P. Q., May 8, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen.—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavins and also in a case of lameness and Stiff Joints and found it a sure cure in every respect. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Very respectfully yours,
CHARLES J. BLACKALL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my colt, which was suffering from Influenza in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully,
I. F. WEAKINSON.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

FORT ELLICE, MAN., May 15, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand and they have never failed in what you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin and also two cases of Ringbone of years standing, on mares which I bought to breed from, and have not seen any signs of disease in their offspring. Yours truly,
B. J. O'KEEFFE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Common Sense

In the treatment of slight ailments would save a vast amount of sickness and misery. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, will assist Digestion; taken at night, will relieve Constipation; taken at any time, will correct Irregularities of the Stomach and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and cure Sick Headache. Ayer's Pills, as all know who use them, are a mild cathartic, pleasant to take, and always prompt and satisfactory in their results.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a

Cathartic

for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years, and have completely verified all that is claimed for them."—Thomas F. Adams, San Diego, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for seven or eight years. Whenever I have an attack of headache, to which I am very subject, I take a dose of Ayer's Pills and am always promptly relieved. I find them equally beneficial in colds; and, in my family, they are used for bilious complaints and other disturbances with such good effect that we rarely, if ever, have to call a physician."—H. Voulliemé, Hotel Voulliemé, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

CARD.

W. M. FORSYTH
STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2
Office in
LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.
Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84. 51tf

Do U. C. this big cut?

Having a large lot of Spectacles on hand we are going to Reduce the Prices AWAY DOWN!

WE WILL SELL

$2.00 Glasses - - For $1,00.
$1.50 Glasses - - - For 75 Cents.
50 Cent Eye Glasses - For 25 Cents.

Remember, we always mean what we say; Come right along and get filled out.

ALL KINDS!
NEAR SIGHT!
OLD SIGHT!
YOUNG SIGHT!

Now don't complain about your Bad Sight when you have so Good a Sight to Improve Your Sight.

J. E. SANCTON,
Post Office Building, Bridgetown, N. S.

Burdock Blood Bitters

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

CURE for the DEAF!

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums.

PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, and whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs *free*. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. 17y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

COMET
· THE BEST ·
STOVE
· IN ·
· THE WORLD ·
POLISH
MORE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES.

Executor's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of Samuel Daniels, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Esquire, are requested to render the same duly attested to with the undersigned within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

CHARLES M. DANIELS,
EPHRAIM BOCKMAN,
Executors.

Bridgetown, June 4th, 1889. 6m

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

Chief Secretary Balfour.

A NOTED AMERICAN JOURNALIST SKETCHES THIS FRIEND OF IRELAND.

[G. W. Smalley, in N. Y. Tribune.]

Mr. Balfour's mind has undergone a training far more austere than have most men's in these modern flippant days. He is an omniverous reader of everything but newspapers, into which he never looks, and that act of self-indulgence by itself might serve as a guide to his character. He has read widely in many directions; speculative very largely, and because of this metaphysical tendency it used to be said that he would never take to practical politics. Ask our friends what they think about it now, and whether they consider Mr. Balfour's politics practical or otherwise. Of him as of Lord Rosebury the other day, it is to be said that his reading betrays itself by results. It comes out in his talk, of course; a full mind shows itself to be full. What Matthew Arnold delighted to call play of mind is equally striking in his discussion of any subject, in his approach to it, in the attitude he takes up, in his choice of position, as it were, and on the leisurely survey of his object from a distance, and from several sides. If a single other word besides charm has to be fized upon a description of these intellectual processes and deliverances, perhaps leisureliness would be the one. Nothing so vulgar as hurry is to be seen; yet the conclusion may come and often does come swiftly; a kind of lightning-stroke, following unexpectedly on a half indolent inspection of the whole matter. He can be acute and decisive when he chooses, peremptory, too, and bit straight and hard; another point on which the Irish in the House may be called as witnesses. The conversation that occurs between them and the Chief Secretary at question time day by day is very often a brilliant example of dialogue and sometimes of dialectics.

Perhaps you would like him better at table, or on the lawn of a lazy afternoon. Then Mr. Balfour would appear to you as a man who had all kinds of weapons in his armory; a great range of subjects, a flashing humor and kindly persuasiveness and luminous polished diction, within reserve, not to be often brought out, a wit almost scornful in its touch, and a power of deadly repartee. Of that affectation, whether of cynicism or anything else, which Mr. Russell imputes to him he has, so far as I have seen, no taint or trace. It is a mind which looks out clear-eyed upon the world as it is, and truthfully, which likes truth in others and in himself, and with at least as much hatred of shams as Carlyle believed he himself had. I have heard Mr. Balfour talk in various circumstances. Like everybody else he talks better sometimes than at other times, but never can I remember to have heard a note that rang false or hollow. He is a master of pure and delicate English; colloquial English nevertheless, with nothing in his language to suggest the book in breeches or primness of any kind, or pretence.

Farm Fewer Acres.

With each year's experience I am better satisfied to farm a fewer number of acres, thoroughly convinced that I can make more money, make it easier, keep my farm in a much better condition by farming a less number of acres and doing the work more thoroughly.

I find the larger crops per acre I can raise the less they cost me per bushel, and I find the proportion in this respect is so much that it makes my farming far more profitable.

And this is not the only advantage. I am saved a considerable amount of worry and anxiety not only in trying to sow or plant a large crop, but also in trying to plan how to properly cultivate and harvest the crop. I can push my work instead of being continually crowded with more than I can possibly do and do well. I used to think that I could easily cultivate and harvest all I could put in, and so I could, after a fashion, but the cultivation was harder work and the harvesting no better, while the profits were not always as satisfactory as I should like.

Then in the case of cultivated crops such as corn, beans, potatoes and garden truck, I find that if I am able to thoroughly cultivate so as to not only keep down the weeds but also to keep the soil well stirred as often as possible, that not only is the yield larger and more profitable, but the labor of harvesting is made much easier and pleasanter.

Any one who has been obliged to gather or cut up corn among a crop of cockle burrs, dig potatoes or mangolds out of a heavy growth of weeds, or hunt up the vines in the garden among the weeds and grass knows the task is anything but a pleasant one. Either of the tasks are work, and it can be made far more easy and pleasant if the cultivation has been such as to keep them clean, while at the same time in keeping down these pests or hindrances, to the work of harvesting, we materially increase the yield of the crops.

Then another advantage I find is that I can keep up the fertility of the farm much better, and in doing this I have earned another fact; that if I can keep my soil rich; can plant or sow my crop at the proper time and cultivate thoroughly, I am in a measure sure at least of a reasonable yield, even if the season is not the most favorable.

I am convinced that a great part of our failures are the result of our own greediness in trying to do and get too much with too little effort of our own. There is too much Providence farming. We plant a large amount in a slip-shod manner, half cultivate, and then expect Providence to give us a good crop, and if it fails, cry out. 'Well, that is always my luck!'

There is no luck about it, simply our own greediness and selfishness in expecting too much from our careless work.

Too many of us do not stop to count the difference between a small yield and a large one. When we all get to doing this we will have less acreage planted, more thorough preparation of soil before planting, considerably more and better cultivation, accompanied by a perceptible increase in the yield as well as the profit.—*Canadian Agriculturist.*

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.

—Clover hay is much better for milch cows than timothy. It produces a larger quantity of milk, and also a better quality. All butter makers know how yellow the butter is that is made from the milk of cows fed on clover hay.

—Professor Gauthier, of Paris, states that certain processes of the body develop putrefying substance in the tissues, which, if not speedily eliminated, produce disease. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effects the removal of these substances, and thereby preserves health.

Joker's Corner.

A False Alarm.

A Cambridge man was asked to buy a ticket to the firemen's ball, and good-naturedly complied. The next question was what to do with it. One of his two man-servants would probably be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket, and give both of his servants a pleasure.

Not knowing how to proceed he inquired of a policeman where the tickets were to be had. 'Why don't you go to the engine-house?' said the officer. 'The men all know you.'

So the old gentleman went to the engine-house; but when he entered there was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place before, but was perfectly familiar with the use of electric signals. On the side of the room was a button, evidently connected with a bell, and, naturally enough, after waiting a minute or two he put his thumb upon it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. From the air overhead—so at least it seemed to the old gentleman, in his bewilderment—men began to rain down, completing their toilets as they fell.

The horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in a word, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly in motion.

Amid all this turmoil stood the mild-mannered and innocent old gentleman, who even now did not suspect that he had touched a fire-alarm. The men rushed upon him for information as to the whereabouts of the fire, but when he opened his mouth it was only to say in the mildest of accents:

'I should like to buy another ticket to the ball, if you please.'

The situation was so ludicrous that no one could be angry, not even the men whose nap had been broken into, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and departed in peace.—*Providence Journal.*

A Strictly Judicial Answer.

One of the best stories of white-haired, white-chokered, courteous Calvin Record is about a mellow old lawyer who used to live on the banks of the Androscoggin. The squire was given to deep potations, and was famous for his fine distinctions. It is said that in special pleading he could split a hair even more closely than Mr. Record can himself.

But often after the shades of night had fallen, the squire might have been seen struggling home so boozy that he apparently could not split a shingle, to say nothing of a hair.

One night when he was drunker than usual, he staggered completely out of his course, and could not find it. Realizing that he was lost and drifting into unfamiliar regions, he called at a house to ask for information.

'Madam,' he gravely said to the lady who came to the door, candle in hand—'Can you tell (hic) me where squire Blank lives?'

'Certainly,' she said and gave him full directions.

But as she talked and looked, and as her candle gradually brought out the features of the man before her, a puzzled expression came into her face, and she finally asked:

'But isn't this squire Blank?'

'Madam,' replied the old lawyer, assuming a judicial air, 'that is entirely (hic) immaterial.'

TIT FOR TAT.—An English writer tells the following: A family let their house furnished, leaving in it a large dog. The tenant was an old lady, who liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the drawing-room, but, as the dog was also very fond of this chair, she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog, she did not care to drive him out, and therefore used to go to the window and call 'cats!' The dog would then rush to the window and bark, and the lady would take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and