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

W. G. Parsons, B. A. Barrister, Solicitor, Etc. MIDDLETON, . . . N. ATOffice,-"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY, Architect and Civil Engineer Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estima furnished for all classes of buildings. Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridg town, N. S.

G. O. GATES, PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S. PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER II Pianos & Organs. Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and re-pairing a specialty, Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's ex-

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL, DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the public Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetow James Primrose, D. D. S.

Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr.
Fred (Primrose. Dentistry in all its
branches carefully and promptly attended
to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. GROAKER.

the last and first weeks of each month Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891. NOTICE!

LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETUN

WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY and every alternate Thursday thereafter, i the office occupied by ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.

Executor's Notice.

STANLEY BROWN, Torbrook, Oct. 3rd, 1892.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late GEORGE W. HUDSON, of Phinney Cove, in the Township of Granville, County of Annapolis, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are ed to make immediate payment to EMMERETTA A. HUDSON,

Phinney Cove, April 30th, 1892. 6 ly Administrators Notice.

All persons having legal demands agains he estate of JOHN W. ACKER, late of Nie aux Falls, in the county of A.

WM. J. H. BALCOM, Nictaux Falls, August 1st, 1892. 18 6m NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT

Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1892. -26 tf EAGAR'S

Cod Liver Oil Cream

FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION. PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS. Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets Anamia. Loss of Flesh. Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration ECONOMICAL IN USE.

next issues for Certificate. BY ALL DEALERS AT 50C. PER OUTLE OF 60 DOSES.

CAUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given the public that the "FISHER and KINNEY BELT-SHIFTING DEVICE," for the convenience of manufacturers and others using shafting, has been patented in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa for the Dominion of Canada, and any person or persons found infringing on the sights of said patent will be prosecuted according to law. cording to law.

The subscribers are now manufacturing the above device, and have already disposed of quite a number. Persons wishing to curtail expense in the running of machinery will find it to their advantage to communicate with FISHER & KINNEY.

Bridgetown, September 26th, 1892. 26tf

Potter's Liniment

W. W. CHESLEY'S. MAGISTRATES' BLANKS AT THIS EDW. RUGGLES, at Bridgetown, N. S. T. A. Pearson, at South Farmington, N. S. J. M. Owen, at Annapolis, N. S.





SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 20.

MONEY TO LOAN.

NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCI-ETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX. Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum. Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.

Mode of effecting loans explained and forms of application therefor and all necessary information furnished on application to

FARMERS!

We Can Sell Your Apples, Poultry Eggs, Cheese, FAT CATTLE, PORK, or Berries, in season

At Best Possible Advantage. Respectfully soliciting a continuance our favors, we remain, yours sincerely, FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.

to all other medicines for and restoring the health and strength,

standard specific Rheumatism, and Debility.

NEW STOVES.

Ranges, Cook, Parlor and Hall Stoves, All New in the Market.

R. ALLEN CROWE,

DR. J. WOODBURY'S

IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers. F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR

Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.

ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as



INDIGESTION, in all its forms.

For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.

F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR. MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON N. S.

Scientific American Agency for ATENTS

Scientific American

Every Customer

stock of CHRISTMAS GOODS is com Please call and see for yourse

IMPERIAL Fire Insurance Company, OF LONDON, ENGLAND, ESTABLISHED 1803.

ACENTS :

Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

→ CURES ÷

MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK'S

HOLIDAY TRADE.

AND GLASS WARE. ALSO IN MY STOCK OF Pancy Dry Goods

Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your flight.

Make me a child again, just for to-night!

Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forchead the furrows of care.

Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair— Over my slumbers your loving watch keep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Poetru.

Rock me to Sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh tide of years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears!
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you! Many a summer the grass has grown green, Blossomed and faded—our faces between— Blossomed and faded—our faces between
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in days that have flown, No love like mother-love ever was shown-No other workship abides and endures, Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours; None like a mother can charm away pain, From the sick soul and the world weary brain; Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lips creep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forehead to night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows one more, Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore— Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep; Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep

Mother, dear mother, the years have been Since I last hushed to your lullaby song; nce then, and unto my soul it shall seem, omanhood's tears have been but a dream sped to your arms in a loving embrace,

face, ever hereafter to wake or to weep— ock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep

Select Literature. A Kindly Ghost.

"It don't seem jest right that you 'n Deborah Sarah she's spoke of it real often. An' there ain't nothin' to hinder ye from "Well, you know, Cousin Hiram, 'taint

if Drusilla 'n' me was young. We never id run round much, 'n' now we've got Tom see to, we hev to live pretty close. The ay thet boy does eat beats all I ever see!" Big Hiram Brent, standing in the door- She stood there in a deep reverie until Tom a chair. She was trembling from head to way of his cousins' small cottage, laughed

v got the scarlet fever. You 'n' Drusilla'd be in a fine state if he was took sick." Miss Deborah's thin lips closed in a good 'We don't hev nothin to do with the Websters." she said, "no more'n 's if they wa'n't livin' there. We don't trouble them,

n' they don't trouble us. I guess there ain't be idle." "You don't mean to say that you 'r Hannah Webster haint made up yet? Well, I declare! Why it's as much as ten years ince ye hed that fallin' out. Women do

beat all for holdin' spite!" "When I make up my mind to a thing, I in't easy to change.' ach close neighbors 'n' not hev nothin' to ay to one another. 'Tain't Christian Derah. I s'posed you 'n' Hannah'd made

Miss Deborah shook her head. "I guess we won't talk no more about it."

's gettin' on to three o'clock. Drusilly,' went on, tur ing to a little, meek faced woman who was seated by one of the front let Tom plague your life out, 'n' any time you feel like it run over to see us. Ye c'n get to our place in less than an hour. We Miss Drusilla had risen. There was a

light flush on her thin, faded cheeks, an ager light in her eyes: I guess I will come," she said, in a timid, I won't stay away more'n two weeks." altering voice. "Maybe it'll be real soon I-I ain't just made up my mind."

"Well, when ye come ye'll find us ready Hiram Brent walked heavily down the arrow, box-bordered path that led to the her take against her earnest protestations. ittle gate where his team and wagon were tanding. It was not very often that he performance of his duties held out bravely me to Westville, but when he did he al- for three days; then, being persuaded after yays brought the two old ladies a store of school one day to go fishing, dusk caught pples, potatoes, cabbages and pumpkins. him unawares, and it was entirely dark They were very poor, and needed all the when at last, penitent and prepared for "an elp he could afford them, he thought, par- awful dressing down," he stole home. icularly now that the death of a younger brother had given them young Tom to take care of.

Hiram paused a moment before starting to be seen. and looked back to the two little brown onses separated by a heavy thicket of lilac

They had lived forty years in this small The door of the other brown house was

losed, but it opened just as Hiram started his horses, and a woman looked out. She | deed if she had been brought to the point of was tall and thin, and had a delicate, faded, e-worn face. Hiram nodded to her and he nodded in return, but did not smile. "Such a pretty girl as Hannah Webster was twenty years ago!" muttered the farmr, as he drove away. "She ain't got no rood looks to boast of now, poor thing! he's got old awful fast since John died. Eight children! 'N' the oldest that boy that vorks down to Fogg's mill. He can't be more'n sixteen, if he's that. An' now to ed and put away? have five on 'em down with the scarlet fever o onct! It does seem 's if she hed more'n share o' trouble."

Hiram and his team had been gone only a ew minutes when Mrs. Drusilla put the stocking into her work-basket, dropped her himble in a little case, and with a timid, sidelong glance at her sister went to the front or.
"It's too early to look for Tom yet," said table Tom's supper was covered over with a

Miss Deborah, sharply. "It ain't three clean the towel. "Clean the towel. "It ain't three o'cleck, 'n' he's bound to dawdle along the road just as long's he can. I never see a complete the complete the complete the clean the towel. "A pretty time for you to went to the complete the complete the clean the towel. "A pretty time for you to went the complete the complete the complete the clean the towel." hated to work the way Tom does." He don't mean no harm," said Miss

"Maybe he don't, but all the same, it's mortal tryin'. What ye lookin'at, Drusilly?" gettin'so late, 'n' I'm much obliged to you for milking Brindle, you—"

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1893.

"Milking Brindle!" interrupted his aunt. Mrs. Webster. She's just gone out after "I guess ye don't know what you're talkin'. some things from the store that John Miles left at the gate. She pins a paper there every mornin' to let 'em know what she in the pail? I made up my mind you'd hev wants. There ain't a soul but the doctor | to bring that cow home 'n' milk her if ye didn't get in till midnight. Onct I begin been near the house since the children was took down. She looks all wore out." doin' your chores, I'd never see ye, 'lessen ye wanted suthin' to eat. Here, give me "Well, can't be helped, I guess. They're her children, 'n' it's her place to see after 'em. I wisht you'd come in 'n' sit down, that pail, 'n' you sit down 'n' eat yer supper. What's this? Cream on it! Tom -" "I tell you, Aunt Deborah, I didn't milk Drusilly. It makes me real nervous to see Brindle. If you didn't do it, then it must anybody idling away time."

nyoody iding away time."

Drusilla meekly obeyed. She had been 'a' been a ghost! The milk was standin' on under her elder sister's rule so long that it the bench in the back porch when I come never occurred to her to rebel. Tom came straggling in at four o'clock, Miss Deborah gave a short laugh of scorn. his face flushed, his clothes covered with 'I never heard tell yet of a ghost that went burs, and his shoes muddy. He was roundround doin' the milkin' for folks. You stop ly scolded, and was glad when the time came for him to go after the cow, and he could escape the sound of his Aunt Deborah's

When he returned to the barn-yard with | borah was superstitious, and she could not the cow, Miss Prusilla was waiting for him keep from puzzling over the milking. with the milk-pail. "Tom," she said, in a low voice and with quick, backward glance, "what would ye with the intention of spending the afternoon

say if I was to go away to-morrow?" "I'd say it was a mean shame!" answered stepped out, that she thought her window Tom, promptly. "Where do you want to plants would be benefitted by a little fresh Miss Drusilla's cheeks flushed. She did air. So she went back, and carried them all out one by one, and ranged them on the not look at her nephew as she answered his front porch. Then she put the key under "Cousin Hiram was here to-day, 'n' he the door-mat and went away.

wants me to come to his house to stay a spell. I guess it'd do me good to hev a change, I aint been nowhere in so long." "Well, you better go, then," said Tom, eluctantly. "But it'll be awful lonesome without you, and won't I just get it from Aunt Deborah, though!" "I wisht I didn't hev to go, Tom," Miss

Drusilla sighed, heavily. "Well, you don't have to, do you?" said 'Not exactly; but I think I ought to, Tom. I want you to tell your Aunt Debo-

"Why, don't she know it?" to see what damage had been done.

Miss Deborah followed as fast as she could. "No! I aint said anything about it yet didn't like to, somehow. You tell her when you take in the milk, Tom. I'll stay out here 'n' get the hens in." " All right?"

with his pail of milk, Miss Drusilla stood in the doorway of the small barn, gazing fixedly at the board fence that seperated their back-yard from that of their neighbor. There was a little gate which once, in the lays before Hannah and Deborah quarrelled, had always stood open. It had not been opened now for ten years, and with her own hands Deborah had driven a nail over the 's if you'd lost all your sense." latch, grown rusty from long disuse. Miss Drusilla forgot all about the hens.

came out again. "I've told her," he said. "She says "I guess he does keep ye cookin' pretty she thinks it's a real good notion. She's to rain. Tom could not have done it. iddy," he said. "Better let me take him goin' to let you take her black hand-bag. How long you goin' to stay, Aunt Drusilla "I aint settled that point yit," said Miss | lers was terrible scairt o' ghosts."

> "Seems to me ye took this notion awful rel, and covered with mud resulting from sudden," she said. "But there ain't nothin' digging for eels. agin it, fur's I see. You c'n take your lace work along. Sarah won't want ye to help round the house none, 'n' ye won't want to

"No, of course not," rejoined Miss Drusilla, in rather a weak voice. "'N' ye might's well take 'long the pieces for that risin'-sun quilt. Sarah's oldest girl, she's big enough to sew now, 'n' she might nelp ye consid'ble if she took a notion." A troubled expression came upon Miss Drusilla's face, but she said nothing, and when the black valise was packed, Miss

Deborah tucked in the lace work and the Tom went to the station with his aunt, but she would not allow him to wait until the train came. "I c'n 'tend to everything myself. I'd a sight ruther ye'd go back 'n' split the kindlin' 'n' shut up the hen-house," she said. 'I want ve to be real pertic'ler about the

chores, Tom, while I'm gone. Your Aunt Deborah'she aint got the patience with boys' windows darning a boy's stocking, "don't ways that I hev, somehow, 'n' it frets her to hev ve so heedless." "I'll be as particular as I can," said Tom, "but I wish you weren't goin', Aunt Dru. lon't live no ways from the station, 'n' if Why cant't you let Aunt Deb go, 'n' you ye let us know when ye're comin', we'll stay home along with me? We'd have a howling good time."

Miss Drusilla shook her head. "It wouldn't do," she said. "You run along now, 'n' do the best ye ken. I guess So the boy went off, leaving the little old woman standing alone on the platform of the station, the black bag in one hand, and in the other a bandbox containing her best bonnet, which Miss Deborah had made Tom's good resolutions about the faithful He stopped at the pasture on his way, intending to drive home the cow, but the pasture bars were down, and old Brindle no

his horse after he had taken up his reins, It was evident that Aunt Deborah had attended to this one of his duties, at least; out to be sure there could be no mistake bushes. He could see Drusilla busily darn- about the matter, he stopped in the barn on ing Ton's stocking, and Deborah bending over the stove with the teakettle her that always hung on a nail in the back that always hung on a nail in the back

Yes, old Brindle was in her stall, placidly rown house. It was hard to get them | chewing the cud She had been fed, and away from it, even for a day. What a lone- there was fresh straw for her to lie on. It was evident that she had also been milked. Tom sighed heavily. He knew his aunt just have been very much exasperated in-

milking Brindle herself. He had never known such a thing to happen before. Aunt Drusilla had occasion y done the milking, but Aunt Deborah-He went slowly up the path which led t the house. On a bench in the back porch stood the pail of milk, the cream just beginning to rise. Tom stared at it a moment,

puzzled. Why hadn't the milk been strain-The blinds of the kitchen windows were closed, and he could not see into the room, but he could hear his aunt moving about. He mustered all his courage, picked up the pail of milk, and went in. Miss Deborah had had her supper at six o'clock, and was engaged in putting things to rights for the night. On one end of the

sorry, Aunt Deborah!" "I didn't know it was Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

NO. 44.

to go to bed at night. But the cloud which had seemed to hang over her ever since her return did not lift. She was plunged into a state of fright and nervousness really alarming at the most casual mention of her visit to Hisan's

that talk now, 'n' eat your supper. It'll be, that ghost." bedtime 'fore I get the kitchen cleared up." Scorn such things as she would, Miss De-Two or three days later Miss Deborah put on her bonnet immediately after dinner with a friend who lived at the end of the village street. The sun was so warm as she

Miss Drusilla was staring at her sister, a aint likely to come agin." Miss Drusilla was staring at her sister, a down and swore that no coffins should be set look of horror on her face. Her thin, blue-veined hands shook so that the strip of dead. The brother who would have antici-Hannah Webster was standing in her

doorway, holding her youngest child in her arms, but Miss Deborah did not look at her. Before the afternoon was half over a sudden rain came up: and though Miss Deborah cut her visit short, and hurried homeward with all speed to take care of her beloved plants, the rain began to fall in such torrents that she was forced to take refuge in a blacksmith's shop, where, to her surprise, she found her nephew. Tom lamented also when he heard that the plants had been left out, and the moment the skies began to clear he rushed off

When she reached the cottage Tom was standing in the doorway. On the stand in the corner near one of the wo weeks?" windows of the front room were the plants, arranged as they had always been. Not lrop of rain had touched them. "I guess you must 'a' dreamed you left Deborah's stony countenance. the plants all out, Aunt Deborah," said

"Dreamed it!" she said, sharply. aint given ter dreamin'. Go out 'n' see about the cow, 'n' don't stand gapin' there if you'd lost all your sense."

stay there all alone—livin' so close, as we out, and I don't want to pay you for coming did—it was me did all them things, sister.

out. I'll take it right along with me and

foot. The appearance of the plants proved that they had been taken in before it began sounded a long way off. "I'm glad Drusilla aint to home," she "She'd go 'most wild. She al One evening in the beginning of the next week Tom came home late from school with

rousers terribly torn in climbing for a squir-Miss Deborah met him at the gate, and gave him the expected scolding then and there, regardless of the fact that the door

of Hannah Webster's house stood open, and that every word she uttered could be heard She drove Tom before her into the house. scolding as she went, and continued to scold, even after the torn and muddy garments were swinging on the clothes-line in the oack yard.

The next morning when Tom entered the kitchen he had on his best pantaloons. Miss Deborah eyed him with great severity. "The fust thing ye do, go out 'n' bring in them trowsies ye tried to rain yestiddy," she said. "I'll try to get 'em cleaned up 'n' mended 'fore ye go to school." Tom went out, and returned a moment later with the pantaloons in his hands, and

a very mystified expression on his freckled "They are cleaned 'n' mended, Aunt Deborah," he said. It was true. Cleaned, pressed, and the big rent darned neatly, the pantaloons were

almost as good as new. Miss Deborah ate no breakfast, and all day he went about like one in a dream. That evening Tom forgot to split the kindling for the kitchen stove. Miss Deborah discovered his neglect just before she went to bed, when she put the cat out at the back door; but next morning, when his aunt waked him half an hour earlier than usual, and opened the back door for him to go out to the wood-shed after some chips, there, all ready for the stove, lay the little pile of kindling on the porch in its usual

"Say, this is the right kind of a ghost to have 'round!" Tom remarked. "Seems to me it ought to have reg'lar wages." Miss Deborah silenced him with a look. She was thoroughly frightened now. "What's goin' to be done?" she gasped, and sank into a chair in the kitchen. Over and over again she charged Tom never to mention the ghost to any one. "Your Aunt Drusilly wouldn't live here day if she knowed there was a ghost

Miss Drusilla walked quietly in one even ing two or three day's later. Miss Deborah looked hard at her as she came in. "Well, I declare for 't," she said. "I guess Hiram's folks didn't give ye enough to eat. You're 's thin 's a rail!" "I didn't go away expectin' to git fat,"

around," she said. "It's got to be kep' a

secret on her 'count, anyhow."

Miss Drusilla answered.

some way. When she unpacked Drusilla's satchel she exclaimed, "Why; you hain't done a blessed stitch on your lace work." "No," answered Miss Drusilla. She did not meet her sister's keen gaze. "An' ye didn't ever open that roll o' quilt pieces; it's jest as I done it up!"

"Yes, I guess it is." "For the land's sake, what did ye do all the time ye was at Hiram's, I'd like to Miss Drusilla did not answer.

"Can't ye speak? I don't see no sense in actin' so secret about it. Did ye go round visitin' much?" "I didn't expect ye to say ye did, for your best bunnit haint ben out the box. Well, did Sarah keep ye doin' kitchen work?"

"Then what under the canopy did ye do?" Thus goaded, Miss Drusilla said that she had "set 'round most of the time." "Set 'round! Two hull weeks settin' 'round! Don't know how you're goin' ter answer fur all that wasted time on the last

Miss Drusilla tried conscientiously to make up the time she had thus wickedly wasted. She worked incessantly, and was the first to rise in the morning, and the last the morning and the last the mustic allment, which caused the mus-

"Well, I disn't calc'late to tell ye, seein' He wanted to get the thing settled, he said you're so easy scart about everything, but it don't come round now, so ye might's well know it. While round now, so ye might's well was coming on

the floor.

"Sc ye see, I hed something to put up with, same's you did," continued Miss Deborah. "It's only right I should know what it was thet happened to Hiram's. 'N' if ye don't choose to tell, I'll go 'n' find out fer myself! I'll take the fust train to-morrow!"

A York county farmer, whose wife had been ailing, recently concluded that the poor myself! I'll take the fust train to-morrow!"

"Ye didn't go ter Hiram's?" "Then where in the world was ye them Miss Drusilla's eyes wandered vaguely the farmer, sorrowfully it must be said, yet

aint never ben nigh the place!"

rah," she said, in a frightful whisper; "but I didn't mean anything wrong, 'n' she was so wore out, 'n' all them children—'n' it did "Oh, I'll take it now," returned the farmer. "I can't bother to come 'way in here seem's if it wasn't hardly human, lettin' her again so soon, for she can't last the week closed behind him, Miss Deborah sank into I-I didn't think I'd be took for a ghost. I stand it up in the front entry and when she heard you a-scoldin' Tom, 'n'-I-I-"

> be whirling around, and her sister's voice coffin home with him and it stood in the "I—I—was at Mis' Webster's!" she said, breathed her last.

It seemed as if she were waking from a man with wood-working tools, had a wife, be Deborah's - say, "She's comin' to, ain't the redside waiting to see the end. she?" and some one answered in a whisper. The dying woman, although very weak "Yes, I guess she is."

she opens her eyes, Hannah," said the first house, and sent her daughter out to call him "Ye see she got all wore out helpin' me "I can't do it," he replied when his daughnurse the children." It was Hannah Webster who was speak- ing on her coffin now and I've got to get it

"She won't hey to wish it no more!" Miss Drusilla opened her eyes and smiled "How'd Hannah git here, Deborah?"

was doin' wrong to keep it secret. She said nal.

Drusilla?" "Yes, I guess so." c'n come in agin after awhile. The little to the realms of bliss: A perennial miracle girl's cryin' after her."

irl's cryin' after her."

Hannah walked to the door, and Miss Desarcophagus in space.

The infidel, no doubt, is somewhat sceptic. "I'll fetch that broth for little May jest about this marvellous phenomenon, and now as soon as I can, Hannah," she called out as as ever, the truth is stronger than fiction. Mrs. Webster went through the gate. Far over our head there is a vast globe lar-'Tom, he's killin' the hen now." Brother Gardner's Maxims.

"Jist now I feel dat if I had a millyon dollars I should sot out and gib away ebery dollar of it to de pore an distressed. In case I actually had de cash in hand I reckon I should invest it in hosses an brick houses an gold watches, an let some other millyonaire take keer of de sufferin public. "De aiverage man is a curus critter. He tually drawing the moon closer to the earth, aire take keer of de sufferin public. will sot down in de dark to eat harvest apples an den light de lamp to complain of de but the attraction of the earth keeps the

all about it.

"It doan' look 'zactly right for one man to hev a big brick house an anodder man only a board shanty, but long 'bout tax time I allus notice dat it am de brick house man who looks de most worried ober de situation."

In which it was moving at the moment when the earth's action was intercepted.

What Newton did was to show, from the circumstances of the moon's distance and movement, that it was attracted by the earth with a force of the same description as that by which the same globe attracted.

very flaring at the top while others perfer a from the earth. pail with nearly straight sides. We don't In fact, the attraction of the earth on a much believe in strainers attached to the ton of matter at the distance of the moon pails—at least not of the ordinary lip kind— would be withstood by an exertion not g She d not seem to wish to talk about her visit. It is Deborah could get out of her no account of it. Deborah suspected that side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of a pound at the side of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of the strainer and when the milk runs about three-quarters of the strai something had gone wrong at Hiram's, and through the strainer it carries the dirt with face of the earth.

that Drusilla's feelings had been wounded in it. Wooden pails are apt to get a bad smell about them unless special care is taken to keep them clean, and they are heavier to handle than the light tin pails. And that reminds us to say that we have noticed the milkers would always select the lightest tin pails and leave those of heavy tin, and we have not the milkers would always select the lightest tin pails and leave those of heavy tin, and we have the hard that the har pails and leave those of heavy tin, and we think they were right, for the extra weight HANLAN CHALLENGES THE WINNER

think they were right, for the extra weight of the heavy pails has to be carried twice a day and it counts up in the extra muscle it takes.

Catarrh in the Head

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood-purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

Hanlan Challenges The Winner.—
Edward Hanlan has decided to challenge of the Bubear-Hosmer race for the winner of the Bubear-Hosmer race for the winner of the Bubear-Hosmer race for the winner of the Bubear-Hosmer race for the Bubear-Hosmer race for the winner of the Bubear-Hosmer race for the winn many very severe cases of catarrh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cures constipation and assists digestion.

—Dr. J. Wier, Dorchester, says: "Have prescribed Puttner's Emulsion with good results in pulmonary, scrofulous and wasting diseases. Especially applicable to children, being so easily taken."

as. J. Ritchie, Q.C. Barrister and Solicitor. MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSUR-ANCE COMPANY.

ar Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia

Brutally Philosophic. Within sound of the bells of Bangor a

The ghost had ceased its kindly attention, now that Tom has some one always at hand to remind him of his duties, and Miss Deboto remind him of his duties, and Miss Deborah could have felt well satisfied with the order of her daily life had it not been for this change which had come over Drusilla.

"Seems's if ye might trust me more'n ye do, Drusilla," she said, one afternoon as they sat together in the little front room sewing carpet-rags. "I ain't never kep' anything from you, all my life, 'cept about that ghost."

how soon he had no means of knowing—he calmly went about the preparations for her burial. He scrutinized the emaciated and distorted form of the poor woman as she lay upon her bed, mentally calculating her length. "She might straighten out, after she's dead," he reflected, "and so it wouldn't do to measure her as she is. Here!" and a bright idea having struck him, he called his daughter. "Here, Lizzie, your mother was just as tall as you." And he mother was just as tall as you." And he Miss Drusilla looked up with a startled measured the girl, in her mother's presence to get the proper length of his wife's coffiin

don't come round now, so ye might's well know it. While ye was gone, there was a ghost hauntin' this house. It split kindlin', milked the cow, mended Fom's pants, and does colly knows what all it didn't do was not very well endowed in ntally, but dear only knows what all it didn't do.
"I was so worried that I thought I should fiy! But there, ye needn't look thet! It headed but stony-hearted, spoke of getting carpet-rags fell from them and dropped to nated death reluctantly gave up his prudent

don't choose to tell, I'll go 'n' nnd out ler myself! I'll take the fust train to-morrow!"

Miss Drusilla had risen, and was trembling so violently she could hardly stand.

"There—there was'n't nothing happened," she faltered. "It's no use asken' em, Deborah. They don't know nothin' about it, fur L—didn't—go to Hiram's. sister! I III-didn't-go to Hiram's, sister! I tea and molasses, he went to the under taker's shop and asked for a coffin of mod-

> "When did your wife die?" asked the undertaker. "Oh she hain't dead just yet," returned

about the room as if seeking help of some kind, then fixed themselves at last on Miss ... Then you want the casket sent to your Deborah's stony countenance.

"I—I know ye'll never forgive me Debo"

"Shall I carry it out or will you come in

dies my hired man and I will put her into The room seemed to poor Miss Drusilla to it." And he did just that. He carried the front entry two days un il his faithful wife

deep sleep. She was conscious that she was and in the course of time she fell ill and was lying on the old. chintz-covered sofa in the brought close to death's door. The family, front room, and she heard a voice-could it all except the husband, was gathered about Yes, I guess she is."

"You stand where she can see ye when husband was at work in his shop near the

in before she died. ter had delivered the message. "I'm work done in time for the funeral. I can't bother "An' she fretted all the time for fear she about going to see her die."—Lewiston Jour-

What Sustains Moon?

THE EARTH KEEPS IT FROM FLYING FURTHER We have read how the coffin on Moham med was poised without support in the mes-"Come through the gate, like enough, que of the faithful, from which all unbelieve same's other folks! Can ye set up now, ers were so rigidly excluded; no material of the prophet, the body itself seemed ever "Well, then, I'll let Hannah go. She on the point of following the departed spirit was indeed necessary to sustain the revered

ger and heavier than millions of sarcophagi; no material support is rendered to that globe, yet there it is sustained from day to day, "Jist now I feel dat if I had a millyon from year to year, from century to

wormholes he chawed up.

"Yo' kin find heaps o' men who will adearth than it would otherwise do. "Yo' kin find heaps o' men who will ad mit deir ignorance of events which hev occurred doorin de last 200 y'ars, but when yo' cum to go back to de days of Adam ebery pusson is gwin to stick to it dat he knows all about it.

the apple, the difference being that the -Milk pails should be made of tin, the intensity of the force becomes weaker the shape to suit the milker; some like them greater the distance of the attracted body

For Colds and Sore Throat

—To grow old gracefully, one must live temperately, calmly, methodically; be interested in all that is going on in the world; be cheerful, happy, and contented, and above all, keep the blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's.

—China advices state that a band of robbers visited the village of Vam Li, fifty miles from Canton, early last month and while the people were celebrating a holiday, the robbers set fire to a temple which was crowded with people, and over 1,900 men women and children lost their lives by being burned to death, suffocted or tramples

-Minard's Liniment is the Best.

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, 20 6m Agent at Annapoli

SUPERIOR

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

purifying the blood

Sarsaparilla

for Scrofula, Catarrh Cures Others

will cure you. HALIFAX, N. S.

I OFFER A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF

Having Bought for Spot Cash, I am offering Stoves Lower

PLINTS, CURBS, BOG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.

MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892,
49 tf
Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick, upon being supplied with good brick. Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we Having a good what or or do properly and his period of the state of th

DR. J. WOODBURY'S

TO MY CUSTOMERS.

VANTED—Beans, Turkeys, Chicks, Geese, Eggs, Butter, Dried Apples, Oats. MRS. WOODBURY. KINGSTON VILLAGE

BURDOCK Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the

DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS ATION. HEADACHE SCROFULA HEARTEURN, SOUR STOMACH DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES

WOODEN, PLUSH, CHINA.