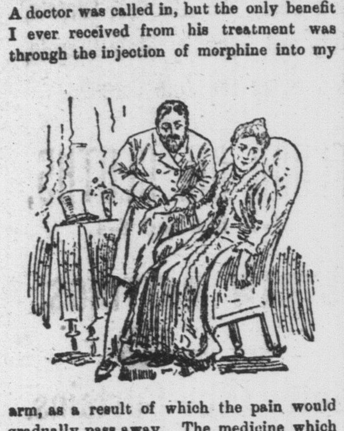
A FARMER'S WIFE

TELLS A STORY OF YEARS OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.

Doctors Utterly Failed to Help Her and Morphine Was Continually Resorted to—Became So Weak She Could Scarcely Perform Her Household Duties.

From the Beaver, Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Stone have been residents of the township of Ernestown, about ten miles east of Napanee, for a period of about three years, and in that time have gained the esteem of all their neighbors. For six years previous to this time they had lived in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, and it was during their residence there that Mrs. Stone was attacked with an illness that made her life miserable for years. To a reporter who recently interviewed her she told the following story: "During the early part of our residence in Colorado, my illness first came on. At the outset every two or three weeks I would be attacked with a pain in my stomach. Later on it greatly increased in severity, and at times was so bad that I would scream aloud with the pain. A doctor was called in, but the only benefit I ever received from his treatment was through the injection of morphine into my



arm, as a result of which the pain would gradually pass away. The medicine which was given me, however, had not the slightest effect, and the doctor appeared to be greatly perplexed, and thereafter continually resorted to injections of morphine whenever the attacks came on. These attacks continued at intervals until our return to Canada, when they increased in frequency and intenseness. The result was that I grew very weak, and my whole system appeared to be giving out. My complexion turned a yellowish hue, and I had little or no appetite. Latterly I would be attacked with fainting spells, preceded by attacks of dizziness. I became utterly unable to stand fatigue, and could with the greatest difficulty perform my household duties. A doctor was called in who treated me for some time without benefitting me any. Then he gave me what I now know to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had used two boxes I felt somewhat better. I then purchased the pills myself and continued the treatment. I found that the pain was gradually decreasing. I could get rest and sleep at night, which had hitherto been almost impossible. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for several months, and the result is that they have effected a complete cure, and I am now enjoying the best of health. I can assure you it is a great relief to be free from the trouble that made my life miserable for so many years and I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for succeeding when doctors had failed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Willliams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"The Stone Which the Builders Rejected."

A great cathedral was being built. The most beautiful marble, exquisitely carved made its walls. Its woodwork was like satin, and of delicate colors. The windows were like rich paintings, telling the wonderful stories of Christ's life.

The workmen had come from far and near, the most skilful only having been chosen.

For months hammers and chisels rang, till at last all but one window was finished. It was a south window, not large, where rich sunlight fell early and late.

"Strange it should have been forgotten," said the master-workmen. "The bishop comes to-morrow, and all should be finished."

A little bent man, with a shrewd, but kindly face, limped up. Doffing his cap, he said:—

"Sir, I have made a window for that space from bits of the other windows. Pray you, let it go up."

"It is the best we can do," said the master. "Put it up for to-morrow, man, but after that it must come down."

The next day the church was crowded.

Just as the old bishop turned to preach the sermon, the sun burst out. It came through the south window, touching his white hair with a halo.

Every one turned to look. The stranger's window was a flashing jewel. Though it was made of bits, the colors were so blended that it seemed like one. The sunlight glittered and broke into a thousand rays.

The bishop knew about the forgotten window, and the strange way one had been made. He had written a stately sermon, but he put it away, and preached the thought the beautiful window gave: "The rejected stone being the head of the corner."

People who heard it, and saw the window never forget. So shall we feel, little and big, when we see that some of our little efforts, which many thought worthless, shall be counted by Jesus worthy of all recognition.

—Look at the unattractive insect that lies upon the blade of grass or upon the cabbage-leaf, and in a few short days you find that insect floating in the air in all the beauteous colors of the rainbow. Look at the dry root in the gloomy season of winter, and when spring comes forth, you find that root bloom into a beauteous rose. Look at the egg-shell; in that, there is the eagle, that is to wing its flight above all other birds, and rivet its eye upon the meridian sun. The doctrine of the resurrection is not inconsistent with the analogies of Nature or the experience of our common history.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in One day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents. Sold by S. N. Weare.

—Cleopatra was not an Egyptian, but a Greek beauty, with perfectly white skin, tawny hair and blue eyes. Her chief fascination was her voice, which is described as low, well modulated and singularly sweet in tone.

—Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Wooden Lathing Doomed.

A GROWING DEMAND FROM NEARLY ALL ARCHITECTS FOR IRON OR STEEL DEVICES.

One industry that is declining in this country is the manufacture of wooden laths. It is not owing to any general decrease of building, nor to business depression, but to the growing demand from nearly all architects for metallic lathing in the construction of the partitions of modern buildings. Metallic lathing is used less with a view to making the buildings fireproof than to making the walls and partitions stronger and less likely to crack. Ordinary wooden laths are nailed to the studdings while still green or wet from exposure to the weather. It would make no difference if they were perfectly dry, for the mortar would quickly moisten them. Then comes the drying out process. As the laths dry they twist and turn, cracking the mortar and weakening the wall. The wooden lath is doomed except for the construction of the cheapest kind of buildings. The advantages of any form of metal laths are so great that architects have no difficulty in persuading prospective builders to use them to the exclusion of wood.

The evolution of the lath is rather interesting. In the early days, just after the log cabin era in this country, a plastered wall was looked upon as a luxury. Standings were hewn from hard wood and the laths were riven by hand from the straightest grained timber obtainable, and occasionally dressed with the drawknife or spokeshave when too thick for use. They were fastened to the studding with hand-made nails costing two or three shillings a pound, and before the rough coat of mortar and hair was put on, the lathed wall presented a rugged appearance, having no straight lines anywhere, and showing chinks varying from a mere crack up to fully an inch when a crooked lath came in juxtaposition to a moderately straight one. Then came the sawed laths, each one ripped from the edge of an inch and a quarter plank with a hand saw. Next came the laths, made one at a time with circular saws, and then came the gage-saw machine, which made scores of laths at ono cut. These laths were cut from the log with a shaving knife and chopped into widths as toothpicks and cigar lighters are.

The next innovation was a metal lath made of thin sheet-iron strips, ribbed or having the edges turned over to give strength. Perforated sheet iron with ragged punctures, in which the mortar would clinch, succeeded the strips; and wire netting lathing was introduced. It was generally strengthened with ribs of coarser wire, and is still extensively used, not only for partitions, but for concrete floors as well.

Within a few years scores of patents have been granted for metallic lathing and in almost every instance they have been for making sheet steel plates provided with slits or perforations to hold the mortar. Several varieties are designed to get more surface out of the metal sheet than by mere perforating and are known as expanded metal lathing. One company has had almost a monopoly of expanding metal in this manner by the use of an ingenious machine upon which it has patents here and abroad. The sales run up to considerably more than one million dollars a year in the United States, it is said. This lath is said fully to double the width of the original plate from which it is cut. Recently another company has produced a machine by which even more expansion is gained by an ingenious form of cutting and corrugating. All this is clear gain, and the effort is being directed to getting the greatest stiffness with the lightest metal, which means more gain to the makers.

Aunt Jerusha's Meditations.

"If folks could have their funerals when they are alive and well and struggling along, what a help it would be!" sighed Aunt Jerusha, folding her paisley shawl with great care.

"Now, there is poor Mis' Brown!" she added, as she pinned her Sunday bonnet into her green barege veil. "How encouraged she'd have been, if she could have heard what the minister said to-day! I wouldn't wonder one mite if she'd have got well.

"And Deacon Brown a-wiping his eyes, and all of them taking on so! Poor soul, she never dreamed they set so much by her!

"Mis' Brown got discouraged. Yer see Deacon Brown, he'd got a way of blaming everything onto her. I don't suppose the Deacon meant it—'twas just his way—but it's awful wearing. When things wore out, or broke, he acted just as if Mis' Brown did it herself on purpose. And they all caught it, like the measles or the whooping cough.

"And the minister a telling how the Deacon brought his young wife here when 'twan't nothing but a wilderness, and how patiently she bore hardship, and what a good wife she'd been! Now the minister wouldn't have known anything about that if the Deacon hadn't told him. Dear! dear! If he'd only told Mis' Brown herself what he thought, I do believe he might have saved the funeral.

"And when the minister said how the children would miss their mother, seemed as though they couldn't stand it, poor things!

"Well, I guess it is true enough; Mis' Brown was always doing for some of them. When they was singing about sweet rest in heaven, I couldn't help thinking that that was something Mis' Brown would have to get used to, for she never had none of it here.

"She'd have been awful pleased with the flowers. They was pretty, and no mistake. Yer see the Deacon wa'n't never willing for her to have a flower bed. He said 'twas enough prettier sight to see good cabbages a-growing; but Mis' Brown always kind of hankered after sweet-smelling things, like sweet peas and such.

"What did you say, Levi? Most time for supper? Well, land's sake! so it is. I must have got to meditating. I've been a-thinking, Levi, you needn't tell the minister anything about me. If the pancakes and the pumpkin pies are good, you just say so as we go along. It ain't best to keep everything laid up for funerals."

—Mr. Jury, one of the new Immigration Commissioners to Britain, has gone to the North-West to look over the ground. This is quite right. No Jury—not even an intelligent one—should deliver a verdict without reviewing the testimony.

—A lot of land on Tremont street, Boston, adjoining the Boston Museum building, 32 feet front by 72 feet back, sold recently for $200,000.

—A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla taken now will build up the system and prevent serious illness later on. Get only Hood's.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer

40 RED-COATS

Put to route an Army of Formidable Trespassers.

Constipation, Dizziness, Pain under the Shoulder Blades, Sick Headache, Depressed Feeling, Bloating after Eating, Debility and Insomnia, result from Inactive Liver.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 40 little Red Coats at a cost of 20 cents will set you right in short order. Piles of testimony to prove it. Sold by S. N. Weare.

Agricultural.

Neglect of Horses' Feet.

There is an old saying, trite but true, that if you have no foot you have no horse, and yet by very many horse owners and grooms the foot is little understood and badly neglected. The average groom bestows all of his attention upon his charge's coat; like his master, he delights in its velvety softness, but both forget that its lustrous sheen is but a poor recompense for the suffering and impaired usefulness which, in too many cases, are the direct result of a lack of care of the feet.

The ignorance of this subject is surprising, and the torture to which horses are subjected on that account is beyond belief.

When a horse becomes lame the shoulder is generally supposed to be affected, and, embrocations failing to give the desired relief, blistering rowels, and sectons are applied with much suffering to the patient and uncomplaining horse.

Very often the legs are supposed to be the seat of the trouble, and, other remedies failing, they are fired with red hot iron and blistered. In ninety per cent. of all horses lame in front, especially in cities, the seat of trouble is in the fore feet, and is caused either by a contraction of the hoof or by corns, often by both, for the corn, which is really a bruise, is the result of contraction. A simple but decisive test in deciding whether the lameness is in the foot or in the shoulder is to lead the horse over some obstruction sufficiently high to cause him to lift his feet well off the ground. If he steps over it, you may be sure the lameness is not in the shoulder; but if he cannot step above it, or if he stubs his toe against it, then *examine the shoulder*. The reason is that the muscles of the shoulder are brought into play when the foot is raised high from the ground. The suffering from contracted feet is similar to that experienced by a person wearing a tight shoe, while that from corns resembles the pain of a bruised finger nail.

It should be a rule in all stables that the feet should be cleaned out and washed every morning, and again at night after the day's toil is over. This should be strictly enforced, to the exclusion, if need be, of all other grooming. Do not think from the above that the importance of thorough grooming is underestimated; quite the reverse; but unfortunately too many seem to forget that cleansing the foot is an important part of good grooming; and aside from the healthful results to the feet from the action of the water upon them, the animal learns to stand quietly while being shod, which materially lessens the chance of abuse from the blacksmith. Another advantage is that stones, bits of glass and nails are sometimes discovered, also raised clinches and loose shoes; and, besides, the regular cleansing of the feet prevents such diseases as thrush quittor, rotten sole, scratches, and grease heel, all of which have their primary cause in dirt.

While handling a horse's feet be careful never to become angry and abuse him; it only increases his restlessness, and the probability is that you are holding him in such a way as to cramp the muscles of the legs. To punish him because he endeavors to jerk away his foot to escape pain is positively inhuman, but it is too frequently done.

All stabled horses should have their feet packed regularly, and kept in such a condition that the frog (which received its name from the ancient Greeks because it will not remain healthy without moisture) may be large, full, well spread, and feel to the touch like india rubber, and the horn of a consistency that "cuts like cheese" under the farrier's knife. To do this, they should be packed every night if necessary. As there is quite a difference of opinion among horsemen in regard to the relative merits of the different hoof packings, try therefore yourself and ascertain the one that suits you best.

As but a little time and attention are needed each day, and as the expense of the packing is but nominal, costing often only the trouble of procuring it, is it not the part of wisdom, economy and mercy to attend to this important duty?

Dust Baths.

All animals have a natural tendency to cleanliness. The hog, the common type of filth, is not by any means as dirty as we would suppose, if given an opportunity to be clean; and in this he needs only as much assistance from man as a horse demands—the result will prove his natural tendency to cleanliness. The hen has an aversion to bathing in water; her substitute is dust bath, which answers the same purpose for cleansing her feathers. A dust bath is very essential to the health of all fowls. In winter, when the outside ground is frozen hard a substitute should be provided in the shape of a box filled with dry sand mixed with coal ashes or road dust. Watch your hens on a bright, sunny day in winter, and see how they enjoy this bath. They pick the dust into their feathers, roll first on one side, then on the other, and seem to sift the dry dirt into every part of their feathered coat. It cleanses them and frees them from their mortal enemy, the lice. One would suppose that hen lice were very clean themselves since they have such a dread of dirt, and it is true they cannot exist where dirt or dust abounds. The dust bath is, therefore, very necessary for the health and happiness of your fowls. It should be placed where the sun can shine into it; this makes it attractive and your hens will soon avail themselves of it.

Rhubarb in the Garden.

About almost every farmhouse can be found an old, neglected row of rhubarb plants from which few cuttings are made in spring for sauce or pies. The sourness and oftentimes rank flavor of these old rows of pieplant, as it is otherwise called, makes a little go a good way in most households, for after two or three cutting the plants are usually abandoned and allowed to go to seed. This is all wrong. A good variety of rhubarb is worthy of being eaten the year around. Instead of keeping on with the poor kind, send for a package of Rhubarb seed of one of the imported sorts, such as Myatt's Victoria, and sow it in a garden row. The plants will come from seed as readily as carrots or beets and mostly true to their kind, and the second season cuttings can be made freely. Cut off seed stalks as they appear and keep the ground free from weeds and well cultivated. If the rhubarb is given a garden row, this cultivation will come in with the regular garden cultivation and will give no trouble.

The Farmer's Fruit.

Every farmer should produce his own fruit. The theory that fruit can be purchased cheaper than grown may sound cheaper *all right*, but the results are not satisfactory, for instead of buying, the family are compelled to go without it. No money consideration can atone for absence of health so often caused by the lack of fruit. The strawberry is the first fruit of the season and can be easily grown. Rasperries come next followed by blackberries, plums, and apples. By selecting a few of each from the best native varieties, any farmer can have fruit during the entire year. Anyone who has a small nook or waste corner, can set a few trees in clumps and as he finds better kinds, top work them from time to time. In this way choice plums can be had from August until October at merely a nominal cost. Do not rob your children of the opportunity to look back with pleasure to their home, where many hours of enjoyment were spent in eating fruit from their own trees.

—Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

1896. "A," No. 608.

IN THE SUPREME COURT,

Between LEANDER S. MORSE, - *Plaintiff*,
AND
THOMAS W. CHESLEY AND RACHEL CHESLEY, his wife, - *Defendants*.

To be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his Deputy, at the Court House in Bridgetown, in said County of Annapolis, on

TUESDAY, the 27th day of APRIL, A. D. 1897, at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon,

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein and dated the 23rd day of March, A.D. 1897, unless before the day of sale the Defendants do pay to the Plaintiff, or his solicitor, or into court, the amount due him for principal, interest and costs, all the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above named Defendants and of all parties claiming by, through or under them, of, in and to all the following described piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being at Bridgetown, in said County, and usually called the James E. Fellows farm, and bounded as follows: Beginning by the northern side of the Granville highway and by the south-west corner of lands lately owned by Joseph Buckler; thence northwardly along the western line of said Buckler land about eighty rods, or to the north-west corner thereof; thence eastwardly along the north line of said Buckler land ten rods or to the western line of Frank Prat's homestead farm; thence northwardly along Frank Pratt's western line to the southern line of lands of William Miller, or one mile and twenty-seven rods or thereabouts in a direct course from aforesaid Granville highway; thence westwardly along the southern line of said William Miller's land fifty-two rods or thereabouts, or till coming to the eastern line of William Chipman's farm; thence southward along the eastern line of said William Chipman's farm to lands of Edmund Bent and onward along the eastern line of Edmund Bent's land to the Granville highway; thence along the northern bound of the said highway to the place of beginning, containing by estimation one hundred acres, more or less, together with all and singular the buildings and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms.—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

EDWIN GATES,
High Sheriff of the County of Annapolis.
J. G. H. PARKER, *Solicitor of Plaintiff.*
Dated Annapolis, March 23rd, 1897. 52 51

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

A Red Letter Year for 1897!

THE ENTIRE NOVELTY of many of the plans for 1897 is noticeable. For instance, the series devoted to

London as seen by Charles Dana Gibson. Mr. Gibson has not before appeared as a writer. He visited London last summer for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, for the purpose of depicting with pen and pencil those scenes and types which the huge metropolis presents in endless variety. Of like novelty is the first considerable

Novel by Richard Harding Davis. "Soldiers of Fortune." The hero is one of the most vigorous men that Mr. Davis has drawn. Illustrated by C. D. Gibson.

The Conduct of Great Business. A beautiful illustrated series of articles of which the following are already completed:
"The Great Department Store."
"The Management of a Great Hotel."
"The Working of the Bank."
"A Great Manufactory."

Undergraduate Life in American Colleges. A series of articles touching upon the life of our older universities as represented by the doings of the students themselves. Judge Henry E. Howland writes on "Undergraduate Life at Yale."
Mr. James Alexander on "Princeton," and Robert Grant and Edward S. Martin on "Harvard."

Japan and China since the War will be a most interesting group of articles richly illustrated.

The Unquiet Sex. Under the title of "The Unquiet Sex," Mrs. Helen Waterson Moody will write a series of articles: "Woman and Reforms," "The College-Bred Woman," "Woman's Clubs," and "The Case of Maria" (a paper on domestic service).

W. D. Howells' Story of a Play. In this Mr. Howells gives us the best novel he has ever produced in his delightful vein of light comedy.

George W. Cable. In addition to the fiction enumerated there will be a series of four short stories by George W. Cable, the only ones he has written for many years.

How to Travel Wisely with a minimum of wear and tear must be regarded as an art little understood. Mr. Lewis Morris Idings, in two articles, will offer a variety of useful suggestions and data on "Ocean and Land Travel." This will be happily rounded out by an article from Mr. Richard Harding Davis on "Travellers One Meets: Their Ways and Methods." The illustrations by American and foreign artists will be highly pertinent.

*** *It is impossible in a small space to even mention the many attractive features for 1897. A beautiful illustrated booklet has been prepared, which will be sent, postage paid, on request.*

Scribner's Magazine $3 a year, 25 cents a copy.

CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS,
153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GRAND MARK-DOWN SALE!

As long as this adv. appears I intend selling my entire stock of Boots and Shoes and Overboots, and balance of Dry Goods and Groceries at greatly reduced prices. The following are a few of the bargains I offer.

	Former price.	Cut price.
Men's Heavy Grain Bellows Tongue Boots,	$2.15	$1.80
Men's Heavy Split Boots,	1.55	1.35
Men's Scotch Grain Boots,	2.65	2.35
Men's Dongola Boots,	2.25	2.00
Men's Overboots,	1.60	1.35
Boys' Scotch Grain Boots,	1.80	1.60
Boys' Buff Boots,	1.75	1.55
Youth's Heavy Grain Boots,	1.25	1.10
Women's Overboots,	1.90	1.60
Women's Dongola Boots,	2.00	1.75
Women's Extra Fine Boots,	2.25	2.00
Women's Kid Lace Boots,	2.15	1.90
Women's Pebble Boots,	1.35	1.15
Women's Dongola Boots,	1.45	1.30
Misses Buff Lace Boots,	1.20	1.10
Misses Pebble Button Boots,	1.35	1.20
Misses Dongola Button Boots,	1.65	1.50

L. CHUTE.
Payson Store, Bridgetown.

Consign your :::: APPLES ....TO....

APPLES — J. C. Houghton &'Co., 19 Eastcheap, London, E.C., —OR— 1 Temple Ct., Liverpool, G. B. — APPLES

Who will sell for the highest market prices, and give prompt returns.
Send a trial shipment and be convinced.
Established 51 years. Shipping Mark H.
Represented by
FRANK A DIXON, Wolfville,
Who will give all information required.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of MARIA WHEELOCK, late of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, widow, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

DAVID B. PHINNEY, *Administrator*.
Granville, March 8th, 1897.
E. RUGGLES, *Proctor for Administrator*. 2m

NOTICE!

All persons having legal demands against the estate of J. WAYLAND BROWN, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

H. E. BROWN.
Bridgetown, March 4th, 1897. 50 3m

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY!

"Land of Evangeline" Route

On and after MONDAY, 1ST MARCH, 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted).

Trains will Arrive at Bridgetown:

Express from Halifax	11.26 a.m.
Express from Yarmouth	12.35 a.m.
Accom. from Richmond	5.05 p.m.
Accom. from Annapolis	6.30 a.m.

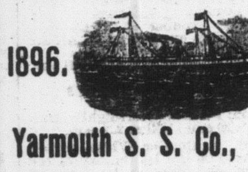
Trains will Leave Bridgetown:

Express for Yarmouth	11.26 a.m.
Express for Halifax	12.35 a.m.
Accom. for Halifax	6.30 a.m.
Accom. for Annapolis	5.05 p.m.

Royal Mail S.S. "Prince Rupert,"
ST. JOHN and DIGBY,
Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

Leaves St. John	8.00 a.m.
Arrives in Digby	11.00 a.m.
Leaves Digby	1.00 p.m.
Arrives in St. John	4.00 p.m.

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.
W. R. CAMPBELL, General Manager.
K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

1896.  1897.

Yarmouth S. S. Co., Limited.

The Shortest and Best Route between
Nova Scotia and United States.
THE QUICKEST TIME. 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

Two Trips a Week.
The fast and Popular Steel Steamer
"BOSTON,"

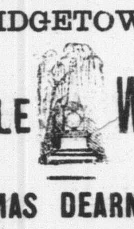
Commencing Wed. Nov. 4th and until further notice will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENING after arrival of the Express train from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 12 o'clock, noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic R'y, and coach lines for all parts of Nova Scotia.

This is the fastest steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States, and forms the most pleasant route between above points, combining safety, comfort and speed.

Regular mail carried on Steamer. Tickets to all points in Canada via Canadian Pacific, Central Vermont and Boston and Albany Railways, and to New York via Fall River line, Stonington line, and New England and Boston & Albany Railways.

For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway and Central Railway agents, or to

L. E. BAKER, Pres. and Managing Director.
W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treasurer.
Yarmouth, Nov. 1st, 1896.

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE  **WORKS**

THOMAS DEARNESS,
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.
T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

A. BENSON,
UNDERTAKER,
BRIDGETOWN.
Caskets and Robes
kept constantly on hand.
Also M'f'g of Hearses, Fancy Mantels, and Newel Posts.
Jobbing orders promptly attended to. Business stand at Shaw & Fisher's factory.
Bridgetown, Nov. 11, 1896. 1y

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

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THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
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ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 291y

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ANNAPOLIS VALLEY
REAL ESTATE REGISTRY

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Parties having residental lots in the town or close vicinity to sell at bottom prices would do well to place them with us, as we have application for several.

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No other oil and no other medicine has ever been discovered which can take the place of Cod-liver Oil in all conditions of wasting. New remedies come, live their little day and die, but Cod-liver Oil remains the rock on which all hope for recovery must rest. When it is scientifically prepared, as in Scott's Emulsion, it checks the progress of the disease, the congestion and inflammation subside and the process of healing begins. There is the whole truth. Book about it free.
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J. W. ROSS.
Single and Double Harnesses
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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LARGE STOCK OF
Blankets from 50c. to $6.00; Fur Robes, $7.00 to $14.00; Trunks & Bags, Sleigh Bells, Heavy Wool Lap Robes, fine stock of Men's Driving Gloves.
Repairing a Specialty

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CARRIAGE COMPANY
AGENCY.

I desire to inform my many acquaintances that arrangements have been made for me to represent the Nova Scotia Carriage Company, of Kentville, organized a few weeks ago for the manufacture of a superior grade of vehicles of all descriptions.

The make of the establishment will be particularly confined to

Light Single and Double Riding Waggons, Phaetons, Express, Grocery and other Delivery Teams, etc., etc.

The stock used in the construction is the best of American manufacture, the waggons are built by thorough workmen, and each and every feature pertaining to their make will meet the heartiest approval of the eye of the critic, besides carrying a guarantee of the Company. For full particulars write me for catalogue, and don't make any arrangement for the purchase of new vehicles till you have obtained my prices and other general information, which will be promptly and cheerfully imparted.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN HALL, Agent.
Lawrencetown, April 14th, 1896

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Powdered Dalmation Insect flowers
This Insect Powder
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Put up in ½-lb. Sifting Tins and in bulk.
DEARBORN & CO.,
Agents—ST. JOHN, N. B
N. B.—Our Sifting Tins contain from 1 to 2 oz. more than other makes.

LISTEN!

"Have you any of that good Coffee?"

"I cannot get any Coffee like yours in town."

The above remarks were made to me last week by a lady and gentleman of our town. Suppose you give it a trial and let me hear what you have to say about it.

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Also Good Cider Vinegar.
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CAUTION!

All persons indebted to the estate of the late J. AVARD MORSE, either by accounts or promissory notes, are hereby notified that all payments of the same must be made to the undersigned, as no person has been authorized by them to collect said accounts or notes.

E. BENT, J. B. GILES, } *Executors.*
Bridgetown, March 10th, 1896.

Direct Evidence

in favor of the BANKS OR RED GRAVENSTEIN, is they sold for $1 per bbl. more than the ordinary Gravenstein. My near neighbors who have carefully examined the fruit on the trees, and also my nursery stock, are now setting them by the fifties and hundreds. First-class trees, $30 per hundred, $5 per doz.

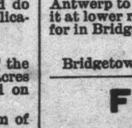
A. STANLEY BANKS.
Waterville, Kings Co., Nov. 13, 1895. 18 ly

Portland Cement.

The subscribers will have a car load of sixty bbls. Best Portland Cement landed here about middle of April. This having been bought at a low figure, and through rate of freight from Antwerp to Bridgetown, we are enabled to offer it at lower rates than it has ever been bought for in Bridgetown.

CURRY BROS. & BENT.
Bridgetown, March 17th, 1896. 15 tf

FOR SALE!



SCHR. "CRUSADE," now lying at Annapolis, 43 tons, good sailer and well found. Will be sold cheap.

JOHN H. LONGMIRE, Bridgetown.
41 tf.

The Household.

Of Simple Cheerfulness.

There are a number of women in the world who are fond of heroics. They are the people who exhaust themselves with unnecessary work, and take upon themselves a vast amount of suffering, physical and mental, that could readily be eliminated from their lives. In general, they keep themselves and all surrounding them in a tense state of mind and nerve, creditable, or at least excusable, in an early martyr, but decidedly uncalled-for in the ordinary cares of ordinary life.

"If conditions were different!" sighs some care-worn individual. "If this load of trouble were off my shoulders, or if it were not just what it is, I could afford to be cheerful and jolly. But what can one do when one's life is nothing but worry, worry, from morning till night?"

And so the worry of the world goes on, eating into the sweet, bright flowers of cheerfulness that ought to bloom in every soil.

Why is it that we women either work ourselves to death or do so little that we take to cultivating our health and our nerves? Why do we weigh ourselves down with the worries of our friends and kindred? Why do we devote so much more time to discontent with what we haven't got rather than content with the gifts, numerous enough in every case, the gods have provided us?

Is there not a good deal of caustic truth in George Eliot's saying of a discontented heroine: "You are discontented with the world because you can't get just the small things that suit your pleasure, not because it's a world where myriads of men and women are ground by misery and wrong, and tainted with pollution?"

Happiness lies within the reach of everybody. Let a women have enough occupation, of the manual order as well as mental, and not too much; enough exercise in the open air; enough trust in Providence to believe that problems beyond her solution are given her for the exercise of faith and patience, and not as causes of worry and mental torment. Then that plain and unpretending virtue of simple cheerfulness will seem to her a thing to be admired and hoarded.

Then, if you will permit me another quotation, she will not think it a mere rhetorical flight of poetic fancy when Faber exclaims: "In God's wide world there is no room for sin, no provision for sorrow, not a corner for unhappiness. Every created intelligence drinks its fill of the fountains of His gladness. Every instinct of animals beats with a pulsation of Divine enjoyment. Every tree uplifts its head and flings out its branches, every flower blooms and sheds sweet odor, every mineral glances and sparkles, just as the clouds sail, and the waters flow, and the planet turns, in the excess of the happiness of God."

Keeping a Sickroom Clean.

To keep a sickroom clean where the floor cannot be swept, a professional nurse will go over the carpet with a cloth wrung out of warm water, in which has been put a little ammonia. Upholstered furniture is treated in the same way if that is a part of the furnishings. In many new houses a sickroom is included in the architect's plan. This may be used for another purpose while the family is unafflicted, but in cases of illness it is found to be invaluable. It has sunny exposure, an open fireplace and no plumbing directly in the room. It opens into an entry in which is a window and from this into the main hall of the house, thus insuring protection in cases of contagious diseases. The floor is of hard wood, with only washable rugs for purposes of silence. The walls are painted; so are the ceilings; there is indeed not an inch of surface that may not be washed or that can hold germs. No upholstered furniture stands in it, cushions covered with linen slip covers affording ease in the rattan chairs and couches. One such built in a country house had the pictures let in the wall under glass, similar to a scheme often applied to a nursery. In such a room a smallpox patient might be quarantined without risk to family or neighbors.

—If parents could thoroughly appreciate the healing balm of the open air they would not house their delicate children so carefully. When a child looks pale and seems inclined to "mope" about the house, it is not a sign she should be allowed to do so. On the contrary, she should be encouraged to go out doors as much as possible. Nothing is so dangerous as confinement within doors, when it is not positively necessary. The coldest day of winter is none too cold for "baby" to take a mid-day ride in thes un, providing he is properly prepared for the trip. Get him accustomed to have his face uncovered. Nothing is more injurious to the eyes of a young child than the veil which too many careful mothers insist on wrapping around their children's faces to protect them from cold. A keen, sharp wind is always to be avoided. A light rain-storm offers no objection to an "outing," provided the child is protected from dampness. Moist air is as wholesome as dry air, unless there is some trouble with the lung or breathing apparatus.

Sometimes, when a young child is feverish and fretful with sleeplessness, an outing in the cool, fresh air will put him to sleep when all other remedies have failed. No medicine is equal to sleep. Many threatened dangers are carried off in sound, quiet, peaceful sleep. Never allow a little child to sit up to "see company."

—A little girl of four, with her nurse, was walking at the seaside. They came to an inlet, and the nurse decided to row across, to shorten the walk home. When the boat reached the opposite beach, she put the child ashore, believing she was but a short distance from home, and rowed the borrowed boat back. The distance was short, but very rough and difficult for a little girl of four. She struggled on through the coarse grass and sand, climbing hillocks and walking through depths. At last her mother saw her coming and hurried to meet her. She exclaimed, "Were you frightened, my sweet?" "I felt very lost," was the reply, "but I sang 'Lead, kindly Light' to myself all the way."

The *Tribune* adds: "There was never a stronger argument than this for teaching children hymns and poetry that have thought in them. The pity of it is that their minds are filled so often with nonsense, when it would require no greater effort to give them the inspiration of good literature."

—We are often unjust to our children, because of our own moods and troubles. Things we pass over sometimes as of no moment, in hours when we feel "out of sorts" we make a great matter of, and hurt our children's sensitive natures when reproof is entirely uncalled for. Children are fretted at and found fault with, oftentimes, because we are in an irritable mood, or things do not go our way, notwithstanding that they are perfectly innocent of having helped to create those unpleasant conditions.

—Try washing pillow ticks without taking the feathers out. Choose a warm, sunny, breezy day. Put the pillows into a clean suds and wash well in several waters, using soap and a scrubbing brush if the ticks are much soiled. Rinse in several waters and hang in an airy place to dry. The feathers may be several days in drying, and must be shook and rubbed often to break up the wads or balls into which the feathers are apt to gather.

Joker's Corner.

Nye and Perkins.

On the occasion of my visit to Laramie, Mr. Nye introduced me to my Laramie audience, says Eli Perkins in the New York *Sun*. His introduction was like this:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am glad that it has devolved upon me to-night to announce that we are to have an interesting lecture on lying by one of the most distinguished—(there was a pause, for Mr. Nye's inflection indicated that he had finished, and the audience roared with delight, so that it was sometime before the sentence was concluded) lecturers from the east."

Mr. Nye continued: "We have our ordinary country liars in Laramie, but Mr. Perkins comes from the metropolis. Our every day liars have a fine record. We are proud of them, but uncultured liars of the prairie cannot be expected to come up with the gifted and more polished prevaricators from the cultured east. Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce Eliar Perkins."

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said in reply, "I feel justly flattered by your Laramie humorist's tribute to my veracity, but, truly, I am not as big a liar as Mr. Nye—" and then I seemed to falter. The audience saw my dilemma and applauded, and finally I couldn't finish the sentence for some moments, but continuing, I said: "I am not as big a liar as Mr. Nye—would have you think."

A day or two after this I picked up the "Boomerang" and read this paragraph:

"When Eli Perkins was passing through Laramie he said he was travelling for his wife's pleasure."

"'Then your wife is with you?' suggested our reporter.

"'Oh! no,' said Eli, 'she is in New York.'"

The Warfare of Theology and Science.

The colored pleacher had taken for the theme of the morning discourses the Passage of the Red Sea. Dar hab been diffunt waays," he said, "ur countin' fer disher s'prising sarcumstanse. Dar am a multechood or splanashuns by de thelogie scullers and by de scentistic scullers; but dat wich commen's isself ter my min' is dishere—de Israelites mus' hev cross' on the ice.

A brother in the back part of the room, who had attended school "since de wah" and whose head was hot with the new knowledge, arose in his place at the close of the sermon and with an air of assumed humility and meekness, asked for information:

"I would like to hev de preecher 'splain one pint in his able discuss. He sez de Israelites mus' have cross' on de ice. Now 'cordin' to de jogafry de Red Sea is in de tropicks, and dere ain't never no ice in de tropicks. I would jus' be 'bleeged ter de preacher to 'splain dat ar pint."

"Glad de brudder mention his jection," said the preacher with animation. "It gives me a chunity to mek a splanation. Dishere crossin' ob de Red Sea happen' fo' dar war and jogafry, long fore de tropicks wuz made."

The objecting brother resumed his seat, his face beaming with a broad smile, satisfied with his own show of knowledge and with the superior learning of his pastor.

A Church Story.

Not very many years ago in a country church in the West of England, the rector, preaching with great earnestness for home missions, took for his text "Feed Me With Food Convenient for Me." As he came down from the pulpit, well content with the effect his eloquence had produced on the congregation, the disturbing thought struck him that he had made no arrangement for the collection (sure to be a liberal one on this occasion.) As he passed through the chancel he whispered hurriedly to an intelligent choir boy, "Go into the vestry, take the plate you will find on the table, hand it round to the congregation, and then bring it to me." The boy departed on his errand, and the rector took his position within the communion rails and gave out the offertory hymn.

The last words of this had scarcely died away when the boy stood before him, a plate of biscuits in his hand, and an apologetic expression on his chubby face. "Please sir," he explained in an audible voice. "I've handed them around to everybody, and nobody won't take none!"

An Obliging Young Man.

The young lady in the sable cloak rushed into the telegraph office and rapped sharply on the counter with the inkstand. The clerk came forward to see what she wanted this time. "Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote about fifteen minutes ago. I forgot something very important. I wanted to underscore that word 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?" "No, ma'am," said the clerk, as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words, and said: "It is awfully good of you to let me do that. It will please Charlie so much." "Don't mention it," said the clerk. "If you would like it I will put a few drops of nice violet extract on the telegram at the same rates." "Oh, thank you, sir. You don't know how much I would appreciate it. I'm going to send all my telegrams through this office, you are so obliging." And the smile she gave him would have done any one good to have seen, with the possible exception of Charlie.

The Force of Example.

Little Mary was invited to take tea with some old ladies, and set off, laden with much good advice as to behavior. When she returned, tired, but happy, her mother inquired whether she had been polite.

"Oh, yes, mamma," she replied. "And, oh, mamma, we had jam for tea! You know that you said I was not to take anything a second time, so when they asked me to have some more, I said 'No, thank you.' Then they asked me again, and I said, 'No more, thank you.' Then they asked me another time, and I said, 'I don't wish for any more.' But when they asked me again, I didn't know what to say. Then I remembered papa, and I just said, 'Damn it, no!'"

The Conn. Deacon and the Clams.

A good old deacon in Connecticut was very pious and fond of clams. When once upon a time he attended a Rhode Island clam-bake and overtaxed his capacity and was sorely distressed. But his faith in prayer was unabated. Leaving the party and going down on his knees behind a tree, he was heard to supplicate: "Forgive me, O Lord, this great sin of gluttony. Restore my health, and I will never eat any more clams." Then, after a pause—"very few—if any. Amen."

—"Good mornin, Missis Brady, and how's yer mother?"

"Thanks be to hivin she's a throifle better. She took a bottle of bark wid pupsin and a canine pill phwat the doctor left wid her."

—"What would you say to a good, steady job of work?" asked the kind woman.

"What would I say to a job of work?" repeated Perry Patettic; "missus, it would be impossible for me to repeat to a lady what I would say to it."