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VOL. 23.

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Our Brick are absolutely free from "white wash."

Come and see us and get prices, and before concluding a purchase take a look at the Come and see us and get prices, and before concluding made from stock obtained elsewhere. 

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Is Infallibly the Cure for

Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,

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IT HAS NO EQUAL:

In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles.

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WANTED: -Seasoned Spruce and Pine Lumber.

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Points that you'll consider when you ceme to buy

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ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.

F. L. SHAFNER,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Poetry.

Safe, Soothing, Satisfying Her Year in Heaven. Her Year in Heaven.

It is a year to-day we said,
Since she was numbered with the dead;
A year that we have been alone,
Remembering her slightest tone
And listening vainly for the fall
Of her light feet along the hall;
A year that we have daily seen
Her vacant chair. Yet all serene
The summer days move grandly by
In pomp of royal pageantry.
The morning with its crystal bars,
The purple midnight ger.med with stars,
The sunset with its glories bright,
The lake beneath the moon's calm light;
With all these charms around us spread,
We pity her for being dead.

We laid the form we cherished so
Out where the fair, meek daises blow,
And planted heart's ease o'er her breast,
The symbol of her peaceful rest;
And wrote the name so often said
On gleaming marble at her head;
And sun and cloud and moon and star
Alternately her watchers are. And sun and cloud and moon and star Alternately her watchers are.
And yet, we say, she is not there, But has her being other where, So far remote from mortal eyes
We know not where her heaven lies, And, ah, the silence! echoing back
But our own cries! We see no track
To the far skies, no faintest trace
That leads to her new dwelling place.

We ask each other day by day,
How fares she since she went away?
What does she do at morn, at eve,
To-day, to-morrow? Does she grieve
That we her pleasure may not share?
Or has she dearer comrades there?
Or does she wait—seeing the end—
With patience infinite, and send
Us loving thoughts across the space
That hides from us her happy face,
And, knowing that we love her still,
Yield trustingly to God's wise will?
Perchance her raptures are so sweet, We are now making soft mud, sand-moulded Brick at the rate of twenty-five thousand These Brick are 10 p.c. larger than any other They are Hard, Straight and Square. No better We also have a stiff mud machine for making Wire Cut Brick, with a capacity of sixty thousand per day. These are smooth, hard and straight, and we make them this year half a pound heavier than usual. We have on hand five hundred thousand Wire Cut Brick left

Select Ziterature.

Wounded.

Down to the banks of the Thames slopes the lawn at Woodland, the residence of Mrs. Christopher Lane, widow; and beneath the shady lines, on what is termed the "croquet ground," far enough away from the geranium and verbena beds to do no mischief to them, stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a ertain summer evening not long ago. "Well," said Carry Lane, "we had bette Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, make haste, and choose sides, or we shall

not have time for another game before we are benighted. With a clever stroke of her mallet, Carry sent her croquet ball bounding to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.

He gave a brisk jump as the ball came with full force against his ankle, looking Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for around hastily at the pretty culprit, who laughed quietly beneath the shade of her dainty little hat and plume. Her bright

> 'You're a hard enemy, Miss Carry," he said, coming toward her, "so if we are to choose sides I shall have you on mine." "Very well," said Carry, no way dis-

> So the battle began in real earnest-Clare Holroyd and the Major on one side, Carry Lane and the curate on the other. Report said this young curate from Thamestown was courting pretty Carry Lane. Perhaps and no one had any right to set reports going until they were confirmed. But if it true, then the curate was a man of good taste, and he might have gone very far before he would have found a prettier wife, or a warmer heart than this little Carry Lane's. The other girl formed quite a contrast

her. Carry was all brilliancy and color, with richly tinted cheeks, sparkling roguish eyes, and jet black hair: but Clare Holroyd was fair, wonderfully pale and fair; it was only now and then that a faint, soft tinge of color would come into her cheeks and lighten up her deep grey eyes. Her hair was very beautiful. It formed quite a glory around her pale face; such real, bright, waving, gold-colored hair. A little rare smile would sometimes part the delicate lips, and linger there awhile, and then it was you would call Clare Holroyd very lovely. Sh was tall and slender, and on this evening her dress was all white. Carry Lane had placed a bit of bright scarlet geranium in the golder hair, which formed a fitting contrast.

We beg to notify the public in general that we have recently purchased the premises on nyille street, formerly known as the J. B. Reed & Sons furniture factory, and are now equip Carry Lane had been telling the curate al about Clare Holroyd, for that young lady had only recently arrived on a visit to some friends at Thamestown, and was not known in the neighborhood. She had just passed a Doors, Sashes, Frames, Stair Work, Mouldings, Clapboards, Sheathing, Flooring, Shingles, Laths, etc., and will constantly have on hand a full stock of Lime and all other Building Materials. eason at London, where Carry said she was raved about. People called her a flirt, but Carry couldn't see it, unless that careless, half-absent way in which she allowed the assidous major to arrange her croquet ball, watching him with a look of calm indifference in her beautiful eyes, and sometime that rare, sweet smile on her lips might be called flirting.

The Major was a sincere admirer of Miss Holroyd's, but Carry denied there being anything in it.

The game proceeded very slowly owing to the repeated bad strokes on the part of the major, and a slight absence of mind on the part of the curate. Presently there came out of one of the parlor windows which "White" Sewing Machine. opened upon the lawn, a tall, handsome old ady, to look at the players.
"I have just left my invalid to himself a On the contrary, our prices are exception-

ittle while. Poor fellow! I wish he was able to be out here," she said, esconsing herself in a garden chair under the lime trees. "Invalid—aw! said the major, arranging his tawny moustache. "Who is he, aw, "He is a sort of connection of home from India, where he was wounded in the arm during the mutiny; He is recover-swelled into them. ing from that, however, though the arm is still in a sling; but he is suffering from frightful depression and weakness after an attack of brain fever. I got him here as

"his mother told me, he met at a friend's house in London, a young lady—she did not tached, and in course of time engaged. The wedding day was fixed, and everything arranged, when suddenly to the surprise of all, the engagement was broken off. The young lady went to Brighton, and Charlie Challoner to India. No one knew exactly how it was,

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1895. but Mrs. Challoner thinks it was because the

Challoner grew jealous; so they quarreled, and however the girl may have felt after it; I know he has never got over it, and that is just what is keeping him weak and depressed, and I much fear he will never be any better. He has only been away from England a year, and here he is a perfect wreck. It is pititul to see a fine, handsome young fellow like that as weak as an infant, hardly able to move sighed the kind hearted Mrs. Lane. "He is such a downright good fellow,

don't know how any girl could have quar-reled with him," exclaimed Carry enthusias-The curate looked around somewhat quickly. Was he growing suspicious? Carry pre-tended not to see the look he bent upon her.

But she did see it, and she felt rather please "The girl must have been a heartless co quette, for I do not believe he would have given her up on any slight provocation," and

yet I think she could not but reproach herself for her conduct if she saw him now." "Aw," said the Major, "Quite romantic Shall we, aw, see this hero?-this, aw-"Please, don't laugh at him, Major Warden," cried Carry, "you would give your eyes to be half as handsome." Again the curate looked uncomfortable,

but Carry relieved him somewhat when she "I have an idea he is still devoted to this girl, whoever she may be. I have watched him gazing out of the window with such a far-away look in his eyes, as if he were thinking of her and better days."

"Aw, shall we, aw, see him to-night?" sked the major again. "Perhaps we may induce him to into the drawing room after tea." "Don't you feel interested, aw, and cur-

ous, Miss Holroyd," asked the major, going up to where she stood. She was pale at all times, but at that monent, Clare, Holroyd's face was ghastly. "My dear, you are cold," said Mrs. Lane. 'Carry, you must leave the game and come into the dining-room; there is a small fire here, and we will have some tea. Come Clare, I cannot allow you to catch cold on my lawn or you will not be allowed to come

Mrs. Lane arose, took the young girl's arm and led her to the house, the others follow-He bowed his head. 'You remember the girls," she continued.

ing slowly. An hour afterward, when the twilight mingled with the moonlight, and cast shadows upon the stone balcony outside the library window, Captain Challoner rose up from the sofa, where he had been lying all the forenoon, and, with a wavering step, he began to pace the room. He was growing weary of that tedious confinement, day by day, and he struggled hard against the weak ness which overcame him. His left arm was bound up in a sling; with the right he steadied himself in his walk, holding on by the table, the bookcase and chairs.

Mrs. Lane had called Charles Challoner handsome man, but strictly speaking, he was not so-never had been. It was a fine noble face-one you could trust in, one you might like to have near you in time of danger, doubt, difficulty, or trial. There was intellect in the broad high brow. There was tenderness and truthfulness in the large brown eyes, which at times seemed to be pleased, "let us begin at once. Come Clare and Major Warden." looking "far away," as Carry Lane said, and there was a brave firmness in the mouth and massive chin.

the middle of his walk. His ear caught the sound of music in the drawing-room across the hall He stood a moment to listen. Young sweet voices sang "Annie Laurie." Slowly he staggered back to his sofa again, carrying a horde of half forgotten memories -memories which had gone to India a year ago with him, followed him all through the scenes of war and death, and returning home again only to be banished by fever and unonscionsness. Back they flowed with double force as Annie Laurie broke the stillness

"Her song? her song!" he murmured. "I hoped I had forgotten her." The poor wounded hand struggled hard to cover his face, but only the right hand was was able to perform its work, and the man who had once been strong and brave groaned in anguish-perhaps for his helpless state, but methinks it was more at the memories

which the old song recalled. "I could have borne it all, had she not married him-married that fellow-that fool!" he groaned. Ah, there was a wound in Charles Chal-

loner's heart far deeper than that in his arm
—a wound which time did not heal. The opening of the door caused him to look around. Then, trembling, staggering and ghastly he rose to his feet. Was it the ghost of his former love that came to him there in that moonlight silence, robed in white, with a pale, beautiful face rivaling her dress; a moment she paused, then, with outstretched hand Clare Holroyd came to-

ward him. "Captain Challoner," she said, "I heard you were here, they told me you were ill. I am come to see you to say I wronged you once in my cruel foolishness. But now I ask

Broken, disjointed, and almost incompre hensible as was her speech, he understood it. It was no ghost then; it was really Clare Holroyd-his first, his only love. And the face he had wearied and pined to see was now there at his side, and the moonligh playing upon it and upon the soft golder hair—Clare Holroyd, more beautiful than ever, because of the pride, the hauteur that was gone, the gentle humility which had

Captain Challoner saw the danger and re nembered she was another man's wife. He recovered himself in a minute. He took the outstretched hand, felt the slender fingers clasp his own, then carelessly, coldly, let it go. And Clare stood there looking at him, with a yearn of sorrowful pity in her face; she could see how sick he had been, how mine-Captain Challoner, of the -th, just | weak he was, and when her eyes fell upon

How different from the Charles Challoner

of old! Brave, bright Charles Challoner, who had gone away and left her because she had flirted with Sir Philip Fairfax, instead strack of brain lever. I got him here as son as I could for a change of air. His is rather a romatic story."

"Like to hear it, aw," mumured the major, indefatigably stroking his moustache. "Before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went to India, "said Mrs. Lane, the before he went

should never have gone away without a word that time. I know that I deserved it, but I was true to you, indeed I was. I never "Hush!" said he.

Cold, stern and proud the soldier threw her hand from his arm. It was the first NO. 30.

ing men near by stood looking at him stupid-

poker chips clicked at the gaming tables.

Reagan, in response to an order, brought in a tray of liquors and cigars. Paolo reached for his case and almost rev-

erently took out his violin. A little prelim-

and then it began to wander back and forth

-now slowly, now swiftly, now tremulously.

nocturnes and gay gavottes poured into his yearning ear, his face lit up with strange

joy. The vacant stare of the men near him

delicious communion with his violin he was

having. Too well he knew that the next

y went back to Italy. He and the violi

had never parted since leaving the little

Palermo home. The old mother and father

had gone long ago; the father had left him

Ah, that was good of his old father, but

Giovanni did not think so. Where was

musician—and a complacent smile stole over

come to hear him, it was true, but was it

his face to assert himself in some boisterous

man. He only knew shat his violin was

Soon the room was crowded, for the news

had spread quickly. The dead man 'lay

gazed morbidly at him and then at Crazy

sheriff bustled in, and all made way for him.

dead; that it would speak to him no more.

clouds of tobacco smoke.

all he had—the wonderful violin.

nged to a dull curiosity. But the music

inary tuning, and it went to his show

at the piano for the twent

The Demon Violin. Crazy Paolo they called him. Wine, whisky, a little food and a night's lodging constituted his hire at Hooley's to bang the miserable piano and play his violin—the violin so carefully locked in his case.

He had finished a harrowing popular air at the piano for the twentieth consecutive love or forgiveness in the tone. It nearly broke Clare's heart. "Hush!" repeated. "He is your husband now, Lady Fairfax. Do not prove your truth to me by being false to him. It is too

with a breathles gasp.

A bitter smile curled his lips as he replied:

"You forget that the English papers travel to India, and though they may not always be the bearer of pleasant things, at least they are truthful. It was through them that I learned that Clare Holroyd was mar ried at Brighton in January last to Sir Phillip Fairfax, the owner of Duneden Hall, "The greatest fool in London," he would

The bow was drawn over the strings, but so have added, in his bitter scorn, but he checked himself, sinking wearily back upon sound. Again it glided over the instrument There came a light over Clare Holroyd's

face-the old, glad light which left it when Charlie Challoner went away so suddenly to India. It came back now, slowly but surely. Standing here before him, with her hands clasped close together, trembling with strange, new agitation, she questioned him: "If-if I had not married, could you have forgiven me, Charlie? Could you have loved

He looked up at her. Was she trying to ble song or dance. But the poker chips still clicked, the men about him said nothing tempt him? Why was her voice so sweet, and Paolo continued to play for the single er tone so gentle? 'Speak-tell me!" she cried, "but for auditor-himself. With the music his thoughts uu hat you could have forgiven me?"

"I could," he replied. The light on the girl's face was creeping down to her heart as she seated herself on the sofa beside him. The twilight had died way in the clear moonlight.

There was no need of gas to reveal these two faces to each other. Clare's was not pale now; it was burning with a beautiful

uite strong yet," he said with an effort. He was right; the old wound was opened fresh, and the pain seemed greater than nan could bear.

"I know it," she answered. "In one oment I will leave you if you wish it. I want to ask you another question. Captain Challoner, do you remember my aunt and ousins in Harley street? I think I intro-

There were four of them-Grace, Mary, Julia, and Clare." "I never knew their names," he replied.

I only saw them once—the day I met them in the park. I think you introduced Sir Phillip Fairfax to them at the same time." He spoke somewhat sharply, and with a ruined his life? weary impatience. Clare's voice trembled as she said:

"I did; and four months after he marrithe youngest girl, my cousin Clare. I am Clare Holroyd still." Then she rose up from the sofa,

at there alone. The moon passed behind a cloud, and there came intense darkness and silence in the old library at Woodland, but t was only for a minute. Then the clouds were gone, and there came floating into that stillness a wonderful light, which found its way into the soul of the wounded soldier. "You will forgive me now," said Clare, you will tell me so before I go. It will make me feel happier, much happier, to know that and there was a brave firmness in the mouth | I am forgiven. And may Heaven grant you health and strength that you may recover

> pistol was discharged, and Paolo arose to his He tried to raise himself, but he had already tried his strength to the utmost; and The pistol shot, not the struggle on the ow, when his great joy was streaming into floor, instantly brought every one in the his soul, when the old wound was healing, he felt how miserably weak and helpless he was to battle even against that unspeakable joy. He looked up at her standing there ly around, but Paolo, with a wail of grief, flung himself upon the piano and pressed the shattered violin to his heart. He kissed it in her beautiful young strength before him, and talked to it caressingly, pleadingly. It one earnest, yearning, hungry look. did not seem that he knew he had killed a

Clare saw the look. She saw the weak, vain effort to rise, and with a womanly tenderness she knelt down at his side; two warm round arms were about his neck, and as he caught her to his breast, she heard the deep gasping sobs which rent the once strong

"Charlie, my own, my darling, don't, don't!" she said—and burning, passionate Paolo hugging his violin. Presently the kisses were pressed on the pale, thin face, He picked up the pistol and laid it aside over which the pent up tears fell. How strong she was in this hour of ter

rible weakness, and how successfully at las she soothed away the bitter sobs. the power of his right arm he held her young sweet face raised to his, her golden ha falling loose upon her shoulders, and her lips now and then returning the caress upon them. Clare Holroyd made her peace with Charlie Challoner.

The Acadians.

The story of Evangeline is in mind, and we read from the poem as we ride along, and our hearts are touched with pity for the poor Acadians turned out of hou taken away from their beautiful land, and driven into exile. There are places from which one might be exiled with equanimity. Acadia is not one of them.

nationality. They were loyally and aggressively French. Forty years before their exile France had made a treaty with Eugland and delivered up this peninsula of Nova Scotia into English possession. It belonged to England. But the people who were thus disposed did not concur. They refused to be Anglicized. They declined to take an oath of allegiance. They embittered and endan-Annapolis Royal. Whatever they could do against their governors they did. And the situation became intolerable. France and England were fighting at Fort Duquesne and ending their sons to join the armies of the French. It seemed essential to the success of the English arms on this continent that there should be a peaceful possession of Acadia. And when milder measures failed the English adopted that expedient which the story of Evangeline had made one of the best known incidents in the history.—Pitts-lang Pengerich. burg Despatch.

If you would resist pneumonia, bronchitis, typhoid fever, and persistent coughs and colds. These ills attack the weak and run down system. They can find no foothold where the blood is kept pure, rich and full of vitality, the appetite good and digestion vigorous, with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one than blood purifier.

-He-I love the country, where everyth-

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.

SOLICITOR

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE Fire Insurance in Reliable Compani

A YOUNG GIRL'S TRIALS. HER PARENTS HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE OF HER RECOVERY.

time and stopped to take a drink from the glass at his elbow. Three or four big, hulk-From the Richibucto, N. B., Review

There are very few people, especially among the agriculturists of Kent County, N. B. who do not know Mr. H. H. Warman, the in conversation with Mr. Warman rece softly that none save himself heard the related the cure of his sister, Miss Warman, aged 15, who he said had "almost wrested from the grave by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Miss Warman had been suffering for nearly a year with troubles in-



Giovanni? A wild boy was Giovanni. He did not like the father's violin. It was the demon of the family; Giovanni said it had was in consumption, and had all but given brought and would bring nothing but mis-fortune to them. The old father had done Richard Warman, who is a well-to-do farmer, nothing but play it, and he had lived in distress, died in poverty. It would have been better had he left Paolo his curse than his violir. they still strove to find the means of restor music. He would go away, anywhere, and he would become rich somehow. Yes, that was what he said. But Giovanni was not a musician and a company Pills, but like some others, looked upon these fortune? Slanders on his dear violin! Had stories as "mere patent medicine advertise he not played to applauding thousands in Rome-in London-in New York? She had failed he determined that Pink Pills should vellous than that of many other cases relaactress, whom he married, deceived him and through the press. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have completely cured the young lady, so that in a few months, from a helpless and Here! Paolo, you dago! Wake up supposedly dying girl, she has bec there and play us something lively," came a rough, good natured voice from behind the ture of health and activity. The Warman family is so well known in this part of the country that no one would think of disputing Just then a man came swaying into the coom, a reckless, drunken determination on way. He heard the command, looked sulis personally acquainted with nearly every lenly toward the piano. Suddenly he seized body in the county, and we feel assu the violin, tore it from the players hands, any enquiries made of him concerning the and swinging it about his head brought it statements made above will be r down upon the piano, smashing it to pieces.

With a shriek like that of a wild and wound-The gratifying results following the use of ed animal Paolo gave a bound and caught the man by the throat. It was all over in a Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Warman, prove that they are unequalled as moment. They were grappling on the floor together; the man, drunk though he was, felt the hands strangling him were those of lightest troubled with a fluttering or palnitaa maniac. He managed to reach his pistol. time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. They are a specific for trouble peculiar to females, such as suppressions, ir room up standing. They gathered excitedregularities, and all forms of we men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or ex

cesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six hoves for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. William Medicine Com pany at either address.

hacked up the pistol and laid it aside. Jim Reagan was the first to speak:

"Crazy Paolo killed him, but in self defence."

"That's what he did, sheriff," came the popular western phrase in unison from the crowd.

"Who is he!" asked the sheriff, bending over the prone figure.

"Stranger," some one volunteered.

The sheriff threw back the dead man's coat and started to search his pockets. He soon held up an envelope and read aloud the name in the address:

"Giovanni Legardi"—

Paolo stood beside him and snatched the envelope from his hand. One glance at the name and a wild glare at the crowd that seemed to last a minute. The next instant he was on his knees, holding the face of his brother close to his own and seeming to look through it. Slowly he rose to his feet with a despairing moan. Suddenly his eyes became riveted upon an object. Before even or of the spellbound crowd divened his intention the forgotten pistol was in his hand, and another bullet had claimed a life. Crazy Paolo fell heavily to the fisor, his arm thrown about his victim.

The fall shook the fragile building. The ringer will be sure that a supply is always in the house.

Save Your Child.

Do not let your child suffer with a severe cold or a racking cough.

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Do not let your child suffer with a severe cold or a racking cough.

Law and the ritical organs, and is therefore a necessito the sure hat a supply is always in the house.

Hawker's balsam will effect a complete cure. Children like it and will even ask for conditions and heals the irritated organs, and is therefore and an end and the proper conditions and heals the irritated organs, and the child that has been racked by a ratio of the proper should declare that they would not be molested. It was thought that probably reformed the probable reformed the probable

has no rival in its field.

Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry is sold by all druggists and dealers, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.,) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

Population of the United Ringdom.

In 1894 the population of the United Kingdom, according to the Registrar-General's return was 38,777,154, England and Wales having 30,060,763, Scotland 4,124,-691, and Ireland 4,590,700. The birth-rate for the year in England and Wales was the smallest on record, 29.6 per 1000 less than the mean for the last ten years; the death-rate (16.6 per 1000) was also the lowest on record, being 1.5 per 1000 less than the previous lowest rate, that for 1888, and 2.6 lower than the ten-year average. —D. M. Johnson, Esq., M. D., Port Hawesbury, certifies: "I have used Putt-ner's Emulsion with great satisfaction where Cod Liver Oil is called for. I recommend it as so disguising the oil that patients never refuse to take it."