

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LIMITED). ON AND AFTER THE 30th OF JUNE THE S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT FLEMING, Commanding Officer, will leave the Company's wharf, 106 1/2 St. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 7.30, local time, for DIEPE and ANAPOLIS, consisting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same day, due at St. John about 7 p.m. HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager, St. John. J. S. GARDNER, Agent, Annapolis.

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 notice may have their orders filled at short notice. T. D. Bridgetown, March 19th, 1900.

Extension of TIME! In case asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the time has expired, but of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an

Extension of Time.

Puttner's Emulsion OF COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

may give this to all who are suffering from Cough, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases. Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily, may have a long

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

BROWN BROS. & Co., CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS, Halifax, N. S.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA, Cholera-Morbus, OILY COLIC, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

CHEAP CASH! FLOUR, OATMEAL, FEEDING FLOUR, CORMEAL, GROCERIES, FLOWS, HORSE CLOTHING, Harnesses made to Order, REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY, Nov. 19th, 1899.

LOOK HERE FRIEND! Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Do you have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes faint all-gone feeling in the face? Do your eyes sink? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel numb? Is there a chilliness, a sort of shivering sensation in the back when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? If you suffer from any of these symptoms USE SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS.

Prepared only by FRANK SMITH, Apothecary, St. Stephen, N. B. Price, 25 cents; six boxes, \$1. If not kept by your local dealers, we will send a box by mail on receipt of price.

THE subscriber having lately purchased the old School House at Middleton, wishes to inform the general public that it is his intention to conduct business in it for the future, and now offers at VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH the following articles:—

COSSETT RAKES AND COSSETT BUCK-EYE MOWERS, BRANTFORD BUGGIES AND ROAD CARTS, GANOUQUE BUGGIES AND ROAD CARTS, CREAMERS AND TINWARE.

Extra fittings for Mowers, Rakes and Plows always in stock. O. W. SAUNDERS, Middleton, June 26th, 1899. 13 2m

EVANS PIANO They are light in touch. Unrivalled in tone. Handsome in appearance. Unrivalled in durability. AND NOT EXCELLED BY ANY PIANO MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION. MILLER BROS., Sole Agents, MIDDLETON, N. S.

Weekly Family

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST. VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1899. NO. 25.

JOHNSON'S LINIMENT

ANODYNE. Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER—

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is a powerful and effective remedy for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, and all other forms of chronic and acute pain. It is also a valuable remedy for all kinds of skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and itching. It is a powerful and effective remedy for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, and all other forms of chronic and acute pain. It is also a valuable remedy for all kinds of skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and itching.

International S.S. Co.

OPENING OF THE DIRECT LINE.

BOSTON DIRECT.



Commencing Monday, May 5th, 1900. THE FAVORITE SIDE-WHEEL STEAMER NEW BRUNSWICK.

Having been thoroughly repaired, will leave ANAPOLIS (calling at DIEPE) every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, directly after the arrival of the Express Train from Halifax. Returning: Leave BOSTON MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings.

ST. JOHN LINE—CHANGE OF TIME. Commencing MONDAY, May 5th, one of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN for BOSTON via KASPORT and PORTLAND every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7.30 Eastern Standard time.

F. Crosskill, Agent, W. & A. B., Bridgetown. R. A. Carder, Agent, Annapolis. OR ANY AGENT OF THE W. & A. RAILWAY.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY

(ESTABLISHED 1860.) N. H. PHINNEY, Manager. THE OBLIQUATED Rubber Bucket Chain Pump. FORCE PUMP, with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to manufacture WOODS' PATENT PIPES for all kinds of water, gas, and steam, under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of the W. & A. Railway. Send for Price List.

SALE OF FARM BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

LETTER A. No. 365. In the SUPREME COURT, 1899. DANIEL CLARK, Plaintiff. CHARLES S. STROKACH and HORATIO N. BENT, Defendants.

To be sold by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, at Bridgetown, in front of the GLENCROSS HOTEL, on SATURDAY, the 4th day of October, 1899, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described farm:

Farm and Premises, situate at Nictaux Falls, in the County of Annapolis, now in the occupation of Horatio N. Bent, and purchased on a C. of E. of Foreclosure and Sale granted in the above suit by Honorable James McDonald, C. J., on the 3rd day of October, 1899, unless the amount due to plaintiff for debt and costs is previously paid.

ALL the estate, right, title, interest and A. property of above named Defendants, in and to the following described farm, premises and appurtenances, situate as aforesaid, and bounded as follows:—

Beginning at an angle on the outside of road leading to Nictaux Falls, thence running north eight and one-half degrees, east two hundred and ninety-eight rods, or until it comes to the improved land boundary, situated by William Randall and Thomas Woodcock, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, on the side of thence turning and running at right angles along said boundary, to a point for forty rods, or until it comes parallel with Joseph Young's west line, thence running and running north eight and one-half degrees west along said line one hundred and thirty rods, thence north eight and one-half degrees west to the road aforesaid, thence along said road to the place of beginning, containing by estimation three acres more or less.

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Extra fittings for Mowers, Rakes and Plows always in stock. O. W. SAUNDERS, Middleton, June 26th, 1899. 13 2m

BIG MONEY WANTED.

FOR AGENTS. No Risk. No Capital Required. An honorable and profitable business without any possible chance of failure. Steady employment and control of territory. Have done business in Canada all years. Liberal pay to the right man, to suit our needs. Call on us for terms. MILLER BROS., 19 if

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER - AT - LAW, Notary Public, Real Estate Agent, United States Consul Agent, Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1899.

Poetry.

The Bright Side.

If one looks on the bright side, it is sure to be on the right side. At least that's how I've found it. I've journeyed through each day, and it's queer how shadows vanish. And how easy 'tis to banish. From a bright side sort of Nature every joyful thing flows.

There are two sides to the question, As we know; so the suggestion Of the side which holds the sunlight seems most reasonable to me. And you know we can't be merry, And make our surroundings cheery, If we will persist in dwelling every gloomy thing we see.

There's a sensible quotation, Which will fit in every station— We'll all know it: "As the twig is bent, so the tree grows inclined." And the twig of thought we're bending, As to ways of gloom we're tending, Let us keep our eyes to the bright, and spreading far above.

And while that will last forever (For the true blue faith never), The dark clouds mine or later be dispersed and fade away. And the sweet "bright side" still shining, Will be pretty sure to lead us, To watch for it and welcome it, however dark the day.

Sunny friends, let's choose the bright side, Let the happy, glorious right side, Which is not always so before us, As long as life shall last. And the sorrows that roll o'er us Shall not always go before us, If we keep watch for blue skies, and will hold it sunshine fast.

Select Literature.

A Husband's Confession;

BY FRANK LEE BENDISCH.

Mrs. Borden sat in a low chair, peering into the mouldering fire as intently as if trying to read her future in the embers, along which every now and then ran tiny jets of flame that looked like calligraphic signs. At last she heard a key turn in the street door, which she opened, and she looked straight into the face of her husband. "Why do you tell me this?" she asked, "What do you mean? What do you want?"

"I want somebody to help me in my studies," he answered.

"And I am the person you select? If I should, wonderfully. Do you think there is another man in the world who would do so under similar circumstances?"

"Perhaps not," he answered, "but I am sure that you are the only one who would do so under similar circumstances."

"And so the fit person to hear such a thing as that?" he asked, "What do you think most wives would reply?"

"I should think they would reply that they would do so under similar circumstances," he answered, "but I am sure that you are the only one who would do so under similar circumstances."

"I declare themselves insulted beyond endurance," he responded, promptly.

"Does it occur to you that I may share the feelings which you admit would be natural?" she asked, with unshaken calmness.

"No; you don't love me, so you are not hurt. You are brave, capable of great sacrifice—and then, too, you are an eminently just person."

"You don't tell me who this woman is—but no; that is not necessary; it could make no difference."

"It could make no difference," he echoed, "but I am sure that you are the only one who would do so under similar circumstances."

"I am very sorry for you; at least, you can use that of that."

"I made a hard struggle before speaking," he rejoined, "but you are not angry—not aggrieved—only sorry for my pain."

"She rose; the interview was becoming too great a strain even for her, practiced as she was in endurance."

"We won't talk any more to-night," she said, "I will try to find the best way to be of service to you, since you want my help."

"Thank you for hearing me as you have," he returned.

"Good-night," was all she said.

He repeated the salutation, and bowed her out of the apartment with grave courtesy. He went to his study, and he found a change of scene without delay. Borden placed in her hand a letter which told her he knew now that only the fear of depriving him of an inheritance which he had been brought up to expect, backed by her grandfather's entreaties and a dread of smothering the old man's last days, had induced her to consent to this hurried marriage.

"I dreamed of the truth," Borden wrote, "I would not have permitted the sacrifice, even for the sake of my more than father; all that I can do now is to prove to you that I appreciate it by leaving you as complete a fortune as is possible without that which he believed her as untouched as his own, and in a brief answer, she thanked him for his generosity and accepted the compromise offered."

"So their strange life had begun and gone quietly on. Borden devoted himself to study, and business interests called him frequently away from home. Helen managed her household as she saw fit, and social duties that her time was fully occupied."

In the silence of the night Mrs. Borden reviewed the past, and went through every varying shade of feeling in regarding it from a personal point of view. At last she began to think solely of her husband—him on whom now the yoke of their marriage must press with such terrible severity. Her sympathy began to go out toward him, and she could understand that, in his own eyes, his appeal to her, so far from appearing an insult, might have seemed the only honorable course to pursue. How to help him? Some wild thought of deserting her for his path crossed her mind; but common sense told her that she could only cause gossip and harm by such a romantic flight.

Helen did not see her husband until late in the evening. She was returning from a drive, and as the carriage stopped at the house she saw Mr. Borden mounting the steps. He rang, then turned back and gave her arm with some pleasant remark.

"I will go into the library," she said, while the servant who had admitted them was closing the vestibule doors; "I want to speak with you if you have leisure."

"Certainly," he replied, and they walked down the long corridor in silence, and in silence Helen seated herself, while her husband stood, evidently waiting for her to begin.

This beginning she found very difficult; not one of the various speeches could she recall, and when she did speak, the words were such as she had neither intended nor desired to utter.

"I wish you could get a divorce," she said, abruptly. "I suppose, though, there is no way."

"I would not," he replied, but gave no reason for his emphatic assertion.

"You asked me to help you," Helen began again, "and I wanted to tell you that I am ready to try."

"Thank you," he said, with a little quiver in his voice.

The light struck her face, and she could see that he looked pale and worn, like a man who had been fighting a hard and prolonged battle. Again her pity overpowered every personal feeling, and the task which he had begged her to undertake lost its repulsive aspect.

"I don't know what you expect or want to do," she said, "but if you will show me."

"You can help me in many ways," he interrupted, his eyes growing eager through their troubled mist. "I shall have to ask for more of your society—to be allowed to spend the hours with you that I have passed away from home. Don't misunderstand. I have devoted the time to work; I've had business, occupation. I was at the end of my own resources before I appealed to you."

This was the language of a man who wanted to do right. He was proving himself leave under temptation, strong in the midst of weakness. The last gleam of resentment died out of Helen's mind, for it seemed pitiless toward her, he was more relentless toward himself.

"What are you thinking?" he asked, so suddenly she started. "Do tell me your exact thought."

"Of what you were saying," she answered. "That you made me respect you in a crisis where most men would merit contempt; last of all, that you were so stern to yourself that a real friend would feel inclined to show you leniency."

"You, for instance."

"Yes, my promise showed that you are indeed my friend," he replied.

"Then we have settled everything so far as we can," Helen said.

She spoke in a matter-of-fact tone, as if ending an ordinary interview. Indeed, the composure of both would have looked very odd to a third person; but they were so much accustomed to controlling themselves that the fact of a crisis like this was not very difficult.

"Who is coming to dinner?" he inquired, for by a tacit consent they seldom dined alone.

"Only Mrs. Emerson; I asked her to come, as she wants to go with us to the Dollingford's reception."

"I shall not be able to accompany you," Mr. Borden said, quickly; "I have an engagement. I am sorry, but it cannot be put off."

"Very well," was his wife's response; "Mrs. Emerson and I will escort each other. Till dinner, then."

She went out with a smile on her lips, but it faded as soon as she passed the door. She felt weary, disheartened, almost fearful that she had accepted a task beyond her strength.

"A brave woman; hardly another would have behaved as she is doing," was Griffith Borden's thought, as he stood alone in the shadow. "How will it end—how will it end?"

He sat down by his writing-table, leaned his head on his hands, and remained absorbed in thought until the ringing of the door-bell warned him that his wife's guest had arrived and that he was not dressed for dinner.

Helen Borden had thought the previous evening that her married life the struggle of ever woman knew; but the aspect it assumed from this day was still more strange. Instead of avoiding her except when she was company, as she had been his habit, her husband sought her society daily; often came home to luncheon; asked her to drive; begged sometimes for a tete-a-tete dinner; requested her to sit in his library, to give him music, or play chess. He was as ceremonious in presenting himself before her as if she were a guest, and he would much pains to render himself agreeable as if she had been a woman whose affection he desired to win.

"He is a thorough gentleman," Helen often thought, bitterly; "he will leave no stone unturned to win my love, and I will keep the compact with equal fidelity."

Mr. Borden often appeared restless and troubled; this was the hardest to bear, because it forced her to think about the woman who had had the power to make him suffer, though he was too strong to yield. Helen had promised to argue him to stay in a proud creature like her to do, but she kept her word.

"Please stay with me—I really want you," became an entreaty familiar to her lips. She would wonder afterward how she ever brought herself to utter it, and think she never could again; but when the need arose, she did not give her pride time to make her hesitate.

Six weeks passed—three months—summer was at hand. They went to their villa at Newport, and entertained a constant succession of guests. In the early autumn Mr. Borden asked his wife to go with him to Quebec, where he had business. They had an enjoyable trip through Canada, and to Helen's intense satisfaction, her husband's restlessness gradually disappeared. On their return they visited several Southwestern cities, and winter was approaching when they again established themselves in their own home.

The months went on. The better Helen learned to know Griffith Borden the more she found in his character to admire, and the deeper was the hold which her love took of the inmost fibres of her being. She suffered cruelly, but consoled it with wonderful fortitude. A terrible jealousy at times consumed her; she would wonder if that unknown woman who stood between her and her husband's heart were an acquaintance of her own. Perhaps she met that rival often—received signs of friendship from her; but no—that was impossible! Her cautious but vigilant watch of Mr. Borden in the society of other women would have discovered some sign of betrayal, in spite of his self-command.

Then, as the weeks passed, Helen perceived that her husband's restlessness returned. Often when he had been reading aloud, or she had sung to him, or they were talking pleasantly, she would notice his face grow troubled, his manner absent. He would alter some lame excuse and go hastily out of the room, and she would not see him again that evening.

"I am doing no good," she said to herself, at last, "and the humiliation is greater than I can bear! I was ever woman before as such a task! But I have kept my word faithfully—I have done my duty—I have not succeeded!"

Her pride made war on her sick heart, but her heart conquered. She pitied herself against this unknown rival, who, completely as she might keep aloof from her, still retained such power over her soul that she could not refuse, could not even rise above the suffering caused by her supremacy. Against this point for Helen strove incessantly in dress, manner; there was a pain too great to take her down to trivial to be unimportant. When people admired her—and she was very popular—she looked only to see that Mr. Borden observed and was pleased. At every sign of his approval her heart fluttered with delight; she had gained another victory over her rival! She cultivated her various accomplishments assiduously; she worked hard at her music and painting. She gained the reputation of being the most amiable singer in town; one of her pictures was sent to an exhibition and received great praise. But her only pleasure in these triumphs was the thought that each success was a triumph over her rival, and a hope that her husband might give her more than admiration and sympathy—he knew that he gave her these—more than proud of her and admire her; for he not only showed both sentiments plainly, but put them into eloquent words. She wanted more, however—more! She longed to be loved; to be loved by that unknown woman from her husband's heart, and claim it for her own; to make him forget that the past had ever existed, or, if any memory must remain, only enough to make him marvel how she could ever have thought before that he knew what love was.

Then there would come terrible revulsions of feeling. Helen would give ground on her own longing, call herself hard named, despite her weakness for going so far beyond her bargain. She had to go to her help; he had not asked for anything more; but she had added loved, passionate—and he passed it by unheeded, was even unaware of its existence. Still she found a certain consolation in his blindness; she could never tell the unknown woman who had taken her place to discover her secret.

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Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., Barrister and Solicitor. MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY. AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia Annapolis, N. S. 11 y

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