Miscellaneous.

The Assassination of Lincoln.

From the 'History of Lincoln' by Nicolay and Hay, now drawing to a close in the *Century*, we quote the following: 'No one, not even the comedian on the stage, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were uttered that night—the 1st Abraham Lincoln heard upon earth. The whole performance remains in the memory of those who heard it a vague phantasmagoria, the actors the thinnest of specters. The awful tragedy in the box makes everything else seem pale and unreal. Here were five human beings in a narrow space—the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come; his beloved wife, proud and happy; a pair of betrothed lovers, with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and this young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmos, the pet of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness, and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company—the central figure, we believe, of the great and good men of the century. Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly—fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn; the stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac.

'The murderer seemed to himself to be taking part in a play. The fumes of brandy and partisan hate had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. He felt as if he were playing Brutus off the boards; he posed, expecting applause; Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired; dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound. Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays. In 'Macbeth,' where he met the wierd sisters, he leaped from a rock twelve feet high. He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fall had broken his leg, turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife and shouting the State motto of Virginia: '*Sic Semper Tyrannis*' and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight. Major Rathbone had shouted, 'Stop him!' The cry went out, 'He has shot the President.' From the audience, at first stupid with surprise and afterwards wild with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the flying assassin; but he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, which was in waiting in the alley behind, rewarded with a kick and a curse the call-boy who had held him, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just risen moon.

The President scarcely moved; his head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Colonel Rathbone, at first not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred and on the outside some one was beating and clamoring for entrance. He opened the door; a young officer named Crawford entered; one or two army surgeons soon followed, who hastily examined the wound. It was at once seen to be mortal. It was afterwards ascertained that a large derringer bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side, and, passing through the brain, had lodged just behind the left eye. By direction of Rathbone and Crawford, the President was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor. Mrs. Lincoln followed, half distracted, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted, and was carried home. Messengers were sent for the members of the Cabinet, for the Surgeon-General, for Dr. Stone, the President's family physician; a crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House, and, bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat gossiping in an upper room. They ran downstairs. Finding a carriage at the door, they entered it to go to Tenth Street. As they were driving away, a friend came up and told them that Mr. Seward and most of the Cabinet had been murdered. The news was all so improbable that they could not help hoping it was all untrue. But when they got to Tenth Street and found every thoroughfare blocked by the swiftly gathering thousands agitated by tumultuous excitement, they were prepared for the worst. In a few minutes all who had been sent for, and many others, were gathered in the little chamber where the Chief of the State lay in his agony. His son was met at the door by Dr. Stone, who with grave tenderness informed him that there was no hope. After a natural outburst of grief young Lincoln devoted himself the rest of the night to soothing and comforting his mother.

'The President had been shot a few minutes past ten. The wound would have brought instant death to most men, but his vital tenacity was extraordinary. He was, of course, unconscious from the first moment; but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came, and the lamplight grew pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail; but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals around him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying, 'Now he belongs to the ages.' Dr. Gurley knelled by the bedside and prayed fervently. The widow came in from the adjoining room, supported by her son, and cast herself with loud outcry on the dead body.'

First Help for the Wounded.

In all cases of wounds, bruises, sores, cuts and sprains prompt action is necessary and the wisdom of those who keep Hagyard's Yellow Oil on hand is demonstrated. It is a prompt, effectual and reliable cure for all injuries, croup, rheumatism, sore throat, etc. Used internally or externally.

How a Chromo is Made.

We see tens of thousands of chromos, which are given away by every enterprising business man, yet I venture the assertion that very few know how they are produced. To properly produce a chromo the lithographer must be *en rapport* with the artist. He must analyze the picture, fully realize the combinations of colors and the spirit of the work. Having determined just how many basic colors enter into the picture, the artist commences his work by preparing a lithographic stone for each separate color. The artist commences his work by making a delicate and elaborate ink tracing of the picture; not only in general outlines, but the minute and intricate touches and shades of color of which it is composed. The tracing paper is chemically prepared, so that the lines upon it can be readily transferred to stone. A press is employed to transfer impressions on the paper to the stone, considerable pressure being used. Thousands of impressions can then be taken from the stone by simply running an ink roller over it.

The tracing thus transferred forms what is known as the key stone. Suppose there are twenty colors in the chromo. This number of impressions is taken from the key stone and each carefully dusted with red chalk. A dim offset of the entire tracing is then pressed on each one of these stones.

The drawing then begins, and often occupies many months. Each stone is to be printed in a separate color, and therefore must contain not only all that is necessary of the color of the picture, to the minutest detail, but all of the compound colors, made by printing one or more over others. A variety of gradations of color from its full strength to the faintest tinting can be produced on each stone, just as in using an ordinary pencil or crayon on drawing paper. These various colors are, of course, worked up in black by the artist, and it is the printer who applies the colors. The lines on each separate stone are etched with the wash of nitric acid and gum arabic, and are ready for the presses.

The printer must be as skillful as the artist in applying his colors, and must fully realize the blending and effect of each color. As fast as each color is printed it is submitted to the artist, who has thus a progressive proof of the work.

It has been probably noticed that lines cross each other on the margin of a chromo. These are the registering marks; and enable the printer to place the sheet in the same relative position every time a new stone is used and a new color applied. These lines are drawn in the original tracing and appear on each stone. When the first color is printed very small holes are punctured in each sheet as the intersection of these lines, very fine holes are also drilled in corresponding positions to each of the subsequent stones, and the holes in the paper are to correspond precisely with the holes in the stone, and thus as the additional color is put on a perfect register is secured and each color falls just where it belongs.

The next process is to make the chromo have a rough surface like an oil painting. A stone is now prepared which has a rough surface, similar to canvas. The chromo is then laid upon it and passed through a press with heavy pressure. When it comes forth it is an exact imitation of the painting. It is then varnished, and thus you have the chromo ready for the market.

The world is yet practically dependent on one quarry in Bavaria for its lithographic stone. Stones have been found in France, England, Canada and the United States, but none possess the qualities of the best German stones. A bed of lithographic stone has been found in Sequatchie valley, not far from Chattanooga, and the investigations so far indicate that it will yield stone of a very fine quality. If it should prove so, it will be literally a gold mine. The finer quality of stone is to day worth thirteen cents per pound and is very scarce. —*Nashville Tenn. Times.*

MORAL TRAINING.—The importance of moral training in early years is being recognized more and more by those who have made a study of sociology, and the lack of such culture as the kindergartens give is seen in all our large cities, where neglected children drift into crime and become a source of demoralization that ends only with their lives. No more powerful picture of the far-reaching influence of a single vicious person was ever afforded than in the sketch of 'The Jukes'—the notorious family in Northern New York which sprang from one abandoned girl, who became the mother of a dozen irreclaimable criminals and whose descendants ran into the hundreds. If she had been reached in tender years by kinder influences New York prisons, jails, almshouses and insane asylums would have been saved from scores of wretched creatures, the habitual criminals for whom there is no hope in the world.

—A curious accident which happened recently in Paris points out a possible danger in the wearing of combs and bracelets of celluloid. A little girl sat down before the fire to prepare her lessons. Her hair was kept back by a semicircle comb of celluloid. As her head was bent forward to the fire this became warm, and suddenly burst into flames. The child's hair was partly burned off, and the skin of the head was so injured that several months after, though the burn was healed, the cicatrix formed a white patch on which no hair would grow. The burning point of celluloid is about 180°, and the comb worn by the girl had attained that heat as it was held before the fire.

Oh, What a Cough.

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

—The long, strong arm of electricity is working wonders in this age. The Southern Exposition at Montgomery, Ala., is 831 miles from Washington; but a wire, attached to an ingenious electric device upon the lever of its huge engine, enabled President Harrison to start the machinery by touching an ebony button at the other end of the wire in the White House. Euripides remarked ages ago: 'Time will discover everything to posterity.'

A Winter's Tale.

Last winter my little girl caught a severe cold which lasted all season. I doctored with everything I could get but to no avail. Finally I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and gave her two doses which improved her, and in a week she was entirely cured by its use. MRS. C. NORMON, Cornell, Ont.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

An Experience With a Woman Dentist.

A spicy little paper is the *Working Woman's Journal*, published by the New Century Guild of Working Women, in this city. Its one fault is its brevity,—but in this respect it at any rate confirms the proverb. One of the contributors thus gives her experience with a woman who has presumptuously appropriated a section of man's 'sphere.'

I have been to a lady dentist.

'Oh! don't,' said my sister, when I announced my intention. 'The teeth are too important to be trifled with. It stands to reason that a woman can't be dentist.'

'It stands to what?' said I, anxiously. 'I'm sure I don't want to make a mistake in anything, as you say, so important.'

'Well, in the first place, it is not the custom; and we must believe that there is good ground for all established customs.'

'But it used to be the custom for women not to write novels, and it was indeed thought they couldn't; and yet they do,'

'Well it stands to reason that women can't pull teeth; they haven't the strength.'

'Oh! I thought they did. Anyhow I think I will try one with a little work to begin with. I really want to see how she would act.'

So I made an appointment with Dr.——. I found her a tall, fair, daintily fresh-looking young woman, with a quiet manner and sufficient professional dignity. She did not seem at all nervous at sight of a customer; acted, indeed, as if she were quite used to it. Strange to say, her soft, but purposeful hand did not tremble; she did not fumble, nor vacillate, nor drop her instruments. She did her work swiftly, and apparently without any waste movements; she talked a little, and not too much. When I could get free from the abominable rubber dam, I asked if she pulled teeth.

'Oh! certainly,' she said.

'And did you ever find that you were not strong enough?'

'I never have, thus far. You see the pulling of a tooth properly consists not in being strong, but in knowing how.'

'And do you really enjoy your profession?'

'I do enjoy it. I used to be a dressmaker. I had no talent for that, and consequently it was all drudgery to me. I disliked so much to work at it that I began to fear that I must be naturally lazy; but now, the more work I have the happier I am.'

Dear me, I thought, I wonder if this is not unfeminine? To hate a woman's trade and like a man's! And yet, what makes sex in occupation, except ability or inability to perform it? I must ask my sister about that. And meanwhile, how acceptable it is to have a smaller hand in one's mouth, a softer voice so near one's ear, and a somehow less oppressively over-looming creature hanging over one.

What do you think, Mrs. Editor? Can it be possible that feminine fillings will stay? They have been all right for several months—but then, you know, how can they? If I could settle this point, I would never have the hand of a man in my mouth again.

Mr. Nicholas Biddle's Remarkable Christmas.

'The most remarkable Christmas of my life,' said Mr. Nicholas Biddle of New York, a grand-nephew of the gentleman once in charge of the United States bank, 'was spent in the wilds of Texas. I had gone out there as a boy to seek my fortune with a companion about my own age. Our dreams of the wealth to be acquired there rather faded soon after our arrival, and when our money was gone I was glad to get a job at sweeping out a roundhouse, while my friend secured employment as what was technically called a 'hash slinger' in a primitive sort of boarding house patronized by railway hands mostly. Acting in that capacity he would warm me each day while carrying round the dishes against those which he knew to contain doubtful ingredients. But, to get on with my story, after awhile I was promoted from the roundhouse to a position of trust, my work being to carry money from what was then the terminus of the road to pay the men who were engaged, some miles away, in cutting through a hill for a contemplated branch. The country through which I had to make my trips was very sparsely settled, and it was my custom to sleep over night at a deserted shanty under a hill, which served me as a half-way house. While on one of these weekly journeys, I was taken with what I subsequently learned must have been scarlet fever. I barely managed to drag myself into the shanty, where I lay for three days unattended. On the fourth day I was discovered by a gang of men going to the distant camp and they supplied me with pie. They could do no more; but they sent others back from the camp, who brought more pie. Of course there was no doctor and there was nothing else they could think of to do for me.

I heard one of them say: 'Pardners, it's my opinion that when a cuss is too far gone ter eat pie, that cuss is goin' ter climb the golden stair.

'Finally—it was Christmas day, they told me—a deputation was sent from the camp to my shanty and the men, six of them, sturdy, swart, honest fellows as ever stood in boots, filed in solemnly and stood in a line by the bed looking at me as I lay there.

'Pard,' the spokesman said, 'we thought as how it was the proper thing, before you passed in your checks, to come and ax you what you wanted done with your remains. If you would like to have them sent down east to your family, expense is no object; don't you think of what it will cost, pard; the boys will make it up among 'em.'

'I was too weak to say anything in reply, though, as a matter of fact, the crisis of the disease had passed and I was booked to get well. So the men filed out sorrowfully from the shanty, as they had come in; I did not see them again until two days later, when they came along with an improvised bier and found me sitting up in bed, eating one of the dozen pies that were strewn around me with the utmost gusto. But it was not a pleasant Christmas.'

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

HOW TO SHARPEN A KNIFE.—'Do you know how to sharpen a carving knife?' The question was asked by a big butcher in Fulton Market. 'Very few people do,' said he. 'The carver ought to be held at an angle of twenty to twenty-five degrees on the steel. When the other side of the blade is turned you must be careful to preserve the same angle. Then draw the steel from heel point against the edge, using only a slight pressure.'

THE LADIES!

A New and Distinct Form of Disease which is afflicting Canadian Women.

How some of Them Regained Fresh Complexion, Perfect Health and Superb Physical Beauty.

A great London Physician says that he notes a new and distinct form of nervous disease produced in Canadian women by worry about servants and overwork in caring for the home. This is only too true. It is why we see so many ladies pale, weak, languid, and suffering from headaches and innumerable weaknesses. They cannot stand the strain upon their nervous system. Many of them have found the means to sustain their failing strength, to give color to the cheeks, and new life and vigor to the body, in Paine's Celery Compound. This pure and scientific remedy is especially adapted to the needs of woman, and is daily making the most remarkable cures. Mrs. W. E. Cooper, 60 St. Hypolite St., Montreal, was for a long time troubled with nervous headaches, loss of appetite, low spirits, etc. After using the Compound, her headaches disappeared, appetite was good, and her spirits revived.

Annie Gourley, of River Beaudette, P.Q., found the Compound a certain cure for weakness, and now feels as well as she ever did.

Many a Canadian lady has the same reason to be grateful.

Paine's Celery Compound can be purchased at any druggist's for one dollar a bottle. If he should not have it on hand, order direct from WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., MONTREAL.

Excelsior DYES are the cheapest. Only 8 cents a package. Will color more goods than any other.

Excelsior DYES have stood the test for years. Those using them once will always use them.

Excelsior DYES are the best, surpassing all others in quality. They will not fade like other dyes.

Excelsior DYES can be obtained from your druggist or grocer. They are the CHEAPEST and BEST.

Excelsior DYES. One package, only 8 cents; will beautifully color a coat or dress. Druggists and grocers. Price only 8 cents.

Excelsior DYES are the purest and best. Take no other.

Excelsior INK POWDER makes a fine glossy black. Will not corrode the pen. A pint of best ink for 10 cents, or 5 cent package, one gill.

Excelsior BLUING, best quality and value on the market. Try a package and be convinced. Only 4 cents.

Excelsior INSECT DESTROYER for cattle, sheep, etc., is the cheapest and best.

All the above for sale by all first-class Druggists and Grocers, and at wholesale by C. Harrison & Co., sole manufacturers, Cambridge, Kings Co., N. S.

COMET · THE BEST · STOVE · IN · THE WORLD · POLISH

MORE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES.

Farm for Sale!

HAVING decided to change my business I offer my Farm for Sale, situated in Granville, two miles from Bridgetown, containing one hundred acres, including upland, pasture, tillage and five acres of first-class Dyked Marsh.

Orchard just coming into bearing.

buildings in good repair; is well watered. Will be sold at a bargain, as I have fully decided to sell. Possession given at once.

WALLACE FOSTER,
Bridgetown.
tf

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

WE have removed from the Quirk Hotel to the Corner of Church and Granville Streets. We would take this opportunity to thank our many friends and customers—the travelling public likewise—for their liberal patronage for the last twelve years, and would be pleased to have a continuance of the same.

BOARDERS TAKEN ON VERY LIBERAL TERMS

☞ Customers will find shop on Queen St., opposite A. E. Sulis' Organ Factory, where will be kept constantly on hand Meat, Fish, Poultry, Vegetables, Sausages, Bolonas, Bread and Oysters. Cash paid for all kinds of Poultry.

Sep. 24 3m T. J. EAGLESON.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP
DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

A COOK BOOK FREE

By mail to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

THE PEARL OF SAVOY.—Queen Margherita, whose Italian subjects speak of her as 'The Pearl of Savoy,' is yearly presented by her husband with a new string of pearls, the finest which can be found, and they now fall from her throat to below her waist, a solid mass. One string on this necklace was given her by her young son, who could not afford to pay for it all at one time, so he arranged with the jeweler to pay for it on the installment plan.—*Ex.*

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

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES. ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SAINT WITNON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Harry Morgan!

This fine horse, owned by Thomas Doran Windsor, will make the season of 1889 between

BRIDGETOWN & HORTON.

HE will stand at Glencross' Stable on Saturday, 25th May, and remain until Monday, at 10 o'clock, and continue fortnightly through the season.

This horse weighs 1260 lbs.; is fine style and action. Has a record of 2.46.

Further particulars will be given later.

THOMAS DORAN.

May 14th. tf

The Schooner "CRUSADE," I. S. CESNER,

WILL make weekly trips between this port and St. John during the season, calling along the river.

Freights handled carefully.

LIME ALWAYS ON HAND.

Apply on board, or to

GEO. H. DIXON.

Bridgetown, May 27th, 1889. tf

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.

Bath Brothers' Livery Stables
BRIDGETOWN.

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

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

TEAMS IN WAITING AT ALL TRAINS

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

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

Livery Stable opposite Rink.

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

BURDOCK PILLS SUGAR COATED

A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

Administrator's Notice.

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

S. N. JACKSON,
Administrator.

Clarence, Nov. 18th, '89. 3m

Administrator's Notice.

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

MINNA K. PIPER,
Sole Administrator.

Bridgetown, Aug. 10th, 1889.

CARD.

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

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y

Time Table.

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Tues., Thurs., and Sat. only.	Passengers and Freight Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	1 40	6 00	.....
6	Round Hill	1 58	6 25	.....
14	Bridgetown	2 18	6 55	.....
19	Paradise	2 33	7 15	.....
22	Lawrencetown	2 43	7 30	.....
28	Middleton	2 58	7 55	.....
32	Wilmot	t3 10	8 11	.....
35	Kingston	3 19	8 25	.....
42	Aylesford	3 37	9 00	.....
47	Berwick	3 55	9 20	.....
50	Waterville	4 05	9 35	.....
52	Cambridge	t4 13	9 45	.....
54	Coldbrook	4 20	9 55	.....
59	Kentville—arrive	4 32	10 15	.....
	Do—leave	4 47	10 50	5 40
64	Port Williams	5 00	11 10	6 00
66	Wolfville	5 08	11 19	6 10
69	Grand Pre	5 18	11 32	6 25
70	Horton Landing	t5 22	t11 37	t6 30
72	Avonport	t5 29	t11 45	t6 40
			P. M.	
77	Hantsport	5 44	12 05	6 58
82	Falmouth	6 00	t12 25	7 16
84	Windsor	6 07	12 35	7 25
90	Newport	6 25	1 18	8 10
93	Ellershouse	6 33	1 33	8 25
103	Mount Uniacke	6 58	2 13	9 15
113	Beaver Bank	7 21	2 43	9 43
116	Windsor Junct	7 28	2 53	9 50
121	Bedford	7 41	3 39	10 15
126	Rockingham	t7 52	t3 52	10 28
129	Richmond	.....	4 03	t10 42
130	Halifax—arrive	8 05	4 10	10 45

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed., & Friday only.	Passenger and Freight Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Halifax—leave	7 00		2 30
1	Richmond	.....	6 15	2 33
5	Rockingham	7 12	t6 26	t2 44
9	Bedford	7 24	6 37	2 55
14	Windsor Junc—leave	7 35	6 52	3 10
17	Beaver Bank	t7 47	t7 25	3 40
27	Mount Uniacke	8 10	8 00	4 15
37	Ellershouse	8 35	9 00	4 45
40	Newport	8 43	9 12	5 00
46	Windsor	8 57	9 35	5 20
48	Falmouth	t9 07	t10 15	5 45
53	Hantsport	9 22	10 37	6 08
58	Avonport	t9 35	t10 55	t6 24
60	Horton Landing	t9 41	t11 05	t6 30
61	Grand Pre	9 44	11 10	6 34
64	Wolfville	9 54	11 25	6 47
66	Port Williams	10 00	11 35	6 55
71	Kentville—arrive	10 15	11 55	7 10
			P. M.	
	Do—leave	10 30	12 25	.....
76	Coldbrook	10 42	t12 40	.....
78	Cambridge	t10 49	t12 51	.....
80	Waterville	10 57	1 02	.....
83	Berwick	11 05	1 17	.....
88	Aylesford	11 21	1 40	.....
95	Kingston	11 39	2 10	.....
98	Wilmot	t11 48	2 23	.....
102	Middleton	12 00	2 38	.....
		P. M.		
108	Lawrencetown	12 17	3 18	.....
111	Paradise	12 27	3 33	.....
116	Bridgetown	12 42	3 55	.....
124	Roundhill	1 02	4 25	.....
130	Annapolis — arrive	1 20	4 50	.....

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

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

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

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 6.00 a. m., and 3.15 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.45 a. m., and 3.00 p. m.

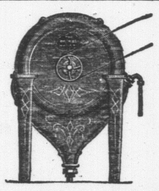
Steamer "Yarmouth" leaves Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evenings for Boston.

International Steamers leave St. John every Monday and Thursday, a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6.40 a. m., and 7.00 a. m. and 8.45 p. m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

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

J. W. KING, General Manager,
Kentville, November 15th, 1889.



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

It takes but little room.
It never gets out of repair.
It can not blow up.
It requires no fuel.
It needs no engineering.
There is no delay; no firing up; no ashes to clean away; no extra insurance to pay; no repairing necessary; no coal bills to pay; and it is always ready for use.

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

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

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

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

For Coughs and Colds, Catarrh, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Scrofulous and all wasting diseases, use

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

For all diseases of the nervous system, as Anxiety, General Debility, Impoverished Blood, etc., etc., it is highly recommended by the medical profession.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., Oct. 4th, 1889.

MESSRS. BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Being very much reduced by sickness, and almost given up for a dead man, I commenced taking your PUTTNER'S EMULSION. After taking it a very short time my health began to improve, and the longer I used it the better my health became. After being laid aside for nearly a year, I, last summer, performed the hardest summer's work I ever did, having often to go with one meal a day. I attribute the saving of my life to PUTTNER'S EMULSION.

EMERY E. MURPHY,
Livery Stable Keeper.

RUBBER STAMP with your name in Fancy Type, 25 Visiting Cards, and INDIAN INK to mark Linen only 25 cts. (stamps.) Book of 2000 styles, free with each order. Agents Wanted. Big Pay. THALMAN MF'G CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Household.

Paper in the Household.

I do not propose to speak of the many useful and wonderful articles that are manufactured from paper, but merely of the valuable uses to which it can be put by the housekeeper. Few housekeepers have time to black their stoves every day, or even every week. Many wash them in either clear water or dish water. This keeps them clean, but they look very brown. After a stove has been once thoroughly blacked, it can be kept looking perfectly well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning.

If I occasionally find a spot of gravy or fruit juice that the paper will not take off, I rub it with a wet cloth, but do not put on water enough to take off the blacking. I find that rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of my tea-kettle, coffee pot and tea pot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. (The inside of coffee and tea pots should be rinsed in clear water and never in the dish water.)

Rubbing with dry paper is also the best way of polishing knives, spoons and tinware after scouring. This saves wetting the knife handles. If a little flour be held on the paper in rubbing tinware and spoons, they shine like new silver. For polishing windows, mirrors, lamp chimneys, etc., I always use paper in preference to a dry cloth.

Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper instead of a cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on top of the fruit.

Paper is much better to put under carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner and makes less noise when one walks over it. A fair carpet can be made for a room that is not in constant use, by pasting several thicknesses of newspaper on the floor, over them a layer of wall paper, and giving it a coat of varnish. In cold weather I have often placed newspaper between my bed quilts, knowing that two thicknesses of paper are as warm as a quilt.

If it is necessary to step upon a chair, always lay a paper on it; this saves rubbing the varnish.—*Mary Johnson in New York Mail and Express.*

Running a Coal Fire.

IT CAN BE EASILY DONE WITHOUT MUCH DIRT IF YOU ONLY KNOW HOW.

A great deal of complaint is heard about the dust and litter from coal stoves. 'They are such dirty things that I hate the sight of them,' said a woman to me not long since. 'The fine dust from them covers everything. I try to keep things clean, but it is impossible. They are more comfortable than wood stoves, and are very cheerful, but—the dust from them!' I remained at the lady's house a day or two, and had a chance to see how her stove was taken care of, says a writer in the American *Agriculturist*. If there was occasion to rouse the fire, the children would open the front ash-pit door and poke away at the grate with a poker. Of course, this sent the fine, light ashes flying all over the room. If they had used the shaker, with the ash-pit door closed and the check-draft damper open, the dust would have gone into the stovepipe; not a particle would have come into the room. When the ashes were taken up the ash-pan was full to overflowing, and they were scattered over the front of the stove and on the floor, and a cloud of them rose to settle on everything in the room. This might have been prevented by emptying the ash-pan before it was full.

Up to the time of putting hot water heating into my house, we used coal stoves and did not find them any more dust-producing than wood stoves. We made it a rule never to allow the ash-pan to run over with ashes. Every night, when the stove was filled and the fire shaken down, the pan was taken out and emptied, and by attending to this regularly it never got quite full; consequently, there was no littering of ashes from it.

If a little care is exercised in operating a coal stove, it will not become a nuisance. Don't open the doors while you are tinkering the fire. It is not necessary to do so. There are poke holes through which the poker can be used. The shaker can be used to remove the ashes from the grate. Manufacturers have taken pains to make stoves so gas and dust tight that there need be no inconvenience from either if they are used as they should be.

—An apple pie requires one hour or little less to bake, not too slow, and not too hot a fire. There is quite as