



VOL. 4

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1876.

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Windsor & Annapolis Railway, SPRING ARRANGEMENT. COMMENCING Monday, 3rd of April, 1876.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN. Table with columns for Stations, Exp., Pass., and Frgt.

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W. H. OLIVE, Custom House, Forwarding, COMMISSIONER, Railroad and Steamboat Agent.

GEORGE WHITMAN, Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent, Round Hill, Annapolis, N. S.

ROYAL HOTEL, (Formerly STUBBS) 146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Opposite Custom House, St. John, N. B.

MARBLE WORKS! THE undersigned having entered into Partnership for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of Marble, hereby notify the public that they are prepared to furnish at Short Notice and on Reasonable Terms.

MONUMENTS, Headstones, Table Tops, &c. One of the Firm, Mr. FALCONER, has had three years experience in some of the best establishments in the City of Providence, Rhode Island, and feels assured that he can give every satisfaction to those entrusting their orders to him.

THE BANKRUPT STOCK! OF THE Estate of Lansdowne & Martin. HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at BANKRUPT PRICES!

Practry. WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN. From the Philadelphia Times. Our Father, God! from out whose hand The centuries fall like grains of sand, We meet to-day from far and near, And loyal to our land and thee, To thank thee for the emerald dew, And trust thee for the opening year.

Oh make thou us, through centuries long, In peace secure, and justice strong; Around our gift of freedom draw The safe guards of thy righteous law, Let the austere virtues strive to save, The honor proof to place or gold, The manhood never bought or sold!

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IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, Cor. King & Prince William Sts. CHEAP DRY GOODS. At this establishment, fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at COST PRICES.

BEARD & VENNING, Albion House. WE have received per Anchor and Allen Line Steamer 95 Packages Containing a Full Assortment of FRESH and SEASONABLE DRY GOODS.

CHEESE FACTORIES! All Kinds Cheese Vats, Milk Cans, Card Knives, and every Description of APPARATUS FOR CHEESE FACTORIES!

NEW GOODS! Victoria House, Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. Spring, 1876. NOW receiving per Freight and Mail Steamer a Choice Stock of DRY GOODS in every department. The attention of the Trade as well as Retail buyers solicited.

ATTENTION. AS MRS. FRASER & SISTER are determined to give up their MILLINERY BUSINESS between this and the 1st of April, a good opportunity is now offered to any wishing to purchase a good established business of twelve (12) years standing. In the mean time goods will be sold at a Great Reduction for Cash.

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES! AT LAWRENCE TOWN. THE subscriber has opened as above, and will keep constantly on hand a full line of Superior Furniture of every description, consisting in part of Elegant Walnut (or Hair Cloth, Red, &c.) Parlor Sets, Marble Top, and Plain Walnut Centre Tables, Parlor Chairs, Easy Chairs, Rockers, Sofas, Couches, Lounges, Bedroom Sets in variety, Tables of all kinds, Bureau, Sinks, &c. &c.

Farm for Sale. The subscriber will offer for sale a Farm in Annapolis Co., in the Vicinity of FOX GEORGE, consisting of about 70 Acres of GOOD LAND, well watered, with House, Barn and other Outbuildings. An Orchard, consisting of Apple and Plum Trees is also on the place. The above will be sold at AUCTION, Friday, the 12th day of May, if not sold before Private Sale. EDWIN GATES. April 4th, 1876.

Magistrates' Blanks. Kept constantly on hand. Call and inspect Samples of Work. CHARGES REASONABLE.

HARD TIMES Are Upon Us. LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE, and I now offer at my store on Queen Street a nice selection of JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS, far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of WATCHES, CLOCKS, TIMEPIECES, RINGS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, GOLD & PLATED CHAINS, SPOONS, FORKS, SPECTACLES, PURSES, CHARMS, &c. &c.

Job Work. AT the office of this Paper may be obtained to order and at short notice: Pamphlets, Circulars, Programmes, Bill-Heads, Dodgers, Business Cards, Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Shipping Tags, Posters, Tickets, &c. &c. &c.

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Heath. Her married life was fortunately brief, for she knew no happiness in the three weary years she lived with her husband. At the end of that time he left her in poverty, and no one in Byfield ever saw him again. Poor Phoebe, sinking under the pressure of grief, neglect and privation, lived but a few months after his desertion. During that time she was tenderly cared for by her Cousin Robert, who supplied all the wants of herself and her infant daughter, and found for them a serene asylum under the roof of his home. He lived on, a sad and silent man, old before his time, but he had no heart to offer to another woman. He had loved Phoebe so unselfishly that he could have borne to lose her if she had been happy; but to have her taken from him to suffer neglect and cruelty was hard indeed. It was with solemn thankfulness that he saw the sod hid over her faded beauty and broken heart. She had been involved in a tiresome lawsuit, which it was now generally believed would go against him. Should it so result, he would be a poor man, if a young man with strong hands and a courageous heart can be poor. With all the strength of an earnest and manly nature Mark loved Lizzie Heath; but his pride withheld him from saying so until he should know whether indeed he had a home to offer her. If he won his case, he would ask her to share the wealth which would then be his. If he lost, he must—no, he could not resign her; but if she loved, she would wait for him. He was not a vain man, but his hopes rose high. He had seen how Lizzie's eyes would brighten and her color glow at his approach, and had marked the innocent arts by which she sought to avoid the attentions of others which his own were gladly received. As for Lizzie, her ideal of manly beauty and excellence was embodied in Mark Boynton; but, maiden-like, she would not admit the idea of love. She knew that he was perfectly happy on his own when he was by; but she would not even to herself entertain the thought that she had loved him. He was a young man with a pale face and a subdued and downcast eye. When Mr. Beaman began to speak she listened with a kind of cheerful composure; but as the names were announced a wild, startled look came into her eyes; she sank back upon her seat, and buried her now burning face in her hands. Not many minutes removed stood a man of perhaps forty—a grave and sober person, with hair slightly turning to gray. His face, habitually a somewhat sad one, had now throughout the service a look of cheerful composure; but as the names were announced a wild, startled look came into her eyes; she sank back upon her seat, and buried her now burning face in her hands.

Mr. Beaman's Mistake. AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY. BY EMMA B. ORSB. It was the close of the afternoon service in the village church of Byfield. The last notes of the doxology were still echoing from the singing gallery, and the congregation, with rustic and minister for the benediction. In the brief pause before it was spoken old Mr. Beaman, the town clerk of Byfield, stepped in front of the pulpit, and raising his hand, said, in a loud, clear voice, "Know all whom it may concern, that Mark Boynton of this town and Elizabeth Heath of the same intend marriage."

There was a movement through the whole congregation as if it were pervaded by an electric shock, and looks of surprise passed from eye to eye. But there were three persons present on whom the clerk's announcement fell like a thunderbolt. One of these was a young girl with a pale face and a subdued and downcast eye. When Mr. Beaman began to speak she listened with a kind of cheerful composure; but as the names were announced a wild, startled look came into her eyes; she sank back upon her seat, and buried her now burning face in her hands.

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match she thought best for her; that she did work upon the girl's gratitude to herself and husband, though ordinarily it would not have occurred to her to think whether or not she had conferred favors on one who was almost like her own daughter. Their talk was long protracted, and often renewed, and Robert added his pleadings. He told of the years during which he had watched her growing beauty, loving her first for her mother's sake, but, as she bloomed into womanhood so like that mother, he found himself renewing the dreams of his youth, daring to hope that happiness might yet be his. The strongest, the best-fortified woman's heart must ever be more or less moved by the evidence of a deep and earnest affection; and poor Lizzie had the yielding, pliant nature of her mother. And Mark Boynton was away—he had not seen him for weeks; and, not knowing that he was occupied at the county town with the final trial of his case, she felt herself neglected by him. Why, if he really loved her, was he not here to say so, and to stand by her in this time of trial? So it came about that, helpless in the hands of her affectionate but ill-judging friends, she yielded, and promised to marry Robert Jocelyn.

It was a day or two after she had formally given her word that she was returning one evening alone from a neighbor's. She had not walked far when she heard a quick step behind her, and turning saw Mark Boynton. He greeted her gaily, and the dim light prevented his observing her pale and troubled face. He took her hand and drew it through his arm with an air almost of ownership, saying, as he did so, "This was just what I wanted, Lizzie, to meet you. I was going to your house. I am such a happy fellow to-night that I want to tell you about it."

She made no answer; indeed, he gave her no time, but went on: "I have been all the week at Milford attending court, and I have gained my case. My farm is my own at last, and I am an independent man." She murmured some half-sensible expression of pleasure in this result. "Lizzie," he said, stopping suddenly, "I have a home to offer you, there is only one thing I want now to make me the happiest man in Byfield. I want you to come and share my home with me."

Here Lizzie drew her hand hastily from him, and said, in a frightened tone, "Don't, don't, Mark! You must not talk to me so!" "What do you mean, Lizzie? Why may I not tell you that I love you better than all the world? I think you must have known it without my telling."

Poor Lizzie fell into a passion of tears, but could not speak. Mark drew her gently out of the path and seated her upon a stone, placing himself beside her. He waited some minutes for her answer, but she remained silent. "Dear Lizzie," he said, at last, "you must know that I love you. Can I be mistaken in thinking you care for me?"

He drew away the hands which she had covered her face, and begged her to speak to him. Mark's face gasped out, in a kind of deprecation, "I have promised to marry Robert Jocelyn."

No answer from Lizzie. Her voice was choked with sobs. Poor Mark broke out in bitter reproaches. He accused her of cruel trifling with him, and declared his belief that she had accepted Jocelyn because he was a richer man, and his own parents doubtful. Lizzie had but one answer to his reproaches; she cried as if her heart were broken; and the strong, tender-hearted fellow soon grew pitiful of her grief, and soothed her, and begged forgiveness for his harshness. After a while he drew from her the whole story. He understood the pressure which had been brought to bear upon her, and how powerless she had been to resist it. He saw that she loved him, and that if she had felt sure of his affection, she would have stood out against them all. If he had but spoken out before! But his own pride had been to blame.

Though he argued long and earnestly, he could not convince Lizzie that she had any right to draw back. She had pledged her word, and she held herself bound by it, persistent in declaring that he must not talk, or she listen. So at last he gave up in despair and the two walked home in gloomy silence.

In Byfield every body's affairs are known to every body else; and so it was but a few days before the whole neighborhood was informed of Lizzie's engagement to Robert Jocelyn, and by some mysterious agency, known only to rural communities, the secret of Mark Boynton's love and disappointment was also generally understood. The general opinion was that the two young people were being sacrificed to the wishes of their elders; and sympathy was strongly with them, as always where true love is crossed. The young people blamed Lizzie for her want of firmness; but parents, interested perhaps in the cause of authority, exonerated her, and censured those who were taking advantage of her filial duty. The sad story of his love for Phoebe was well remembered; there were not wanting some romantic souls who thought it fitting that the daughter should compensate to him for the pain her mother cost.

Of course all the neighborhood gossip was known to Mrs. Ezra, but she took good care that very little of it should come to Robert's ears. She had made up her mind that she knew what was best for Lizzie, and she did not mean to let her plans fail.

(To be Continued.) A gentleman burying his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much on her funeral. "Ah, sir, she would have done as much or more, with pleasure."