(Continued from first page)

London, and seemed to trouble themselves very little about poor Thurlstone.'

Major Werrington, redder and stouter, and with a queer look in his eyes, as if they sometimes saw ghosts or demons, was sitting near by, talking to the hard, handsome widow, Mrs. Challacombe, and he caught the sound of Thurlstone's name, and turned angrily on his wife.

'Be quiet, Polly,' he said in a low stern voice. 'Don't talk about Thurlstone. Better not.'

He turned his purple countenance towards Mrs. Challacombe, who walked him off after Lilian; but his little bullet eyes still glanced back warningly at his large wife.

'Never mind the Major,' observed De Carteret cheerfully. 'Now he is gone, we will have the rest of the story comfortably.'

'I w-wish I knew it,' stuttered Mrs. Werrington; 'but I don't. I no more know what has become of Thurlstone than you do.'

'Has he ever drawn his pay?' asked the subaltern.

'No, never.'

'Oh, then he is dead for certain! When a fellow does not draw his pay, one may make sure he has no want of money; and not to want money is a proof a man is dead.'

'Well, there might be a difficulty about the pay; he was dismissed the service.'

'Oh, was that it?'

'No,' said Mrs. Werrington, almost indignantly; 'his character was quite cleared up at the inquest. He was dismissed the service for being absent without 'leave—that was all. Luffincot kept on advertising for him in the most affectionate manner for a year, and all in vain. I saw lots of his advertisements in *Galignani*—'Come back and draw your pray. All is well — everything cleared up. Friends seeking anxiously for you.' But there was never any response that ever I heard of—and it is my opinion there never will be. If there was any chance of his reappearing Lilian would not have taken Davenant with all his money.'

'But it is a great match for her,' observed the Honorable Alwyn, with a slight yawn; 'and she has such a wretched home, poor girl, that she must be glad enough to marry.'

'What do you know about her home?' demanded the subaltern.

'I used to dine there,' returned Alwyn, with a twinkle in his eye. 'Mrs. Challacombe was great fun; but when her husband fell ill the dinners ceased—and my conscience never permits me to go in for five o'clock teas with women, so our acquaintance cooled. And now she is a widow I find it convenient only to bow when we meet. I should be awfully afraid to go and dine there now—a woman's husband is such an immense protection to a man.'

'I th-thought he was a protection to his wife,' said Mrs. Werrington.

'In the ante-scientific times perhaps he was; but nowadays he is the shield behind which we pay our little attentions to young wives. Without him, you see, they would be girls, and they would not get spoken to; so on the whole they feel obliged to him. By-the-bye, Mrs. Werrington, I hear you have married your two charming girls.'

'Yes—my eldest in France, and the other in Germany. That is what determined the Major and myself to return to Plymouth. We were so lonely after parting with our dear girls.'

'And you have parted with the ponies too, I perceive.'

'Well, yes; the Major and I outgrew them—that's the fact. So we have a strong horse to carry us now.'

'And a very good one,' said De Carteret, looking at the animal as the groom and carriage paced to and fro on the broad walk. 'You have fallen into pleasanter times than the pony days, Mrs. Werrington.'

'W-well, you see,' returned that lady, angry at his impertinence, and yet smiling sweetly, 'we have not any daughters now to take care of, so we can af-afford a good horse. There's the Major beckoning—I must go to him.'

She waddled off briskly, and then De Carteret turned to his friend with a fine smile of contempt upon his ruddy countenance.

'That woman fibs terribly. Did you hear her husband tell her to hold her tongue about Thurlstone? Well, I can tell you the reason. I was here with my regiment at the time of the row, and it was pretty well known that Thurlstone bribed Werrington highly to give the evidence he did at the inquest. The old fellow had to sell out in consequence and leave England. I wonder he dares show his mulberry countenance here again.

'Why, after all he could only swear to what he knew,' expostulated the younger man.

'That is just what he did not do. It was the facts he held back that saved Miss Saterleigh.'

'Saved Miss Saterleigh?' repeated the subaltern.

'Yes, Thurlstone's sister, and the loveliest girl I have ever seen. She was desperately in love with Lancross, and people were talking; but her step father Lord Ramsden carried her off from the strife of tongues, and I met her that season in London at two or three of the best houses. But it was of no use forcing her into the world—the girl was quite broken down, and the Ramsdens gave it up; they went over to their place in Ireland, where they have stayed ever since. People said that Lady Ramsden was heart broken at the loss of her son, and could not endure society! Why, it is my belief she'll sit up in her coffin to receive her undertaker—she can't live out of a crowd. It was the girl who could not stand it.'

'I expect by this time somebody has consoled her,' observed the other, with a half-sigh, 'and she is going to be married, like Miss Challacombe. Girls never care long for a fellow in these days; the long constant heroines all died with Sir Walter Scott.'

'Here comes the bride-elect,' said De Carteret hurriedly, 'and the handsome widow is fixing me with a stony eye. I must vanish, or I shall get an invite to dinner, which I really fear I should accept. Her dinners are a temptation.'

He rose, but not quickly enough; Mrs. Challacombe bowed, he raised his hat—which in the bright sun was like uncovering a flame, so ruddy were his locks—and then as he hesitated she took instant advantage of his weakness, and come forward with hand extended.

'Very glad to welcome you again to the West, Mr. de Carteret. Do you make a long stay?'

'No. I remain only a few days.'

'Then you must try to dine with me before you go,' returned the lady, with eyes half raised.

'Thanks. You are very good, I am sure; but——'

'Now I really won't have any 'buts.' You can't refuse an old friend, Mr. de Carteret. We will say Wednesday, shall we, at half past seven?'

(*To be continued.*)

Miscellaneous.

Michael Dunn, Ex-Convict.

AN INDUSTRIAL HOME IN WATER STREET PROVIDED FOR HIS FORMER FELLOW PRISONERS—HIS HISTORY OF CRIMES HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

From the New York Sun]

'Good-by, Mike. You've worked faithfully in the laundry, and we'll keep the place open for you for six weeks. You're sure to come back by that time.'

The speaker was Warden Clark of Sing Sing prison. He and Keeper Conarton were liberating Michael Dunn, who had served, up to that time, thirty five years in American and English prisons. This was on Feb. 25, 1878. Dunn, to the surprise of the prison officials, failed to return to Sing Sing, and it was conjectured that he had left the country. Such, however, was not the case. When he reached New York, friendless and with only the few dollars that had been given him by the State Prison Association, he visited Jerry McAuley's meeting, in Water street. He was soon interested in the work going on there, and he became convinced that he could ameliorate the condition of released criminals like himself who were suddenly thrown upon the world without recommendation or friends. Assisted by Mr. A. S. Hatch of Messrs. Hatch & Foote, bankers, he opened a House of Industry, at 305 Water street. He knew how to deal with convicts. He ascertained when the terms of his fellow prisoners would expire, and on their arrival in New York he invited them to his place. There they were at once set at work at shoemaking or shawl making. In case they could do neither, he found other employment for them.

'Every morning,' he said yesterday, 'I would take the *Sun* and read carefully the labor columns. As soon as I found something that one of my friends could do I gave him his breakfast and sent him out to apply for the place.'

In this manner he has found employment, he says, for nearly 300 men during the last thirty months. Besides this he has found ships for over 200 sailors, who, having spent all their money, had been cast into the streets by the keepers of sailor boarding houses. The sailer, as soon as he gets ashore after a long cruise, is sure to become the prey of the land sharks. Notoriously improvident, he soon gets rid of his hard earned money. Then if the boarding house keeper can get a ship for him, he draws two or three months' pay in advance to pay for clothes and what are too often Barmecide repasts. Intoxicated and ragged, Jack is hoisted up the side of the ship, together with many more in the same condition, and the anchor is weighed. This is the class of sailors that Dunn gets hold of before it is too late. Only three nights ago, a sailor crazy with delirium tremens, who had been ejected from a boarding house near by, was picked up in the street by Dunn and his wife. They dragged him into the Home and put him to bed. Yesterday the man seemed so well pleased with his quarters that he was afraid to go into the street lest he should fall into one of the many pits laid by land sharks: for these are to the sailor what the barnacle is to the ship, and no complete cure has yet been found for either pest.

Over the door at 305 Water street is the legend, 'Michael Dunn, Shoemaker.' Within, several ex-convicts were at work yesterday making shoes, while others were knitting shawls. Near the door a solemn-faced young man, with palette and brush, was painting fancy scrolls to be hung on the walls. On one of these is pictured a prisoner in his cell, weeping over the figure of his mother, who is kneeling on the stone floor beside him.

Dunn is sustained in his work by W. R. Bliss of 41 West Eleventh street and Olive Harper, as well as by Mr. Hatch. Notwithstanding this assistance, he is very poor. He exhibited yesterday a pawn ticket showing that last week he had raised $3.25 on his cost.

'You see,' he said, 'as soon as I get a man whose time has expired in the penitentiary I try to find work for him. Sometimes it takes a week and sometimes more. If he earns only $2 a week I charge him fifty cents for board. If he earns $3, I charge him $1, and if he earns $4 a week I charge him $1.50 for board.

'I was born in Manchester, England,' he said yesterday,' in 1826. Both my mother and father were thieves. When I was 8 years old I was sent to the Old Bailey for two months for stealing a silk dress, and when I was liberated I was caught tapping a till and sent up for six months more. After this I stole a watch in a lodging house, and served a term of fifteen months. After this two men took me to a house in St. Anne's square, Manchester, where I climbed into a window and stole $4.500 worth of jewelry. Then I went to Ireland with the two men; but on our return to England we were all caught. They each got a life sentence, and I was transported to Van Dieman's Land, where I remained seven years. Sir John Franklin, afterward lost while trying to discover an open Polar sea, was then the Governor of the island. He was a humane man, and every one liked him. When I was liberated I shipped aboard an American whaler, and was landed at New Bedford. I had been in New York only a year when I was sent up on the island for burglary. I had been there only four days when I swam the river and escaped. This was on March 4, 1850. Then I went to England and opened a restaurant. Here I lost the little money I had, and being caught in the act of garroting a man in the street was sent to Australia for ten years. After serving this sentence I went to Bombay, India, and thence to the island of St. Helena, where I assisted four soldiers to desert. After this I shipped aboard a merchantman bound for the African coast, and from there I visited Liverpool, I had been home only four months when I was sent to prison at Gibraltar for five years for exchanging brass rings for gold ones. When I was liberated the agents of the British Government sent me to America as a ticket-of-leave man, and I had been there but a month when I was sent to Sing Sing for three years and two months for burglary. After this I served three years in the Moyamensing prison in Pennsylvania. Then I went to Canada, where I served six months in the Montreal jail. Thence I went to Boston, where I was sentenced to two years and nine months' imprisonment for burglary. From Boston I came to New York, and served another term of four years in Sing Sing for a crime of which I was really innocent.'

Dunn says that it would greatly assist his Industrial Home if some one would send him a wax thread machine, some leather, and some damaged cotton with which to make sailors' underclothing.

— It is reported in Rome that the late conference between Baron H. Steimle and Prince Bismark, Fredericksruhe, a triple alliance with Italy was suggested.

— Miss Helen Gladstone, the daughter of the Premier, is one of the successful candidates in this year's class list of Cambridge University examinations.

— A girl was found nailed to a plank so that she could move neither hands nor feet, and floating on the Yangtse River, in China. Beside her was the head of a Buddhist priest, and some coins. An inscription said: "This money is provided for her coffin when she is dead." She belonged to a wealthy family, and her two brothers, petty mandarins, used this cruel treatment because she married the priest whose head was on the plank with her.

— The Young Ladies' Internatisnal Bible College, located at Binghamton, N. Y. State, is making arrangements for one hundred more daughters of deceased and disabled clergymen; also approved young ladies who wish to prepare for the Missionary and Temperance work. The privileges include a fair home and full College course, with an added course in Theology, Medcilne and Music. The students represent England, Scotland, Russia, Germany, China, Japan, Burmah, Assam, Syria, and almost every State and Territory in North America.

A. H. BRANDT, Binghamton, N. Y.

WEARING WELL.—George Davison, the first engineer or the first locomotive that ever run in British America, is now engineer of the Foord pit steam pump at Albion Mines, Nova Scotia. He is described by a recent newspaper correspondent who visited him, as being "hale and healthy, with a good deal of the fire of youth in him yet." The pioneer locomotive is still in use on the Halifax Company's railway. Its name is the "Sampson," and it bears on a brass plate this inscription: "Timothy Hackworth, New Sheldon, Durham, August, 1838."

HONOR THE SCISSORS.—Some people, people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter to be the easiest work done on any paper. If they see the editor with scissors in hand, they are sure to say: "Eh, that's the way you get up original matter, eh?" accompanying their new and witty remark with an idiotic wink or smile. The facts are that the interest, the variety and usefulness of a newspaper depend in no small degree upon the selected matter, and few men are capable of the position, who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they select. A sensible editor desires a considerable quantity of selected matter, because he knows that one mind cannot make so good a paper as five or six.

LONDON.—The world's capital is the largest city ever seen. Its yearly postal delivery is 295,000,000 letters. It covers, within the 15 miles' radius of Charing Cross, 700 square miles. It contains 4,200,000 inhabitant [nearly 5,000,000 now.] Its country born population is 37 per cent. of the whole. It has, on an average, four fires every day among its 500,000 houses; has a birth within it every four minutes, and a death every six minutes; has 230 persons every day, and 84,000 persons annually, added to its population; has 7,000 miles of streets; has 55 miles of new streets opened, and 17,000 new houses built in it every year; has 2,184 miles of sewers and pipes for its drainage, and 2,000 miles for its gas supply of 55,000 lamps; has 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors in its port every day; has upward of 89,000 persons annually taken into custody by its police; has more than one-third of all the crime in the country committed in it; has 25,000 persons living in its common lodging-houses; has 43,286 persons annually arrested as drunk and disarderly; it comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe; it contains more Roman Catholics than Rome, mere Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Belfast, more Scotchmen than Aberdeen, more Welshmen than Cardiff; has as many beer-shops and gin palaces, the frontages of which would stretch from Charing Cross to Chichester, a distance of 62 miles; has nearly as many paupers as would occupy every house in Brighton; has upward of 1,000,000 habitual neglectors of public worship; has 60 miles of open shops every Lord's day; has need of 1,000 new churches and chapels.

THE SEVEN BIBLES OF THE WORLD.—The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mahommedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Pitikies of the Budhiste, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Renavests and the Scriptures of the Christans. The Koran is the most recent of these seven, and not older than the seventh century of our era. It is composed of quotations from the old and new Testiments, the Talmud, and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians was first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikes of the Budhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author lived and died in the sixth century, before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, 'king' web of the cloth or the wrap that keeps threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on ethico political dutites of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B. C. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of Max Muller. Wilson, Johnson and Whitney, that they are not older than eleven centuries B. C. The Zedavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B. C. Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch fifteen centuries B. C, and therefore has a clear margin three hundred years older than the most ancient of the other sacred writings.

— A traveller in Persia tells of a curious bug common in that country which is called 'Bite-the-stranger,' because it is never known to trouble the native. This malignant little know nothing poisous Europeans with its sting so that they are thrown into fever and delirium, and sometimes die.

Joker's Corner.

How He "Set em Up."

Simply because the man who stands behind the bar of a certain saloon on Gratiot avenue is a pleasant faced, smiling old man, certain parties come to the conclusion that there was no fight in him. They, therefore, cooked up a plan to play upon his fears and make him 'set em up" for the crowd. These red-nosed men called upon the old man in a body yesterday, and business was opened by one of them saying:—'When I was here last night you handed me in a beer with a fly in it. No gentleman would do that. You meant it as an insult, and now I demand satisfaction, You must meet me on the field of honor?'

'Ish dot bossible? Vhat field ish dot?' exclaimed the astonished bar tender.

'You must go out with me and fight a duel?'

'Good gracious! Ish dot drue?'

'Yes, it is. I'll go out and leave my two friends here to settle the details with you. I must either have blood or an ample apology!'

When the belligerent had retired, one of the others said:

'See here, old man I am afraid you've got yourself into a bad box. That chap is a sure shot and he'll wing you.'

'How vhill he put some vhings on me?' innocently enquired the beer jerker.

'Now listen. You insulted him.'

'Yaw.'

'He demands the satisfaction of a gentleman.'

'Yaw.'

'You must fight a duel with him or apologize, and set up the beer.'

'Vhat is a duel?'

'Why you will go outside the city and pace off ten paces and shoot at each other. Now, then, will you do that or set up the beer and beg his pardon.'

'Vhell, I dells you,' replied the old man as he lifted a big navy revolver into sight. If I sets up the beer I losses fifteen cents; if I goudt and fights some duels I kills him stone det!'

'And you'll fight?'

'Yaw I vhill—it is cheaper!'

'Don't you know,' said the man, after a blank silence, 'that you'll have to fight all three of us?'

'Yaw I 'spose I vhill. I shall now fight mit you two and dake de odder one to morrow.'

He thereupon changed his pistol for a club, danced around the bar, and the way he rushed 'em out was painful to see. The belligerent was waiting on the corner, and as the pair came dusting out he called:

'Did he set 'em up?'

'Set 'em up!' shrieked one of the limpers as he came to a halt—'is knocking a man over two beer kegs and a table setting 'em up?—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW JIM MISSED THE 'POSSUM.—The Creek neighborhood, together with the surrounding country in Eastern Mississippi, is amply supplied with opossums, and boasts of two or three 'possum dogs' that 'can't be beat.' Consequently the favorite delicacy of the southern darkey is abundantly enjoyed on the creek at the proper season. In this connection there is often told in the community a practical joke which Peter Brown played on Jim Mason. Peter and Jim were fast friends, and generally 'ran together' during their leisure hours.

On one occasion, after dark, Jim killed a small fat opossum, which he thought would just be about a 'square meal' for one hungry man. The little animal was properly prepared and put on the fire to cook, while Jim—who was at that time the sole occupant of the cabin—stretched himself before the fire while the opossum was cooking. In a few minutes he was buried in slumber. Jim's sleep was deep and unbroken. Time passed on; the opossum was finely 'done' through and through, and still Jim continued to sleep and snore.

At this stage of the proceedings Peter Brown entered the cabin and took in the situation. He was hungry himself and saw an opportunity to get lunch. So he quietly removed the skillet top, took out the opossum and proceeded to 'discuss' it with the keenest relish. In a little while it was all devoured. Peter then took a piece of the remaining fat and carefully greased Jim's hands and mouth, while the latter continued to snore. Peter then left the cabin, leaving the bones scattered on the hearth.

At last Jim awoke with a drowsy stare, and rubbed his eyes. He looked around awhile, and then he broke into the following soliloquy:

'Well, Mr. 'Possum, I reckon you's done by dis time; yars, you gran' vilyan, I'll eat you now; my mouf done sot reg'lar 'possum fashion.'

With these words Jim looked into the skillet, where only a few scraps marked what was left of the savory feast.

'Bless my stars,' he exclaimed, 'ef somebody ain't done steal de 'possum! Hi, here bones scattered all 'bout de flo'; some dogged vilyan been here an' eat dat 'possum while I was 'sleep; wait, lemme see; why, my hands chock full o' grease. Wait, hol' on; why, bless my stars, ef my mouf ain't right greasy, too! Well, well, well! I wonder ef I did git up and eat dat 'possum while I was sleep? I must 'a done it! Well, all I got to say is dis: Ef I eat dat 'possum he sets lighter on my stomach an' he gibs me less consideration dan any 'possum I eber eat since I was born.'

— A youngster, being asked out to tea with a friend, was admonished to praise the eatables. Presently, the butter was passed to him, when he remarked: 'Very nice butter—what there is of it,' and, observing a smile, he added: 'And plenty of it—such as it is.

— A South End man asked a one-armed organgrinder if he was a survivor of the late war, and the organist replied: 'Hang it, do I act as though I was hilled in it?'

— Freddy Miles, of Cleveland, aged four, accompanied his parents to church. On entering they kneeled and bowed low. As they resumed their seats, thus Master Fred; 'Is you 'fraid 'cause God is here?' 'Why no, child!' 'Then what makes you hide?'

— 'That prisoner has a very smooth countenance,' said the judge to the sheriff. 'Yes,' said the sheriff, 'he was ironed just before he was brought in.'

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12 " " Carpenters best lead in use,	20
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Summer Arrangement.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

THE 14th DAY JUNE, 1880.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed. and Friday only.	Passengers and Freight Daily.
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
0	Halifax—leave	7 45	9 00	3 00
14	Windsor Junc—leave	8 22	10 13	3 45
			P.M.	6 10
46	Windsor	9 40	12 30	6 30
53	Hantsport	10 00	12 54	6 58
61	Grand Pre	10 22	1 21	7 13
64	Wolfville	10 30	1 36	7 21
66	Port Williams	10 35	1 44	7 35
71	Kentville—arrive	10 50	2 00	
	Do—leave	11 05	2 30	
83	Berwick	11 36	3 18	
88	Aylesford	11 50	4 02	
		P.M.		
95	Kingston	12 04	4 26	
98	Wilmot	12 12	4 37	
102	Middleton	12 23	4 53	
108	Lawrencetown	12 40	5 15	
111	Paradise	12 48	5 27	
116	Bridgetown	1 01	5 46	
124	Roundhill	1 20	6 13	
130	Annapolis — arrive	1 40	6 40	
	St. John by Steamer	7 30		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Passengers and Freight Daily.	Pass. and Freight Tues. Thus. and Saturday only.	Express Daily.
		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.
	St. John—leave			8 00
				P.M.
0	Annapolis—leave		6 30	2 10
6	Round Hill		6 56	2 30
14	Bridgetown		7 22	2 49
19	Paradise		7 42	3 02
22	Lawrencetown		7 55	3 10
28	Middleton		8 20	3 27
32	Wilmot		8 37	3 38
35	Kingston		8 51	3 47
42	Aylesford		9 24	4 02
47	Berwick		9 46	4 16
59	Kentville—arrive		10 40	4 47
	Do—leave	6 35	11 15	4 57
64	Port Wllians	6 55	11 35	5 12
66	Wolfville	7 02	11 45	5 18
69	Grand Pre	7 15	11 57	5 26
			P.M.	
77	Hantsport	7 41	12 30	5 50
84	Windsor	8 20	1 15	6 13
116	Windsor Junct	10 15	3 40	7 35
130	Halifax—arrive	11 00	4 30	8 10

N. B.— Trains are run on Railway Station Time 16 minutes added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8, a. m., for Digby and Annapolis, and leaves Annapolis on arrival of Express Train from Halifax at 1.40 p. m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for Digby and St. John.

Western Counties Railway trains leave Digby every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 3.30 p. m., on arrival of Steamer "Empress" from Annapolis, and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 12.15 p. m., for Yarmouth and Intermediate Stations, and leave Yarmouth at 7.45 a. m, daily for Digby, connecting on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays with Steamer "Empress" for Annapolis and Halifax.

International Steamers leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

St. John & Maine Railway trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m. daily, for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, General Manager.

Kentville, 14th June, '80.

FURNITURE!

THE SUBSCRIBER keeps constantly on hand: Common and Stuffed Furniture in variety. Also, Spring Mattrasses; Chairs from 35 cents each, upwards. Also Cradles, Swing Cots, all of which will be sold at the very

Lowest Market Prices!

UNDERTAKING attended to in all its branches.

JOHN Z. BENT.

VEGETINE

Made a New Man of Me;

Cured my Wife of General Debility.

TORONTO, ONT., 1879.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—Some time ago I got run down in health and had no appetite, and some of my friends advised me to take VEGETINE. I did so, and it made a new man of me. Before using it my hair was falling out, and I was quite bald. Since I used it new hair is growing all over my head, and I know it was the VEGETINE did it. My wife used it also, for *General Debility*, and it did her full as much good as myself.

THOMAS SAULTER.

Complaints of Five Years' Standing Cured.

TORONTO, ONT., Nov. 27, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Sir—Having taken eight bottles of VEGETINE, I must state that I have derived great benefit. My complaint is of five years' standing, and nothing that I have taken gives me such speedy relief as your VEGETINE.

Yours respectfully, CHAS. HALL.

I hereby certify that the above certificate was given me unasked for, and the medicine purchased at my stores.

JOSIAH GREEN, Pharmaceutical Chemist.

A BLOOD PURIFIER.

TORONTO, ONT., Sept. 21, 1879.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I used your VEGETINE as a *blood purifier*, and can recommend it as an *honest medicine*. It did even more than I expected.

JOSEPH BONNER, 35 Ann Street.

CHRONIC HEADACHE.

GENERAL DEBILITY CURED.

TORONTO, ONT., Nov. 25, 1879.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq., Boston:

Sir—I have much pleasure in testifying to the virtue of your VEGETINE. For years past I have suffered exceedingly from *Chronic Headache* and *General Debility*, from which I obtained no permanent relief until I was induced, about a month since, to try the VEGETINE. I am now better in health than I have been for the last four years; enjoy my food better, am much stronger, and quite free from my old enemy, the *Headache*. Hoping that my testimony may induce others to try the same remedy, I am respectfully yours,

MRS. D. A. JOHNSTON, 100 Lippincott Street.

I have very great pleasure in endorsing the above statement of the benefit to my wife's health since she commenced the use of the VEGETINE.

D. A. JOHNSTON, Late Minister of the C. M. Church.

Pimples asd Humors on the Face and Body.

MONTREAL, P. Q., Jan 28 1880.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.:

Dear Sir—For Several years I have been greatly troubled with Pimples breaking out on my face and body. I had consulted several physicians and also tried several preparations and obtained no relief. I thought I would try VEGETINE, as I had heard several speak in its favor, and before I had used the first bottle I saw I had the right medicine. I have used three bottles and my health is very much improved, and the Pimples have entirely disappeared from my face and body. I recommend VEGETINE to all who are troubled as I was.

Yours truly, J. OSBURNE.

I am personally asquainted with Mr. J. Osborne, and know the above to be a true statement of the facts. I sold him the VEGETINE.

P. O. GIROUX, Druggist, 601 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Saint John to Halifax and Yarmouth. via Steamer and Rail

Steamer "Empress."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from

KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX,

and intermediate stations, and at Digby with the Western Counties Railway, for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

UNTIL further notice, Stmr. "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and return every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY evening.

Fare—St. John to Digby $1.50
" " Annapolis 2.00
Fare St. John to Halifax 5.00
" " and return 7.50
Fare—St. John to Yarmouth $3.50
" " and return 6.50

Round Trip Tickets to Halifax via this route good to return by Intercolonial Railway. 9.00

Tickets may be obtained on board Steamer, at H. CHUBB & Co.'s Ticket Agency, Prince Wm. street, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, AGENT Union Line Office, 41 Dock St.

F. PHEASANT Freight agent, Empress Warehouse, Reed's Point. jun14

35 PER CENT!

AS 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture, the Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that

HE DOES NOT INTEND

raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making

Still further Reduction,

as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his now large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from $60.00 to $120.00.
BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from $25.00 to $40.00. A good suit for $28.00.
SOFAS, $19.00 to $24.00.
WALNUT CHAIRS, $3.50 to $6.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, $8.00 to $10.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in Marble Tops, $14.00 to $16.00.
BEDSTEADS, $2.50 to $3.00.
WASH STANDS, $1.00 to $1.25.

Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and as times are hard I will sell at Prices that will DEFY COMPETITION.

JOHN B. REED.

Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879. 50tf

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN

BOOK STORE

So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN, 124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

July 17th, 1878. nl3 y