BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

abers of the United States Law Ass

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gat OFFICE IN MIDDI-ETON. (Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States. Consular Agent of Spain -AGENT FOR-

Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s. Money to loan on Real Estate security. MONEY TO LOAN.

NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCI-ETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX. Advances made on Real ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum. Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly installments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.

Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, 20 6m

Agent at Annapolis.

F. L. MILNER, Barrister, Solicitor, &c. Office opposite Central Telephone Exchange Queen Street, Bridgetown.

J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M.

A. A. Schaffner, M. D., LAWRENCETOWN, N. S. Office and residence at MRS. HALL'S, three doors east of Baptist church.

O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC. Etc. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.) Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 ly

H. F. Williams & Co. Parker Market, Halifax, N.S.

COMMISSION - MERCHANTS, AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN tatoes, Beef, Lamb Pork.

pecial Attention given to Handling of Live Stock. Returns made immediately after disposal of goods. 27 y

J. B. WHITMAN,

ROUND HILL, N. S.

W. G. Parsons, B. A., Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

Office,-" Dr. Gunter" building. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.

EAR, THROAT. MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL. DENTIST.

Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown James Primrose, D. D. S.

Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its ranches carefully and promptly attended o. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. GROAKER

Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

**Optical Goods** 

NEW JEWELRY.

P. G. MELANSON, of Middleton, has now on show the largest and most varied line of Superior Spectacles and Eye Glasses ever shown in Annapolis County. His stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver-plated ware is second to none, and is marked at astonishing low prices. Give him a call and verify the truth of the above statement. Repairing a Specialty.

O. S. MILLER, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC Real Estate Agent, etc.

RANDOLPH'S BLOCK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Direct Evidence A. STANLEY BANKS.

VOL. 23.

ITS

NERGY

LECTRIC

VERLASTINGLY

RADICATES

Inflammation



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1896.

Every Mother should have it in acts promptly; It is always ready for use; It is the oldest; It is unlike any other; It is superior to all others; It is unsuled to the state of the state o Maxims in Rhyme. BY PASTOR J. CLARK. Scattered energies are wasted;
Misspent hours are worse than lost;
Are you seeking this world's favor?
Wisely pause, and count the cost.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

## Do You Want Furniture?

If you do, call at the old stand of J. B. REED & SONS, where you can inset an immense and comprehensive stock of Furniture, and where you will be avinced that a little money will go far towards furnishing your house in all the est, handsomest, and most approved designs.

Hardwood Bedroom Suites in Elm, 7 pieces, from - \$18.00 to \$38.00 Hardwood Bedroom Suites in Oak, from - - \$28.00 to \$65.00 Parlor Suites in Plush, Brocatelle and Silk Tapestries, \$30.00 to \$110.00 Sideboards in Elm and Ash, for - \$12.00, \$18.00, \$22.00, \$25.00 - \$25.00, \$32.00, \$45.00 Sideboards in Oak, for - - -

I am also selling a fine line of CARPETS at Halifax prices.

H. S. REED.

Frank Scott Reshionable Teilor Brielyetown

My Fall Stock of Cloths and Trimmings are now in. They are the finest I have ever shown and at prices that defy competition for the quality. I have also

THE CELEBRATED "TYKE" AND "BLENHEIM" SERGES, the only place in Bridgetown where you can buy them.

The workmanship, fit, finish and style of every garment I guarantee to be first-class and second to none in the county.

Call and Inspect Goods. It is a pleasure for me to show them.

Dr. J. Woodbury's

## HORSE LINIMENT

Is Infallibly the Cure for Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys.

AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY

IT HAS NO EQUAL:

In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles. Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers. F. L. SHAFNER,

MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.



**CURRY BROTHERS & BENT.** 

Bridgetown Wood-Working Factory. We beg to notify the public in general that we have recently purchased the premises or anyille street, formerly known as the J. B. Reed & Sons furniture factory, and are now equip we it with additional machinery for carrying to a general business in

Contracting and Building,

Doors, Sashes, Frames, Stair Work, Mouldings, Clapboards, Sheathing, Flooring, Shingles, Laths, etc., and will constantly have on hand a full stock of Lime and all other Building Materials.

Our motto will be "give overy man a good job." We have come to stay, and if you want a building of any kind put up let us know, and we will give you a figure that will suit the times.

WANTED: -Seasoned Spruce and Pine Lumber. Correspondence from all points respectfully solicited.



\$100 Reward -IF NOT CURED BY-TUTTLE'S ELIXIR

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A. For Man or Beast it has no Equal. Sure Cure for Colic, Black Water, Spinal Menin-gitis, Sprains and Joint Affections in Horses and Don't fail to try TUTTLE'S FAMILY ELIXIR for Rheutism and all Aches and Pains. The Latest Discovery of the Age.

Sold by all Druggists. C. H. R. CROCKER, Gen. Ag't, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N.S.

What are trials, what are hardships, When the heart is fired with love? Prize your earthly home, but ever Seek a better home above.

Prayer is never unavailing
Though we gain not all we crave;
God, in His great love, is always
Near to strenghthen, comfort, save.

Which is greater, gatherer, singing, Or the man, that sowing, weeps? Patience! when the Lord appeareth Each his rightful portion reaps.

Sense can only see the present.
Fraught with darkness, conflict, woodfaith beholds the coming glory,
Sees the dawn of heaven below. None but disobedient children Dread their heavenly Father's rod; Men may get away from places, Not from conscience, not from God.

Wearying toil is not for ever, Heaven's own rest is drawing nigh; All our thorny griefs shall blossom Into glory by and by. Turners Falls, Mass.

Blow hard, old north wind, at the door, Blow hard, old north wind, at the door, Pile high the drifting snow, But there are kindly joys within That summer cannot know; For glowing hearths make gladsome hearts For all who haply come Beneath the cheering benison Of winter time at home.

Huge, crackling fires, whose flames in glee
Roar up the chimney flues,
The low-ceiled room where busy dame
Her wifely task pursues;
And happy, romping girls and boys,
Who gather in the gloam
Around the fire, proclaim the joys
Of winter time at home.

Within their closely-sheltered sheds
The cattle warmly doze,
While snug beneath the shelving stacks
The pigs in bliss repose;
Deep sounds of comfort and content
From every quarter come,
For every creature feels the charm
Of winter time at home.

The house and stables, sheds and stacks The house and stables, sheds and state Wear hoods of purest white; And level with the fence-tops go. The teams to left and right.

Afar the billowy snow fields stretch. Like sea waves capped with foam, And tinkling bells the pleasures tell. Of winter time at home.

Bliss is the season and the spot Where homely joys prevail! Where all may find a haven kind From tempests that assail!
And longingly will turn the thoughts
Of luckless ones who roam Of luckless ones who roam . . . To the warm hearths and warmer hearts

Select Ziterature.

-Mortimer C. Brown in Good Housekeeping

In a Border Town.

(By A. S. Duane, in Munsey, Jan., 1896.) The little town of Brownton was like amp. The inhabitants had forgotten the time when white tents had not shone on their hilltops, and uniforms of blue or gray had not made color in the streets. It was Georgia Zouaves had come, had danced and ridden horseback with the prettiest of the girls in the southern families, only six months before; and now the town was in the hands of a Vermont regiment, with a colonel as grim as one of his own rocky hills, and officers and men who knew more about

plowing than dancing.

Many of the Northern sympathizers had crossed the river into Ohio during the Southern occupation; but when the Federal troops came, the Southerners were cut off from their own. They found a great many of the more outspoken of the townspeople haled up to take the despised oath of allegiance to the United States; and after that, hatred burned all the deeper that it was repressed. Old friends and neighbors who had visited daily for years, looked the other way when they passed on the street which ran sociably twisting its way through the town, accommodating itself to the shape of everybody's front yard.

Only "the Roses" had remained friends in all this unpleasantness. Rose Allen and Rosie Miller had been friends from their babyhood. Their families had never been intimate. The Millers were of the soil; their great grandfather had been an elegant gentle-man in the days when the Allens were mere dependents. In later years, the Allens had made money in speculation, in any and every way. "Traders," the Millers called then temptuously. The crowning insult had ome when Mr. Allen married the beautiful but poor girl with whom Mr. Miller was in love, and built a porticoed, cupolaed house next door to the old colonial mansion where four generations of Millers had been born, had brought home brides, and had been car-

ried out for the last time.

But all the spite and heart burning had ever touched the children. When they rew older they found a shady place wher the palings were broken in the old garden fence. Rose sat in her little chair on her side, and Rosie on her stool on her own ancestral soil, and the children of wax and ood, and rag and corncob, made perilous urneys into forbidden territory. It was when they went to school and came dancing nome, their arms about each other, that people began to call them the "red and white

Rose Allen, black eved, red cheeked, daring, pert, and saucy, was no prettier than Miller, with her yellow curls, and soft, shy blue eves. But Rose was the leader. always. She took possession of her gentler friend, and, if there was no other way, stormed her into submission. But the other girl or boy who was not sweetness itself to Rosie had to tread a thorny path.

The friendship lasted even to the evil day when armies pushed each other back and forth over the broad, sweet country, and Brownton became a camp. While Mr. Allen had opened his house to the "Northern in army contracts, Mr. Miller had taken with him the sons of the old Southern families in the county, and had offered his ser vices to the Confederacy. The seriousness of war did not touch the light hearts of the Roses. When the boys from Dixie were riding through the town, there was always a merry party of them at the Miller house; and when Rosie rode out with them, Rose Allen went too. She had no prejudices, and laughed when Rosie turned her face indignantly from the sight of a blue uniform.

That night Rosie sat all night long at her was going about his work.

would bring him food and all the news she was able to collect. How he did his work

said sadly. "I think her father must have nothing else."

rmosas by the syringa walk, and Rose sat | gloved hand on the black horse's mane, he here for a moment to tie her shoe. Her head seemed to be pleading, and from the look in Rose's face she was tantalizing him. Perhid her face and hair. The walks were cov- haps, after the humiliation that had come to ered with tan bark, and soundless. It was her once, she liked to hear that she was loved dark in the arbor, except where a beam of in her own person. The earth was soft and the horse's made Suddenly Rose felt a pair of arms around no sound. A ledge of rock, hung with leaf-

less vines, jutted out into the road. As the riders passed this, they came face to face with a man in a ragged blue overcoat. surprise, and her cheek grew white. She cut her horse with her whip, and the man stooped and lightly kissed her. Then, laugh- jumped aside or she would have ridden over him. The colonel raced half a mile before h caught her.

"What was it? A bolt?" he asked. "Only one of those rebel officers I thought you had driven out of the country," she said

in a tone of annoyance.

The colonel from Vermont wasted no words, but when he reached the camp he cried, and, lifting her lashed whip, struck gave some orders, and one of them referred him a stinging blow across the face. Then,

That night Rosie slipped out of the kitcher door with her basket of food under her cloak, A day or two later, Mrs. Miller asked what and waited in the arbor. The leaves were had become of Rose. Nobody knew. They off the vines, and the moonlight was clearer than on that other night; but all around the the neighboring county.

Rosie's life was so full that she forgot the and dark. She did not see two men steal mrade of her girlhood, as many a girl has close to the summer house as Wrenn came done before. Wrenn explained his cut face | through the door. While he ate his supper as a "camp accident." Meanwhile Rose, in she softly whispered to him, happy in his

> The two men had drawn closer. One had crawled to the fence and signalled, and half a dozen had followed him back. "You have all you want?" Rosie was say-

As if his words had been a signal, a light flashed upon him, and they looked up to see the barrels of revolvers in their very faces. sitting room, and 1 am afraid that there The summer house had only one doorway, were some which fell upon Rosie's fair cheeks and all the men had gathered there. Quick from a pair of black, boyish eyes. The as lightning, Rosie was between those cruel chances of war might mean that this was a round steel eyes and Wrenn.

In a week the Vermont regiment was firmly had been no word until Rosie's cry, but as Wrenn sprang, two shots rang out, and the girl, putting her hand to her breast, fell as walk by with never a glance toward her old Wrenn threw himself to the ground. He might have gone had he not seen her face. a little while before, but now her life was He knew every foot of the ground, and he full of a new interest. There were long let- had an instant's start, but that sight stopped him, and his second's grace was over. the constant expectation of some word from him. He had changed his regiment, and volver, he was caught, overpowered, and volver, he was caught, overpowered, and

"It's no business of yours," the soldier said roughly. "It's your own funeral you want to be thinking of;" and he pressed his hand around his own throat suggestively. "In God's name, man, let me see if she is dead, and take her to her mother!" The sergeant lifted her. "She is not

and Wrenn was led toward the camp while they carried Rosie into the house, still unconscious, her curls wet with the blood that an from a wound in her shoulder. Matters went rapidly with a spy in those days. A court martial was called at ter

o'clock the next day, and half an hour later Harry Wrenn, captain in the Tenth Georgia was sentenced to be hanged by the neck un til he was dead The news flew over the country. Every body had known and loved the gay boy, and the story of his fate came like a physical shock. Union men by the dozen went to the camp and implored mercy for him, but the Vermont Colonel only looked in grim denial

out of his hands, he said. The court martial had sentenced the prisoner. The sentence would be carried out in due course. Rosie, weak, unable to move, lay in he own white bed, and watched her mother's tears. It was after the sentence had been pronounced, while women stood weeping in their doorvards for the boy they knew, who might have been son to any one of themweeping in a community of sorrow which sought comfort from the general grief—that

Mrs. Miller found Rosie looking at her con "I know what has happened," she said. "Harry was killed." " My dear-"

they should have taken him." A shudder went over her. "You must be calm." "I will be. I am glad he was killed, if he could not get away. Will you send for Rose? She is so strong." Rosie seemed to

"I would rather it had been so, than that

have forgotten the estrangement. Rose, dumb with agony, white and miserable, was in her own room. "I cannot go, I cannot," she said, but in moment she rose and pushed back her

braids, and stepped across the lawn. if I could not take care of myself almost any-Rosie looked up in her face, her blue eye dry. "Will you hold me Rose? They have "I will not let you go out into this town, killed Harry;" and the stronger girl, the girl who loved him too, and who had betray-

came the sound of fifes and the solemn roll of drums. Aunt Cely looked out of the window, and with a cry of "Oh, my sufferin' Jesus!" put her apron over her head and rocked in hysterics on the stairs. The man he had grown to be! Upon him rested soldiers were marching around the cart on NO. 49.

"What is it?" Rosie asked drowsily. white curtained window, and looked at the They had given her opiates until her senses

were dull. Rose spoke rapidly, her breath coming in gasps. "It is Harry's funeral," she said. 'They are giving him a military funeral, diers honor him. Will you let me go I must,

Rosie began to cry weakly, and Rose put

her down and ran from the room. She

rushed past Cely like a wild thing, her lip caught in her teeth. There was no time to saddle a horse. There was only one horse there, her father's fierce colt, which no woman had ever mounted. With strong hands the bit was pushed into his mouth, and springing to his bare back, Rose whipped him to his highest speed. There was a meadow between the Allens' house and the camp. She must cross it, and get back to American Nervine Tonic, which I did with that awful wooden frame behind the hill, before \_\_\_ She must not think. The horse rose like a bird to the fences, his hoofs fairly eating the ground under them. Sentries tried to stop her at the edge of the camp: one grasped her bridle, but the half wild horse tore loose. Her hair was falling about statement, which I want you to publish far

while he stood up bewildered. Her voice was husky with emotion.

"Reprieve Wrenn," she said, "and telegraph the president—he always spares a life!" And then as if his understanding were too slow for her eagerness, she shook his hand. "Write it! They are killing him

"Why do you care?" She heard suspicion in his voice. "He is to marry my friend, and I love her," she replied.

For an instant they stared into other's eyes. Then Rose's fell. "I ask you this in the name of

for you," she said. "Fire a signal and run up a flag that the execution is to be delayed. Make haste," he said to the officer who stood there.

If We Can Defy old Laws of Light, Why

Little by little we see the foundations of that mighty structure, natural laws, hither- the carpet \$1,700 in gold. In leaves of to deemed invulnerable, crumbling under the bombardment of scientific investigation and discovery. In how many minds, only of \$20, \$50, and \$100 were discovered, aggrefive years ago, was there any questioning as to transparency and opaqueness of bodies? sometrs, hats, pots, kettles, door cracks and The properties of light and the substauces it acted upon were accepted as "laws," and investigations in which these elements were was brought to light, until between \$6,000 factors were carried on with these "laws" as the corner stone. Let us not call Prof. Roentgen's discovery

a "chance"; call it the result of persistent investigation on lines suggested by the lar. Money is believed to have been hidden telligence of man. And on this basis let us mises are being guarded from thieves. lay down the broad proposition that there are ne "fixed natural laws," but that certain weeks ago her mother died, and 15 years ago accomplished their overthrow, and concerted and intelligent attack upon any of the so-called laws will secure the accomplishment of ends scarcely dreamed of.

Having this in mind, why should not we combard the so-called fundamental law of gravitation? There is absolutely no reason why it cannot be overcome as well as that

It is probable-nay, certain-that many scientists (and others) will continue to plod and die in their efforts to construct flying machines fashioned after the birds, and that their efforts will be seconded by contributions of money by well-meaning and enthusiastic laymen But one of these days some quiet investi-

gator will announce to the startled million that he has overcome gravitation (the attract tion of the earth) and can soar at will, under perfect control, without the aid of gas bags, wings, aeroplanes, many-bladed propellors, or steam engines encased in cardboard boxes. And the writer expects to live to see it,

How many "flying machine cranks" (and others) have attempted to eliminate gravi-tation? They are all trying to get around it by devising mechanisms designed to float on the air. The air has been the prime factor in their calculations. Let them drop is and tackle the elimination of gravitation. I is a possibility.

Maple Sirup and Sugar.

In a bulletin from the New Hampshir station it is stated that experiments in let ting sap stand for several days before boiling, filtering sap, and rapid and slow evap oration had no decesive effect on the composition of the sirup. The sirups from soft maples were somewhat inferior to those from rock maples both in color and flavor. Delay in boiling sap did not seem to affect the color of the sirup, but injured its flavor. Sap that was kept five days and then boiled gave one of the lightest colored samples proed. The rapidity of boiling had little influence on the color, samples of sirup from saps that we allowed to slowly simmer away ing as light colored as those from similar

saps boiled rapidly. duced by boiling a quantity of sap until fin-ished, without addition of fresh sap. One sample produced by boiling about two quarts of sap in a large glass beaker until it was thick sirup, without addition of sap and without skimming, had little more color than the sap from which it had been made. This sap was from covered buckets and was thoroughly strained through cloth before boiling. Sap filtered through quartz sand produced a sirup in no way superior to the preceding, while one filtered through boneblack lost almost entirely the characteristic maple flavor. Sap mixed with rainwater gave a sirup objectionably dark colored. Dark sugars contained less saccharose and more reducing sugars than light sugars and had a much

lower purity coefficient.

Experiments during three years in tapping at depths of from 11 to 6 inches ind cated that the flow of sap is largely depen-dent upon the depth of the tapping, the deeper the hole the greater the flow, and that the theory that all or nearly all the sap comes from the outer wood is erroneous. girl who loved him too, and who had betrayed him to a shameful death, took the gentle, suffering body in her strong arms and held it.

The results of comparative tests of tapping the north and sound sides of trees favor the latter. A single hole yielded slightly more sap than two holes close together.

—Dr. Koch's cure for consumption went up like a rocket and came down like a stick; but Puttner's Emulsion still shines with undimned lustre as the best remedy for wasting diseases.

SOLICITOR.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Ba of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Soot Annapolis, N. S.

EXCELLENT.

## Beyond the Power of Pen to Describe.

Is the Verdict I would Give of Your Wonderful Medicine, South American Nervine.

I have been a continual sufferer from Ner. vous Debility, Indigestion, Dyspepsia and doctors and specialists without avail. Reduced by a friend who had been cured of the most astonishing results. The very first five bottles completely cured me, and best of

done for me prompts me in making this her bare neck when she dropped at the door of the colonel's tent.

He sat, grave as ever, writing at his camp table. Rose fell to the ground before him, May South American Nervine ever pros per, and its proprietors reap the reward they

so justly deserve, is the prayer of Yours truly, D. G. OWEN, Picton, Ont., Dec. 19, 1895. Sold by S. N. Weare.

Hidden Wealth. OUEER PLACES OF CONCEALMENT CHOSEN BY

A short time ago Sarah Lewman, a spinster, aged 46 years, died, leaving an estate character and hoarded money. She was rarely, if ever, seen off the tarm near Jeffersonville, Ind., where she was born, and knew nothing of the ways of the world. Under denosit her wealth in a place more safe.

County-clerk J. C. Lewman was appointed administrator of the estate. He visited the homestead to make an examination of the books, old cans, out of the way nooks and walls money was found in liberal quantities. and \$7,000 had been gathered. All the money is in excellent state of preservation.

Additional \$1,000 in gold was found

quickened conception of the fin de siecle in- in the barn and other outhouses. The pre-

conditions exist only because we have not her father. Silas Lewman, committed suicide Mary Anderson Declines Princely Offers. Offers, princely in their nature, are re-

peatedly being made to Mary Anderson de Navarro to return to the stage, writes Ed ward W. Bok in March Ladies' Home Journal, but she turns a deaf ear to them all. big fortune if she would consent to return to the stage for a brief period. There were six figures in the amount stipulated, and the first figure was equal to the total number of numerals in the whole amount. But it had no effect upon her. She turned away from it easily and without an effort. "No," she said, "I am through with the stage." And

Mirror of a Town's Doing.

The newspapers of a town are its looking glasses says an exchange. It is here you see yourself as others see you. You smile on them and they smile back at you; you frown on them, and you are repaid in kind. They are the reflex of town. If the town is doing business the newspaper will show it in its advertising columns. If the merchants are spiritless, shiftless fellows, whose stores are jumbles of junk and jam, the newspapers will show it by lack of space they take. If you want the world to know that you have a live town you can only let it be known through its newspapers.

The Maine Central Man.

Everybody on the road knows W. A. Kimball, the clever advertising agent of the Maine Central. His views on any subject are worth hearing. When he says that after having suffered for years from dyspepsia he was completely cured by Hawker's dyspepsia cure his words are golden winged messengers to all sufferers from indigestion or dyspepsia. He writes as follows;—"I have suffered for years with dyspepsia, and Hawker's dyspepsia cure cured me. I suffered terribly at times from the disease, but the cure has been complete. I recommend all sufferers from the same cause to take Hawker's dyspepsia cure." This is terse and to the point. Hawker's dyspepsia cure is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.,) St. John, N. B.

friends, do not look for them. If you do not want to find your enemies, do not hunt for them; they will hunt for you. And what is worse, they will find you, too. I have known men who have passed all their lives hunting for things which nobody wished to have discovered, and which only made the finders miserable. There are men who can-not smell a heliotrope held at their lips, but have a nose for carrion that would be a for tune to some poor struggling buzzard. He never looks for a good point about any man. He finds the spots on the sun, sees not one ray of its brightness. A clear running brook gives him the hydrophobia, a mud puddle is a reviving Turkish bath to his mean little soul. If he could go to heaven he would be of all men most miserable because he could find no mud to throw at the angels!

Withheld His Opinion.

Papa—Who's the smartest boy in your school, Bobby?
Bobby—Well, Tommy Jones says he is, and teacher says Billy Barlow is, and I—well, I don't like to say who I think is, 'cos I ain't as conceited as Tommy.

—Madame Albani, the famous Canadian prima donna, who is considered by many critics to be the superior of Patti, is to sing in Halifax, March 30th and April 1st. This will be her only appearance in the maritime

It was while the Georgia Zouaves were the decision whether a considerable force which Wrenn sat, bound, on his way to the swaggering through the streets, each one of should be brought here to push the Union scaffold. The colonel had decided to make

camp fires on the hill. Somewhere, holding in the South and its cause. His experience his life and her happiness in his hand, Wrenn Every night she saw him. He would slip through the garden and find her in the rose bower, cold and wet enough now, where he had first told her he loved her; and she

One night Wrenn spoke of Rose, for the

"I heard to-day that she was to marry the colonel of the Northern regiment here," he said carelessly. If it were true, she might "The war has parted us at last," Rosie

The next afternoon Rose Allen, on her big

to a slim, bearded man in a ragged blue army

"Go!" she gasped out, and he "Is she dead?" he asked.

in the positions of the two armies, which dead. We will carry her in," he said kindly,

Southerners had made a great mistake in giving up their position there. One night, about dusk, a man in a tattered blue army overcoat knocked at the Millers' back door. All was quiet about the house. Aunt Cely, the cook, had finished everything but the waffles for supper, and was singing softly to herself while she buttered the irons One would have supposed that a hungry Yankee soldier would have gone on to the next house, where they were giving a dinner party, and where every window shone, yel

candles fall on the stranger, with his bearded face, and on his blue coat. "G'long 'way frum heah!" she said. "We ain' feedin' no po'h white trash.' "Is your mistress at home?" "None yo' business." ner to buy it? I need money."

horde," and was reputed to be making money

them a brilliant and picturesque hero, that | men back. tenant of the company. He was only a boy, full of dash and enthusiasm and entire belief was as callow as his moustache, the dark shade of down over his upper lip, that was merely an accent on his handsome face, bringing out the flash of his white teeth. When Rose argued the cause of the Union, and flung jeers at the South, Wrenn thought she disliked him. He was gentle in his replies, because she was Rosie's friend, and she never knew.

could talk of other things than the war. He | first time since that night in the early sumtold her of his home in Georgia, and before long the tale was one of personal interest to Perhaps it was shyness, or the birth of joy at having a new world of her own, which made Rosie keep her secret to herself. The "The war has parted u box bordered, syringa shaded walks of the garden became a veritable lovers' lane, but forbidden her to speak to me. It can be jealous of the Miller influence, and kept her daughter with her as much as possible. But black horse, the big white feather that curled one night Rose ran away. She had been riding until dusk, and then had slipped from rode by the side of the colonel from Vermont the stables into the old Miller garden through along a narrow road which led by the river the hole in the fence. There was an arbor covered with honeysuckle and heavy headed their horses, and the colonel had his white was bent, and the big feathered beaver hat

the young moon trembled through the leaves. her, and her head pulled gently back. "Rose," a voice said, "Rose!" It was a voice she knew, and her heart gave a choking throb, while her head went Rose looked full in his face, as he lifted it in against Wrenn's jacket.

"I knew I should find you here:" and he

ing, he gently pushed her face into the moonlight which lay in a bar across his sleeve. As the light struck Rose's happy eyes, the boy let her go almost rudely, and sprang to "Miss Allen, I-I beg your pardon-" he began, but Rose was on her feet.
"How dare you! How dare you!" she

ran, lost in the shadows of the trees, while Wrenn stood cursing his stupidity. heard the next day that she was visiting in

a frenzy of hurt pride, thought of him telling | presence there, despite her overshadowing Rosie of what had happened-thought of them jesting over it, perhaps, until her heart was black with anger at her humiliation. Not long after this the Southern regiment was hastily moved. The Yankees were coming in force, and the Georgians were obliged to retreat. Lieutenant Wrenn came to say good by to his sweetheart. There were tears shed on the braided jacket, as they sat together on the old haircloth sofa in the dusky

last good-by, although they told each other that it would all be over in a few months, | through the low window in the back. established, and the colonel was the constant guest of Mr. Allen. Rose would ride and friend. It would have cut Rosie to the heart ters to be smuggled through to Harry, and had been put on special duty near one of the | bound. generals. He might even be a general himself, if the war lasted long enough. He was a captain now. He had met her father and they were friends. "When this cruel war is over," was the burden and refrain of all

their letters. Fate could not be so hard as to part them. As the months went by, there were changes made Brownston a strategic point of importance. Correspondents began to speak of it in their despatches, and to say that the

low with light, through the trees. soldiers knew that the Allens were Northern at such as reached him. The matter was sympathizers. Aunt Cely let the light from the kitchen

"Will you take her this button, and ask It was a worn gold collar button. Cely cook it, and shut the door. She had seen the button before. A moment later she gave it into Rosie's hands as she sat scorching her face before the wood fire, reading.

oman whispered.

camp of wolves."

"Tell him to come here."

ing in the light of the fire. Rosie gave a little gasp.
"Harry!" she said, and flew toward him. "Your father told me to come here to you, but I will not stay. Nobody knows what the consequences might be if a spy were to be found in your house."

"You are safer here than anywhere else."

"You are not. I should be a poor soldier

"Thar's news from yo' pa," the negro

As the bearded, blue coated man entered

Suppose they were to trace me The servants must think that I was your father's messenger, and that I have gone."
"They will not trace you here." But he was proof against persuasion. He must go through the camp; he must know how strong it was. What a grave, serious

-K. D. C. Pills the best all round family pill on the market