(Continued from first page.)

innocence as of her own; but with her father's presence a shadow fell on them both, an uneasy sense of mutual distrust. Mr. Hayes laid countless traps for the young man, and became more and more convinced of his guilt.

"I find that giving the porter a small tip every day works better than a bigger one all at once," he said one morning, with careful nonchalance. "By the way, Mr. Green, can you give me two fifties for a dollar? My small change is getting low." Mr. Green gave him a strange look, and answered a little shortly:

"I'm sorry to say I can't. I'm going to get a bill changed in the dining-car at noon. I haven't any small silver left. Yet not an hour afterwards they saw him buy a paper with one of these bright fifty-cent pieces, for which his left pocket seemed a purse of Fortunatus. Mr. Hayes was jubilant, but Evelyn grew pale and depressed.

The day before they were due in San Francisco they were all three sitting on camp stools upon the rear platform. The talk turned upon mining, and then, very naturally, to silver and coining. In reply to some question of Evelyn's Mr. Green started to give a very minute description of the process of coining money, and had just taken one of these bright half dollars from his pocket by way of illustration, when he caught the suspicious glare Mr. Hayes had turned on him. This young man was too well posted in the matter of dies and acids. Mr. Hayes watched him with excited conviction as growing first red, then white, he broke off in the middle of a sentence and then dropped the half dollar back into his pocket. There was a dead silence. Evelyn wondered if it lasted an hour or a year, and if it was the breathing of her heart or the noise of the train that sounded so loud in her ears. Then Mr. Hayes rose and went into the car. The young man did not move. With a sudden impulse she turned to him, her eyes full of tears, as she said with a half sob:

"Oh, it is all so dreadful! Why need it have happened! Why did you——"

"Don't," said the young man, putting his hand over hers. "Don't say anything. We both understand, but it mustn't be spoken. It is terrible! When you look at me that way I could kill myself for having—made you anxious. I haven't known what to do. I have been so tormented between you and—you understand. But now I have decided." Evelyn laid her other hand on his in a sullen agony of fright.

"You won't do anything—anything sudden or rash?" she faltered. "Promise you won't—for my sake."

"I promise for your sake. How could I after knowing you?" Evelyn clinched her hands together and fought for her self-control. Then they went silently back into the car.

That last night of the journey was the unhappiest she had ever known. She had found her criminal and he had as good as confessed, and no detective ever cried harder over a successful quest. Some whispered words of her father's after she was in her berth had put the finishing touches on her despair.

"Are you asleep, Evvy?" he had asked, sitting beside her behind the heavy curtains. "I had such a brilliant inspiration after I left you and that counterfeiter of yours this afternoon. I think we've got him, little girl." Evelyn shivered and shaded her face with her arm. "Do you remember John Ames, one of Pinkerton's men that I did some work for once? Well, you wouldn't; it was some years ago. He is in San Francisco now, and so I telegraphed to him to come up the road and meet us."

"What for?" Evelyn demanded sharply.

"Why, to finish up our detective work, of course. By Jove! it was bright of you to put me on that young counterfeiter."

"Arrest him without any real proof—just on a silly suspicion? What right——"

"Sh-h. You'll rouse the car. We've got something more than a silly suspicion to go on. Besides, I telegraphed that it wasn't absolutely proved, but it would pay him to look into it."

"Oh, father, send word for him not to come! If it should be a mistake you know you would feel so silly. Our proofs really wouldn't amount to anything in a court, and if he were innocent you'd feel so dreadfully! Please telegraph——"

"For heaven's sake, Evelyn, don't be so unreasonable. The idea of backing out at the last minute! You make me tired!" And Mr. Hayes stalked indignantly away.

There was a coolness between them the next morning. They took a silent breakfast together at Sacramento, each furtively watching Alfred Greene, who seemed depressed and ate very little. Instead of strolling about the platform afterwards, they all three went straight back to the car and settled gloomily down in their respective sections. Just before the train started a well dressed woman entered, followed by two excited little girls. The young man sprang up.

"Why, Esther!" he exclaimed, kissing her affectionately. "How are you, babies? Isn't this jolly of you?"

"We came up to Sacramento last night on purpose to surprise you, and then we nearly missed the train after all."

"And, Uncle Alfred, we brought our banks," said the biggest little girl, tugging a tiny iron safe out of her coat pocket.

"You didn't forget, did you?" added the littlest, anxiously holding up another bank.

"Of course not," laughed the young man. "Here you are. Divide it even, Bunny." And from the right-hand pocket of his waistcoat he produced a handful of dimes, nickels and quarters, which he poured into the little girl's lap. Evelyn gave a sudden gasp, and Mr. Hayes murmured something not fit for publication.

"What's all this?" they heard the child's mother ask.

"It's the secret, mother," answered Bunny, rapturously, shaking her bank.

"Yes, that was our secret," said Mr. Green. "I promised them all the small change I got on the way out for their banks—it was their suggestion, by the way—so the day I left the Mint I had $10 changed into 50 cent pieces, and whenever I broke one I put the change away in another pocket for their especial benefit."

"You spoil them dreadfully, Alf," said his sister, disapprovingly.

Mr. Hayes and Evelyn stared at each other in blank amazement.

"What a pair of blooming idiots we have been, Evelyn!"

"We certainly have!"

"I don't understand it," said Mr. Hayes after a pause. "What was the matter with the fellow? He certainly did act the guiltiest for an innocent man." Evelyn was dazed. What had he meant by that half confession on the rear platform? And why was she so unreasonably happy? A low, "God bless my soul!" from her father broke into her reverie. He was staring in dismay at the middle aged man who came down the aisle, followed by two policemen. Mr. Green uttered an exclamation and half started from his seat as the man paused at the opposite section.

"I got your telegram, Mr. Hayes," said the newcomer. "We were watching for the man. If he's the one I think, I know him well. Will you point out the one you suspect?" Mr. Hayes was rapidly growing purple in the face. Evelyn had turned away, sick with fear, after one glance at the alarmed expression of the young man across the aisle.

"Certainly, Mr. Ames," stammered her father. "Just glance around yourself and see if you can pick your man." Mr. Ames shot a significant look up and down the car, then gave a nod of triumph.

"I spot him," he murmured. "It's the same one. "Thank you a thousand times." Evelyn shut her eyes, but a sharp poke from her father made her open them with a start. Mr. Ames walked rapidly down the car and laid his hand on the shoulder of the insignificant little man with the loud scarf.

"Well, I'll be shot!" said Mr. Hayes, solemnly.

The little man jumped up and tried to break away, but the policeman subdued him with a pair of handcuffs. Mr. Green sprang from his seat and hurried down the car. After putting a few questions to Mr. Ames he came back and said, with a beautiful smile:

"Mr. Hayes, won't you come across and meet my sister, Mrs. Norwood?" Mr. Hayes, still rather bewildered, meekly crossed the aisle, and Green dropped down beside Evelyn.

"I have a confession to make," he began.

"Oh, so have I," Evelyn interrupted.

"And I'm all mixed up. I thought you were a counterfeiter."

"Me!" Mr. Green broke into a hearty laugh. "That's one on me; for, you see, I thought your father was another."

"Father? What possessed you to think that?"

"Well, this is what made me think that something was wrong. I found it on the floor of my section." And the young man pulled from his pocket the scribbled-up paper on which she had composed her telegram to her father. "E. C. H. doesn't stand for Miss Crosby. Besides, a girl doesn't generally bear such a marked resemblance to her stepfather."

"Don't!" Evelyn protested, blushing furiously. "I've made an idiot of myself. But I did want to catch the counterfeiter, and all those bright half-dollars, and your saying your name was Green—I couldn't help suspecting."

"Green isn't such a bad name when you're used to it. Try it and see," he proposed, laughing. "But to go on with my evidence—the first day out the buffet porter gave me three bad half dollars in change. They were uncommonly good imitations, but I haven't been four years in the Mint for nothing. I showed him that they were no good, and he said a gentleman in the car had given them to him. He thought it was the gentleman with the young lady. Of course the fellow was mixed, but I didn't know that, and then your father made me more and more suspicious, he acted so peculiar whenever money was mentioned."

"It was because he suspected you," laughed Evelyn. "You did appear the guiltiest for an innocent man!"

"I'm not much on strategy. At first I wanted to cath him, and was afraid he'd slip away; but when I came to know you I gave up that little scheme."

"I don't half understand it all yet," said Evelyn hastily. "But we'll get it all explained sometime."

"Yes, sometime," said the young man. "Now, will you come over and meet my sister?" JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

A Popular Delusion.

It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to society in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him to retain a percentage of his gains to administer to his own pleasures or wants. He has his body, and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to society. In short, society is the master and man is the servant, and it is entirely as society proves a good or a bad master whether the man turns out a good or bad servant.

Let the Women Speak.

Mrs. A. Sampson 208 Bennington St., East Boston, writes: "I had been afflicted with dyspepsia for the last four years, was so bad that I did not dare to eat as it caused me terrible pain. Hearing of K. D. C. I procured a package. It gave me almost immediate relief. One package cured me. I have not been so well for a number of years. I cheerfully recommend it, and feel justified in saying that dyspeptics who can get this medicine have no excuse for suffering."

—A folding bed accident in Millbridge, reported in the Bangor *News* the other day, resulted in the death of Mrs. Susan Sawyer, wife of Captain Frank Sawyer, and one of the most estimable women in town. It was just after daylight. Mr. Sawyer had arisen, but Mrs. Sawyer was still lying on the folding bed, on which she slept, when suddenly the heavy wardrobe arrangement toppled over and crushed her beneath its heavy weight. Mr. Sawyer was unable to move it and called assistance. It required three men to extricate the woman, who was in a paralyzed state, her spine having been severed. She lived until Sunday afternoon.

Tired, Weak, Nervous.

Means impure blood, and overwork or too much strain on brain and body. The only way to cure is to feed the nerves on pure blood. Thousands of people certify that the best nerve tonic and strength builder is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What it has done for others it will also do for you—Hood's Cures.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

—A little Swedish girl, walking with her father on a starry night, was so attracted by the brilliancy of the sky, all lit up with twinkling stars from one end to the other, that she seemed to be quite lost in her thinking. Her father asked what she was thinking of so intently. Her answer was: "I was just thinking, if the *wrong side* of Heaven was so glorious, what must the *right side* be!"

—Wet feet, cold in the head, cold in the chest, are seasonable complaints. Hawker's catarrh cure cures cold in the head. Hawker's balsam cures cold in the chest.

—The engineer who stands by his engine when he knows he is rushing to early death, and the mother who gives her life away in particles to save her children, both emulate the character of Christ.—*Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.*

—Dandruff is due to an enfeebled state of the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer quickens the nutritive functions of the skin, healing and preventing the formation of dandruff.

—The best remedy for the dislike we feel towards anyone is to endeavor to try and do them a little good every day; the best cure for their dislike to us, is to try and speak kindly of them.—*Gold Dust.*

—The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest to us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.—*Kingsley.*

—To create an appetite, and give tone to the degestive apparatus, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—The best way for a man or woman to be somebody is to do something earnestly and persistently.—*The Century.*

MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM, once tried, always used.

—All sufferers from blood disorders can use Ayer's Sarsaparilla with assurance of cure.

MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM is a sure cure.

1895. A. No. 538.

IN THE SUPREME COURT.

BETWEEN

JOHNSTON W. OAKES, . . Plaintiff,

—AND—

WILLIAM S. CLARKE, MARY CLARKE, THOMAS RICE, and HENRY D. SABEANS, . Defendants.

Before MR. JUSTICE SAVARY, *Master Ex-Officio in Chambers.*

Upon hearing Mr. H. Ruggles, solicitor for the plaintiff herein, and upon hearing read the affidavit of the plaintiff herein, sworn to on the 17th day of January, A. D. 1895, and the exhibits therein referred to and the affidavit of the said H. Ruggles sworn to herein on the 19th day of January, A.D. 1895, and the exhibits therein referred to, and on motion it is ordered that the above-named defendants do appear to this action within thirty days from the date hereof, and that this order be published in the WEEKLY MONITOR newspaper, published at Bridgetown, in the county of Annapolis, for five consecutive weeks, by one insertion each week, and that a copy of the said Writ of Summons and of this order be forthwith sent by a prepaid post letter to the said defendants, addressed to them at Cambridge, in the State of Massachussetts, United States of America.

[L.S.]

And it is further ordered that the said publication and posting of this order and Writ of Summons shall be deemed to be a good and sufficient service of this order and of the Writ of Summons herein, on the said defendants, and that in default of such appearance the plaintiff may, after the expiration of said thirty days, proceed in said action to foreclosure and sale as this Honorable Court may hereafter direct.

Dated at Annapolis Royal, this 22nd day of January, A.D. 1895.

(Sgd.) RICHARD J. UNIACKE, *Prothy.*

43 5i

Neutral Sulphite of Lime,

—FOR—

Preserving Cider.

One package will keep contents of one Cask sweet all Winter.

FOR SALE AT

MEDICAL HALL,

BRIDGETOWN.

DEARBORN & CO.'S

Absolutely Pure

SPICES, HERBS, EXTRACTS.

USE THEM IF YOU WANT THE BEST.

Whole Pineapples in Syrup.

INDIA CHUTNEY PICKLES.

An Unequalled Relish.

DEARBORN & CO.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood; overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Emaciation, Consumption, Blood Diseases and all Forms of Wasting. *Send for pamphlet. Free.* Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

HELLO!

—AT THE—

London Fruit Store,

MIDDLETON,

They Still Lead in

Teas and Coffees.

Buy a pound, or three pounds and receive a beautiful Caddie free.

Ask for "Special Blend"

at 30c., and "I.X.L." at 40c. and 50c. per lb.
☞BEST VALUE IN TOWN, and suits all.

—ALSO—

FRESH CONFECTIONERY,

Fancy Soaps,

Fresh Crisp Cakes and Biscuits.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

S. C. MULHALL.

BARGAINS!

If you hear any of your friends asking where they can get Bargains, tell them that Mrs. Woodbury will sell the balance of her

Millinery, Fur Goods, and Ladies' Sacques

—AT A—

Discount of 20 p.c. for Cash.

She has quite a lot of **Fur Collars and Muffs** and a quantity of **Hats** left.

MRS. WOODBURY,

KINGSTON.

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS,

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.

T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

BRIDGETOWN

LIVERY STABLES.

N. E. CHUTE, Proprietor.

THE subscriber, having purchased the entire outfit and good-will of the Livery Business enjoyed by Mr. Wm. C. Bath for a number of years past, begs to notify his many friends and the travelling public that he is prepared, at a moment's notice, to furnish any kind of an outfit in single, double, tandem, or other styles, with or without drivers.

The capacious stables are roomy and centrally located, affording every facility for boarding and baiting.

Teams always on hand at station on arrival of all trains.

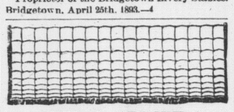
A specialty will be made of Trucking with moderate charges.

☞When you want a nobby fit-out, a place to bait your horse, or any information connected with the livery business, ask for

N. E. CHUTE,

Proprietor of the Bridgetown Livery Stables.

Bridgetown, April 25th, 1893.—4



PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE

Has the Highest Award in the World!

Is the unequalified approval of every customer. Our fence has won at every Fair or Exposition where entered. But what does a practical farmer care for that? The fighting qualities of a soldier are proven on the field of battle, not on dress parade.

Don't fail to keep it before the people that ours is the only perfectly self-regulating fence offered. Don't loose sight of the great saving in posts, as with some other fences the posts alone costs as much as our fence complete.

I believe we have the best fence for the money on earth. I base my belief on the fact that one string of fence sells lots more. Page fence has proved itself by far the best for farmers' use, and we know from the orders already received that our business will boom with that of the farmers.

A variety of fences suitable for all purposes: cemeteries, school grounds, hen yards, barn yards and hog yards, orchards, gardens.

Our Lawn Fence is *just right.*

A. B. PARKER,

General Agent for Annapolis County.

South Farmington. 4tf

FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED,

—AT THE—

Masonic Store, Bridgetown.

The subscriber has just replenished his stock of FLOUR AND FEED, and is now prepared to show as good a selection as can be seen in the town.

I am selling *GOLDIE'S FLOUR* at prices ranging from

$3.15 to $4.50

according to quality.

—ALSO—

A Pure Manitoba Flour,

which is giving general satisfaction.

MIDDLINGS from $1.25 to $1.35 per bag.

Cornmeal, Oatmeal and Feed Flour

Always in stock at Low Rates.

W. M. FORSYTH.

Bridgetown, October 8th, 1891.

SPRING SUITINGS

JOHN H. FISHER,

the well-known Merchant Tailor, now carrying on business at

ANNAPOLIS,

wishes to inform his many friends that his

Spring Stock

has arrived, and is now on inspection.

It embraces all the

Leading and Fashionable

—Lines of—

Scotch and English

CLOTHS,

and is beyond doubt the most extensive and varied display ever shown the people of the Valley.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

H. F. Williams & Co.,

Parker Market, Halifax, N.S.

COMMISSION - MERCHANTS,

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples Potatoes, Beef, Lamb Pork

and all kinds of Farm Products.

Special Attention given to Handling of Live Stock.

☞*Returns made immediately after disposal of goods.* 27 y

Exquisite Novelties

—FOR—

CHRISTMAS

—AT THE—

CENTRAL BOOK STORE

A PLEASURE TO SHOW GOODS.

HIDES AND PELTS WANTED

WANTED by the Bridgetown Larrigan Co., a large number of Hides and Pelts, for which the highest market rates will be paid. Place of delivery,—the Murdoch Tannery.

W. H. MACKENZIE, *Manager.*

Bridgetown, Oct. 10th, 1894. 28tf

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

It was originated in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician, to cure all ailments that are the result of irritation and inflammation, such as asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, chilblains, colic, cramps, cholera-morbus, diphtheria and all forms of sore throat, earache, fractures, gout, headache, influenza, la grippe, lame back, lame side, lame neck, mumps, muscular soreness, nervous headache, neuralgia, pimples, pains in chest, stomach or kidneys, ringworm, rheumatism, scalds, stings, strains, sprains, stiff joints, sore lips, sore lungs, toothache, tonsilitis, wind colic and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle nervine.

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use

Its special province is the treatment of inflammation. Its electric energy everlastingly eradicates inflammation without irritation. It is important everyone should understand the nature and treatment of inflammation. Send us at once your name and address and we will send you free, our new illustrated book. "TREATMENT FOR DISEASES." This book is a very complete treatise in plain language, which every person should have for ready reference.

The Doctor's Signature and directions are on every bottle.

If you can't get it send to us. Price 25 cents; six $2.00. Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., Sole Proprietors.

F. A. McPHERSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR

MIDDLETON, N. S.

Spring & Summer Suitings

IN THE LEADING PATTERNS.

ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS

FOR 1894.

Also Fine Worsteds, and a Large Assortment of Fashionable Trimmings.

GENTS' FINE SUITS A SPECIALTY.

$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, Spinal Meningitis, Sprains and Joint Affections in Horses and Cattle.

Don't fail to try TUTTLE'S FAMILY ELIXIR for Rheumatism 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.

☞AGENTS WANTED. WRITE FOR TERMS.☜

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY!

"Land of Evangeline" Route

On and after WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3rd, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted).

Trains will Arrive at Bridgetown:

Express from Halifax....	11.53 a.m.
Express from Yarmouth.	1.12 p.m.
†Accom. from Kentville..	10.05 p.m.
*Accom. from Richmond.	3.50 p.m.
†Accom. from Annapolis.	6.45 a.m.
*Accom. from Yarmouth.	4.00 p.m.

Trains will Leave Bridgetown:

Express for Yarmouth..	11.53 a.m.
Express for Halifax.....	1.12 a.m.
†Accom. for Yarmouth....	10.05 a.m.
†Accom. for Halifax.....	6.45 a.m.
*Accom. for Annapolis....	4.00 p.m.
*Accom. for Kentville....	4.00 p.m.

†Monday, Wednesday, Friday.
*Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.

W. R. CAMPBELL, General Manager.

K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

1894. **1894.**

Yarmouth S. S. Co., Limited.

The Shortest and Best Route between

Nova Scotia and United States.

THE QUICKEST TIME. 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

STEEL STEAMER

"BOSTON"

Until further notice will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS, after the arrival of the evening Express from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis' Wharf, Boston, at twelve o'clock, noon, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Ry, and coach lines for all parts of Nova Scotia. This is the fastest steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States, and forms the most pleasant route between above points, combining safety, comfort and speed. Regular mail carried on steamer. Tickets sold to all points in Canada via Central Vermont or Canadian Pacific Railways, and to New York via Fall River line, Stonington line, and New York and New England Railway.

For all other information apply to D.A., I.C., and N. S. Central Railway agents, or to

L. E. BAKER, Pres. and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treasurer.

Yarmouth, Nov. 1st, 1894.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., Ltd.

Annapolis, Digby and St. John.

PROPOSED SAILINGS,

Steamer "CITY OF MONTICELLO,"

or other Steamer.

JANUARY and FEBRUARY.

Wednesday and Saturday from St. John and from Annapolis (calling at Digby.) Sailing from St. John at 7.00 a.m., local time, and from Annapolis upon arrival of the Halifax Express.

Connections at St. John with all outgoing trains, and the International S. S. Co.

TROOP & SON, Managers, St. John, N. B.

J. S. CARDER, Agent, Annapolis.

FOR SALE!

THAT well known business stand situated in Melvere Square, well known as the Spinney Corner, and owned by Arthur W. Smith, consisting of a

Fine Store and Dwelling House

combined, and seven and three-fourth acres of choice land, a young orchard of 72 trees commencing to bear; besides several large trees turning off from eight to ten barrels of apples yearly. It is one of the best business stands in the province, and will be sold at a bargain. Three churches, a graded school, post office and an establishment of mills, all within a half mile.

For particulars apply to Arthur W. Smith, Kingston; or J. Randall, on the premises.

Terms easy.

Kingston, April 10th, 1894. 3 tf

HALIFAX

FRUIT & PRODUCE MARKET.

P. M. JENKINS & Co.,

General Commission Merchants.

We receive and sell on consignment all kinds of Fruit and Produce, Butter, Poultry, etc., etc.

PROMPT RETURNS MADE.

☞Good Bank references. 24tf

IF YOU WANT

ANYTHING IN THE

BOOT

—AND—

SHOE

LINE, STEP INTO

G. W. ANDREWS'

Boot and Shoe Room, and see his new stock

—IN—

Buff, Oil Pebble, Oil Goat, Calf, Dongola, French Kid, Kangaroo, etc., etc.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

—AND—

LOWEST PRICES

Ever shown in Middleton.

$1 buys a nice pair of Men's Boots!

Middleton, Aug. 21st, 1894.

To Arrive!

A CARGO OF

SPRINGHILL, BLACKSMITH,

—AND—

Stove Coal!

ALSO:

SYDNEY MINE COAL.

WATSON A. KINNEY.

Bridgetown, Oct. 24th, 1894.

WM. RAND,

CANNING, N. S.

—REPRESENTING—

FRANK RAND & CO.,

FRUIT BROKERS,

SPITALFIELDS MARKET, LONDON,

—AND—

BERRY & HOWARD,

WHOLESALE PRODUCE AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

86 Commercial St., Boston.

Consigners to either of our houses may depend upon prompt returns at highest market rates, and drafts made against consignments if forwarded with Bill of Lading attached will be accepted to any reasonable amount.

Shippers to our Boston house will be furnished free with blank invoices, shipping cards, and stencils with register number.

Cable address of London house "Rand, Spitalfields, London."

☞Telephone at Canning. 22 6m.

Lingard's Cough Balsam

—CURES—

Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 7th, 1894.

While visiting in Nova Scotia I took a severe cold, resulting in a sore throat and tightness through my chest. I tried Lingard's Cough Balsam and was relieved very quickly and surely. It helped my aunt, who was suffering at the same time, when all other remedies had failed. Very truly, MRS. W. F. BLAKE.

I. B. SNOW, ESQ., of Hampton, says:

Having used Lingard's Cough Balsam in my family I find it to be an excellent medicine for coughs and sore throat, and would recommend it to all who are suffering with like diseases.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of MINARD C. BEALS, late of South Williamston, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

THOMAS G. BISHOP, WM. A. CHUTE, JACOB L. BEALS, } *Executors.*

South Williamston, Dec. 24th, 1894. 39 6m

The Household.

Choosing Children's Associates.

There is nothing more important, nothing that more affects the individual all through life, than the character of associates during one's earlier years. It is absolutely necessary to surround children with the proper kind of companions if they are to grow up self-reliant, self-respecting, honest and well-bred.

To this end the home-circle must be widened and must take in much more than the immediate family. What shall be the course of study, what school is best, what garments are suitable to wear and the most nutritious food, are matters that engross a good share of the attention of many heads of families, but it is rare indeed that thoughtful and conscientious consideration is given to the selection of proper associates for children. The youngsters go out, meet comrades of all sorts and form acquaintances and friendships utterly without advice and restraint from their parents. If some boy or girl is particularly bad, the children are forbidden the companionship. Very many times this prohibition amounts to absolutely nothing, for the forbidden friend is pretty sure to be on hand on all occasions. Then there is punishment that seems unjust and therefore is the source of irritation, and often means more persistent clinging to the child who is objected to. There is a much stronger element of justice among children than most people seem to imagine. If they are told to avoid one of their playmates, they must have a reason for it and a good one. If the objection does not strike them as well taken, they are apt to let matters run on pretty much as they may, evading responsibility and punishment by declaring they cannot help it, for the child will come into their play and there is no way for them to do except stay out of the games altogether. Of course, this is not to be thought of, and the restriction goes for nothing.

Parents ought at all times to have a watchful eye upon their children's companions, and that, too, in their own home-circle. It should never be too much trouble to have the children's friends around the house. To be sure, they make a good deal of noise and confusion, but this is for the most part harmless pastime, although it may, on certain occasions, be extremely annoying.

Every parent should systematically cultivate the acquaintance of children in other families. When people have children to train, they take upon themselves with this responsibility an obligation to do the very best for them that their circumstances will allow, and this obligation can never be met by shirking one of the things that is all-important, a strict watch over the mates of the little ones.

A house that is too good to be opened for games and pleasures for the young will some day have a cloud hanging over it, caused by the wrong-doing and wrong-going of these same responsibilities. Nerves that are too sensitive to bear the noise and racket of children's company are very likely, in later years, to be torn with agony at a wasted life, misspent time and possible criminal conduct.

By all means set apart some portion of the dwelling for the benefit of the younger members of the household, and let their friends, their pleasures and their welfare have their proper place in the management of home affairs.

Changing the Fashion of Feet.

Every once in a while—how often one might almost be ashamed to say—there is a change in what is called the style of shoes; but in reality it means altering the natural shape of the foot, for this is just what it amounts to. The glaring absurdity of compressing the human foot into such forms as we frequently see on the street or in public conveyances ought to be evident to every sensible person; but unfortunately, there is a class of people who are willing to do anything for the sake of variety, and another class who do anything for the sake of gain. Between these two the poor feet of the human being has a bad time of it. Cramped and pinched into shoes not only too small but of the most distressingly distorted shapes, there is little wonder that there is more or less trouble with them, and that the owners of them are frequently ill with nervous prostration and various other diseases, many of which they cannot account for. It is unquestionably the fact that the feet and eyes are responsible for more suffering than any other portions of the human body. Possibly it is because they are the worse treated, and there may have been acquired or inherited tendencies toward weakness. One would hardly think of attempting to change the shape of the head, but it would be no more absurd than the practice of cramping the feet out of all symmetry and putting the nerves under a strain that cannot fail to prove disastrous to the entire physical economy.

—Those who have once used Hawker's balsam will have no other remedy for coughs, colds and bronchial sore throat. It is prompt, pleasant, perfect.

MINARD'S FAMILY PILLS are purely vegtable.

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GRAPES, ORANGES, LEMONS

H. E. REED.

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☞*All persons insuring before the 31st of Dec., 1894, will obtain a full year's profit.*

S. E. MARSHALL,

Nov. 28th, 1894. tf Agent, Middleton.

Joker's Corner.

The Pompous Man.

HIS POMPOSITY COST HIM ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY DOLLARS.

It was during the holiday season, and he was a very prosperous man. As he walked through the finest and most expensive store in town his air and manner seemed to say that he owned it—but he didn't, as everybody knew. At length he found himself in the hosiery department, and brave, indeed, was the display there.

"Give me half a dozen pair of those," he said, pointing to superb pair of silk stockings embroidered in a pattern as intricate as a Florentine mosaic.

The little clerk raised her voice timidly: "Excuse me, sir, but I don't think you want half a dozen pair of these; they are—"

The pompous individual interrupted her with a crushing look.

"Presume to dictate to me. I said half a dozen pair."

The clerk was silent. She carefully arranged six dainty boxes, each with its exquisite and elaborate contents, and then made out the bill painstakingly.

The pompous man drew forth his fat pocketbook and waited with a look of smooth condescension on his smug face.

"A hundred and eighty dollars, sir," said the clerk, quietly.

The man gasped. The stockings were the finest in the market. They retailed at exactly $30 per pair.

Her Answer to the Bishop.

The late Metropolitan of Canada, the Ven. Bishop Medley, never wearied of telling the experience of his early years of service. In those days the roads were in a very primitive condition and the country sparsely populated, rendering the journey from one backwoods settlement to another an unpleasant, not to say dangerous undertaking.

The Bishop, however, made periodical visits to the most outlaying parishes of his diocese in all seasons, and in the most inclement weather.

On one occasion, a violent storm being in progress, he was compelled to halt for the night at a log cabin by the roadside.

A rough but hearty welcome was accorded him by the inhabitants, to whom he was unknown. The man of the house at once busied himself with the care of the horses, while the woman set about the preparation of the evening meal. As the Bishop sat comfortably by the fire, his thoughts were of his mission to that lonely neighborhood.

"My good woman," said he, "are there any Episcopalians in this vicinity?"

I hardly know sir," she replied hesitatingly; "the men did kill something under the barn yesterday, but whether it was one of them things or not I cannot say for certain."

His Sum.

Kate Sanborn tells, in "Abandoning An Adopted Farm," a story of a big boy in a country school, who was clever enough in some studies, but hopelessly deficient in mathematics. The teacher, a man who had little mercy on a stupid pupil, one day lost patience with him entirely.

The boy had failed to do a simple sum in subtraction, and the teacher rubbed out the figures on his slate, put down six ciphers, and six more under them. He drew a line, handed the slate back to the dullard and said gravely:

"There! See if you can subtract that."

The poor boy gazed stolidly at the new sum. It looks queer and hard. He tackled it aloud, making hideous grimaces as he progressed.

"Nawthin' from nawthin' leaves—nawthin'. Nawthin' from nawthin' leaves nawthin'. Nawthin' from—nawthin'—leaves nawthin'. Nawthin' from nawthin' leaves—nawttin'. Nawthin' from nawthin' leaves—nawthin'!"

There, he paused confused; but, rallying all his brain power, he exclaimed;

"If I'm ever going to carry, I've got to carry now? Nawthin'—from—nawthin' leaves one!"

Eaten up With Curiosity.

"I vonld like to know very mooch," remarked Mose Schaumberg to Pete Amsterdam "if my brudder Sam vash an honest man."

"Ill tell you how to find out if he is honest or not," responded Pete. "Next time you go off to the train take him along to the depot, and just before the train leaves give him a $10 bill and tell him to change it. If he comes back with the change, then he is presumably honest."

"But ven he don't come pack?"

"Then you lose your $10."

"Shimminy grashus! Tid you suppose for a moment, Misder Amsterdam, dot I vas completely eaten up mit curiosty?"

A Fairly Big Fish.

Paddy had been telling the story of a big pike he caught, too big to get into the boat, so that he had to be towed behind (with the gaff in it, it must be understood). Then followed this dialogue: "What weight, Paddy?" "Divil a know I know, but he was an ojous baste." "Was that the biggest you ever saw, Paddy?" Then a description of the biggest. "What weight, Paddy?" "Sorra a bit I know—he was a terrer." "How big, Paddy?" "Sure, I can't tell to a fut or two, but a man could walk down his throat." On this incredulity, but Pa