Miscellaneous.

The New Phonograph.

EDISON'S LATEST IMPROVEMENT ON THE TALKING MACHINE.

(New York World.)

Thomas A. Edison was found in his Newark lamp factory, not at all disturbed by the criticisms of some scientific skeptics, who doubt that his coming phonograph will be able to do half or a quarter of what he claims for it. It answers to about two hundred questions more or less, Mr. Edison said:

'Perhaps I am wrong in telling you anything about my phonograph because what I claim for it is so extraordinary that I get only ridicule in return. I am so confident that when the apparatus appears it will dispel all doubts as to its practicability and working value that I can afford for the present to ignore all kinds of criticism and keep at my work regardless of the storm which I have been raising by telling a few people that there was such a thing as a perfected phonograph in existence. I am sure that while scientific men may doubt that I have succeeded as well as I say I have, they will admit that there is nothing at all impossible in what I claim, and that the germ of the perfected phonograph, should such a thing appear, is very clear in my old toy of ten years ago, which was exhibited all over the country, and was then acknowledged to be one of the wonders of the century. Just consider for a moment what my old phonograph is, and think how little is needed to be done to bring it to a working instrument. With my roughly constructed instrument of 1877 I reproduced all sorts of sounds, getting back from the phonograph something like the original sound. Of course, you had to yell into the thing and the reproduction of conversation was often something of a caricature of the original. Nevertheless, to obtain a result that could be understood was doing wonders, and most people who remember my exhibitions will admit that while I did not produce a commercial machine, I made a very interesting and creditable attempt and my wistling and singing phonograph was a wonder.

'There were all sorts of objections in detail to my first instrument. It weighed about one hundred pounds; it cost a mint of money to make; no one but an expert could get anything intelligible back from it; the record made by the little steel point upon a sheet of the tin foil lasted only a few minutes after it had been put through the phonograph. I myself doubted whether I ever should see a perfect phonograph, ready to record any kind of ordinary speech and give it out again intelligibly. But I was perfectly sure that if we did not accomplish this the next generation would. And I dropped the phonograph and went to work upon the electric light, certain that I had sown seed which would come to something. For ten years the phonograph has come up in my brain automatically and almost periodically. I would turn it over and over mentally when I had nothing else to think about. When I couldn't sleep at night, when travelling, when worried about business affairs, I would think the phonograph over and jot down any new ideas for future experiments. Eight months ago I began laboratory work upon it again. It is a finished machine — simple, cheap, effective, not liable to get out of order, and it does everything that I ever hoped the perfected phonograph might do.

'My phonograph will occupy about as much space on the merchants desk or at the side of the desk, as a type writer does. It will work automatically by a small electric motor, which runs at a perfectly regular rate of speed, is noiseless, and starts or stop at the touch of a spring. Suppose the merchant wishes to write a letter; he pulls the mouthpiece of the phonograph to him, starts the motor with a touch, and says what he has to say in an ordinary tone of voice. When he is done he pulls out a little sheet and rolls it up for the mail. The recipient places this sheet in a similar phonograph, touches the motor spring, and the instrument will at once read out the letter in a tone more distinct, clearer, more characteristic of the voice of the writer than any telephone you or I ever heard. The phonograph voice, is not a loud voice, perhaps not more than twice as loud as the sound you get from a good telephone, and an earphone will be necessary. This, however, may not be an objection, inasmuch as people do not always want to have their letters heard all over the office. In aiming for the loudness in the phonograph, I went astray in my first experiment; I should have tried for clearness. The present apparatus will satisfy anyone who is half satisfied with the telephone. Of course, there are no disturbances in the phonographic message such as those made by induction along a telephone wire, and, as the apparatus will repeat the letter over and over again, it is possible to understand every syllable, even in a noisy office. I was so overcome with the success of my first instrument, finished about six weeks ago, that I doubted whether I could make another equally good, and I went to work at once to do so; my second instrument works as well as the first, and I have forty workmen employed in making the tools for the manufacture of the first lot of 500 phonographs. They will cost $60 apiece.

'Now for some speculation as to what people may do with the phonograph. I am confident that it will be found in the office of every busy man. I am confident that the editor and the reporter of the future will never think of losing time by writing with pen or dictation to a stenographer when the printer can set type better from the dictation of the phonograph than he can from copy. I have already perfected an apparatus which allows the phonographic message to be given out in pieces of ten words each. The printer touches pedal with his foot and the phonograph says ten words. If he sets the ten correctly, he touches the pedal again and gets ten words more. If he is in no doubt he tries another pedal, which makes the phonograph repeat. In the future some method may be found of combining the phonograph and the telephone—that is to say, the phonograph may be made so delicate as to take down the sound from a telephone and give it again when wanted.

As yet I have not attempted anything. The vibrations of the telephone diaphragm are too delicate for use in the phonograph. In business I think that the phonograph will be used everywhere. Outside of business it is hard to say exactly to what uses it may be put. As it will record and repeat any kind of musical sound, and as the process of duplicating the phonogram, as I call my sheet of metal that has passed through, the phonograph and become impressed with certain sounds is very cheap, the phonogram copy of a lecture, a book, a play or an opera need cost but a trifle.

'For music I know that you will simply laugh when I tell you what I have done with the two instruments that I have finished. I have got the play of an orchestra so perfectly that each instrument can be heard distinct from the rest; you can even tell the difference between two pianos of a different make; you can tell the voice of one stager from another; you can get a reproduction of an operatic scene in which the orchestra, the choruses and the soloists will be as distinct and as satisfactory as opera in this sort of miniature can ever be made. Opera by telephone has been done in Paris and London more or less successfully, but the phonograph will eclipse the telephone for this purpose beyond all comparison, and phonographic opera will cost nothing, because the phonogram can be passed through the phonograph, if necessary, a thousand times in succession, and once the machine is bought there is no cost beyond the trifle for phonograms. For books the phonogram will come in the shape of a long roll wound upon a roller. To make the first phonographic copy of a book some good reader must of course read it out to the instrument; once that is done, duplication to any number of thousand or million copies is a simple mechanical work, easy and cheap. Now just think a moment what that means.

'Suppose you are sick, or blind, or poor, or cannot sleep. You have a phonograph, and the whole world of literature and music is open to you. The perfected phonograph is going to do more for the poor man than the printing press. No matter where he is, the poor man can hear all the great books read to him by trained readers, can hear as much of a play or an opera as if he were in the next room to the theatre, and all this is at a cost scarcely worth mentioning. I remember that when the telephone was first announced it was said that now people in the wilds of Africa or America might assist nightly at the performances of the Paris Opera House; the wires from that favored spot might run to all parts of the world. Well, we have not yet got to that, although it is a scientific possibility for the future to perfect in detail. But the phonograph will make such a thing perfectly easy. The phonographic record of a performance at a Paris Opera House can be duplicated by the thousand and mailed to all parts of the world. I don't know but that the newspaper of the future will be in the shape of a phonogram and the critic will give his readers specimens of the performance, and let them hear just how the future Patti did her work well, or otherwise. This sounds like the wildest absurdity, and yet, when you come to think of it, why not? Have I told you enough to make you believe I am joking? Well, I am no joker, and this is all the most sober kind of a statement. Within two months from now the first phonograph will be in the market.'

The reporter to whom Mr. Edison told all this in his usual earnest and quiet manner asked several expert scientists what they thought of it. Not one was found who was willing to say that there was anything impossible or even improbable in what Edison claims to have done. The points of detail mentioned as difficulties about which Edison had said little or nothing were, first, the scarcity of a good small electric motor, perfectly regular and perfectly noiseless. Secondly, the difficulty of making a recording sheet for the phonograph which would not wear out when passed through the instrument a great many times. This was one of the old troubles of the first phonograph. Edison says he has made a perfect motor and also a perfect material for his phonograms, but as yet he will not show either to outsiders.

As to the possibilities of such an instrument as Edison claims to have perfected, experts who have talked about the matter indulge in what seems to be far more extravagant speculation. One gentleman could not see why the phonograph should not be used for newspapers, except that there might be some trouble in selecting exactly what the reader wanted to hear. If the phonograph gave out the whole newspaper from beginning to end, advertisements and all, it might be too much of a good thing. In fact the advertiser if it were possible to skip the advertising columns, would have a hard time of it. Upon the other hand, the advertiser might employ the phonograph to attract attention by stationing one at his door to whisper out to passers the beauties and cheapness of his wares; it might become almost as much of a nuisance as the little electric figures which now keep up a constant rapping on the window-pane from morning till night.

The amount of talking which can be recorded upon the phonographic sheet is so much larger than what can be printed upon it that the phonographic book or newspaper of the future need not be half its present size. About the only thing that the perfected phonograph will not be able to do, will be to give pictures. The cost of running the phonograph, according to Edison, will be more than the cost of maintaining two cells which run the little electric motor — perhaps fifty cents a month. Three sizes are now being made — one size for the pocket, which will write 300 words on its sheet, another size for letters of 800 words, and a third size for 3 000 words.

A Sluggish Liver

Causes the Stomach and Bowels to become disordered, and the whole system to suffer from debility. In all such cases Ayer's Pills give prompt relief.

After much suffering from Liver and Stomach troubles, I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always find them prompt and thorough in their action, and their occasional use keeps me in a perfectly healthy condition.—Ralph Weeman, Annapolis, Md.

Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by taking Ayer's Pills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, assist digestion, and increase the appetite, more surely than any other medicine.—Paul Churchill, Haverhill, Mass.

INVIGORATED.

I know of no remedy equal to Ayer's Pills for Stomach and Liver disorders. I suffered from a Torpid Liver, and Dyspepsia, for eighteen months. My skin was yellow, and my tongue coated. I had no appetite, suffered from Headache, was pale and emaciated. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, taken in moderate doses, restored me to perfect health.—Waldo Miles, Oberlin, Ohio.

Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency resulting from Liver Complaint. I have used these Pills, in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction.—Otto Montgomery, Oshkosh, Wis.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and [illegible]

Sportsman's Delight!

The EUREKA
Breech-loading Fire Arms Cleaner.

1st. It is the simplest Cleaner for Guns, Rifles and other breech-loading Fire Arms that has been brought before the Sporting Public.

2nd It is handier to carry in your pocket than any other.

3rd. This Cleaner will last you a life time.

4th. It will not choke, scratch nor mar the inside of the finest barrel.

5th. It will clean all breech-loading Fire Arms in a trice.

6th. It is the Cheapest, Best and most Perfect Cleaner made.

7th. It brings a smile to the sportsman's face that uses this Cleaner.

PRICE, $1.00.

Sent by mail or express to any address in the Dominion on receipt of price. Send money order or registered letter. Give number of cartridge or shell. Address,

WM. E. FORSTER & CO.,
Manufacturers and Patentees,
LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

Saml. FitzRandolph,

—Dealer in Finest Quality of—

FRESH & SALTED MEATS,
PORK,
HAM,
BACON,
TRIPE, Etc.

—ALSO:—

ALL VARIETIES OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE
usually kept in a first-class Market.
Bridgetown, May 31st. 1886, n81y.

BEST ON *EARTH*

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THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new "Surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 25 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. SURPRISE SOAP is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 6 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

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ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

CARD.

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - N. S.
Office in A. BEALS' STORE. 16 tf

CARD.

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STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2
Office in
LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.
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Pictures and Framing in variety,
Christmas Cards,
And Fancy Goods.
I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine
JOHN Z. BENT.
Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

John Ervin,
Barrister and Attorney at Law,
OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING,
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REAL ESTATE & COMMISSION AGENT,
ANNAPOLIS, N. S.
REFERENCE BY PERMISSION.—Dr. D. McN. Parker, M. L. C., Halifax, N. S., T. D. Ruggles, Barrister, Annapolis, N. S.
Every attention given to the purchase and sale of Farms. Descriptions forwarded by Mail on receipt of Postage Stamps. n81y.

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(LIMITED.)

THE above Foundry Company in addition to their general stock of STOVES, PLOUGHS, HAY-CUTTERS, MILL-CASTINGS, TINWARE, &c., &c., are prepared to sell the celebrated TORONTO and MASSEY MOWER also the genuine RICHARDSON and CANADIAN BUCKEYE and other improved Rakes.

A large stock of MOWING MACHINE SECTIONS, GUARDS, GUARD PLATES, RIVETS, &c., &c., kept constantly on hand.

Extra Pieces for Mowers furnished on short notice. All repairs attended to with neatness and despatch. Charges moderate.

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Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y
Time Table.

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Sat. only.	Passengers and Freight Daily.
	[illegible] Mills—leave	[illegible]		
	[illegible]			A.M.
6	Round Hill	1 40	[illegible]	.....
14	Bridgetown	1 58	6 25	.....
19	Paradise	2 18	6 55	.....
22	Lawrencetown	2 33	7 15	.....
28	Middleton	2 43	7 30	.....
32	Wilmot	2 58	7 55	.....
35	Kingston	3 10	8 11	.....
42	Aylesford	3 19	8 25	.....
47	Berwick	3 37	9 00	.....
59	Kentville—arrive	3 55	9 20	.....
	Do—leave	4 32	10 15	.....
64	Port Williams	4 47	10 50	5 40
66	Wolfville	5 00	11 10	6 00
69	Grand Pre	5 08	11 19	6 10
		5 18	11 32	6 25
			P.M.	
77	Hantsport	5 44	12 05	6 58
84	Windsor	6 10	12 55	7 50
116	Windsor Junct	7 35	3 23	10 00
130	Halifax—arrive	8 10	4 10	10 45

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed., & Friday only.	Passengers and Freight Daily.
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
0	Halifax—leave	7 00		2 30
14	Windsor Junc—leave	7 40	7 15	3 30
46	Windsor	9 00	10 05	5 35
53	Hantsport	9 22	10 37	6 08
			P.M.	
61	Grand Pre	9 44	11 10	6 34
64	Wolfville	9 54	11 25	6 47
66	Port Williams	10 00	11 35	6 55
71	Kentville—arrive	10 15	11 55	7 10
	Do—leave	10 30	12 35	
83	Berwick	11 05	1 17	
88	Aylesford	11 21	1 40	
95	Kingston	11 39	2 [illegible]	
98	Wilmot	11 48	2 2[illegible]	
102	Middleton	12 00	2 58	
108	Lawrencetown	12 17	3 18	
		P.M.		
111	Paradise	12 27	3 33	
116	Bridgetown	12 42	3 55	
124	Roundhill	1 02	4 25	
130	Annapolis—arrive	1 20	4 50	

N. B.—Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, one hour added will give Halifax time. *Indicates that Trains stop only when signalled, or when there are passengers to set down. Full-faced figures show where Trains cross or pass.

Steamer Secret leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, a. m., for Digby and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis same days.

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

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 3.30 p. m. and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m.

Steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth every Saturday evening for Boston.

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

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leaves St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 8.40 a. m., and 8.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets by the various routes on sale at all Stations

P. INNES, General Manager.
Kentville, November 23rd, 1887.

FOR

BOSTON!

—:VIA:—

"PALACE STEAMERS"
—OF THE—
INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.,

Winter Arrangement.
commencing Nov. 14th.

BAY LINE.

Steamer "Secret" will leave Annapolis and Digby for St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

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The steamers of this line will leave St. John at 8 o'clock a. m., for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every MONDAY, and THURSDAY.

For tickets and further information apply to your nearest ticket agent, or to

FRED CROSSKILL,
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S. S. SECRET!

—:BETWEEN:—

ANNAPOLIS & DIGBY
—connecting with all points on the—
Western Counties Railway.

PASSENGERS from stations on the W. & A. R. will purchase tickets and have baggage checked to Digby only. Through tickets will be furnished, and baggage rechecked on the steamer to Yarmouth and intermediate stations, making through rates as low as via any other line, and saving any inconvenience. All passengers holding tickets between Annapolis and Digby will be furnished with a

FREE DINNER

on the steamer.

For further information apply to your nearest ticket agent, or to

R. A. CARDER, Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1887.

BREMNER BROS.,
Produce Commission Merchants,
259 and 261 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

APPLES, PEARS, PLUMS,
—and all kinds of Produce—
HANDLED ON COMMISSION.
QUICK SALES AND PROMPT RETURNS GUARANTEED.
LARGE DRY AND FROST PROOF STORAGE.

To Loan!

Money on Real Estate Security.
J. G. H. PARKER, Solicitor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 27th, '87. tf

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, PAIN IN THE HEART, THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors. TORONTO.

TOWN GROCES

Thanking their nu[illegible] present opp[illegible]

1885. 1885.

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THE BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,

ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.

MONUMENTS,
HEADSTONES,
TABLETS.
—IN—
Marble, Freestone & Granite,
of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice
ALSO
Furniture Tops!
Call and inspect work.
OLDHAM WHITMAN.
Bridgetown, Jan. 12th. 85'

Guns,
AMMUNITION,
HEAVY
WOOL SHIRTS,
Shirts & Drawers,
A SMALL LOT OF
GENTS' GENUINE
Plymouth Buck Gloves.
Apple Barrels.
B. STARRATT.

A Mill for the Public

—The firm of—
BOWLBY, BALCOM & Co.,
LAWRENCETOWN,
HAVE their NEW MILL now complete and are ready to saw
Shingles, at 75 Cents per M.
Lumber, at - - $2.50 per M.
Persons bringing logs can have their lumber to take home with them if desired.
—We want:—
500 CORDS STAVE WOOD,
for which we will pay $1.75 per cord. We will pay in Cylinder Staves or Heading, if desired. We want any amount of
SHINGLE WOOD,
—and plenty of—
LOGS TO SAW,
for which we guarantee satisfaction every time.
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To Meet the Pubiic Want
—we have added a—
CYLINDER SAW!
to our stock of Machinery, and can furnish
Staves and Square or Round Heading
—AT—
REASONABLE PRICES.
We have added a New Thresher,
—The 'AMERICAN LITTLE GIANT.'—
which will be in operation during the coming season.
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FOR SALE

At the BRIDGETOWN DRUG STORE.
GOLD WATCH CHAINS & Gold Rings
—:ALSO:—
LAZARUS' and MORRIS' SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES
all sold VERY CHEAP. Also
SHOULDER BRACES, TRUSSES of all sizes and kinds, a new and approved lot of PATENT MEDICINE, Ladies' and Gentlemen's DRESSING CASES, MONEY PURSES, CARD CASES, SHAVING BRUSHES, COMBS and BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, BIRTHDAY CARDS, PHOTO and AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS, FLESH, HAIR and HAT BRUSHES, in great variety.

The Century Magazine!

WITH the November, 1887, issue *The Century* commences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular circulation of almost 250,000. The War Papers and the Lincoln history increase its monthly edition by 100,000. The latter history having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years, and given the necessary survey of the political condition of the country, reaches a new period, with which his secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption

Lincoln in the War,

the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War and President Lincoln part therein.

Supplementary War Papers,

following the "battle series" by distinguished generals, will describe interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narratives of personal adventure, etc. General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."

Kennan on Siberia.

Except the Life of Lincoln and the War Articles, no more important series has ever been undertaken by *The Century* than this of Mr. Kennan's. With the previous preparation of four years' travel and study in Russia and Siberia, the author undertook a journey of 15,000 miles for the special investigation here required. An introduction from the Russian Minister of the Interior admitted him to the principal mines and prisons, where he became acquainted with some three hundred State exiles,—Liberals, Nihilists, and others,—and the series will be a startling as well as accurate relation of the exile system. The many illustrations by the artist and photographer, Mr. George A. Frost who accompanied the author, will add greatly to the value of the articles.

A Novel by Eg[illegible]eston

with illustrations will run through the year. Shorter novels will follow by Cable and Stockton. Shorter fictions will appear every month.

Miscellaneous Features

will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by Charles De Kay; papers touching the field of the Sunday School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; wild Western life, by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedrals, by Mrs. van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Pennell; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dreams, Spiritualism, and Clairvoyance; essays in criticism, art, travel, and biography; poems; cartoons; etc.

By a special offer the numbers for the past year [containing the Lincoln history] may be secured with the year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for $6.00, or, with the last year's numbers handsomely bound, $7.50.

Published by *The Century Co.*, 33 East 17th Street, New York.

To Our Readers!

WE have made arrangements with the publishers of the COTTAGE HEARTH, Boston, Mass., to offer the MONITOR with the Magazine this year.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH

Is a well known Family Magazine now in its 13th year, and is a favorite wherever introduced. It has each month MUSIC, FLORAL and HEALTH DEPARTMENTS, LATEST FANCY WORK, SABBATH READING, DEMORESTS' PATTERNS, APPROVED RECEIPTS, HOUSEHOLD HINTS, AND PRIZE PUZZLES FOR CHILDREN.

This Beautifully Illustrated

Monthly Magazine has among its many

CONTRIBUTORS

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, LUCY LARCOM, CELIA THAXTER, LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, GEORGE MACDONALD, MARGARET DELAND, AUGUSTA MOORE, ROSE TERRY COOKE.

It is a large 34-page, elegantly printed magazine and has attained a large circulation solely on its merits as a family magazine. Its

Price $1.50 a Year

is very low for such a desirable home magazine, but we offer to send it a year

FREE TO ANY ONE

Who will send us $1.50 for a year's subscription to the MONITOR and 50 cents additional making $2.00 for both the COTTAGE HEARTH and the MONITOR for a full year.

Sample copies sent free on application to F. P. Shumway, Jr., Boston, Mass. For further particulars address MONITOR, Bridgetown, N. S.

1887. A. No. 154.

In the SUPREME COURT,

BETWEEN
ALEXANDER OSWALD, Plaintiff,
—:AND:—
INGRAM B. PHINNEY, Defdt.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his deputy, at the corner of Queen and Granville Streets, Bridgetown, on

Saturday, the 14th day of January, 1888,

At Eleven O'Clock in the Forenoon, pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale granted herein on the 6th day of December, 1887, unless before the said day of sale, the amount due the plaintiff, with interest and costs, be paid to the plaintiff or his solicitor,

ALL the right, title, and claim of the above named defendant, of, in, and to that lot of land and premises situate at Melvern Square, and bounded thus: Beginning at the west side of the Stronach Mountain Road, so called, at the junction of the Mill road, so called; thence west along the south side of said Mill road four rods; thence south five rods; thence east four rods to the Stronach Mountain road; thence north along said road to the place of beginning, containing by estimation one-eighth of an acre, together with all and singular the appurtenances thereto.

Terms—Ten per cent deposit at the time of sale. Remainder on delivery of deed,

J. AVARD MORSE, *High Sheriff.*
JOHN ERVIN, Plaintiffs Solicitor.
Bridgetown, Dec. 13th, 1887. 5i

NOTICE!

The subscriber has just received his

HAYING TOOLS,

—consisting of—
Rakes, Forks, Snaths, Fine India Steel Scythes, Queen Edge Clippers, Grind Stones, Grind Stone Fixtures, also
Steel and Iron Nails, all Sizes.
CREAT BARGAINS
—:IN:—
Dry Goods and Boots and Shoes
Always in stock, BEST BRANDS
Flour, Tea, Sugar and MOLASSES.
TIN WARE; all kinds; Very Cheap.
—Two New—
OX WAGGONS,
—1 Second Hand—
COVERED BUGGY
THE whole will be sold at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE for CASH or APPROVED CREDIT.
Highest Prices Paid for Eggs.
I keep at the store in Williamston the same assortment of goods and sell at same prices.
J. L. MORSE,
June 30th, 1887. Upper Clarence. tf

WHAT GREW FROM A NEGRO'S FOOT.—It was rather an amusing incident that first brought to the attention of a truck farmer, of Charleston, S. C., the importance of firming the soil. It seems that a gentleman of color, having the constitutional weakness for chickens peculiar to some of his race, got into a hen roost and helped himself bountifully. In evading the high-road, he struck a bee line through a newly sown turnip field, where he left tracks that led to his detection. But these tracks did more. They showed to Squire Buncombe, whose chickens had suffered, that wherever the foot of the colored citizen had fallen, there he had a 'stand' of turnips, and nowhere else (for they had been loosely sown and the weather was dry). The lesson was heeded and has been worth tens of thousands of dollars to the farmers of South Carolina, who, it seems, were never before sufficiently alive to the importance of firming the soil until the unfortunate negro showed them the way.—*American Agriculturist.*

—A New York paper relates the history of a woman well known to many New York shoppers as the foreman in the suit department of a store. She is still on the sunny side of 35, with a pleasant face, a sweet, low voice, and a manner that helps her greatly in her profession. She gets very nearly $2,500 a year, and has a cheerful flat of her own, where she has books, and birds, and flowers. Her father died in Scotland 25 years ago, leaving a wife and three children in poverty. She was the eldest and only ten years old. Her sharp tongue offended a relative who agreed to take the rest of the family in charge, but not her. The mother refused to entertain the relative's plans. The girl would not stand in the way of her mother and brothers, so with a few childish treasures she stole away at night to a neighboring town, where in a couple of days she managed to hide herself on board a ship bound for America. On the third day out a white-faced child came up from the hole nearly famished. The captain swore a little, then laughed, and the women fed, clothed, and cosseted the only girl stowaway ever seen. At New York one of the women took the child to mind her babies at home. She learned to read, write and figure. At fifteen she was behind a counter in a shop; at 20 she was at the head of her department. She sent then for her mother. In five years more she was head woman in the big shop, and every two or three years her salary increases. She lives well and saves something each year.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Cleanse, soak, and boil a large, firm head of cabbage till tender then scoop out the inside, leaving enough for a solid outer wall. With the scoopings mix a cupful of fine breadcrumbs, a little salt, pepper and celery-seed and one small onion, cut fine. Beat up with this a tablespoonful of warmed butter and three eggs. Fill the cabbage with the stuffing tie around it a strip of cloth, and bake until brown. This is a dish which, with some tastes, supersedes all other forms of cooking cabbage.

—Some patients who have suffered for years from that extremely annoying affection, 'canker,' report that, after using unsuccessfully numberless remedies, they have found that it yielded quickly to teaspoonful doses of the flowers of sulphur. They took it every morning for a week, then omitted it for three days, and again went on until a cure was effected.

— English customs officers are puzzled what to do about goods made in Germany and France with English marks put on them, sent to England and then reshipped to other countries as English goods. If they permit the goods to pass through, discredit is cast upon English manufactures, and if they stay them English vessels lose the job of carrying the goods.

—Country Minister— Owing to a pressure of work last week, deacon, I was compelled to substitute a published sermon for one of my own this morning. Did you hear any remarks about it?

Deacon Jones—I heard Brother Smith say that it was by all odds, the best effort he had ever heard you make.

GOOD WAGES AHEAD.—George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, can give you work that you can do and live at home, making great pay. You are started free. Capital not needed. Both sexes. All ages. Cut this out and write at once; no harm will be done if you conclude not to do work, after you learn all. All particulars free. Best paying work in the world.

St. John Dec. 24.—Rolland Bunting, veterinary surgeon, and the best known horseman of the province, dropped dead in the city market this morning. Heart disease was the cause of death. He was 65 years of age.

—Two bright New Jersey young women dissatisfied with the money they made teaching, invested $50 in poultry. The first year their profits were $1,000, the second $3,000.

—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is recommended by eminent physicians, on both sides of Atlantic, as the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and all pulmonary disorders. Inquire of your druggist for Ayer's Almanac.

—Farmers in Wiltshire, England, have been obliged by hard times to reduce the wages of their laborers from one to two shillings a week, so that now eight shillings a week is the usual wage.

OF GREAT UTILITY.

There is no other medicine of such general usefulness in the household as Hagyard's Yellow Oil for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and all internal and external pains and injuries.

—Mrs. Mary McMahon of Vineland, N. J., is building a house, and the peculiarity is that she is doing all the work herself, acting as architect, carpenter, plasterer, and day laborer. She is 70 years old.

—There is a girl in Michigan 6 feet 8 inches tall, and when her lover stands on his tip toes and pleads for a kiss, she stoops to concur.

—A warm bath will often be found a valuable measure in cases of sleepiness.

—Heresy does not do half the mischief hearsay does.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Frederick Wieze, of Minden, Ont., suffered with running sores on both legs which the best physicians failed to cure. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him completely. Scrofula always due to bad blood, is curable when timely treated with B. B. B.

Joker's Corner.

The Pie was Delicious.

A gentleman whose friends were always glad of an opportunity to visit him because of his hospitality and good fellowship, remarked to an acquaintance yesterday that he would like to see him in the evening, as he had something he wished him to see and pass his opinion on. Now the friend knew it must be something good to eat, and so he began fasting for the remainder of the day in order to have an appetite. The time arrived and he speedily made his way to the demesne of his hospitable friend. Arriving he found several of the 'boys,' all with a look of expectancy on their countenances. After a desultory talk the repast was announced. The dining-room door was opened, and the delicious odor which assailed the nostrils of the party was the cause of a prolonged 'ah-h-h-!' in chorus. Our epicurean friends made rapid inroads into the delectable dishes. There was a great pie that attracted especial notice, particularly from one ravenous individual, who passed his plate several times.

'Who is your chef, Sam?' asked the hungry horde.

'I have a surprise for you. He is a Chinaman, and he has cooked me that identical dish for the last week. He does his own marketing and attends to everything, and is a jewel in the way of a cook,' replied the host.

'Well I should say he was,' remarked the heavy pie eater. 'May I trouble you for another piece of that pie?'

'What is that pie made of?' inquired one.

'I'm sure I don't know,' answered the host, 'but let us ask Chang.'

Chang answered the tinkling summons of the bell and put in an appearance.

'Chang, what kind of a pie is that?' asked the host.

A smile spread the mouth of Chang from ear to ear, as he asked:

'You like him?'

'Yes, we all like it.'

'Me likee him, allee samee. That weewee,' emitting a squealing sound.

'Pork. I thought so,' said the heavy eater.

'No, I think he means geese,' said one.

Chang smiled and shook his head. 'Me catchee him. Him lats-lats. No piggee—lats-lats.' Seven chairs were simultaneously vacated. Seven ghastly faces were looking at Chang. Seven pairs of hands were covering their stomachs, and 7 unsteady legs carried 7 very weak-in-the-knees men to windows and doors, and in the still, solemn, starry night night have been heard 7 sounds similiar to the suction of an old wooden pump, as one vied with