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James Primrose, D. D. S. Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Grandville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week. Bridgetown, Sept. 29th, 1894.

DENTISTRY. DR. T. A. CROAKER, Graduate Philadelphia Dental College, Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month. Middleton, Oct. 3rd, 1894.

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Canada Assurance Life COMPANY. All persons insuring before the 31st of Dec., 1894, will obtain a full year's profit.

Nov. 28th, 1894. Agents, Middleton. W. M. FORSYTH, BRIDGETOWN, April 1st, 1894.

Weekly Chronicle. SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST. VOL. 24. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1896. NO. 32.

Every Mother should have it! JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. It is the only liniment that is safe for children. It is the only liniment that is safe for the elderly.

LECTRIC ENERGY VERLASTINGLY RADICATES Inflammation without Irritation. LATEST OUT!



THE "DUPLIX" Hall Stove, Base Heater for Wood. I have a larger stock of Stoves of all kinds than ever before, which I am selling cheaper than ever.

CALL AND SEE! FURNACE HEATING & PLUMBING A SPECIALTY. R. ALLEN CROWE. Lawrence town, April 26th, 1896.

STARTLING INDUCEMENTS! As the Spring Season is now rapidly approaching, doubtless there are many households in the town, county and elsewhere who have decided upon placing in their dwellings new appointments in

FURNITURE. It is to those that the old and reliable Furnishing House, formerly J. B. REED & SONS, and now under their management, wish to call attention by acquainting them with the fact that for the next few weeks

Bargains of an Exceptional Nature in Parlor Sets, Bedroom Sets, Side Boards, etc., will be offered. All persons requiring anything in the line of HOUSE FURNITURE who will take the trouble to call, will find that our stock is thorough and complete, and that many of the articles are offered at PRICES THAT CANNOT PROVE OTHERWISE THAN SATISFACTORY. Call and inspect.

Undertaking! Besides the usual complete stock always to be found in store at the establishment on Grandville Street, a branch has been opened at Hampton, under the management of MR. JOHN E. FARNSWORTH, who will give every attention to the requirements of the public.

Selling Out Below Cost. Owing to my desire to make a change in my business I am offering to the public my entire stock of goods comprising a full line of Boots, Shoes and Ladies' Fancy Slippers.

Also GROceries of a high grade below cost. Will sell the balance of my stock of DRY GOODS at amazingly low figures. I have a few PARLOR AND DINING ROOM PICTURES left. Former price, \$1.50, which I now offer at 85c.

I invite the public to call and see the low figures and inspect my goods before purchasing elsewhere. J. E. BURNS, - Bridgetown.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE. I wish that you would call and see my Millinery. I have a nice line of Goods, and Miss Newcomb is now at work doing her best to please both in price and style. My assortment of Ladies' Sacques is the best that I have ever shown, ranging in price from \$5 to \$12.

I have a fine line of Fur Capes, Cloth Capes, Fur Coats, Suits, Dress Gowns, Plaids, etc. and in Gents' Wear A BIG RANGE OF CLOTHING. Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters and Fur Coats. The prices are right, and quality first-class. Please give me a call. Respectfully yours, MRS. WOODBURY, Kingston, Oct. 7th, 1896.

JOHN ERVIN, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR. NOTARY PUBLIC. Commissioner and Master Supreme Court. Solicitor International Trade and Title Co. OFFICE: COX BUILDING, - BRIDGETOWN, N. S. ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

CAUTION! All persons indebted to the estate of the late J. AVARD MORSE, either by accounts or promissory notes, are hereby notified that all payments of the same must be made to the undersigned, as no person has been authorized by them to collect said accounts or notes. E. BENT, J. B. GILLES, Executors. Bridgetown, March 10th, 1896.

Poetry. The Singing Shepherd.

The shepherd climbed the hill through dark and light, And on and on he went, Higher and higher still, Seeking a pasture hidden in the height. He followed by the rill, He followed past the rocks, And as he went, singing, he shepherded his flock.

How wide those upland pastures none of us knew; But over the wild hills A stretch of watered grass, Outspreading, though half hidden from the view, Outspreading all that may pass. He sees the weary way, Yet while the shepherd sings, how brief the toilsome day.

Stand thou with me and watch his eager feet, He stays not for the drought, Nor lingers in the shade, He follows the clover and the streamlet meet; There, quiet, unafraid, The tender lambs may feed; While the calm moon gives rest to those who are in need.

Again I see his figure out the sky, Then stink and disappear Upon a leafier plain; Where far beneath his path the eagles cry, I cannot hear his strain. But in a moving drift, I see the snow-white sheep follow the music of his life.

The climbing shepherd long ago has passed, Yet in the morning air, For those who listen well, His song still lingers where his feet made haste; And where his music fell His song still lingers where his feet made haste. His song allures them yet beyond the fields of snow.

O climbing shepherd! I would follow thee, One day thy heights, Beyond the lowest vale; Thy piping leads me, Thy piping leads me! Because of death's rude shock, Yet thou, dear loving shepherd, still art shepherding thy flock.

Select Literature. A Summer's Vacation.

BY L. ROBINSON. Miss Josephine Packard and Miss Alberta Hathaway were resting from their arduous studies at the Normal School, upon the great elms on the grassy slope in front of the Packard farmhouse, the one, half reclining and slowly swinging in a hammock, and the other, sitting upright in a wicker chair, reading aloud from the latest craze in novels, peering now and then to discuss what had been read, or from pure enjoyment of the pleasant landscape, the fragrant air and the quiet.

Josephine was sixteen and good to look upon, with fair hair, blue eyes, a supple figure and a dainty gown. Alberta, her friend, a year older, large, dark, dignified, and was also good looking, was Josephine's mother, in the enjoyment of perfect health, and each prided herself on her muscular development and powers of physical endurance and intelligence.

In any summer vacation, in the kitchen, with a basket of books in company, was Josephine's mother, from a much beruffled white muslin dress belonging to the forsaken Josephine. She was a plump, busy, cheerful little woman, whose great happiness was to be with other people "take comfort." She had two ideals of comfort; the one for her own exclusive use, the other for the rest of the world.

The work was done, she believed, or pretended, or imagined that only in keeping everything at it could she be happy. Her ideal for everybody else was idleness. "Oh, no! I don't need any help," she would say when asked to help. "Go and sit down and take comfort," and she was so emphatic in her protest that the world would be generally well and sat down, even if he or she didn't obey the other's command.

There was one exception, however, to this almost universal acquiescence, and as Mrs. Packard, having finished the muslin, began unrolling a pink cambric morning gown with a cascade of ruffles up and down the front and around the neck, this exception appeared in the doorway, and resting his hands high up on either side of the door, looked into the kitchen—a well built young man with a firm, pleasant face. "Well, Aunt Elizabeth, you look as though you were about done up. Here, let me try it—I've got ten minutes while the horses are resting. Go and sit by the window and fan yourself, and see your window done."

Mrs. Packard protested, but her nephew's will was much the stronger and he had his way. She drew a long breath as she sank into the rocking chair he placed for her, and admitted that it seemed good to sit down. The young man handled the iron with remarkable deftness, and the horses rested till the pink gown, lace and all, had received the due amount of attention, the operator meanwhile remonstrating with his aunt in a half joking, half vexed way, for doing the work of "those two lazy, good-for-nothing girls."

"They are much better able to do it than you are, and I have half a mind to go and tell them so—when I get Miss Alberta's dress ironed," he ended, laughing. "Oh, well, they're young," said his aunt, indignantly. "Do let them take comfort while they can. Hard work will come to them soon enough."

"I wish it would come right now," said Sam, as he went out of the door. "They deserve a good shaking, and I'd like to be the one to give it to them."

Josephine looked over her shoulder as she read the novel, which was an urgent summons to the bedside of a dying sister. "How can I go?" exclaimed Mrs. Packard, in great distress of mind.

"What is to hinder your going?" cried Josephine warmly. "I should think it was great if Alberta and I couldn't do the house-work for a day or two. You must go—you shall go."

Josephine was so only child and had early trained her mother to habits of obedience. When she said "must" and "shall" in this positive way, therefore, Mrs. Packard began at once to plan for her own departure without a thought of consulting Mr. Packard, who was a pattern of docility in his family and seldom interfered in any domestic arrangement.

So Mrs. Packard stayed up half the night, cooking and stewing and getting things into such shape that the dear girls might not have to hunt themselves with work in the absence, and Alberta took her to the railroad station very early in the morning, speaking comfortably to the anxious little woman, who felt almost like a criminal in thus spoiling the serene meditation of the two fragile maidens whom she left behind.

"Now, don't you worry, Aunt Elizabeth," he said, as he bade her good-bye. "I'll keep an eye on the girls and give them a lift home in the evening, and if they show signs of cold-lips, I'll take hold and do the work myself." All that day Sam acquitted himself in a way that would have done his Aunt Elizabeth good to see. He hung about the house, and was so extremely helpful and so transcendently agreeable that Josephine told him she didn't know it was in his nature to be so nice, and Alberta confided in her friend that Mr. Waite was very different from what she had thought him, and quite the reverse of "horrid."

Mrs. Packard was to telegraph on reaching her sister's, and after the early tea Sam hurried the black horse into the carriage and drove the girls to the Center. They found that Mrs. Packard had arrived safely and would return on Saturday if the folks at home could get along without her until then. Her sister's illness had taken a favorable turn, and she was likely to live after all.

"Aunt Elizabeth seems to think you girls are a great help," observed Sam, looking carefully, as they drove slowly home, enjoying the dewy fragrance of woods and hedge-rows and the refreshing coolness. "I know it," returned Josephine, half vexed and half pleased. "I was so beautiful, and I believe that also was the cause of the complaining about housework being so hard and disagreeable in our rubbish."

"I am surprised, really, to find it so easy and pleasant," said Alberta. She always spoke very deliberately and gave each syllable its full value. "I wish mother didn't make such hard work of it," continued Josephine, with a wistful regret. She keeps inviting all day long, and there isn't a bit of need of it. But, of course," she added, acutely, "she can't move or think as quickly as a younger person."

Sam turned his head to hide a very broad smile, and it seems a pity she should hurry home, when it is so wholly unnecessary, now doesn't it?" he questioned suavely. "She is so old-fashioned and there are a host of relatives around there that she has been waiting for to see her."

"Well, let's begin on the crackers," said Alberta, cheerfully. "I'm almost starved." After their repast they rested awhile and then attacked the dishes, of which there was an appalling quantity.

"Doesn't the kitchen need sweeping?" asked Alberta. "Dear me, I should think so! I forgot it yesterday," said Josephine. "I'll do it, and you can sweep the pantry and entry."

This done, the question of what they should have for supper arose. "Do you mind my going to the store for a little?" asked Josephine. "Oh, that's all right. Well, I'm about to start to the post-office—you can send for your mother."

"The taunting way in which she spoke stung Josephine to the quick, and she bounced to a sitting position, her eyes blazing indignation. "I know you think pretty meanly of me, Sam Waite," she burst forth, "but in this instance I don't deserve your contempt. I haven't for an instant forgotten my duty for mother. I'm going to write to her to-morrow and paint everything rose-colored, and not tell of my failures, or of Mrs. Wynne being here."

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Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER, AND SOLICITOR. MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY. Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies.

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S. 11 1/2

skirts, which of course must be changed each time. As time passed and experience was gained, the work grew less hard, though it still took both of the girls all of the time to do with difficulty and very imperfectly, what Mrs. Packard had done well and with apparent ease.

Sam was kind and helpful and sympathetic, but there were many nights after Josephine was abed with Alberta asleep, that she cried like a child with longing for her mother. She had never loved her or missed her, or appreciated her as she did now. Under those circumstances her cheerful letters and her insistence on that mother making a good long visit were nothing less than cruel.

But if there is no lane so long but it has its turning, so in good time Mrs. Wynne betook herself to pasture new, and Alberta took herself away in order to pay a promised visit to another school-mate, and Mrs. Packard went, as she was homeward and was coming home. "I'm going to the station for her," announced Sam, when the suspicious girl arrived.

"Indeed you're not," protested Josephine indignantly. "I am going." "You are neither of you going," declared Mr. Packard decisively. "I shall go myself." "We might take the carriage and all go," said Sam, and that was what these three foolish people did.

"I didn't expect you to be so glad to see me," exclaimed the good little woman. "Josephine gave me such glowing accounts of how well you all got along without me, that I began to think I wasn't of any use in the world." "I've enjoyed every minute of my visit," she said a little later, as they all sat around the tea table, "but it does seem so good to get home. And how nice everything about the house looks, Josephine. It couldn't look nicer." At which Josephine blushed and felt well paid for the muscle and energy she had expended in making it look nice.

"These biscuits, too," her mother went on. "I never tasted better ones in my life." "No, I don't deserve it," begged Josephine. "I don't deserve it." "Yes, she does," said Sam. "She's done nobly." "Mother, you little know. I could a tale unfold—"

"Better not," interrupted her father; "at least, not now." "No," added Sam, "let us look no more mournfully into the past; it cometh not again." "Dear me—I should hope not," laughed Josephine, and the subject was dropped.

The next morning Mrs. Packard was up bright and early, as of old. Josephine was up bright and early, also, at which her mother seemed surprised, and she might well be early rising had never been one of Josephine's strong points. Mrs. Packard tolerated her daughter's assistance in getting breakfast, though it evidently made her uneasy, but when it came to doing up the work after breakfast, she could stand it no longer.

"There, there, Josephine," she said indignantly. "I don't need any help. Go and sit down and rest and take comfort." "I'm not for an instant forgetting my duty for mother. I'm going to write to her to-morrow and paint everything rose-colored, and not tell of my failures, or of Mrs. Wynne being here."