Continued from first page.

'... wish you joy, dear! Vincent Hugo is a very good fellow, even if he is not—— But I mustn't compare him with Edward, must I? I am prejudiced, you will say. But won't it be nice to be mistress of Hugo Park! Your father is pleased, is he not?'

'No,' returned Ada, shortly.

'Oh, I should have thought that he would have been glad. Well, dear,' and Mary blushed faintly, 'I have come to ask you—the fact is, Edward is getting impatient, and I have almost promised to be his in another month—will you be my bridesmaid?'

Ada pressed her throbbing brow against the window. Death would be easier than ordeal. But her nerve did not fail her.

'I hope you will be happy, Mary. I shall be very glad to do as you wish.'

'Thank you. We shall always be near friends—you at Hugo Park and I at Chatterly. Perhaps—who knows, Ada?—our children may be intimate friends.'

A look of intense agony darkened Ada Leigh's face. She could bear no more; with a faint cry she sank to the ground senseless. It was not long, however, before she recovered, and staggered to her feet.

'I am not well,' she said, with a ghastly smile. 'Excuse me to them all, Mary; I am going to the rectory.'

Putting aside Mary's proffered assistance, she unfastened the long French window, and stepped out on the lawn. Mary looked after her with quiet triumphant dislike, rubbing her fat hands with ecstatic delight. 'This is the girl whom Edward would prefer to make his wife!' she muttered. 'I think the improbability of that event is plain enough now.'

* * * * * * *

Dusk had fallen on the rectory garden—a purple shadow laden with perfume, and overhung with stars. To and fro between the rose bushes walked a slender gray figure, with delicate hands clasped over a wildly throbbing heart. Tearless eyes, dark with pain, looked pitifully through the twilight, with a mute wonder in them why earth could be so fair and life so utterly dreary.

Hark! The girl stopped, trembling like a leaf. A firm, steady step was coming up the path from the gate—coming towards her.

'Oh, I cannot—I cannot meet him now!' Ada murmured, feeling her own weakness, yet standing still, striving to win strength back to her heart.

A tall dark figure she could see in the gloom—a heavily-bearded face. Presently her hands were caught in a strong, eager clasp, and a voice with all the ring and fire of Edward's in it broke upon the silence.

'Don't know me, Ada? Come and tell Blanche that I am come home—and mother, and Ned.'

'John? Oh, welcome!' she cried, forgetting her own pain in that deep glad moment. 'We thought you were dead. Thank Heaven! oh, thank Heaven, you are come back to us! Do they know at Chatterly?'

'No, you must tell them, Ada. Come over with me. I mustn't kill them all with sudden joy.'

She hastened across the glebe meadows by his side, asking and answering eager questions.

The Chatterly family were all in the drawing-room. Dinner was over, and Blanche was at the piano, singing; her sweet solemn voice floated out in the twilight like a welcome to the returned wanderer. Ada pushed open the window and went in. The candles at the piano shed a faint light over the rest of the room. Mrs. Chatterly were sleeping peacefully. Ned started up, his face flushing.

'Ada!'

Like a messenger of peace she looked in her white dress.

'I am come to bring you all tidings of great gladness,' she said. 'Wake your mother, Ned. Blanche—my dear Blanche! —forget all your miseries; baby will see her father's face.'

And while the wife was trying to understand, and Mrs. Chatterly was waking in her arm-chair, John Chatterly entered the room and clasped the little figure in its heavy widow's weeds tight in his strong arms. The Rector's daughter turned away and quietly walked back over the glebe meadows to her home, happy in her friend's happiness.

The night, before she slept, she wrote a letter to Vincent Hugo breaking off the engagement, and telling him frankly that she cared nothing for him—that it was better to suffer a little now than years of trouble hereafter.

* * * * * * *

Miss Ashley sat at her work in the drawing-room at Forde. Her mourning dress had been laid aside for a brown silk—outwark mark of gladness for the return of her brother-in-law. In truth, she was little pleased at losing the chance of Forde estate. Edward Chatterly, without her uncle's wealth, was but a poor *parti*. Chatterly was worth about three thousand a year. She sat reflecting over these things, now and then giving a thought to Ada, to keep her spirits up, when visitors were announced--Mr. Hugo and his sister.

Very soon Miss Hugo was engaged in a lively chat with Mary's aunt, and Vincent bent over Miss Ashley's chair.

'I want to speak with you, he said. 'Will you come into the garden?'

She rose up smiling. Admiration, attention of any sort, was very dear to this plump daughter of the Ashleys.

Somehow Vincent was not very ready to speak. He hesitated, stealing now and then a fugitive glance at the stolid fair face at his side.

'Miss Ashley, do you know that Ada—Miss Leigh—has broken off—I mean our engagement?'

Mary raised her eyes in grave wonder.

'Mr. Hugo I was not aware of it; and I am very sorry for you.'

A queer expression passed over Vincent's pale face.

'Thank you—I want comfort,' he said, after a moment's play with his watch-chain. 'It is not many girls who would refuse me, Miss Ashley.

'No, indeed,' was her eager answer, throwing as much warmth as she could into the glance of her pale eyes.

Vincent stopped, bracing himself, as it were, for some great effort.

'She cares for somebody else, by Jove! I am sure she does. Who is it, Miss Ashley?'

His face darkened passionately as he spoke. A little smile flirted over Miss Ashley's face.

'I know she has tried to win Edward Chatterly from me, and failed; but, now that I've lost my fortune, it will be all different perhaps. I know,' she added meekly, 'I can't boast of the beauty of Ada; and, through beauty is only skin deep, still men like it better than goodness.'

'I don't returned Vincent hastily. 'Perhaps we are are doomed for the same fate. We must comfort each other therefore.'

She looked up at him earnestly.

'I don't know if I am doing the right thing,' she said, under her breath. 'Edward is very kind, but oh, I don't love him. He doesn't understand me, Mr. Hugo.'

Vincent touched her hand gently.

'If you were free, Miss Ashley——But what am I saying? Let us go back—I forget, I forget.'

Mary went back to the drawing-room with a quiet conviction that Vincent Hugo would like to have her as mistress of Hugo Park. She sat down to her work calmly again, but she had already, in her own mind settled the terms of the letter that should forever break off the engagement between Edward and herself, and make her free.

'Did you ever think me a bit of a Jesuit Ellen?' asked Vincent of his sister, as they drove home.

She looked up smiling.

'You, Vincent? No, indeed.'

'I am afraid I am,' he replied, with a shake of the head. 'I have been doing evil that good may come. The good will be more than I ever did in my life, and the evil will only leave Miss Ashley to her proper fate as an old maid.'

'What do you mean, dear?'

Her brother, flourishing the whip over the ponies' ears, replied——

'I may be a fool, but I don't think I'm a selfish one, and these last two or three days have taught me something. I am not going to let Mary Ashley spoil two lives if I can help it.'

'What have you done?' asked Ellen Hugo.

Vincent chuckled softly.

'Wait, and you will see. Miss Ashley will break off her engagement with Ned Chatterly, and I am going to fish in Norway. Pick me out a nice little wife by the time I come back, Ellen; for, after all no woman is worth more than three months misery, and I believe I have half forgotten Ada in giving her the man she loves.'

* * * * * * *

The breeze was blowing freshly from the south, and Ada Leigh, tying on her garden hat, went out to gather some roses for the drawing-room. Her hands were full of the fragrant flowers, when suddenly she dropped them as a step she knew too well sounded behind her. It was her lover's.

'Queen of the Summer,' was Ned's laughing greeting, 'let thy slave give thee back the blossoms;' and he knelt down, slowly picking them up, looking the while into her blushing, pained face with eager eyes. 'Not one is missing,' he went on, in the same laughing tone. 'May thy slave keep a sprig as a guerdon?'

'As many as you like,' returned Ada, carelessly. 'All.'

'May I?' He got up smiling. 'I need some kindness,' he added—'I am a forsaken lover. Read this letter, Ada.'

He handed her a neat prim little epistle, the words of which declined in formal terms the continuance any longer of the engagement between the writer and Edward Chatterly. Ada handed back the letter with a trembling hand.

'Poor Ned!' she said, faintly smiling.

'Am I to be pitied?' he said, dropping the roses from his hand to seize her own. 'You know best, Ada. Is my life to be wretched still, now that that woman has broken the hateful engagement I in honor must have fulfilled? Ada,' and his voice was hearse with passionate eagerness, 'you will not send me away. You hold the roses of the future, the happiness of my life, in your keeping. I love you. If you could only know how miserable I have been, you would know how I love you, my darling, my love!'

He held her hands tightly, so that she could not hide her face, where the joy, the glory of that moment was shining. The white lids dropped indeed over the beautiful eyes to hide their happiness, but Ned did not need to see them to read therein his answer. It was given in the soft voice that faltered now as it had never faltered through all those dreary months of pain.

The roses faded and died in the garden, but their fragrance still lives. Though the years fly by, the memory of that bright day when first they plighted their faith lives in the hearts of the lovers. A happy home is theirs at Chatterly, and their children have many companions in the dear old woods and meadows—Blanche's little ones from Forde, and a noisy boy and girl from Hugo Park, where Vincent reigns a true squire. The best part of the latter's character has come uppermost since his happy marriage, and there is no better magistrate nor harder rider in the county. Good friends as he and the Chatterly's are, they do not know how much they owe him. He keeps his secret still.

Mary Ashley is yet unmarried. She has developed a great taste for parochial affairs and lives in a prim little cottage near Forde, the terror of all Sunday school children and careless housewives. Her own kith and kin she almost ignores, and it is very rarely that she crosses the threshold of Forde Hall. Blanche is not so sorry for this as she ought to be.

A.K.

☞ In Paris hanging is the most popular mode of suicide, and drowning comes next; in London one is as fashionable as the other, and throat cutting, which is seldom practised in Paris ranks third; in New York poisoning is the favorite form of self murder, and shooting the second choice, with hanging, throat-cutting and drowning farther down in the list. A sensational form of suicide very common in France and very rare in England and America is jumping from public buildings. Charcoal burning is also a favorite mode of death in Paris. During 1876 there were two hundred and ninety-eight cases in London, nine hundred and fifteen in Paris, and one hundred and fifty in New York. The death rate from suicide in proportion to population is double in New York what it is in London.

GEN. BEAUREGARD.

Gen. Beauregard is described as a shabbily-dressed man, below the middle height, with snow-white hair and moustache, and a face seamed with innummerable wrinkles and as yellow as a kite's claw. His long nose seemed to reach below his upper lip, as he bent his head and placed his hands behind his back after the manner of "Little Corporal." He is now very poor, and his prospects for bettering his condition, at his age, are not very flattering. He takes no part in politics.

☞ Thomas Carlyle in a letter to the London "Times" thinks the present policy of England is directing the nation warwards. He most emphatically declares no British interest whatever needs protection except the Suez route. He speaks of the ignominy of England in being connected with Turkey at all.

☞ What is the difference between a Christian and a cannibal? One enjoys himself and the other enjoys other people.

☞ What is the difference between a cook and her lover?—One cooks the meat and the other meets the cook.

☞ The man who keeps his word —The man that never speaks.

Never look a gift mule in the hind foot.

FARMERS LISTEN!

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JOHN HALL.

Lawrencetown, April 25th, '77. 4i 15pd

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LYDIA C. WHEELOCK.

BRIDGETOWN, March 7th, '77

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ANNAPOLIS AGENCY.

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H. VANBLARCOM, Agent.

Annapolis, March 17th, 1877.

Customs Department.

OTTAWA, Feb. 5th, 1877.

AUTHORIZED Discount on American Invoices, until further notice—5 per cent.

J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

ap14

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Spring Importations.

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38 CASES OF STATIONERY,

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FOOLSCAP PAPERS, Cream and B. Laid, Large and Small Post, Flat, Legal Cap, Bill Cap Commercial Letter and Note Papers, Antique Parchment Note Paper, Ordinary Letter and Note Papers for Jobbers. Bank, Post, Letter, Thin Linen, Letter and Note, Cream Laid and Antique ENVELOPES—Square and Business Sizes. White and Colored Printing Paper, Printing and Visiting Cards, MOURNING STATIONERY all grades. Gillott's, Mitchell's, and other makers' PENS, Quill Pens. A. W. Faber's and Rowney's LEAD PENCILS. Programme and Carpenter's Pencils, Stephen's Blue, Black and Jet Black Writing and Copying INKS, Ink Powder, Chalk, Crayons, Seals, Letter and Parcel Wax, Wafers, Red Tape, Slates and Pencils, &c., &c.

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WHITE PLAIDINGS;
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SCARLET MEDIUM do;
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October 1876.

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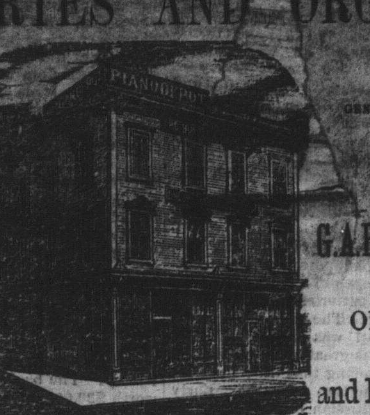

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And believing this Stock to be far superior to any imported from the United States, will guarantee all our Customers a Superior Article at a CHEAPER RATE than any manufacturer in the Dominion of Canada Also having received one of the LATEST IMPROVED TURN SHOE MACHINES, at a cost of $1,000.00, we will be able to compete with any of the Americans or Canadians in the Manufacture of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Childrens' SLIPPERS of all kinds.

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Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, an Droppings in Throat Disappear.

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Dear Sir:—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am twenty-nine years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy.

Yours truly HENRY SNIDER.

Price $1 per bottle; For sale by all Druggists.

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POWDERED TUMERIC;
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Ayer's Hair Vigor, Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Liniment, C. Brown's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very fine, Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by

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Cor. King and Germain Street.

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NOTICE.

ALL Persons having legal demands againt the estate of CHRISTIAN WHEELOCK, late of Middleton, deceased, will render the same duly attested within twelve months from date, and those indebted, make immediate payment to

O. M. TAYLOR,
ALBERT BARTEAUX. } Executors.

Middleton, Feb. 24th, 1877 [n45 tf

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MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK, has just opened a fresh assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

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BOOTS & SHOES

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Having removed to the Store under the MONITOR OFFICE and fitted the same up in Good Style, and put in a New Lot of

Watches Clocks, and Jewelry,

at Lower Prices than they could be obtained for some years past. We invite our old, and any new customers who may want such articles, to call and inspect our Stock and Prices, which we are determined to sell far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

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GOLD & PLATED CHAINS,

SPOONS, FORKS,

Spectacles, Purses, Charms, &c.

N. B.—OUR WATCH DEPARTMENT we make a speciality, and parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

J. E. SANCTON.

Bridgetown, Nov. 1st, '76. y

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THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA having established an agency at this place is prepared to do a

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Singular—To see a garden walk.

A pressing business—Cider making.

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Book-keeping may be taught in three words—never lend them.

A counter irritation—short change from a shopman.

When is love like a battle?—When it comes to an engagement.

The drunkard's week is made up of Thirstdays.

"Got any ice at your end of the table, Bill?'

"No, but I've got the next thing to it."

"What's that?"

"A bad cold."

The following conversation took place in an hotel:

"Waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's this?"

"It's bean soup, sir."

"No matter what it has been, the question is—what is it now?"

Two rural constituents were talking of the new member of the Legislature from their district.

One of them asked:

"Is he talented?"

"Well," said the other, "I should say he might set a house on fire by rubbing his nose against the door-post."

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting them.

"But," said a friend, "you have sons who are big enough to earn something for you,"

"The difficulty is," said the man, "they consider themselves too big to work."

Two young men out riding were passing a farm house where a farmer was trying to harness an obstinate mule.

"Won't he draw?" asked one of the young men.

"Of course, said the farmer, he'll draw the attention of every fool that passes this way."

The young men drove on.

A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to knock her in the head with an axe.

The darkey, obeserving the man's eyes, in some alarm inquired:

"You gwine to hit whar you look?"

"Yes."

"Den," said Cuffee, "hold dis cow yourself."

"What do you charge a quart for your milk here?" asked a man, as he put his head in at the door of a milk shop.

"Eight cents," was the reply.

"Ain't you got any for seven cents?"

"No," said the proprietor; "but," he added, "we can soon make you some,"

THE OLD SCALES.

The owner of a cotton farm, who was sadly in need of pickers, approached an old darkey on the public square of a Southern city recently, and the following dialogue ensued:

'Come, Ned, you picked cotton for me last year and I want you again."

"I dunno, massa."

"Come along and get in the waggon. I've good cotton, and I'll give you six bits a hundred."

"Well it jes' depends on one thing."

"What's that?"

"Is you got dat same ole par scales?"

"No, a brand new pair."

"Well, dat bein' de case, I'll go wid you."

Agricultural.

☞ A good harness-dressing may be made of neats-foot oil 1 gallon, and lampblack 4 oz., stirred well together.

☞ The eggs of caterpillers are now large enough to be seen distinctly on the tops of trees, and should be destroyed without delay; cut off the twigs and burn them.

☞ Only early varieties of potatoes belong to the garden, but both early and late should be planted early to get ahead of the "bug" as much as possible, Generally it will be Paris green or no potatoes.

☞ Statistics show that about 250,000 barrels of apples were exported from America last year to Europe. More than half this quantity was sent to England, and about 11,000 barrels went to St. Petersburg.

☞ Horses which eat too rapidly for good digestion should have their grain ground, and the hay or straw steamed, or wet with hot water, and the meal sprinkled over it a few hours before feeding it.

☞ As the warm weather comes on, lice and ticks become active, and annoy the animals greatly. A mixture of equal parts of lard and kerosene oil, put on the back and brisket of cows, calves and sheep, will have a goood effect.

☞ May is the month to sow carrots and mangles, as also parsnips; June for Swedes, and July for common turnips. With heavy manuring, thorough cultivation, and mellow soil, roots weighing 10 to 12 pounds may be grown, and from 20 to 30 tons of good sound roots can be got per acre.

☞ It is, says the "Country Gentleman" generally conceded that timber will last best if well and quickly seasoned, and this is best secured by cutting when the bark will peal readily, say in May or June, in Virginia. It should be pealed and split as soon as cut, in order that it may season well.

THE BANKRUPT

STOCK!

—OF THE—

Estate of Lansdowne & Martin

HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at

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and will be continued until May 1st, 1877, at the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

Cor. King & Prince William Sts.

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring

CHEAP DRY GOODS

at this establishment Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at

COST PRICES.

MAGEE BROTHERS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

Notice!

—:o:—

FLOUR, Corn meal, Oatmeal and Graham lately arrived per "Atwood" and "Etta," from Boston, Mass.

200 Bbls. Superior extra & extra.
100 do. Cornmeal, coarse and fine ground.
100 do. Oat meal and Graham.

ALSO IN STOCK:

N. B. B. W. Meal, Cracked Wheat, Barley Rice, Split peas, Beans, pork & Beef, N. S. mf. Butter, Cheese and Eggs, potatoes, Apples. &c. Pickled & Dry Fish, Smoked Herring, do. Halibut. Salt, coarse and fine. Biscuit in all varieties. Sugar, Teas, Coffee & Tobacco, Spices, Dry and preserved Fruits—Kerosene—American and Canadian, Candles, Soap, etc., etc., all of which will be sold reasonable for cash, Country produce or Cordwood.

ALSO.—Agents for W. J. Higgins & Son's Confectionery, and A. C. Thompson & Co's Oil Tanks.

RANDALL, HIGGINS & CO.,

Opposite Railway Station.

Annapolis, Dec. 18th, 1876

ALMON & MacINTOSH,

BANKERS AND BROKERS.

INVESTMENTS

Made in best Securities, Stocks, Bonds, &c.

Interest allowed on deposists subject to cheque.

Exchange bought and sold.

166 Hollis Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

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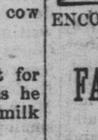

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN

are now manufacturing

Monuments &

Gravestones

Of Italian and American Marble.

ALSO:

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN.

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ENGINEERS

—AND—

BOILER MAKERS,

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY

Engines and Boilers.

☞ Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe,
Steam and Water Guages,
Brass Cocks and Valves,
Oil and Tallow Cups.

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NOTICE.

AT THE "BEE-HIVE"

Will be found the usual variety of

CLOTHS, TWEEDS, COATINGS, &c.,

For Spring and Summer Wear,

All of which will be made up at the USUAL LOW PRICES.

Also a full assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Of the Newest Styles and most Economical Prices.

114 WATER, CORNER JACOB, STREET

HALIFAX, N. S.

JAS. K. MUNNIS.

TRY THE

DUFFERIN

FLAT 12'S

AND THE

ACADIA TWIST

TOBACCO,

And you will not want any better.

B. B. MACKINTOSH & CO.,

Proprietors, Halifax, N. S.

Oct. 17th, '76. n27