The Truro Times

COLCHESTER ADVERTISER AND NOVA SCOTIA FARMER.

VOL. II. TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1879. NO. XLVII.

Poetry.

Let us be Happy.

O! let us be happy when friends gather round us,
However the world may have sh dowed our lot;
When the rose braided links of affection have bound us,
L t the gold chains of earth be despised and forgot;
And say that the friendship is only ideal,
That Truth and Devotion are blessings unknown
For he who believes every heart is unreal,
Has something unsound at the core of his own.

O! let us be happy when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure,
When love and good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

O! let us be happy when moments of meeting
Brin those to our side who illumine our eyes;
And though Folly, perchance, shake a bell at the greeting,
He is the dullest of fools who forever is wise.
Let the laughter of Joy echo over our bosoms,
As the hum of the bee for the mid-summer flowers,
For this honey of happiness is from love's blossoms,
And is found in the hive of these exquisite hours.
Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure,
When love and good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

Let us plead not a spirit too sad and too weary,
To yield this kind word, and the mirth-lighted smile;
The heart, like the tree, must be fearfully dreary,
Where the robin of hope will not warble awhile.
Let us say to our pride, that we care not for others,
And live in our wealth like an ox in his stall,
'Tis the common lot of love, with our sisters and brothers,
Hope to pay a great debt to the Father of All.
Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
For the pulse never beats with more heavenly measure,
When love and good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

Select Story.

OLD JANET,

Crucial Test of Love.

Old Janet! It was an old nickname that I had given her, things were cheap children together, and she six years my junior. She was a creature of moods and wild impulses. She was tender, proud, humble, at once; an—more, than all, she was rich by just Not even her inordinate affection for Teddy Barr could hoodwink her sense of justice, or blind her eyes to a perception of my faults, when the cost entailed by them was likely to fall upon our common guardian.

'Mind now, Teddy, I will tell grandpa!' she said one day, when coming unexpectedly to the stables, she surprised me, leaning old Rose, the bay mare, preparatory to a ride into town. Rose was our grandfather's pet mare, and no person was allowed to mount her except by permission as a gracious favor.

'I will tell grandfather!' she repeated, planting herself firmly before me, her dimpy little fist set wide apart, and all her roughish, bright brown hair in rolling, colored flashing, from under her gypsy hat.

My only answer was a tight twining of the girths with a defiant air.

'You have no right!' she flashed out, angrily. 'You know Dada does not like it, and I will surely tell him.'

By this time I was mounted and riding out of the gate. But she swept past her, I looked back, and, pursing up my lips, sang out mockingly, —

'Tell tale! tell tale! Tell tale, if you dare!' and so canter-ed off.

She did tell. Not one of the people employed on the place would have betrayed me, though every one of them knew that I had wilfully done wrong, and I was proportionately lenient to Janet for carrying out her threat. I think that when I was punished she suffered more than I did. For two days I would not speak to her, and so mopped but her house attired eyes and sobbed her head. On the third evening I threw down my book, rushed into the drawing room where she was in a fretting mood, when Janet stood up to her with a sly, heart-stirring air.

'Won't you forgive me, Teddy, dear?' she sang out. I made no answer but sat resolutely gazing out of the window at the red and brown foliage to see by the autumn wind.

'I am so sorry.' A pair of quivering, wet lips were laid on my hand; a slender brown arm stole about my neck. 'Please forgive me, Ted!'

'What are you so sry about? I asked, shortly.

I was quite as ready as she to make up our stiff reserve, for I missed her a great deal in my daily sports; but I meant to make the recognition as humiliating for her as possible. It might serve as a warning to her in future not to meddle.

'Oh, Ted! I am so sorry because—because you are so angry; and I was so sorry to see you punished, and grandpa so angry. I would a thousand times rather have been punished in your stead. 'Please—please forgive me, Teddy—do!'

Tears were flowing, plentifully, and she was wiping them with her ruffled muslin apron and in a mess.

'Well, then, I answered, mollified, if you are really sorry, you just go without your supper to-night, as I did that night, and then I'll make it all up with you.'

'Oh will you, truly? Dear Ted, how good you are! I am so glad! I don't mind about going without my supper—that's nothing! I wish you had asked something harder of me. But—won't you kiss me Teddy—just once?'

'To-morrow, I answered, turning shortly away. 'After it's all over I'll kiss you, if you want. But not to-night.'

'Very well; to-morrow, then!'

She took her little, wistful, tear stained face off to the other side of the room, and sat penitently down by the fire. She sat there quietly while the bell rang and my grandfather and I took our places at the table. I had pictured her, in my mind, with a disgraced air, going supperless to bed, and I was not prepared for this. Grandfather missed her. She had always sat at his right hand, feeding out of his cup, or plate, as the whimsical fancy moved her, and he now preremptorily ordered her to her usual seat by his side.

'Not to-night, please, dear Dada!' she pleaded, without stirring; and when he asked her what was the matter, with hurriedly no,—I am to have my supper to-night. I don't really mind it, it's nothing at I'm going to forgive me—and we shall be in the morning—and we are always going to be good friends after this—always, forever—'

Then our voice broke, and with a rush of tears, she was away from the room, upstairs to hide them out of sight.

'So, so! Master Theodore, that's it, is it?' My grandfather's sharp gray needle-like eyes seemed to shoot me through and through. Let le J ust is to be punished because she was honest enough to show you up in your faithlessness to me?'

I muttered something in reply not quite intelligible.

'Well, it won't hurt Janet, this discipline. I like to see the metal they made me. But, as for you, it strikes me that you have made the air of a culprit, sitting there eating your supper than the little girl who is shining her bosses tears upstairs in bed.

It was huge work. His look and words were hard to bear; but I sat it out, munching my bread with a defiant air, and afterward going out of the room with as much dignity as I could assume, legally hinting, 'Love is a sickness,'—mused my grandmother's old fashioned air, which Janet and I expected to sing together.

I kissed Janet next morning, and so we made up our difference; and pretty much in this way we quarreled and kissed and made up again till I was eighteen years of age, and Janet went to school. By that time it was pretty well understood that grandfather designed us to be married as soon as my education was finished, and to inherit his property. I don't know that either of us thought much about it. Janet was my slave, and I accepted her devotion as a thing should—grandly. My grandfather, watching his old Janet closely, saw that she was happy. But sometimes, when my boyish temper overtopped with its ordinary exciting demands on Janet's sweet humility, he would shake his head and mutter fearfulness of trouble will nature—the Barr blood—which I had inherited from my ancestors.

I passed my first vacation at home. One evening, after another I came home again. The welcome then was warm. My grandfather, whose hair had whitened wonderfully, leaned heavily on my arm as he walked up and down the room.

'You see I am changed, Ted—changed for the worse—in these two years. But Janet—you think Janet's changed for the better; don't you, eh?' He looked anxiously in my face.

My only reply was to bend and kiss the exquisite dimples that lay like crimpled rose leaves in her rounded cheek and chin. She flushed as quickly, and drew slightly away. It was the first time I had known Janet was shy, and it added a keener relish to my appreciation, since at my rebellious, of her frank and generous country beauty. Grandfather smiled proudly.

'There's no girl like our Janet!' he said to me. 'She was brought up by a man—woman isn't train such girls—and she's got a man's courage, a man's will, and a man's sense of honor, allied to a woman's tenderness. You are a happy man, Ted, to possess her.'

I suppose, with inward superciliousness, thinking my grandfather was getting childish in his old age. But I remembered it all afterward, and recognized his wisdom.

One day, late in the afternoon, I got my horse out, and, promising Janet that I would be gone but an hour, rode briskly away over the white, hard, winter ground. The cold air set my pulses bounding, the blood mounted to my head and singing furiously. I rode on and on. In the outskirts of the town I chanced to meet some acquaintances, among them Bert Harrison, a college comm, with his sister. They urged me to join them, and we rode into town, with the promise of a gay night before us. We had supper, music, wine; song followed song, toast followed toast; and while Rosamond Harrison's splendidly southern eyes smilingly invited love into mine, I forgot honor, forgot my promise to Janet, forgot everything that a wise man should remember. The first red streak of dawn was visible over the eastern hills when I rode homeward. The touch of the cold penetrated air on my forehead was painful; the fever in my blood was cooled as I swept on; but there was a sickening fall of the pulse within which was new to me.

The first sight that greeted my eyes as I swung the gate was Janet flying towards me. Exhausted, and half out of sight, her face was pale, her yesterday's evening dress was not half off, and dark shadows under her heavy eyes.

'What! up so soon?' I cried, with affected gravety, as I flung myself to the ground, and waiting for a rise to Jump up to me, and you shall have one canter before I put Bess in stable. She's dead tired out with her night's work.'

But Janet's only answer was to throw her arms about my neck with a burst of tears.

'Oh, Ted! what a fright you have given us; what a fright I have spent. I feared an accident. We have had men scouring the hills, but only could find no trace of you. Frank Gold you are safe at home.

I led her into the house, soothing her as well as I could. After a few moments of convulsive weeping, she grew calmer, and I wiped her eyes with pearl cut kisses. She laughingly said I was ignominiating my shirt of our bosom, and my grandfather stood before me on the landing. One glance at his smiling smile had all story. Face assured me that the worst was yet to come. I suppose I must have looked like a culprit at point, with my wine flushed face, my frost tossed hair and disordered dress.

'Well, sir!' he spoke briefly, and then stood silent waiting an explanation.

'I am sorry to have caused you any uneasiness,' I began, trying to shake off the respectful, and to crush the irritant temper which was burning on my exhausted nerves. 'I met some village friends, and joined them at supper in town. I quite forgot the flight of time; it must have flown on silken wings.'

'Indeed?' My grandfather's voice was hard as steel, and quite as cold and cutting.

'I repeat that I am sorry to have caused you any uneasiness.' I would not, struggling hard with my fractious rising blood, 'that pardon me. I think it would have been quite as well if you had slept the night away as usual. This anxiety regarding me, which you and Janet display, seems to be wholly uncalled for.'

'Will you leave Janet's name out of this discussion, if you please.' The old man spoke with quiet dignity; but my temper flashed like lightning.

'We will leave it out now and forever after, if you like!' I flung back, my prudence all cast to the four winds.

'Will you tell me who were your companions in last night's orgies?' —some suspicion which I had not wit enough to guess at, prompting his inquiry.

'I could be glad to tell you,' I replied with an impertinent affected air of exculpation, 'but unfortunately one woman who was present lies in mind to the ears I so of all the other. I can describe her, if you wish. For she was more beautiful than an houri seen in a dream of Paradise.'

'A woman—a woman!' He controlled his shaking limbs, and raised his head with one of the old sharp glances flashing out from his keen, gray eyes. 'What is her name?'

'Miss Harrison—Miss Rosalind Harrison,' I simpered. 'You know the family, grandfather—the Harrisons of the south.'

'Janet! Janet!' My grandfather suddenly raised his voice, calling loudly. I had stupefied with astonishment. In an other moment Janet was on my side, fluttering with anxious solicitude. He took her hand in his, and turning her to the cruel light, studied intently the fair young face which no even a night's sleeplessness watching could make less than freshly lovely.

'Janet my Janet, do you love this man, this Theodore Barr? Is your true heart bound up in him, my girl? Alas, alas!' he added, sobbing and sobbing 'Oh, grandpa!' she hid her pure young face in his bosom. He held it there, and kissed the bright brown curls in a passion of tenderness. Thought turned to me.—

'I forgive you this once, for the sake of my girl who, God pity her! loves you. But mind you, only this once; for not even you shall play fast and loose with my darling. When once her name is dropped between us, Master Ted, it is dropped forever. I know the Harrisons; they are bad core through. Old and young are alike treacherous and deceitful. Who plays with them plays a losing game. Let me warn you in time.'

(To be continued.)

Gossip.

— An attached couple that are always separating—a pair of shears. Are they the only ones?

— Some one says, watch a woman's lower lip if you want to know whether she is offended or her feelings hurt.

— A young physician asking permission of a lass to kiss her, she replied, "No, sir, I never like a *doctor's bill* stuck in my face."

— When told by a Millerite that the world was about to be destroyed "that," replied Emerson, "is of no consequence, we can get on quite comfortably without it."

— "Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy "have black eyes; or if they don't have 'em they're apt to get 'em, if they're too brilliant and too impulsive."

— "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," but there's no use chucking a copper cent into a contribution box loud enough to make the folks on the back seat think the communion service has tumbled off the altar.

— A thrifty Massachusetts father took his boy to a doctor. "If you can cure him for less than the funeral expenses," said he, "go ahead; but if you can't, sonny'll have to take his chances."

— A dreamy writer says it would be curious to follow a pound of silk from its spinning until it becomes a lady's dress. No doubt; but most men would prefer to follow it after it becomes a dress, and while the lady was in it.

— A timid Bloomian has married a lady whose weight scales closely upon 200 pounds. "Why, my dear, why did you do it?" "Why, I left you over the bridge?" "No," says she to him, "do the fence."

— An exchange records the fact that a rural inventor has patented a jointed gate top to facilitate courtship. As it is not the gate top to the old man kicks at when he sails in on the scene, it appears to us the patent ding has been misapplied.

— "I meant no harm," said the Rev. Joseph H. Beale, of Wallingford, Connecticut, when arraigned before an church committee on a charge of kissing seven young women. And he didn't do any harm. They had all been kissed before, by the deacons.

— Satisfaction is a great comfort, but that is only one of the many results produced by using Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer for restoring hair to its natural color. It is at the same time a cool and pleasant dressing for the hair, and is liked and appreciated by everyone. Sold by all druggists in large bottles 50 cents each.

— "Forget thee?" wrote a young man to his girl—"I forget thee. When the earth forgets to revolve, when the stars forget to shine, when the rain forgets to fall; when the flowers forget to bloom—then, and not till then, will I forget thee." Three months later he was going to be another girl, with a wart on her nose, and $40,000 in the back.

— "Are you the saleswoman of whom I bought this handkerchief yesterday?" asked a purchaser at one our dry goods stores. "I am the sales *lady* who served you, madam," responded the reduced empress in banged hair, long watch chain and ringed fingers, who presided at the counter. "Well," said the customer, "I will take a dozen more and as I wish to get them to my washer lady at once, I will get you to send them to my carriage entrance in the corner. My coachgentleman cannot get to the door just now for the cart of the ash-gentleman."

— In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature,—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day,—it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so freqeently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting strictly from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about your house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs Croup or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial, 10 cts; regular size, 75c. For Sale in Truro at H. L. Atwins.

SPECIAL TO AGRICULTURISTS.

How to Become a Good Farmer.

No. I.

Fortunately for the cultivator of the soil, the demands of the winter month are less exacting upon him than those of other portions of the year. He has the long evening, and, if disposed, can give a portion of the day due to study and reading without detriment to his affairs. So while this is a season of rest and privilege I passing, we gladly present the topic as above title, and ask for it the kind and earnest opinion of all.

The whole subject of education is one that, perhaps, cannot be thoroughly discussed except by one who has devoted his years of manhood and maturity to the task of instruction. It requires a closeness and comprehensiveness only to be gained by years of labor and experience. Like a question of law, or theology, or politics, it is one on which every head may have an opinion, and every tongue its say. The education of the farmer is not so comprehensive as the general subject of education; but it is no less difficult and delicate, and is by no means a business to be planned and accomplished without much and considerate reflection.

Education consists of two parts or departments; the education of the boy, which is rudimentary only, and goes to the laying of a foundation; and the superstructure afterwards to be raised upon it. This is the object of school education. The other department of education is that of the man, which consists in the development, expansion and application of elements. Taking the first, by a single intimate reference to the body of knowledge of which these rudiments were little more than a shadow and, second, by experience and practice in those matters to which the rudiments apply, and for which they are the index. It is this second department which makes the superstructure, and complete the edifice of education.

It is this which forms a profession, a situation which mere rudiments of knowledge is wholly inadequate to fill. It is this consequently, which is necessary to form a scientific farmer. Rudiments will not do it any more than a single lesson in medicine, or a few lessons in law, will make a physician or a lawyer. Professional practice, from its earliest, to its latest lessons, is the close of the legal course, to young lawyer has done little more than laid a foundation for his knowledge of the science of jurisprudence. The medical student, which makes the superstructure, and complete the edifice of education.

From the above view, imperfect expressed, the reference, would seem to be conclusive, that the young farmer is not to receive his professional education, as some speakers and writers have imagined, in the common schools. There is another consideration which presents an objection equally to be valid against the plan of education. At the age when the boy is at school his mind is not sufficiently matured to comprehend much less to appreciate and digest the principles of the vegetable physiology, from the less obvious organs of the delicate functions of the vegetable kingdom. Neither if the mind were mature enough, could it, as a first exercise, receive this second dose, without a well laid foundation in other parts of knowledge, which it is the object of a common school education to impart. It is manifest, if the above be incorrect that the education of a farmer cannot be brought at a common school, any more than that of a lawyer, physician, and it is equally plain that a common school education is indispensable to him as preliminary to his professional or farming education.

(To be continued.)

Choosing Meats.

Perhaps a few words on the choosing of meats may be acceptable to some young housekeepers. The flesh of a young ox beef should have a fine smooth, open grain, be of a good clear red, and feel tender to the touch. The fat should not be very yellow but rather white; the meat then is always better. Cow-beef has a coarser grain and whiter fat, but the lean is not so red. Bull-beef has a still coarser grain, the fat but the lean a deep red, and a stronger scent than either of the other two. Ox-beef is the best, and commands a higher price, though many prefer heifer beef which is delicious if well fed.

Veal is usually chosen for its white color, but that is hardly a good plan. Whiteness may be merely the effect of frequent bleeding or may be produced by giving the calf waiting to Bob. Rather choose veal by the appearance of the kidney and by the size of the meat. If the kidney is well covered with fat, the calf must have been a healthy animal, and if of a good size it can not have been killed too young. Mutton should have a fine grain a good color and firm white fat. The hind quarter is more commended than the fore, and always commands a higher price.

A good way of testing pork is to pinch the lean—if young it will break. If the rind is rough the meat is sure to be old. The thinner the rind of pork the better the quality of the meat. Look closely to the fat of pork, and if you discover small kernels in it, do not buy, for it is measly.

A young turkey will have a smooth leg, full bright eye, and supple fat, the same will hold good with nearly all poultry. Black-legged ones are considerably the most juicy. Freshness of fish can be best determined by the redness of the gills and the brightness of the eye. To choose a good lobster is very easy. Press in the sides with the thumb and fingers if spring the lobster is fresh, but if soft it is not so. Another mode is to judge by the weight for its size; if heavy it is good, if light, not good. But that mode is not as reliable as the other. The inner part of the lobster often turns to water, and of course this is will which as heavy as firm flesh, but by pressing the sides you will feel the water giveway, while the flesh resists your touch. Median and oysters are best but is also as it is impossible to have your pick of them. One has in this case to trust to the honesty of the dealer.

An Avenger.

A young man of remarkable physique named Robert L. Mitchell, who belongs to the neighborhood of Fitchburg, Mass., was in Montreal for a couple of hours yesterday, and during his stay purchased two massive navy revolvers, two large dirk knives, and some other warlike implements. Mitchell is going to Dublin, Ireland, on a strange mission. About a month or so ago two men named Mitchell and Kittson were hanged at the stake in Clonbrony, County Longford, Ireland. It appears that Longford County is a great stock raising district, and these men had taken up homesteads there very much to the chagrin of the ranchers, who want to use the country themselves to feed their cattle on, and they took this cruel mode of punishing Mitchell and Kittson for their offence (?) This outrage was the means of arousing the people of the whole State, and the Executive of Ireland offered a large sum of money for the capture of the perpetrators of the deed or dead. The young man Kittson is a nephew of the victim of the same name, and he is going out to Ireland to avenge his uncle's death. He says he is not afraid of danger. He says that he is a member of the Land League, and that he is going out to Ireland to take an active part in the agitation. Whenever Alfred Stanley is a boy or a girl, of course Mr Wilson or Mrs. Jones is entirely unable to certify. She said she was a boy and then she said she was a girl. Doctors is deserving of as much credence as the other.

Changed Her Sex.

About three weeks ago, says The San Francisco Chronicle, when James K. Wilson, Principal of the Lincoln Grammar school, arrived at his office in the school building he found waiting for him an apparently young personage, and the masculine fashion of whose clothes suggested that it was a boy. The young person immediately commenced business by announcing that his name was Alfred Stanley; that he was a boy of 15 years; that he had recently arrived in the city; that he had no friends nor money, and that he was a phenomenal exception to the rest of humankind in that he dared to marry even more than he then knew. Mr. Wilson furnished the attractive boy with books, and seated him upstairs to the classes of Mrs. Jones. He proved to a be studious young fellow, and with a remarkably singular habit of attending to no one's business but his own. But trouble was brewing for the young person of the quite beautiful name of Alfred Stanley. A date-like some caused the terrible suspicion to dawn upon the mind of Mrs Jones that Alfred Stanley was in truth and in fact Adinda Stanley, and that instead of the brass-buttoned garments sometimes fitted at as breeches, she ought, according to the eternal fitness of things, be swathed in something gored or biased, or at least cut in some way, according to the beautiful religious belief of a milliner, exclusively for females. Mrs. Jones instantly imparted her suspicions to Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Wilson imparted them to certain of the school directors, and after a prolonged council of war Mr Wilson up and told the boy that he was a girl. The boy blushed scarlet and hesitated for a moment, and was disposed to argue as to the correctness of the decision, but even as Mr Wilson and Mrs. Jones and Sal Adipose mentioned as a valuable aid to her journey to the Pacific opening. She had been induced to assume this role by female active. Whenever Alfred Stanley is a boy or a girl, of course Mr Wilson or Mrs. Jones is entirely unable to certify. She said she was a boy and then she said she was a girl. Directors is deserving of as much credence as the other.

A Word to Wives

A great deal is said about the attentions to married women, as there is good reason in them, after all. Say a wealthy man once: 'I expect to marry, but with a family war arising, dissatisfaction, and all that, and when I married her she had never done a day's work in her life, but when W. & Co. failed, and I commenced as the foot of the hill again, she discharged the servants and gloves gave a little to go and did her own housework until I was in the top of again.' And my wife, said a second, was only daughter, dandled and petted to death; and everybody said, 'Well, if he don't make a fool like that, he'll make well marry a fool like that, he'll make the greatest mistake of his life,' but when I came home the first year of our marriage, sick with fever, she nursed me back to health, and by her courage and cheerfulness made me forget half my sufferings.' Yes whatever may be her serious faults the modern woman has a true heart still.

'Somebody having asked, What is an editor?' Josh Billings thus answered:—'An editor is a mule, whose business is to investigate a newspaper. He writes editorials, cuts out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts ma ascrint, keeps a waste-basket, blows up the devil, tex s matter, fites out other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar a year, takes white beans and apple sass for pay when he can get it, raises a large family, works nineteen hours out of twenty-four, keeps no Sunday, lives poor, dies middle-aged, and often broken hearted, leaving a family and is rewarded for his life of toil by a short but free obituary puff in the newspapers.'

— 'Yes,' observes a friend, 'she certainly is very highly cultivated. She is very stylish, plays well, talks well, dances well, and rides well, and succeeds admirably in private theatricals. 'Is that,' he added, 'she's just the kind of girl you'd like one of your friends to marry.'

— There has been much newspaper controversy about the authorship of Mr. Longfellow's Snow. A good many attributed it to a lady woman who was found dead one morning in the streets of New York with the lines clasped in her hands. But the New York 'Graphic' has settled the whole thing by declaring with certainty that Jack Frost is the author of beautiful snow.

WANTS A BITE.—A gentleman, who wanted to make a speech to a Sunday school, thought he would adopt the colloquial style, and thinks what happened:

'Now, boys, what does a man want when he goes a fishing?'

A shrill voice in the crowd went directly to the point with—

'Wants a bite?'

The gentleman sat down without further remarks.

— Subscribers pay up.

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May 17, 1878. tf.

To Travellers.

JOHN RYAN, late conductor C. R., Halifax will have Carriage and sleighs at Halifax depot on arrival of all trains. Passengers sent to any of the hotels or any part of the city.

J. C. Mahon,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in WINES, BRANDIES, SPIRITS, ALE, PORTER, TOBACCO & CIGARS.

Nearly opposite the Railway Station, Truro, N. S. 1y.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA