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Weekin



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VOL. 23.

· · · · WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1896. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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Poetry.

A vision of vales and mountains

Before me stands to-day,
And the sunshine lends its glory
While shadows swing and play,
And the green hills watch forever
By the old home far away.

The sunshine sleeps in the valley,
The airs of summer blow;
The daisies toss in the meadows
All in the golden glow,
And dreaming still on the waters
Are lilies of long ago.

The dear old home by the wayside,
With broad roof sloping down,
The hush of the cool sweet shadows
Tossed from the maple's crown,
The mossy leaves, the door a swing,
And the lichened wall of brown!

The cradle-song of the robin
Rocked in the maple leaves,
The old barn, memory-haunted,
Filled with the golden sheaves,
The twitter of happy swallows,
From the mud-nests 'neath the caves!

The shy thrush sings in the orchard,
The call of quail is near;
And down from the hillside pasture
The sheep bells ringing clear
And the sound of the flail and reaper
Come back with the waning year.

O but for a dream day olden
Within the maple's shade,
A breath from the clover meadows
Where restless boyhood played,
Ere over the wide horizon
The feet of the rover strayed!

O valley amid the mountains! My fond heart turns to you For rest in the quiet shadows
When cares of life are through:
Under the clover and daisies—
Under the daisies and dew. Renjamin F. Legget. "From 'An Idyl oj Lake George."

Select Literature.

God-Beloved.

white wall half in shadow, save where a clump of willow herb sunned itself by the window, and flushed the deeper for the nink

"Like as if it might be going home," he whispered with labored breath, following the direction of her eyes.

Amanda draw "I have share" The continued excitedly: "but they share" the continued excitedly the continued clouds drifting overhead. Inside, a narrow, for him. Neither spoke, but they watched stuffy room, made more narrow and more the star together, and the bright clear track stuffy by the number of people crowded into before it; then the girl's eyes fell till they it, and the heavy smell of long kept black rested on the dim fields in front, and the garments. The kettle was singing noisily on white line of highroad that cut its way into the hob, sending jets of steam over the shin- the twilight. with an odd assortment of crockery, stood Mr. Bates." by the settle, and the scent of strong tea and hot butter rose agreeably to the nostrils of ly.

All the women in the room—and there were five besides Mrs. Pond—wore black flowers, and the little singin' birds i' the clothes of various degrees of antiquity, and hedges.' The workmanship, fit, finish and style of every garment I guarantee to be pocket-handkerchiefs, held much inevidence. and gave a little nod back at the gossiping sent as implying nearer and more tearful reied that afternoon, and Mrs. Pond spoke of ten to 'em now." their excessive display afterwards to Amanion. But then Mrs. Pond was in a fretful a plaintive, ill-used key:herself superior to public opinion in this reglory, only that Amanda had left it in the back room before she went out, and Mrs. Pond was too proud to ask any one to fetch it. So she lay, rubbing her sore with Providence at not being able to enjoy the talk she was not saying anything wicked, "they'd of her neighbor Martha Dickenson's funeral

to the full, and only gave halt a mind to the onversation going on around her. The teacups clattered, the pool of spilt milk on the table widened out and dribbled in a thin stream on to her square of cherished carpet, and the women, tired of the day's event, nodded and whispered their fresh speculations, and shook their heads minously over her preoccupation. It was least, so said Maria Bates, and she being own husband's cousin to Mrs. Pond, certainly ought to know. Presently footsteps became audible, toiling up the bit of hill out-

up the window, peered dark to any one coming in, and he tood peering in, half hesitating whether wester.

"Come thy ways in, Jonathan Bates," called out his wife, waving her pewter spoon to indicate her whereabouts. "I'm fain to breath. "It's like we shall hear of another set a bit longer."

The women scraped their chairs aside on the brick floor to make room for him, and thus left as it were to the seat of honor in bulky form on to the vacant chair and smiled around him genially. Recalled by a nudge om Mrs. Bates to the unsuitability of this expression, and finding the company totally nresponsive thereto, he drew his features down with sudden gloom, and fetching a deep sigh, said:-"Eh, poor thing; but she's gotten her

bit o' time ower." The women sighed in chorus; this was the usual mode of commencing conversation un-der the circumstances, and it was agreeable "Eh," said to their sense of etiquette. Still it had already been advanced so often, that sympe-thetic assent was all that could be expected. his chair, "that's so. We're here to-day, an' gone to-morrow. How do'e feel to-night, "She was a rare fine figure of a woman too," he continued, with an apologetic glance at his wife, who merely sniffed. "And

nor a fine voice," said Mrs. Bates reprovingly. She was not gifted with that "excellent Bates. How's thy Matilda?" Jonathan Bates shifted his chair nervou

ly and tried back. "Well, that's as maybe. Howso she's gone, poor body. We all do fade as the leaf, and she were t' second sin' midsummer. There's no sayin' who may go

er's voice was loud, and rose above the subdued clack of the women.
"I reckon Amanda's late," she said peev-

"Nay, that I didn't. Maybe I shouldn't be here now if I had. Maybe Amanda would ha' kep' me to watch them pinkey —For stemach trombles use K.D.C.

I'm set on Amanda." He laughed a little, then drew up and continued soberly. "But, "A poor dwiny thing is 'Tilda Bates," "Happen John Thomas is set on clouds

too," a younger woman interrupted, with a simper.
Mrs. Pond turned sharply. "Clouds or no clouds, John Thomas knows

my wishes, an' he'll soon break Amanda of them fancies. A sharp, sensible young man further gossip; the mental atmosphere he is, an' doin' a fair business, so he tells Mrs. Pond's room had become too highly "It'll be a rare chance for 'Manda," Mrs.

Mrs. Pond bridled slightly. "That's as maybe. John Thomas hadn't much to boast on till I sent him to Tillbro, an' 'Manda 's my own son's gell, though she do favor her mother most. Jane was allus her figure crossed in and out of the firelight, soft an' simplelike." "Pretty lass," murmured Jonathan Bates

Bates said, stirring her tea thoughtfully.

below his breath. "Poor, pretty lass!" Again there sounded a step outside, light and springy, and the door opened to admit a thin, shy-looking girl, with a crop of short

looking out. The women laughed a little, and began a desultory washing-up of the not unkindly. "Thee'd better ha' brought him in, Aman-

da," said one.
"Who?" asked the girl, turning half round and presenting a clear profile against the light.

"as if thee didn't know. Why John Thomas for sure." "I haven't seen him," and she turned again to the window, ignoring her grand-

purple, but between them and half across the sky stretched a wide lane of pure, pale green, along which a solitary star appeared to be travelling. Jonathan Bates rose cumbrously from his chair and moved alongside to sleep.

mother. "Such a long, straight road to live, and

ound table, covered with oil cloth and laden at the star. "It don't seem worth while, The old man looked at her compassionate

two of them likewise carried black-boilered She shrugged her shoulders impatiently,

"How much do they care for the flowers, ationship to the woman that had been bur- Mr. Bates?-or the singin' of the birds! Lis-

had been found too badly iron-moulded to be shown otherwise than in a neatly-folded square; and to carry a folded handkerchief square; and to carry a folded handkerchief square; and to carry a folded handkerchief square is square; and to carry a folded handkerchief setting round while they plays upon harps. after a funeral argues want of respect to the corpse. Still she would have considered a man—a little, long-haired chap—used to come round wi' one when I were i' service spect, and risked its exhibition in diminished over to Skidthorp; a jangling, rattling thing I mind it was; seemed to me like rats a

scampering." cling tether of a cloth-clad arm; the flying unconscious feet had carried her straight into make a strange din like."

"Why, then, there's t' psalms. I reckon "It's all very well for such as Martha Dickenson," said Mrs. Bates, "she was that set on music. Many's the time I've known Jonathan go round to her house o' nights wi's flute, when I've been fair moidered wi's noise-an' she that pleased to hear it." "And palms," another woman struck in.

" Palms in their hands,' read the passon o for a burying; she was failing rapidly. At Sunday. They've a heavy smell in a room I always think, and they make a sad dust about. "I hiver hev let Amanda bring pa'ms into myhouse," said Mrs. Pond decidedly. "An'

side, and the door was pushed open and a what's more, I niver will. Time enough for them when you haven't got to sweep up the man's head thrust ir.

The room, with its row of plants blocking litter, I says. An' Martha Dickenson kep' an untidy house." " Martha Dickenson," said Jonathan

Bates, settling himself heavily into his chair. "Ay-" all the women drew a share being struck for death soon."

The old woman on the settle moved fret fully. "Nay, she's t' third, Jonathan," she corrected anxiously; "there was George Thomson, and Grindall's little lad—there weant be any more now a bit." "No, no, Susan Pond, you're wrong. George Thomson, he belonged to the last lot;

he died last back-end, if you'll just think "Ay, he did," corroborated Mrs. Bates. "It was Ellen Jakes, and old John Darby, and George Thomson."
"Dear, dear," crooned a little shrunken

creature from a dark corner, "happen it'll "Eh." said the old man clasping his horny hands, and leaning forward on the arms of

A flush rose on the old woman's shrunken cheeks, and her lips mumbled and quivered when she were a gell she had as pretty a while the five black bonnets veered with one accord towards the settee. Then her beady eyes snapped, and half rising from her pil lows she shrilled out with vindictive energy -"Rare an' hearty, thankye, Jonathan

"'Tilda?" he repeated in a bewildered one. "'Tilda?" he broke off helplessly, and looked round in a dazed manner at his wife. Something was inferred which he did not rightly understand. What had he said?

Mrs. Bates rose and tightened her shawl with a resentful twitch. "'Tilda's perked ext."

up a goodish bit of late," she said confidently, "she ails naught to speak on."

Four black bonnets were tossed behind Mrs. Bates's back with gestures of incred-"I reckon Amanda's late," she said peevishly. "Did ye see owt on her, Jonathan failed to see, as she and her husband made their difficult way to the door.

His brow was still anxiously furrowed,

she stood there in the bright morning light with John Thomas at her side. She looked

curiously at his pallid face framed in its lank, colorless hair, with which she had been

familiar since childhood, as if she saw him truly for the first time; and the words came

with a rush from her lips, almost before she

was aware of them:—
"Oh, if you'd only let me bide, an' take

'Tilda i'stead! I hate Tillbro'-I hate the

laughed easily, reassuringly.
"You'll soon get used to it, my girl; not

more than ordinarily tender farewell. The brass had recalled to his mind the fact that

she was his only warranty for its future

possession.

The girl threw back her head with a ges-

ture of relief when he had departed. It was

of no use, he had not understood. Well,

to be a hot day, she would hurry through

table and depressed, with a sense of duties to be performed in view of her approaching

long as might be.

heaved herself up and nodded.

about things. Bring t' tub in here."

several people called with dainties ostenta

Mrs. Bates was the most untiringly regu-

articles of furniture.

Mrs. Pond's condition.

feverishly through her wrinkled skin. Sh eyed her remaining guests threateningly, as if daring them to deny her statement.

They assented volubly, pinning on shawl and sleeking their hair as they did so; no one appeared very anxious to remain for s

Mrs. Pond said, with the flush still burning

"Shut the door quick, 'Manda, it's chill." the old woman said when the last black figure had taken its departure. Her voice sounded weak and unsteady, and she shrank into quite a small bundle beneath the counstraightening the chairs and putting all to rights. The flames lapped and flickered,

and Amanda moved with little light gestures not unlike them, touching a thing and forgetting, and passing on to something else. Her hair was bleached to a pale straw color at the tips, and stood out all round in a soft fluff, like a dimly sketched-in nimbus. She came in slowly, as if unwilling to quit the outer air, and without speaking to any one went over to the window, where she in style.

It gave her a quaint, unworldly appearance, and 'Tilda Bates held it to be sadly deficient in style.

> on the lean, sunburnt face bending over the steam, and began to whimper, her knotted hands working convulsively under the the brass in question were a sweetmeat even clothes:then in process of degustation. Then he looked hastily at his watch, ascertained that

bage, 'Manda Pond, standing there mum-

Presently she lit a rickety paraffin lamp

he had five minutes in which to catch the carriers' cart to Tillbro' and bade Amanda a chance, when thee've heard what neighbor say; an' me, thy own grandmother, as brought thee up an' all."
Amanda looked up inquiringly. "Pond, he scrimped and he scraped nigh The pink clouds were fading into a sad on fifty years, an' I made sure I'd live com-

fortable a bit after he was took, an' hev my bit o' meat reg'lar." "What's to do now, granny?" the girl said she had not expected it. And it was going soothingly. "You're over-tired belike. Go

Amenda left her pots, and coming over to the settle looked down curiously at her grand-

"They've set it to be my turn, 'Manda," Mrs. Pond said with impressive solemnity. A strange sense of importance supported he ing rackons, and a long settle was drawn up close to the hood-end, on which lay an old woman, propped with pillows, and partially half to herself, and then again she looked up the set of the moment, and she spoke with condetend there is not dust; there is not dust; and if there is not dust, there is mud," she cried, half to herself, and then again she looked up addle headed lass, and the knows now. There's allus been three deaths together i Thorndyke iver sin' I can remember, and" -her voice broke again into a wail -" there's nobbut 'Tilda Bates n' me; iverybody else is as hale an' a hearty as-as thee!"

When Amanda drew aside the checked blind in the morning the sun was well up, though still half-hidden behind a veil of mist, and beyond the cold shadow of the cottage the opposite hedge stood out a-drip with dew and all hoary with cobwebs. The face, but she did not rouse save to turn a little on her pillow. Far into the night she A tall, sallow-faced spinster had struck had fratched and fretted, and the girl was the speculative vein, and was haranguing in a plaintive, ill-used key:—

weary with want of sleep and the closeness of the room. The fresh day outside drew she was half-way across a field, her thin arms out-stretched, her delicate face uplifted, her spirit lost in an ecstatic sense of freedom and the absolute goodness of life. In three, the short-lived glory was dispelled and her further career abruptly checked by the encir

> the embrace of John Thomas, who, stepping leisurely from behind a furze-bush, received her thus with jubilation. "Lord, Amanda," he gasped, as she tore herself indignantly away and stood half dazed by the sudden change of sentiment; "how queer you did look with your arm stuck up-like as you'd been struck all of It's well it was only me. Folks

would say you was fond, stravagin' round like yon!' "Maybe I am, then-i' some things." She eved him askance through her lashes er face was crimson with mortification being caught in her moment of expansion-

by John Thomas, of all people!
"Nay, I was only chaffin'. But Lord!" ne stifled another laugh, and continued more seriously-" not but what I might have ex pected you'd he anxious to make it up after the way you treated me yesterday. Never once could I get a nigh you, and it wouldn't have been much of a holiday for me if i hadn't been for 'Tilda Bates. Real lively and spry she was too, for all she's so ill. Why, I stayed more nor an hour up at the farm with her. You might take a lesson from 'Tilda; she's one as knows how to trea

a fellow proper." John Thomas squared his narrow shoulders with an asumption of dignity ill-befitting his stunted form, and spruced up his tie and collar before continu-ing more affably: "However, my dear, here's time for you to improve before I com here again, and I shall look to you, Amanda to begin and try to act more fitting. I can't spare to come over again like this more than once in a while; it doesn't do to leave your

usiness if you want to get on in the world, and I'm a pushing man, I am." He put his hands in his pockets and made portentous jingle with two odd keys and ome small coins, then bethought himself, and slipped an arm round the girl's waist with an air of condescending fondness Amanda involuntarily shrank into herself, but she bore the caress with a sort of dog-ged indifference. It was her duty to, and all her duties as they occurred in the daily routine were faithfully fulfilled with the same lack of interest, verging on absolute

To tend Mrs. Pond, and listen with half vielding ear to her manifold complaints and coldings; to grow up, wear neat gowns that ontracted her chest and twisted round her ankles when she ran, skew her hair up into a tidy knot (there seemed no immediate danger of this last possibility, but Amanda accepted it along with the probable loss of her front teeth); to marry John Thomas; tend her house and her husband, and yield the same half-ear to his long winded discourse on business and the putting by of money; finally, to grow old her grossed with household cares and worries— it was what happened to all women, only sho wondered vaguely why they seemed so sat-isfied with it all, so unconscious of the hor-ror of black darkness in which her own fluttering spirit seemed about to be engulfed.

The shadow of it loomed over her afresh as

Jas, J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRSITER.

SOLICITOR

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

A BROAD MINDED DIVINE.

shop, an' the streets, an' the houses; all set so close till there's no breathing a'most;" she paused, choking, scared at the passion in her own voice. Memories of a week when throp, D.D., the eminent divine who so long she had once served in the shop crowded

jostling into her brain; the slights and jeers of the church. of the other girls at her awkwardness, the dingy light struggling through bales of woolen goods, the smell of cheap fur, the sordid scraping of half-pence by anxious purchasers—it seemed as if her companion must understand how it was with her; but he Dr. Calthrop was born in England and received his preparatory scholastic training at St. Paul's School London. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, he soon became a bright figure in that brilliant coterie of scholars, literary men and wits that followed in the "You'll soon get used to it, my girl; not but what it'll be a great rise to you after this place; it's natural you should be a bit mistrustful of yourself, but lor! you'll soon score of years he was to choose as his home and in which his labors have been so long enough with the fellows, but she didn't hit of Calthrop have had their fundamental our trade's mostly with females. Not to say as Aunt Susan's bit o' brass is a more pleas-ing inheritance than Farmer Bates's bad debts." The felicity of this last expression struck John Thomas so forcibly that he re-peated it with increased unction, as though to his congregation, which is one of the most



Dr. Calthrop has a striking personality. sight for an instant. The sun might blaze his brightest from the cloudless blue all His head and face, framed in luxuriant masses of silky snow-white hair and beard, are of the type of Bryant and Longfellow. Although over seventy years old his rather promoter of athletic sports, and even at his advanced age, plays tennis with all the vigor

can die easy. 'Manda, take you the key from yon chimney vase, an' open t' boddom On a bright Ap drar o' my ma'ogany chest. Stop! put a clout over t' handles first, thy hands is damp belike, an' they'll dull 'em."

lowed the winding driveway that curving around the hill leads to Caithrop Lodge, an' old-fasioned red brick mansion, surrounded belike, an' they'll dull 'em."

Full of wonderment Amnada obeyed. The by a grove of oaks and chestnuts. Wearing mahogany chest was the glory of Mrs. Pond's a black skull cap and a black coat of semi life; it stood at the foot of her settle, with wool mats bearing a large shell workbox, a tea-caddy, and several framed and glazed to inquire about his health, for, though man memorial conductive to inquire about his health, for, though man follows. orial cards of the Pond family disposed upon it. It had mother-o'-pearl centres, like little gleaming eyes, let into the handles, and the girl was never allowed to touch it save in the way of reverent rubbings with a

duster. Now she opened the drawer and took out some yellow linen. Mrs. Pond "I've kep' yon," she said, "iver sin' I was wed. It's for my layin' out. I reckoned it'd be summut off color, an' want bleaching, Maria Bates said when she come to see Pond as his shirt weren't a good white, an' I up hope of a permanent curs or of more than temporary relief when he took the prepara-tion that drove the disease completely from couldn't bide still for her to go an' say it agen over me. Eh, I wish I could learn thee to wesh as I weshed when I were a

Evening News, of Syracuse, last year Dr. Cal-throp told of his affliction and its cure. This Later in the day one or two neighbor looked in and made long faces, and Mrs. is Dr. Calthrop's letter Pond grew tremulous and scriptural, and spoke of the vanity of riches, so that word To the Editor of The Evening News .- Deas Sir: More than 35 years ago I wrenched my went about that old Pond had saved a sight left knee, throwing it almost from its socket. Great swelling followed, and the synovial of money-they didn't know how; probably

This made me lame for years, and from tiously concealed beneath white cloths, and time to time the weak knee would give out condoled lengthily with the invalid, at the entirely and the swelling would comm same time incidentally alluding to their long suppressed admiration for certain of her This was always occasioned by some strain like a sudden stop. The knee gradually recovered, but always was weaker than the lar of these visitants, and her face it was that

but then this was greatly owing to the facthat she had her own invalid daughter at home, and 'Tilda's peace of mind depended largely upon her mother's daily report of the body. The trouble came so often that I For if doom did not overtake Mrs. Pond, it had 'Tilda to fall back upon as a second resource. And 'Tilda, sitting up in the flagged kitchen at the farm, with hectic cheeks, and a big shawl muffling her bent severywhere I went. I had generally a coverywhere I wen shoulders, felt fully cognizant of this, and natural size I had seen the good effects that Pink Pills

perked up, or pined, according to the tenor Knowing this as she did, it was really inconsiderate of Mrs. Pond, but she never would admit the hopelessness of her own mind, there was always a snap of the eyes, Bates made her appearance in the doorway; and it got to be full three weeks from the date of Martha Dickenson's funeral, and still the old woman held on tenaciously to her poor frayed thread of life. Maria Bates felt I gladly give you this statement. that something ought to be done to expedite matters; suspense was telling upon 'Tilda and the constant fluctuation between hope Since writing this lette Dr. Calthrop has

speedily. In a fit of exasperation she opened her mind to her daughter, and 'Tilda's quick thunder had been threatening all day, and Amenda had moved the row of ruddled plantpots from the window that she might get what light she could for her work. Mrs. day merino, which she would no longer need, would do very well "made over" granddaughter's wear, and the girl was struggling with hot fingers and a hopeless ignorance of the relationship of piece with piece over the pile of unpicked material be-

and despair threatened to wear her out

(Concluded on fourth page.)

—Do not dally with rheumatism. Get rid of it at once by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

-If you wish to get into a crooked path, follow the direction of a corkscrew.

—A benevolent Englishment has just given £1,000 toward the mainten

-Minard's Liniment is the Best.

SECURITY. Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

PASTOR WHO BELIEVES IN TRAINING church in Syracuse, as it is the anniversary of

highly cultured and wealthy in the city



end, and Amanda was never let out of her through the long hours, but no beam of his might enter the low-pitched room that fronted to the north-west. The door must remain shut, too, and the fire be kept up, and spare figure is firm and erect and every Amanda must make little sups in a saucepan movement is active and graceful. His whole to keep up her grandmother's strength as life long he has been an ardent admirer and "It's main hard," wailed the old woman, harking back and back to her burthen of the night before; "main hard as it s'ud be me; an' there's a sight to be looked to before I most widely known, apart from his profes-On a bright April morning a reporter fol-

suffering. Dr. Calthrop for many years had until by fortunate chance he was lead to take the remedy which has effectually cured

Syracuse, Dr. Calthrop has been troubled with rheumatism, and at intervals he suffered excruciating agony from it. At times the walking. Many remedies were tried with-

gell! But thee've no noation of how to set In a letter written to the editor of the

achieved the greatest triumph of anxiety; commenced, this time without any wrench at all, and before long I realized that this was was obliged to carry an opiate in my pocket everywhere I went. I had generally a

> myself with the result that I have never had a twinge or a swelling since. This was effected by taking seven or eight boxes.
>
> I need not say that I am thankful for my

> my knee is far stronger than it has been for I took one pill at my meals three times

not had any visits from his old enemy and is even more cordial now in his recommenda-tion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than he was "I am continually recommending Dr

those I chance to meet who are troubled with rheumatism or locomotor ataxia. "Pink Pills," continued Dr. Calthrop, 'are the best thing of the kind. I know of cines that are put up for sale. I know pretty well what the pills contain and I consider it an excellent prescription. It is such a one as I might get from my doctor but he would

not give it in such a compact form and so

convenient to take. "I recommend the pills highly to all who are troubled with rheumatism, locomotor ataxia or any impoverishment of the blood."