(Continued from first page.)

They were lying in a field with the river stretching before them like a streak of silver in the rays of a full August moon. Pippo rested his cheek on the cool, soft grass, and drank in the beauty of the scene with greedy eyes. A deep sigh passed his lips. "When would such a holiday be his again?" As the thought was in his mind he heard the far off chime of some church clock striking the hour. Mechanically he counted the strokes. Nine! At the last he sprang to his feet with a cry of terror, sharp and sudden. "Netta," he said wildly. "Netta I must go back, I had forgotten. Oh, Netta, Netta, wake!"

The girl was fast asleep, but his startled cry roused her, and she sat up and looked at him with drowsy, stupefied eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I must go back—last night—and then to forget! Oh, the wasted time! Netta, dear Netta, let us hurry home; we may be in time yet. Oh, how could I forget? How could I?"

"What are you talking about?" asked the girl crossly. Her slumber had been very pleasant, and she did not like to be disturbed.

"Oh, Netta!" cried the little lad, his white, terrified face bent pleading toward her. "Let me go home. I know what they are going to do to-night, those wicked men. Netta, if anything happens to him I shall never forgive myself. I ought to have warned him. I meant to, and then, then—this afternoon, and it was all so beautiful, and I forgot till now, and it is late, and—".

"Don't be foolish, Pippo," interrupted the girl. "I know what they are going to do, and I was told to keep you out of the way. Rest contented; you can do no good now; it is too late."

The little lad turned on her with such a look of horror, shame and agony in his great wild eyes as struck her to the heart. "You know!"

It was all he said. Then, with one appealing glance to the calm, wide heavens that looked so bright and pitiless and far above, he sprang away like an arrow from a bow, and with fleet feet that baffled the girl's instant pursuit, he traversed the field path by the river side, and was lost to sight in a few moments.

Netta's senses, though drugged by drink and sleep, were yet quick enough to warn her of the danger in store for her should Pippo succeed in his attempt; but she was no match for him in speed, and when she reached the landing stage she found there was no sign of him, and that the last boat had left an hour before. "He will have to walk all the way," she thought to herself. "He cannot be in time."

But Pippo had no intention of walking. He had noticed the position of the railway lines, and he knew they must lead to a station, and as soon as he was out of Netta's sight he made his way to the little town, and some curious chance or blind instinct guided him direct to the spot he sought. Yet here a fresh difficulty awaited him. He had no money wherewith to buy a ticket. The clothes on his back and the violin in his hand were his only possessions. The engine was screaming and puffing, the passengers were already taking their places. The child dared not hesitate. He sprang into a carriage where the people were humbly dressed, and which he thought would be the cheapest to travel in, and sat trembling in a corner at his own temerity until the train was fairly started. Then he rose up and strecched out his little hands in an agony of appeal to the wondering passengers.

"Oh, good people," he cried, "I am a poor little lad, and I have no money, and some one I know is in great danger tonight, and I must get to him and warn him. It will kill me if I cannot. I thought the iron way would carry me quickest, and so I came in here, but they may turn me out, for I have no money to pay them. You know how much it is, and I will play to you all the rest of the way for just so many copper pieces as it may be. Oh, good people, it is for a life I pray. Do hear and help me, for love of the God you serve!"

The passionate appeal, the sight of the little eager face and tear-blinded eyes, stirred many hearts there to sympathy. Before the child had touched a string or played a note, eager hands thrust the money into his own, and kindly voices were uttering assurances of sympathy in his ear. He thanked them with the rapturous ecstacy of southern grace that for once overcame his natural shyness, and then, true to his word, he played to them, with all his heart in the music he poured forth. The noise of the train bewildered him; the sparks of fire and colored lights of signals flashing by dazzled his eyes; the darkness and clamor, as the carriages rushed through the long black tunnels, frightened him, as all things weird and strange frighten a child; but his heart was filled with a brave and steadfast purpose, and nothing but death would have stayed him now.

When they told him he could get no nearer to the place he wanted that night, he bade them all farewell and got out, and as he stood on the platform, his brown curls glistening in the lamplight, his violin clasped in his arms, his eyes gazing bewildered and frightened around him, many a woman's eyes grew dim with pity as the train whirled off, and his fellow passengers lost sight of him at last.

There was a long walk still before him, and the way was strange, and there were but few people of whom to ask it, and the o few either ignored or misdirected him. The sultry heat of the day which had portended a storm now began to fulfill its promise, and the roll of thunder over head, and the heavy splash of rain drops on his face warned him of its approach. Still he battled on mechanically, although he held all storms and warfare of the elements in superstitious dread. A clock was striking midnight when he at last discovered the street he wanted and had searched for so long. He was drenched to the skin with the heavy rain, and his brain seemed dizzy and bewildered by the shock of the thunder's roar and the flash of the vivid lightning. Still, that one purpose was in his mind, and to that patient fidelity pointed as steadfastly as the needle to the pole.

When he reached the house it was all in darkness. He had formed no plan, had no distinct idea of what he was to do, only he had learned that a plot was on foot to rob, perhaps to murder his generous young benefactor, and he must warn him of it. He crept round the house. All was quiet. It was a semi-detached villa, and a small garden ran around it leading to a large square at the back of the house. Pippo knew that from the back an entrance would be effected; he had overheard the men say so. Silent as a shadow he flitted up the steps, and mounted the balcony on which two long French windows opened. They were closely shut and shuttered, but as he placed his eye to the pane he caught a faint gleam of light. With beating heart and face white as death he looked in. The shutters had evidently been unfastened, and through the crack this light shone at intervals. Even as he looked it went out and all was dark again. The child passed his hand over the window, and found that a whole pane of glass had been removed. He then timidly pressed the shutter, and found it gave way at once. The men were here then, and their dastardly work was begun. Without an instant's hesitation the lad threw back the shutter and dashed into the room. In that second of time the whole scene was photographed on his brain. Two black masked figures were bending over a heap of plate that had been taken from the sideboard; and as the boy's entrance startled them, the light of a bull's-eye lantern flashed full on his face. An oath and a blow followed in quick succession, but the lad slipped like an eel through the fingers that sought to detain him, and, throwing open the door, raised a shout of alarm that roused every inmate of the house. Then with equal rapidity he sprang on the heap of plunder that the two men had been fastening in a leather case, and with his little feeble arms flung around it, and his little frail body interposed between them and their booty, he st ove to defend it for his benefactor's sake.

"Come, Luigi," cried one of the men in alarm. "The whole house is up. We shall be caught. Fly."

"I won't go without this," muttered the other with an oath. "You young devil, will you let go?"

The little lad did not answer; his strength was nearly gone, his breath only came in pitiful gasps. He had but the mute dumb persistence of an inflexible purpose to keep his senses from failing; he could not waste them now in idle words. There was a struggle, but the man could not shake off that tenacious hold, and the sound of footsteps warned him to desist. With one last curse, hissed through his close set teeth, he loosed his hold.

"Little devil, at least you shall have your reward," he cried, and drew a long sharp dagger from his breast and stabbed him to the heart. The red blood rushed in a torrent over Pippo's arms as still they clasped what he had given his life to defend.

A sickness and darkness stole over him; he felt his hands relax their clasp, and he fell face downward on the blood-stained floor as the flash of lights, and the sound of voices filled the room.

The scene told its own tale, but the sound of the voice he loved, the presence of the friend for whom his loyal little life had been sacrificed, recalled Pippo's scattered senses, and through the dim haze of death he stretched out his hands to Ned Fordyce.

"It's all right, Signor," he said. "I kept it. I meant to—to warn you, but I came too late for that—only—I said they should not rob you, and they—have not!"

Ned Fordyce threw himself down beside the little lad, and tore open the ragged shirt, and strove to staunch the fast flowing blood, while his brave young face grew pale as that of the martyred child.

"Why did you do this?" he asked sorrowfully, "I would a thousand times sooner have lost all this worthless trash than had a human life sacrificed to save it."

The heavy lids opened, and the glazed eyes seemed to smile.

"You were so good," said the child softly. "I had always been unhappy till I—saw you. Perhaps you will remember me a little—sometimes—and help some other child like myself—just for Pippo's sake. The violin is out there—on the balcony. I should like to take it with me, because—you gave it—for, though doubtless the Madonna will give me one in heaven, it will not be quite the same—as yours—"

Then his head fell back like a tired child's, and his eyes saw the face he loved no more.

So Pippo found his reward.

Working Up.

Knowing and doing are the two great roads that lie open before us all. These are the two broad avenues by which every object of human desire must be followed. Study, thought, is the great employment and object of one; all who walk that road are engaged in a perpetual struggle to know more. In the other, work, incessant action, demands the exercise of all the powers. Either to learn something or to do something is the real business of every child, of every man and woman, of every hour.

To be sure there are some who wish to be idle, to amuse themselves only or chiefly, and who put pleasure and self-indulgence first. But all who do so choose for themselves a disgraceful part in a busy world. To be good for anything it is necessary first of all to be in earnest and to determine to do something whether it be head-work or hand-work, with all the strength that we possess.

There is no success that is worth having which is not earned, and earned by serious persistent hard work. All the footpaths to a true success lie up-hill; sometimes the way is steep and the footing rough. But as you rise the air grows clear and the prospect wider, and at every step there is something to be thankful for and something to hope.

Although the two great roads of knowing and doing mark a very real and important division, we cannot separate them entirely. The intelligent worker is continually learning; the earnest student finds an abundance of hard work in his way. But each throws his strength chiefly into the effort to advance in the direction that he has chosen. A steady purpose in life with a determination to attempt and to carry through a definite plan is the frame work, the skeleton, so to speak, to a successful career. It is always worth while to have an aim, and to put that aim high. But having set yourself a certain task, you will find that in doing that you also gain many unexpected advantages. Life is not a simple thing, like a sum in arithmetic. On the contrary it is wonderfully rich and complex. Whatever our special choice may be, though the domain is more than sufficient for a life work, yet we receive with it, if we do our best a free gift of much that lies outside of it.

The thinkers ought not to despise the men of thought. Valuable ideas are the best kind of riches, and there is no capital that is worth so much as brains. But whether the capital be money or knowledge, it is the way in which it is used that makes it a good or a bad thing. True success is won by working, each according to his or her best ability, for those true ends and objects which promote the good of all. The boys and the girls who are just beginning an independent life will decide by their aims and the spirit in which they follow them, not only their own individual fortunes, whether or not they will be rich, honored, believed in and happy, as their portions in life, but they will surely decide also, what society is to be, and whether the country and the world will be better off or worse off than now in twenty-five years.

—Sweeping heavy carpets with salt will exterminate moths.

Agricultural.

The Greeley Plum Exploded.

Two years ago the Russian mulberry tree exploded, and proved to be a fraud greater in magnitude than Swan's famous corn sheller. The same tree vender that robbed the fruit growers by this mulberry tree swindle, also introduced the "Greeley plum." He calls it a "seedling plum," and endeavors to prove that it is such by causing a Portland fruit grower to certify as follows:

I hereby certify that in the year 1880 I furnished buds of the plum known in this vicinity as the Greeley plum; said buds were grown by me on the *original tree* which I took from a garden on Danforth street. * * * The fruit is very large, of a deep, rich wine color. Signed,

Portland, Nov. 24, 1889.

Last spring while viewing neighbor Titus' plum trees, I called his attention to one, and informed him that it was a Bradshaw. "You are mistaken this time," says he, "for this is one of my Greeleys." "Mr. Titus," says I, "if this tree, when it fruits, don't produce Bradshaws, or fruit so near like it that you cannot tell the difference, then I will give you a bushel of plums." The observing, practical fruit grower can distinguish a young, vigorous Northern Spy tree from all other varieties by its peculiar looks, as readily as by the fruit. It is the same with the Bradshaw plum. The experienced nurseryman can distinguish it every time, where the tree is a fair sample of this variety. The Maine *Farmer* and Lewiston *Journal* were written to for information. Strange to say, that the leading agricultural papers of the State have no definite knowledge of this famous plum, which is so well known and tested through the State that the Maine State Pomological Society put it on its "Condensed Fruit List, recommended by the Society for Maine." Recently the Portland fruit grower, mentioned above, was called upon, and replied as follows:

PORTLAND, Dec. 11, '89.

Mr. T.: My Dear Sir: Yours of the 7th instant is at hand. In your letter you refer to a certificate that I gave relating to the so-called Greeley plum,—that I owned the original tree. *I did not intend to convey that idea.* The first knowledge I ever had of what is called in this city the Greeley plum, I saw growing in the garden of the late Eliphalet Greeley. There were *two trees*, and I was struck by the beauty and size of the plum. Some time after this I purchased one of the trees of a man then living on Danforth street, I think, in this city, which I have no reason to doubt was the same as the Greeley's. The tree that I purchased has been dead for several years, but I have several young trees that were budded from the old tree, that produce the same fruit. As regards the Bradshaw plum, I do not know the plum only as it is described in the agricultural works. It may be the same plum called the Greeley plum in our city, but I have never heard any one here call the Greeley plum the Bradshaw. Yours truly, ——.

I have good reasons for believing that the writer of the above letter is reliable and truthful, and that the mulberry tree man is responsible for the false idea in the certificate. It appears by this letter that the propagator of the Greeley never propagated from the Greeley's, but from one taken from Danforth street, believed to be the same. We now have the Greeley boiled down to three trees, and no evidence whatever is furnished that either is a seedling. "Where, O where is that Greeley seedling?" Like a ghost has it vanished by the light of investigation? Let the introducer of this "will-o'-the-wisp" give a satisfactory answer, or else confess by silence, or otherwise, that the "Greeley," when sold as a new variety at an exorbitan price, is a fraud. Evidently those trees were imported, and the one from Danforth street is undoubtedly, at least in my mind, a Bradshaw. Within a few years thousands of these trees have been sold at one dollar and fifty cents per tree, while first-class Bradshaws, delivered, cost me only about thirty cents each.

When the mulberry tree man shall have departed to those regions prepared for the swindler, I suggest that there then be carved on his tombstone a Russian mulberry tree and Greeley plum.

—Cor. in Maine Farmer.

In the Orchard.

T. H. Hoskins, the well known Vermont orchardist, writes as follows in *Orchard and Garden*: For old fashioned, slow orcharding, where standards in grass are expected to come into profitable bearing in from twelve to fifteen years, nothing is better for apples than the old rule of forty feet each way. I would apply the same limit to pears, notwithstanding the upright growth of so many varieties of this fruit. The habit of growth is of small importance in the premises. An upright habit gives more air and light between the trees, but this does not justify closer planting, when we remember that an upright tree may be quite as productive as a spreading one. If space is given to insure sufficient feeding ground, the upright growing tree, equally productive, requires as much root room as those of a spreading growth. In these wide planted, grassy orchards, from which the hay is annually removed, and to which only occasional top dressings are given, we can hope for biennial crops. Tillage and manuring is required to make annual producers. Even these will not insure yearly crops with all varieties.

Under a different system, early bearing sorts being used, quicker and better results may be obtained by much closer planting, provided the fertilization and tillage are commensurate. With these early bearers, planted twenty feet each way, much more prompt and profitable results may be had. Close setting is a protection to both trees and fruit, but an orchardist adopting this method must be prompt and resolute in thinning out his trees. When the crop reaches about five or six bushels to the tree it is time to remove every alternate row; and in about five years more we must take our alternate trees in the remaining rows.

—When a farmer takes a loan he should consider the fluctuations of agricultural products and decide what he can save each year out of the minimum price. For the last sixty years the variation has averaged twenty per cent. half the time. He would not be safe, therefore, if he did not find that he could save his yearly installment out of what his crop would bring at twenty per cent. below prices ruling at the time he borrowed. The borrower should not load himself with a loan unless he could see his way clear to provide a sinking fund by putting aside annually an installment sufficient to pay the debt by the time of maturity. These installments should not be allowed to lie idle, but should be made to earn compound interest. There are institutions in almost every town which will accomplish this, and they have been run so long, with almost uniform success, that there is no need to be afraid of them while they are in the hands of good business men.

A Canadian Favorite.

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, diarrhœa, and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept in the house. For 35 years it has been the most reliable remedy.

'90 YARMOUTH S.S. CO. '90

(LIMITED.)

The Shortest and Most Direct Route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

The Quickest Time. Only 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

THE FAST STEEL STEAMER

YARMOUTH,

WILL leave Yarmouth for Boston every *Wednesday and Saturday Evenings*, after arrival of the train of the Western Counties Railway. Returning, will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, at 10 a.m., every *Tuesday and Friday*, connecting at Yarmouth with train for Halifax and Intermediate Stations.

The YARMOUTH carries a regular mail to and from Boston, and is the fastest Steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States. Fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric Light, Bilge Keels, etc.

The steamer CITY OF ST. JOHN leaves Pickford & Black's wharf every Monday evening for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, returning leaves Yarmouth every Thursday at 7 a.m. standard time.

For all other information apply to F Crosskill, Station Agent, Bridgetown, or to

W. A. CHASE, Secretary and Treas. L. E. BAKER, Manager.

Yarmouth, March 20, 1890.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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Passengers conveyed to all parts of the country at reasonable rates.

Teams in waiting at all trains.

Single or Double Teams for Wedding Parties Furnished at Short Notice and Fitted up in Best Style.

Livery Stable opposite Rink.

W. C. BATH. H. S. BATH.

BRIDGETOWN.

The Schooner

Temple Bar

is again to the Front.

THIS well-known packet will make regular trips between this port and St. John, during this season, carrying freight with the usual care.

The subscriber keeps

LIME AND SALT

constantly on hand and for sale.

Apply to

J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master*,

or to P. Nicholson when the schooner is not in port.

NOTICE.

The Fast Sailing Schooner

"Nancy Ann,"

owned and commanded by Captain ISAAC GOODWIN, will be placed on the route between Bridgetown and St. John, N. B., about April first, calling at different places along the Annapolis River.

Freight handled with care and at the smallest living rates.

LIME ALWAYS ON HAND.

Apply to Captain on board schooner, or to Capt. Hugh Fraser, Bridgetown.

Bridgetown, March 24th, 1890. 6m

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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

USE DEARBORN & COS' Absolutely Pure SPICES & CREAM TARTAR See our guarantee on every package.

(Best Is Cheapest)

Ask your Grocer for them

FOR SALE!

A GOOD SECOND-HAND TOP BUGGY.

Apply at this office.

M. K. PIPER.

Bridgetown, April 23rd, 1890.

CARD.

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Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MIDDLETON, - - N. S.

Office in A. BEALS' STORE. 116

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine.

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

CARD

W. M. FORSYTH

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

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LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.

Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.

April 2nd, 84. 51tf

K D C is Guaranteed

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES. ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five Horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.

Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

EXCELSIOR Package DYES ARE UNEQUALLED

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SIMPLICITY OF USE, BEAUTY OF COLORS, AND THE LARGE AMOUNT OF GOODS EACH DYE WILL COLOR.

The Colors, namely, are supplied:

Yellow, Orange, Rosine (Pink), Bismarck, Scarlet, Green, Dark Green, Light Blue, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Brown, Black, Garnet, Magenta, Slate Plum, Drab, Purk or Violet, Maroon, Old Gold, Cardinal, Red.

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THE BEST KNOWN for all such purposes as Coloring Yarn, Mat Rags, Wool, Stockings, Carpets, Carpet Rags, Shawls, Hoods, and in fact everything you can think of, are the

EXCELSIOR PACKAGE DYES.

They are the best Dyes on the market, and give universal satisfaction. All who use them prefer them to any other dyes, because they are cheaper and produce better results. PRICE 8 CENTS PER PACKAGE. Sold by all Dealers and Druggists throughout the Province, and wholesale by the firm.

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PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!

MERCHANTS AND DRUGGISTS who have not yet a supply of EXCELSIOR DYES, etc., may have the goods sent direct by applying to the firm for prices and terms. We GUARANTEE EVERY PACKAGE sold to be good and true to name; or any person can have them sent direct if their druggist or merchant has not yet got them by sending eight cents for each package required.

C. HARRISON & Co.

March 12th, 1890. 7m

They are light in touch.

Unrivalled in tone,

Handsome in appearance,

Unrivalled in durability,

AND NOT EXCELLED BY ANY PIANO MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION.

MILLER BROS.,

SOLE AGENTS,

MIDDLETON, N. S.

Harry Morgan!

This fine horse, owned by Thomas Doran Windsor, will make the season of 1889 between

BRIDGETOWN & HORTON.

HE will stand at Glencross' Stable on Saturday, 25th May, and remain until Monday, at 10 o'clock, and continue fortnightly through the season.

This horse weighs 1260 lbs.; is fine style and action. Has a record of 2.46.

Further particulars will be given later.

THOMAS DORAN.

May 14th. tf

THE BEST SEEDS are those put up by D. M. FERRY & CO. Who are the largest Seedsmen in the world. D. M. FERRY & Co's Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL for 1890 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every person using *Garden, Flower or Field Seeds* should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO. WINDSOR, ONT.

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"CRUSADE,"

I. S. CESNER,

WILL make weekly trips between this port and St. John during the season, calling along the river.

Freights handled carefully.

LIME ALWAYS ON HAND.

Apply on board, or to

GEO. H. DIXON.

Bridgetown, May 27th, 1889. tf

H. H. BANKS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT,

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Halifax, N. S.

—ALL KINDS OF—

Farm Produce Sold on Commission.

To Cure DYSPEPSIA

And INDIGESTION,

or Money Refunded.

Nova Scotia Central Railway.

TIME TABLE No. 2.

COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 9th, 1890.

LUNENBURG to MIDDLETON.

Daily.—Passengers and Freight.

Miles	STATIONS.	1	3
		A.M.	P.M.
0	Lunenburg, depart	7 00	6 45
7	Mahone	7 22	7 02
9	§Blockhouse	....	....
18	Bridgewater, arrive	7 55	7 30
	Bridgewater, depart	8 10	
25	§Northfield	8 45	....
29	Riversdale	9 00	....
34	New Germany	....	....
41	§Cherryfield	....	....
45	Springfield	9 33	....
52	§Dalhousie	....	....
62	Albany	10 24	....
64	Alpena	10 30	....
68	§Cleveland	....	....
70	Nictaux	10 48	....
74	Middleton, arrive	11 00	....

MIDDLETON to LUNENBURG.

Daily.—Passengers and Freight.

Miles	STATIONS.	2	4
		P.M.	A.M.
0	Middleton, depart	2 30	....
4	Nictaux	2 42	....
6	§Cleveland	....	....
10	Alpena	3 00	....
12	Albany	3 06	....
22	§Dalhousie	....	....
29	Springfield	3 57	....
33	§Cherryfield	....	....
40	New Germany	4 30	....
45	Riversdale	4 45	....
49	§Northfield	....	....
56	Bridgewater, arrive	5 20	....
	Bridgewater, depart	5 35	6 30
65	§Blockhouse	....	....
67	Mahone	6 08	6 58
74	Lunenburg, arrive	6 30	7 15

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time One hour added gives Halifax time.

§Indicates that trains only stop when signalled, or when there are passengers to be set down.

Trains connect with Windsor and Annapolis Railway at Middleton for Annapolis, and Halifax, and making close connections with Express Trains of I. C. R. at Windsor Junction and Halifax.

Steamer "Evangeline" makes daily connection each way between Annapolis and Digby, connecting with Western Counties Railway at Digby for Yarmouth.

Steamer "City of Monticello" leaves St. John for Annapolis every day except Wednesday, returning leaves Annapolis same days for St. John connecting with All Rail Line for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West.

Steamer "Yarmouth" leaves Yarmouth for Boston on arrival of trains every Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday and Friday for Boston direct.

Steamers of International S. S. Co. leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Boston via Eastport and Portland.

Steamer "Bridgewater" makes two trips from Bridgewater and one from Lunenburg for Halifax each week.

Barnes's Stage Line for Liverpool connects with Trains at Bridgewater.

Through Tickets for sale at all principal Stations.

GEO. W. BEDFORD, General Manager.

Bridgewater, June 5th, 1890. 49

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y Time Table.

COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 9th, 1890.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Accommodation Daily.	Express Daily.
0	Halifax—depart	6 50	....	3 15
1	Richmond	....	7 05	3 18
4	Rockingham	7 00	7 25	3 26
9	Bedford	7 10	7 42	3 30
12	Rocky Lake	....	*	*
14	Windsor Junction—ar.	7 30	8 00	3 55
	Windsor Junction—dp.		8 40	4 00
17	Beaver Bank	*7 37	8 50	4 15
27	Mount Uniacke—ar.	8 05	9 25	4 45
	Mount Uniacke—dp.		*	*
34	Stillwater	....	9 40	....
37	Ellershouse	8 29	10 00	5 10
40	Newport	8 37	10 15	5 20
43	Three Mile Plains	....	*	*
46	Windsor—ar.	8 50	10 35	5 35
	Windsor—dp.	8 52	11 00	5 40
48	Falmouth	*8 59	*11 10	*5 47
50	Shaw's Bog Siding	....	*	*
51	Mount Denison	....	*	*
53	Hantsport	9 14	11 32	6 03
58	Avonport	*9 27	*11 50	*6 18
60	Horton Landing	*9 33	12 00	*6 24
61	Grand Pre	9 36	12 10	6 27
64	Wolfville	9 46	12 25	6 38
68	Port Williams	9 52	12 40	6 45
71	Kentville—ar.	10 05	1 00	7 00
	Kentville—dp.	10 20	1 40	
76	Coldbrook	†10 30	*1 55	
78	Cambridge	†10 35	†2 05	
80	Waterville	10 40	2 15	
83	Berwick	10 47	2 30	
88	Aylesford—ar.	11 00	2 45	
	Aylesford—dp.		2 55	
90	Auburn	†	†3 05	
95	Kingston	11 15	3 20	
98	Wilmot	†11 22	3 35	
102	Middleton—ar.	11 32	4 00	
	Middleton—dp.			
108	Lawrencetown	11 47	4 25	
111	Paradise	†11 55	4 40	
116	Bridgetown	12 08	5 05	
120	Tupperville	†	†	
124	Roundhill	12 27	5 30	
130	ANNAPOLIS—arrive	12 45	6 00	

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Express Daily.	Accommodation Daily.	Express Daily.
0	ANNAPOLIS—depart	1 10	6 00	
6	Roundhill	1 28	6 30	
10	Tupperville	†	†	
14	Bridgetown	1 47	7 00	
19	Paradise	†2 00	7 20	
22	Lawrencetown	2 08	7 35	
26	Middleton—ar.	2 23	7 55	
	Middleton—dp.		8 00	
32	Wilmot	†2 33	8 18	
35	Kingston	2 40	8 32	
40	Auburn	†	8 52	
42	Aylesford	2 55	9 07	
47	Berwick	3 08	9 30	
50	Waterville	3 15	9 45	
52	Cambridge	†3 20	†9 55	
54	Coldbrook	†3 25	†10 05	
59	KENTVILLE—ar.	3 35	10 20	5 40
	KENTVILLE—dp.	3 50	11 10	
64	Port Williams	4 03	11 30	5 55
66	Wolfville	4 09	11 40	6 01
69	Grand Pre	4 18	11 55	6 11
70	Horton Landing	†4 21	12 00	†6 14
72	Avonport	†4 27	†12 10	†6 20
77	Hantsport	4 40	12 30	6 35
79	Mount Denson		†	†
80	Shaw's Bog Siding			
82	Falmouth	†4 55	†12 52	†6 50
84	WINDSOR—ar.	5 03	1 00	6 58
	WINDSOR—dp.	5 05	1 30	7 03
87	Three Mile Plains		†	†
90	Newport	5 20	1 50	7 21
93	Ellershouse	5 27	2 05	7 30
96	Stillwater		†	†
103	Mount Uniacke—ar.	5 50	2 45	8 00
	Mount Uniacke—dp.			8 05
113	Beaver Bank	6 13	3 20	8 30
116	Windsor Junction—ar.	6 20	3 30	8 40
	Windsor Junction—dp.	6 25	4 00	8 45
118	Rocky Lake			
121	Bedford	6 38	4 21	9 00
126	Rockingham	6 50	4 35	9 13
129	Richmond		4 45	9 22
130	HALIFAX—ar.	7 00	4 50	9 25

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

Trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway leave Middleton daily at 2.25 p. m., and Lunenburg daily at 7.00 a. m.

Steamer "City of Monticello" leaves St. John every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, a. m., for Digby and Annapolis. Returning from Annapolis same days.

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

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 6.00 a. m., and 2.45 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.45 a. m., and 2.30 p. m.

Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis for Boston direct, every Tuesday and Friday p.m.

Steamer "Yarmouth" leaves Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evenings for Boston.

Steamer "State of Maine" and "Cumberland" leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a.m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6.15 a. m., and 8.45 p. m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets by the various routes on sale at all Stations.

W. R. CAMPBELL, General Manager and Secretary.

K. SUTHERLAND, Resident Manager.

Kentville, June 5th, 1890.

A COOK BOOK FREE

By mail to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

The Household.

The Buttermilk Cure.

Buttermilk as a remedy for dyspepsia is likely to receive a big boom, now that ex-Congressman Scott, of Pennsylvania, has added the weight of his testimony in favor of its use, afforded by an increase of eight pounds in two weeks. A New Orleans man recommended it to him, who had used it for forty years, and his method of preparing it may interest some dyspeptics. Here it is:

You put the buttermilk in a pan, which is set in hot water. The milk is brought to the boiling point but not allowed to boil. Then the heavy part is skimmed off. The whey which remains is set aside to cool. I drank a glass of it three or four times a day, as hot as I could bear it in my throat. After you get used to it you will like it better than champagne. It has a delicious acid taste. I have been a great sufferer for years with inflammation of the mucous membrane, which caused my dyspepsia, and this is the only th