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BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 23, 1878.

NO. 27

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, and Amending Acts. In the Matter of R. D. Macdonald, an Insolvent.

ALL persons indebted to the said Insolvent are hereby requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

BRIDGETOWN Marble Works. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN are now manufacturing MONUMENTS & Gravestones.

Granite and Freestone Monuments. Having erected Machinery in connection with the Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad.

A Word to the Wise! Just received at Moir's Musical Warehouse from the first makers and largest factories in England, Germany, America and Canada.

PIANOS AND ORGANS, consisting of—First Class Grand, Square and Cottage PIANOS, First Class Palace and Uxbridge ORGANS.

Chaloner's Drug Store, DIGBY, N. S. THE Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby, N. S.

THE average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other paper published in the City.

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE. LAWYER'S BLANKS. Neatly and cheaply executed at the office of this paper.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

Time Table, COMMENCING Tuesday, 3rd June, 1878.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Station, Time, Express Daily, and Notes. Stations include Windsor, Kentville, Wolfville, and Annapolis.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Station, Time, Express Daily, and Notes. Stations include Annapolis, Kentville, Wolfville, and Windsor.

N. B.—Express Trains run daily when signalled, or when there are no passengers to collect.

Three Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX. STEAMER "EMPERESS" FOR SALE BY B. STARRATT.

Call and inspect the New Stock JEWELRY PLATED WARE, now being shown at the Bidgetown Jewelry Store.

Diphtheria Conquered! UNPARALLELED SUCCESS. DR. J. D. DAVIS' NEWLY DISCOVERED REMEDIES & ORIGINAL METHOD OF TREATMENT.

5000 CASES treated during the past twenty years; not one failure when taken in its first stages.

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NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late Chas. Barons, of St. John's, Annapolis County, are notified to present the same, duly attested, within three months from this date.

NOVA SCOTIA LLOYD'S MARINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, —or— Annapolis Royal.

THE undersigned are Insuring on MARINE RISKS, at the lowest current rates that the business can be done with safety to the assured.

THOS. S. WHITMAN, Attorney. ROBERT MILLS, SAM'L MCCORMICK, W. M. WEATHERSPON, Directors.

NEW GOODS. New Store.

I HAVE this day taken the store next to the Intervale Hotel, where I intend keeping on hand a very choice lot of Groceries, Small Wares, Gent's Furnishings, Ladies' Collars and Ties, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, &c.

POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY, together with a select stock of BOOTS AND SHOES.

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE. So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street.

Stylish & Comfortable LADIES' AND GENTS' LINEN ULSTERS, FOR SALE BY B. STARRATT.

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Poetry.

LIFE. Thou little span of life, who calls thee long? But yesterday beside the brown stream's margin

Yet, while the quick days rush to nearing goal, And youth and manhood hurry into age,

For swift as that brown stream by which we played Deep as the dell our fairy comrades trod,

And looks for it in God, And not too deep for him that through the Haunts with alchemy of love, and Gold in the depth, trench, length of life, yet know

Select Literature.

The Man over the Way.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

When a man has no business of his own to attend to, it is notorious that he is very fond of meddling with his neighbors.

When I awoke that I belong to the class of bachelors I have mentioned, a chaotic reader will naturally conclude that I am a French call a *manant* *en* *jeu*.

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in the style and tone in which people commonly address a dog who has misbehaved.

And yet the reader must not suppose that I think of "The Man over the Way" exclusively as a make me forget my adored Julia—far from it; I write to her every day, and the baker's boy delivers my letter to the cook, and the lady's maid passes it into the hands of Julia herself.

The penny-post would be more expeditious, no doubt, but also there would be no secrecy about it; and our course of true love does not run smooth, as a curmudgeon of a father has forbidden me the house, and commanded Julia never to think of me again.

How foolish these old gentlemen are! Mr. Saugilles, (that's the papa in the story) is a decidedly unreasonably conduct, gives pain to Julia and myself, and forces our correspondence to pass through three hands—the maid, the cook, and the baker's man—instead of the more natural and proper one of the postman alone.

As for making Julia forget me—talk of making the Ganges run up to its source, or Mount Etna dwindle to an ant-hill, and you would be about as reasonable in supposing that anything could shake the constancy of that angelic girl.

And why is she to forget me? What have I done to deserve such a sentence? The very head and front of my offending is that I have but two hundred and twenty pounds a-year private fortune, and don't belong to any profession.

Mr. Saugilles declares that it is monstrous to think of marrying on such a sum, and I quite agree with him; but when I suggest the very obvious means of doubling the income, he flies into a passion, and says that his daughter shall only marry a man who can support her, which means that he wishes to make a cheap bargain with her as does with the hides and skins he imports.

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begin to suspect now that I had no right to be so.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said I, in a rage; and I sat down in the nearest chair.

The Man stared at me in a way that made me suspect he contemplated suddenly seizing the poker, and cracking my skull with it; but instead of doing so, he gradually sunk into his chair, and said:

"I rather like you now, young man. Sit still. It's a pity you have not a little more of that energy at ordinary times."

"What do you know about it?" cried I, in surprise.

"I know a great deal about it," was the reply. "I know that you are a weak, idle young man, whose only occupations are writing twaddling love-letters, and exercising impertinent curiosity upon my movements."

"As for the first accusation, sir," cried I, "I deny that I write twaddle, and I should like to know how you can speak so positively about my writing love-letters."

"And as for the second accusation—your impertinent curiosity about myself—continued the Man, 'you say nothing, because you know you are guilty. We may differ in our ideas as to 'twaddle,' sir; but I call comparisons of a young lady's eyes when crying, to violets bathed in dew-drops, the inane and most unwhisk *twaddle*."

I started—*for, by Jove, it was the very comparison I had used in one of my latest letters to Julia, though I don't think it was a twaddling one after all.*

"How do you know the contents of my letter, sir?" I exclaimed.

"Letters that have to pass through the hands of baker's men, cooks, and ladies' maids, are not likely to have their contents greatly respected," replied the Man.

"The *deuce!*" I exclaimed, wondering which of the wretches had betrayed me.

"However," continued my host, as if divining my suspicions, 'you need not think that I get my information from baker's men, cooks, or ladies' maids. I never talk to such people!'"

"That's my affair," said the Man, interrupting me. "Perhaps you will now explain what it was you came here to consult me on."

"Really, sir," I answered, "you seem to know so many things, and in such mysterious ways, that perhaps you know my affair as well as I can tell you."

"No, I don't," was the reply; "but I'll tell you all I do know. I know that you are a young man cursed with a small inheritance—that you fell in love with the pretty face of the daughter of a leather merchant—that the leather merchant, like a sensible man, refused to let his daughter marry you, and kicked you out of the house—here I made a gesture of indignation—'hold your tongue; I speak plainly and practically—that you were then distressed enough to keep up a clandestine correspondence with the lady, and to have clandestine meetings with her; deceiving her father and making her do the same, besides causing the both of you to be the fish and by-words of cooks, maids and baker's men—that you have been found out in your meetings, your correspondence suspected, and yourself and your wife and Am I correct in my information?"

"Really, sir," said I, in surprise, mingled with indignation, "I don't know which to be most amazed at—the impertinence of your language, or—"

and how was my working to get me Julia for my wife? Certainly, I had a dim suspicion that the old gentleman might mean that if I worked I might improve my income, and thus be entitled to ask for her hand with a better chance of success than an idle man with £200 a year. Rather a slow process, I feared; but what sort of work was I to perform? I had no profession; I was unacquainted with any art; nor could I paint or teach music. I could write poetry, certainly; at least, Julia and I think so; but I doubt whether 'The Man over the Way' would call that work.

After three days of reflection, I determined to pay the Man another visit.

"What do you want?" he asked in the same tone as before.

"To work," replied I, briefly.

"Good," said he, "go and do it!"

"But I don't know what to work at—I have no profession."

"Go and break stones," he replied; "the workhouses are empty just now—the roads want laborers!"

I turned away in disgust.

"Can you write?" he asked, "of course you can, though, love-letters. It is not the best hand in the world, but it may be improved. You had better get a situation as junior clerk in a merchant's office—no salary the first year; sixty pounds the second, eighty the third, and so on."

"Thank you," said I, very angry. "Even if I were disposed to do so, I know no mercantile houses in London."

"I'll get you the situation," was the reply. "If you reject it, don't come near me again!"

Who shall describe my feelings at this moment? To fancy myself a common clerk—me! the best-dressed man of my means on town, the most refined in taste, the greatest lover of everything 'business-like' or common—'to be a clerk, a snob, a quill-driver! On the other hand, to lose this strange friend (if I could so call him) before me, to be unable to apply for his advice, to lose the chance of also gaining Julia—for I did think that this would follow my rejection of the offer—what should I do?"

"If I accept," said I, after a pause, "will you guarantee me—"

"Nothing," was the reply that cut me short. "I tell you to write, and I offer you the means of doing so—that's all!"

I accepted, I cried in desperation. The Man took a pen and wrote a short note, which he handed me to read. It was simply a letter of recommendation of me, the bearer, for employment in 'the house of the firm to which it was addressed.

I handed it back with thanks. He wrote the directions and gave me the letter. It was addressed, Messrs. Saugilles & Co. "Why?" exclaimed I, "it is to the father of—"

"Exactly—no such the better; he will ask you no questions, but give you the situation."

He showed me out of the room; and when I reached the street, I stood still for a few minutes in perfect bewilderment. Could this 'Man over the Way,' have dealings with the devil, that he exercised so strange an influence over me, and seemed to guide me as he pleased? And then, what could be his connection with the Saugilles family that made him so confident of my procuring the situation through him? I determined to deliver the letter, at all events.

I made my way to Thames Street, where I am sure I never set foot before. I found the house of Saugilles & Co. Eighty how the place smelt of leather. I asked for Mr. Saugilles, and I was shown into his office.

"Good day, sir," said Saugilles, "glad to see you here!"

I handed him the letter, which he just glanced over, and then said, "follow me."

He led me to the next room, where three fellows were driving their quills with all their might.

"Mr. Jackson," cried old Saugilles to one of them; "Mr. Plastic, here (that's my self) has come to join you; be good enough to set him to work, and, so saying, he left the room."

Mr. Jackson did as he was told. He gave me a quantity of things to copy, every line of which puzzled me by the extraordinary terms it contained—words which I never heard before, and which, I am confident, are not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary. I did as I was told, though if you had asked me what I had done at the end of the day, I certainly could not have told you, except that I was eternally writing something or other.

My fellow-clerks were good-natured fellows, though their coats were evidently built by third-rate tailors, and their necks were not very striking than tasterful. They were not very energetic either; and though they knew nothing about the matters I was most up in—such as the private history of Man's Spirit, the great 'dances' of the Duke and Signior Salonia, the Duke of Dumps and Signior Salonia, &c., still they were not badly informed about the minor matters of history, geography, statistics, and public affairs.

Six months passed, I had worked every day like a horse—or like a clerk; I had conquered all the difficulties of the office; I understood my business, and was rising into importance.

(Continued on fourth page.)