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J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.

Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co. MONEY TO LOAN.

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O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK).

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

H. F. Williams & Co., PARKER MARKET, HALIFAX, N.S. COMMISSION - MERCHANTS.

Special Attention given to Handling of Live Stock.

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W. G. PARSONS, B. A., Barrister, Solicitor, Etc. MIDDLETON, N. S.

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M. Specialties: EYE, EAR, THROAT. MIDDLETON, N. S.

DR. N. G. E. MARSHALL, DENTIST, Offers his professional services to the public.

James Primrose, D. D. S. Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Grandville streets.

DR. T. A. CROAKER, Graduate Philadelphia Dental College, he last and first weeks of each month.

Optical Goods AND NEW JEWELRY.

P. G. MELANSON, of Middleton, has now on hand the largest and most varied line of Superior Spectacles and Eye-Glasses.

O. S. MILLER, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate Agent, etc. RANDOLPH'S BLOCK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of debts, and all other professional business.

Weekly Journal

VOL. 23. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1895. NO. 35.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House

STRICTLY FOR FAMILY USE. It soothes every ache, every lameness, every pain, every soreness everywhere, whether internal or external, and in nine cases in ten it promptly relieves and cures.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. The Doctor's Signature and directions are on every bottle.

Frank Scott Fashionable Tailor Bridgetown N.S.

THE CELEBRATED "TYKE" AND "BLENHEIM" SERGES. The workmanship, fit, finish and style of every garment I guarantee to be first-class and second to none in the country.

INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO., LIMITED. We are now making soft mud, sand-moulded Brick at the rate of twenty-five thousand per day.

These Brick are 10 p.c. larger than any other made in Western Nova Scotia. They are Hard, Straight and Square. No better in Canada.

Dr. J. Woodbury's HORSE LINIMENT. Is Infallibly the Cure for Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys.

It HAS NO EQUAL. In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles. Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers. F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR.

CURRY BROTHERS & BENT, Manufacturers & Builders. BRIDGETOWN WOOD-WORKING FACTORY.

WANTED: Seasoned Spruce and Pine Lumber. Correspondence from all points respectfully solicited.

ANOTHER FIRE The "QUEEN," MR. S. N. WHEARE

Insurance Company has opened an Agency in this town. His father was the most important man in town, being president of the bank, manager of the electric light company, and treasurer of the Cross County Electric Railway.

Contracting and Building, INCLUDING THE MANUFACTURE OF Doors, Sashes, Frames, Stair Work, Mouldings, Closets, etc.

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Poetry. I Am The Way.

Of times, in wonder 'er the many creeds I ponder, I wonder 'er the many creeds I ponder, I wonder 'er the many creeds I ponder.

Also, I see a gentle, loving face, And meek eyes filled with a tender grace, And pale cheeks worn with sorrow not his own.

But flung with splendor from the great white throne, And as I wonder, lo! the voice doth say, "I am the way."

And then all creeds and doubts fade away, And gleams the sunlight of eternal day, Strong and triumphant in the loving voice, That throbs to me wherein doth lie the choice.

What is that way? A simple one to tread— To give the orphan portion of thy bread, To visit those who in the prison groan, To clothe the naked, and thy friends to own, The homeless, weak, those who go astray, That is His way.

No creed nor form can sanctify thy dust; In richest deeds, not words, thou must keep true, And then the eyes that dimmed on Calvary Shall fill of sweetest hope and blessing too, Through fall of love, and with his hand of wrath, And then the plaintive lips do say, "I am the way."

If but a crest of broken bread we give, It holds a blessing that will ever live, The cup of water may be of our last, But but the green pastures flow the river fast.

The parents unto poorer mortals given Are the richest of the heaven, and we, who are, And whom thou visitedst behind iron bars, Place in thy hands a crown of stars, This Sun doth bring in, "I am the way."

Escaped in a Trolley-Car. AN INGENUOUS AND EXCITING CHASE AFTER A SHORT MAN IN AN ULSTER.

Gregory Blynn had gone to bed at nine o'clock, and fallen asleep almost immediately. Now, in what seemed the middle of the night, he had suddenly started broad awake and was staring at the wall which he could not see.

A light, which had quickly come and as quickly vanished, had awakened him. Gregory jumped out of bed and cleared up the window. The sky was clear, stars above, and the light was reflected from the moon covered ground so that the boy could see the white expanse of garden with a low wall at the farther end.

Was it dark, though? No, surely there was a faint glimmer in the left-hand upper window! It must come from the little room just behind the vault—the bank's strong box. Some one was there, where no one had a right at that time of night. Was it a burglar?

Gregory's father was president of the bank. It had been left in the care of Mr. Harris, the cashier, who lived at the other end of the town. Gregory's father and all the rest of the family were away from home. A great weight of responsibility therefore rested on Gregory's shoulders—so he thought.

He was staying with his aunt in the village while his father and mother were absent, and the big house on the hill was closed. He had a key to the door of the bank, and he kept an eye upon the bank, the rear of which was plainly visible from his window.

No special watchman was employed inside after Terence O'Neil, the janitor, went home. The directors did not think it necessary. The bank never had been robbed, and they did not seem to fear it ever would be.

Gregory could not waste time thinking of that now, however. He began to dress, keeping his eyes fixed on the dimly lighted window. While he was making his hurried toilet the town clock struck eleven. With his shoes in hand, he crept softly downstairs, put on the shoes, got his cap and overcoat, and stepped into the kitchen, where he could look out upon the bank building.

By this time the light had disappeared. But if it were a dark lantern, its rays might simply be turned in another direction. Gregory stood at the window some seconds, watching intently for something to happen. Something did happen. At the back of the bank was a small bulkhead door, used for getting in coal. This door slowly rose, and presently a human figure emerged from the opening. It was a man, and he had a bag in his hand as he stepped out upon the street. He stopped a moment, as if to close the door noiselessly, and then, leaving the spot, made his way quickly toward the corner of the building.

Gregory instantly quitted the house and hurried across the garden upon the snow-crust. Ere he could tumble over the wall the man had disappeared. Gregory had strong hope of being able to trace him, however. He was short, and wore an ulster reaching with the top up collar, from the tips of his ears to his heels.

At full speed the boy dashed into the main street of the village, and saw the little man with the hand-bag a block and a half away, running toward the "Square." Gregory started on in hot pursuit, but soon, by the light of an electric lamp, saw the little man boarding a trolley-car.

Gregory shouted to attract the conductor's attention, but he had not enough breath to make his short very loud. A second later the man had disappeared, and the car moved off. Gregory stopped to recover his breath and consider what it was best to do.

On the opposite side of the street, some distance away, stood the Grand Army Hall, a three-story building, the upper windows of which were brilliantly lighted. From strains of music proceeding from it, Gregory inferred that a dance was in progress. But the streets below were quite deserted, for Walden, as a rule, went to bed early. In three-quarters of an hour the electric lights would be put out.

For a few moments Gregory thought very fast. Should he run back an eighth of a mile to the stables, and get a special car in which to pursue the regular one that was so lately left the square? No; a stern chase was to be a long one. Gregory was well acquainted with Jim Cannon, the driver of the "eleven o'clock," who would certainly run fast over a clear track, with home and a further end at the end of it.

Suddenly a new idea struck him. He set off at once on the run till he reached the doorway of a brick building whose windows were all ablaze with light. Above, from a tall, funnel-shaped chimney, volumes of steam were rising high and rolling lazily away in the still winter air. From this structure a buzzing, roaring noise was plainly audible.

Gregory hastened in past the door of a large, bare, clean-looking room, where six dynamos were humming at a terrific rate, and spitting green fire with fury. He hurried along a hallway into a small office at the end, where sat at a desk a young seventeen or eighteen years old.

"O'Henry," cried Gregory, "the burglar has been here, and he has got away on a trolley-car! He's on his way to Brightwood now! Shut off the current from the railway wires as quick as you can, will you?"

"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Henry O'Henry, "I am not at the switches and excited boy! What are you talking about, Greg Blynn?"

In hurried words Gregory told his story, making himself rather more intelligible this time, and concluding with a second urgent request that the electric current be shut off from the trolley wires.

"It's bad, very bad," commented Henry, when he was allowed to speak, "but I don't know, Greg—I haven't authority to shut down on the power."

"Will you give me authority then?" cried Gregory, "I'll give you my word, I'll take the responsibility, and my father will back me up. Do hurry, Henry for once in your life, or the car will get out of our section, and then there'll be no stopping it!"

Gregory fairly danced about the little office in his impatience. Still very doubtful as to the propriety of the step, Henry O'Henry finally went out into the dynamo-room to the switchboard, and deprived the Cross County Electric Railway of its motive power which the Walden Electric Light Company had contracted to furnish.

The railway connected some half dozen towns, and extended for a distance of sixteen miles. A cable from the Walden Electric Light Company carried a current of three miles from the square in the Brightwood direction, beyond which a supply from one of the railway company's own power-houses came into force. Therefore Gregory's design of stopping the car must be carried out by the least delay, else the car would not be stopped.

While Henry went to the switchboard, Gregory called up the principal livery-stable with a telephoned order for a horse and light sleigh to be sent at once to him. Before this business was finished Henry had come back.

"It's done," he announced, looking extremely sober. "Your car is stalled, and everybody's wondering what in the name of goodness is the matter. I'll bet I get my walking-ticket for this job," he added, smiling.

"Nonsense!" put in Gregory, "I'll make it all right with father. I want you to help me out on this. Can you come with me? Where's Dick?"

"I'll bet you'll go over to the Grand Army Hall, but Dan will look after things while I am away. I may as well go the whole figure. I have taken the risk, so I may as well see the fun."

After he had given a few directions to one of the men in the dynamo room Henry donned his outer garments, and the two youths, leaving the wires, presently met the horse and cutter. A minute later they were speeding over the smooth snow toward Brightwood.

"I'll bet you don't catch him," remarked Henry, "When he finds that the car can't be got any further he'll leave and cut for it across lots somewhere."

"Well, he may do that," admitted Gregory, a little doubtfully, "but then again he may not. He won't suspect anything. How will he know we are after him? He'll think a dynamo has broken down, or something, and that they'll switch over on to another and start up again presently."

"I shouldn't wonder if we got him," he said, more confidently. "I'll bet you'll catch him, and then you'll be a hero. You'll be a hero, and then you'll be a hero."

Gregory started on in hot pursuit, but soon, by the light of an electric lamp, saw the little man boarding a trolley-car.

"Yes, the car was there, dark-windowed and motionless, with a little group of people standing about wondering what was the matter. Gregory reined in his horse before the car, handed the reins to Henry, and jumped out.

"Hallo, Jim!" he said, addressing a burly man half-hidden in a big bearskin overcoat.

"Taint Jim," came the reply; "Jim's off to-night, shakin' a leg at the Grand Army Hall, and I'm runnin' for him, or tryin' to. The old power's give out."

"Where's Charlie, then?" the boy pursued, looking about for the conductor. "Is he off, too?"

"No; he's gone ahead to see if he can't get a pair 'o' horses to pull us out 'o' this. He says they'll be powerful enough half a mile further on, and then the hill."

"See, here," interrupted Gregory, who had been closely scrutinizing the little collection of passengers, "you took on a little man in a long overcoat and carrying a good-sized bag at Central Square back there in Walden; where is he now?"

"Oh, he walked on ahead about three or four minutes ago," answered one of the passengers. "He said he guessed he'd get home quicker so than to wait for this car to start up."

Gregory instantly got into the sleigh, and he urged the man forward at the gallop, and he had not yet taken a dozen steps when he was called back.

"I told you he'd get away," grumbled Henry.

"How do you know he has got away?" retorted Gregory. "Don't you know, we shall have him yet. He's bound for Brightwood, evidently, and there isn't a cross-road anywhere for a mile ahead where he can turn off. Get up, Dolly!"

"I suppose you do overtake him, do you think you and I are equal to managing him alone?" queried the other.

"I think we ought to be," answered Gregory with confidence. He was nearly thirty years old and so tall and strong that he felt himself a man already.

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Seven Days of Horror. AWFUL EXPERIENCE OF THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER FRANCES.

Capt. Genser, Mrs. Genser and Steward Harry Davis, of Annapolis, Remains A Week on the Wreck with Almost Nothing to Eat.

When Steward's barkentine *Priscilla*, Capt. Klages, from Rio Janeiro, made fast at Jackson's wharves yesterday morning, she had on board a shipwrecked crew whose experience on a distressed and sinking vessel at sea tells a story of true heroism.

A woman's companionship made the seven men even more heroic in their desolation and helped to lighten seven days of horror through which all declare they passed.

The rescued were: Capt. John H. Genser, who commanded the schooner *Frances*, of St. John, N.B., and his wife, Mrs. Genser, whose home is at Annapolis, N. S.

Steward Harry Davis, of Annapolis, N. S.; Seaman George Herman of Massachusetts, Richard Collier of Asheville, N. C., Richard Delmore, of California, and John Eber, of Germany.

Capt. and Mrs. Genser are the guests of Captain John A. Bayne, 2023 East Pratt street. Captain Bayne was pilot of the *Priscilla* from the Cape, and he invited the captain and his wife to his residence until Captain Genser hears from the owners of the lost vessel.

"We left Jacksonville on October 13th with 261 tons of pine lumber for Oregon, British Guiana," said Capt. Genser in relating his experience. "The cargo was assigned to E. Lopez & Son. We anchored at Mayport until the 15th, when we put to sea."

"From the beginning we had gales from the eastward, accompanied by terrific seas, indicating that there had been hurricane weather at a very recent date. On October 23rd the vessel made a little more water than usual. As the leakage began to grow upon us I ordered the deckload of timber thrown overboard, thereby hoping to lighten the ship. This had to be done whenever the men had an opportunity."

"At five o'clock on the morning of the 24th the wind came out from the north-northwest, when we were under double reefed foremast, spanker and forestaysail. I wore the ship around and got her east-northeast and then leeward, with the spanker lowered, and ran under forestay, stowed and jib as before."

"The vessel began to sink rapidly and the pumps were kept going, but the ship filled, made a plunge by the head and 'brokeed'." She would not 'pay off,' till to relieve her I ordered the foremast, jib and staysail to be cut away.

"Just then," continued Captain Genser, "a tremendous sea struck the *Frances*. It completely wrecked the forward house, passing over the deck and pitching us on our backs, timber which was carried at like battering rams against the cabin. These, with the sea, smashed the cabin. As the sea receded it cleared the cabin of everything in it—our clothes, food and other articles. The heavy timbers on deck struck against the fore-ripping and, parting the lanyards, the foremast went over to the windward."

"The sea continued to break over the vessel and the helpless beings on the wreck. The main and mizzenmast were ready to fall upon us, rocking and heaving above us as if waiting for the sea to first wash us off."

THE TAKING TO THE BOATS. "The largest boat was launched from the stern davits and hauled to the leeward of the vessel, but it could not be reached because of the raft of timber that had floated from our deck and was held alongside by the sea. The small boat which had been damaged was placed over the side upon the timber and used as a bridge over which all passed safely into the large boat. A line was made fast to the sinking *Frances* and we were towed by her."

"We had been five minutes in the boat when the mainmast went over the starboard side. It was soon followed by the mizzenmast, which broke in three pieces. The weight of the rigging broke off the jibboom."

"We were in the boat three-quarters of an hour—it seemed a day—when we sought the deck of the wreck again, even though the sea was breaking over it. Then began our great trial. There was not a drop of water on the ship and only some salt pork to eat, and we had no matches to make a fire."

"That night we washed ourselves on top of the house, where we rested as best we could, but sharp eyes watched the horizon for a sail."

"On October 25th the sea moderated. On the following night the lights of a sailing vessel were seen, but no light could be made for a signal, and the only sign of hope was to rig the ship's bell and blow our fog horn. The stranger passed by, and our fog horn grew less. Then a steamer's lights were seen. We repeated our former performance, but she too passed and soon sank from view."

POTATOES TO QUENCH THIRST. "Richard Collier, a seventeen-year-old Carolina, hunted about the lower part of the cabin. He got into a tank whose traces of fresh water had been destroyed by the sea. Here he found my revolver and some cartridges which proved a godsend, as I will tell. Forty-six potatoes were found jammed in different parts of the wrecked cabin."

"My wife hit upon a plan of making them slack our thirst. She got an empty tin can and, driving nails through it, she made a squeezer. The potatoes were graded as small as her invention would permit, and then by squeezing the pulp, she produced a juice, which was used to moisten our parched throats. She allowed each man two potatoes a day. The juice was not palatable, but did us great service."

"At noon on October 26th a bark was seen steering nearly due east or two points across our quarter. I sent Mate McDonald and Seaman Eber, as being the three youngest men in our crew, and entered our boat. On a twelve foot pole I hoisted the blue pennant and we left the ship feeling that we could get close enough to the stranger to be seen. We approached so near that I could see the man at the wheel, but no notice was taken of us. The bark passed on and while returning with downward hoist, I saw picked up a boat floating near our boat. It proved to be our steward's yeast boat. Returning on board greatly exhausted we each took a mouthful of the yeast. It was soon hot and we were able to eat it."

"On Monday, October 27th, we were up our minds to go for the last time, as we had determined to seek help. In fact, it became known to the crew that we were going to seek help. It was then that we found that the boat was not to undertake such a voyage. It was then that we found that the boat was not to undertake such a voyage. It was then that we found that the boat was not to undertake such a voyage."

"This trip our fortunes turned. As we had determined to seek help. In fact, it became known to the crew that we were going to seek help. It was then that we found that the boat was not to undertake such a voyage. It was then that we found that the boat was not to undertake such a voyage."

"Richard Collier, the boy, who had come very weak, looked brightly in the eyes of my good and asked how to reach land. A fire was what was most needed, but that he was going, and asked Mrs. Genser if she would accompany him to his mother. If she was assented, he wrote to his mother, and she came to the rescue. He was then taken to his mother's home, and she was very glad to see him. He was then taken to his mother's home, and she was very glad to see him. He was then taken to his mother's home, and she was very glad to see him."

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