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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.

NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS BANK OF HALIFAX.

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J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M. Office over Medical Hall.

A. A. Schaffner, M.D., LAWRENCE TOWN, N. S. Office and residence at Mrs. Hall's.

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.

J. B. WHITMAN, Land Surveyor, ROUND HILL, N. S.

G. O. GATES, PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N.S. PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN Pianos & Organs.

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

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

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. 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.

WANTED: Seasoned Spruce and Pine Lumber.

ANOTHER FIRE The "QUEEN," so favorably known for prompt and liberal settlement of loss, has appointed MR. S. N. WHEARE

as their Agent, and he is prepared to accept applications on all classes of property at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

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.

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO'Y, 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.

MARK CURRY, A. S. CURRY, B. A. BENT, CURRY BROTHERS & BENT, Manufacturers & Builders.

Bridgetown Wood-Working Factory. We beg to notify the public in general that we have recently purchased the premises on Grandville Street, formerly known as the J. B. Reed & Sons furniture factory, and are now equipping it with additional machinery for carrying on a general business in

Contracting and Building, INCLUDING THE MANUFACTURE OF Doors, Sashes, Frames, Stair Work, Mouldings, Closets, Sashings, Flooring, Singles, Laths, etc., and will constantly have on hand a full stock of Limes and all other Building Materials.

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

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Poetry.

I Am The Way. Oftimes, in wonder 'er the many creeds, I pondered what the world's strange needs, I pondered what the world's strange needs, I pondered what the world's strange needs.

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

And then all creeds and doubts fade away, And gleams the sunlight of eternal day, And strong and triumphant is the loving voice.

What is that way? A simple one to tread— To visit those who in the prison groan, To clothe the naked, and to friends to own, The homeless, weak, those who go astray, This 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.

My Fall Stock of Cloths and Trimmings are now in. They are the finest I have ever shown and at prices that defy competition for the quality.

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.

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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.

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.

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.

Gregory hastened in past the door of a large, bare, clean-looking room, where six dynamos were humming at a terrific rate, and splitting green fire with fury.

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"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."

"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 hurried the mare forward at a gallop even faster than she had yet taken.

"I told you he'd get away," mumbled Henry. "How do you know he has got away?" retorted Gregory. "Don't you see, 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 and splintered 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 Ontario, 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. We were 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 against the foremast, the foremast, and the yardarms, 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 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."

"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 produced 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

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