

Bath Brothers' Livery Stable.



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 Picked up in Best Style.

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS Importer of Marble and manufacturer of Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c. Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

Extension of TIME

It often asked for by persons desiring to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an extension of time.

Puttner's Emulsion of COD LIVER OIL

With Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colic, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases. Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very expeditiously, may have a long extension of time.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

BROWN BROS. & Co., CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS, Halifax, N. S.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES Cholera, Colic, Morbus, and RAMPES DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

CHEAP CASH!

FLOUR, OATMEAL, FEEDING FLOUR, CORNMEAL, GROCERIES, STOVES, PLOWS, HORSE CLOTHING, Harnesses made to Order. REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Nov. 19th, 1893.

EVANS' PIANO

They are light in touch. Unrivalled in tone. Handsome in appearance. Unrivalled in durability. AND NOT EXCELLED BY ANY PIANO MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION.

NOTICE

Picture and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, and Fancy Goods. I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine.

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER - AT - LAW

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent, U.S. United States Court Agent. Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1893.

W. M. FORSYTH STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

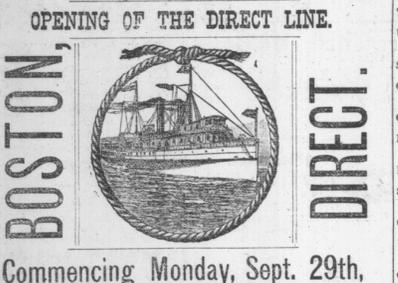
Office in Lockett's Building, BRIDGETOWN. Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m. April 2nd, 94.

Weekly Annotator

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1890. NO. 29.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT - UNLIKE ANY OTHER - AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE. Originated by an Old Family Physician.

International S.S. Co.



Commencing Monday, Sept. 29th.

Excursion Tickets, \$5. Good for Two Weeks from Date of Issue.

ST. JOHN LEAVE Monday, May 7th, one of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN for BOSTON via EASTPORT and PORTLAND every MONDAY.

For further information apply to F. Crosskill, Agent, W. & A. R. Bridgetown.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager. THE CELEBRATED Rubber Bucket Chain Pump. FORCE PUMP.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, 1890.

Between MARY A. WHITMAN wife of George Whitman, and GEORGE W. PHINNEY, Plaintiff, and SUSAN W. PHINNEY, Defendant.

PUBLIC AUCTION

Saturday, the 1st day of November, A.D. 1890, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Land and Premises

situate in the Township of Clements, in the County of Annapolis, and bounded and described as follows:

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Persons and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, and Fancy Goods.

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W. M. FORSYTH STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

Office in Lockett's Building, BRIDGETOWN. Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m. April 2nd, 94.

Poetry

Old Companions. CHARLES WILSON.

Old companions! old companions, Still remember him that's gone; He'll be back again some day, You have bared his future on.

Yours the hope that hopes forever, Earth is full of gentle themes— Only those with minds perverted Fail to blotter that it seems.

Some there are I miss among you— One where we had last met— Gone, between a night and morn'g— Strangely mingling ebb and flow.

Green the grass where they slumber! Flowers of peace above them wave! Have you not seen the grave— Buried with them in the grave.

Be their deaths a link the stronger, Blinding those who mourn their fall; Softening every harsh remembrance; Breathing thoughts of love to all!

Old companions! old companions! Years are only falling landmarks Set to note the onward way.

Select Literature

Chattanooga.

GLIMPSES IN AND ABOUT THAT HISTORICAL CITY.

A Day in a Cave.

BATTLE FIELDS OF THE REBELLION.

The Chattanooga of to-day would doubtless prove as much of a surprise to a person who had not seen it since stormy days when it was a city of 6,000 people; now it is a beautiful and progressive city, the proud home of 25,000 souls, and the abode of wealth, industry, education and refinement.

What are the causes of this rapid development? Is this one of the "booms" so characteristic of our country, and liable to sudden reaction, or is it solid prosperity? We have not time to look for the answers to these questions in this city, to be sure, but the scheme proposed for a future and soon abandoned. From this point we pass on to Rock City with immense parallel walls of conglomerate, separated in many places by less than a foot's space.

Chattanooga has a fine view of the mountain, and the healthfulness and attractiveness of Lookout Mountain, to which the Confederates watched the movements of the Federals while the former were in possession of Chattanooga.

Leaving sunset rock our train comes to a stop near the Natural Bridge. This Natural Bridge road is a continuation of the Lookout Mountain, including Sunset Rock. We now turn north-east from the Natural Bridge and, after a walk of perhaps a mile, we come in full view of the mountain.

From here we drive on to Lily Lake and Woodbine Falls. The scenery here is indescribably beautiful. On a projecting cliff, looking down upon the streamlet 300 feet below, the precipitous precipice is a smooth boulder of a convenient height answers the purpose of a table.

The following day finds us as anxious for mountain climbing as ever. The mountain air seems to vitalize our blood and renew our courage. To-day we shall climb the mountain in another way. We take a train of the "Bell Railroad to Mountain Junction"; here our carriage is switched to another track, seized by a powerful engine, and taken at the rate of twenty miles an hour up the side of the mountain.

On our way back to the city, we find a view of the mountain, and the healthfulness and attractiveness of Lookout Mountain, to which the Confederates watched the movements of the Federals while the former were in possession of Chattanooga.

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of a long trestle. We have not time to leave the trestle before the train will be upon us. A yawning chasm stretches beneath; death hurls toward us in the shape of an iron horse; the timbers of the trestle do not project but a few inches from the rail. We can scarcely hope to outrun that iron horse, and yet we make the effort. Impossible! It emits a succession of deadly shrieks behind us, and we can almost feel its scalding breath upon us. There is one chance of escape. We are not in a perfecting it. Just ahead of us a timber trestle, perhaps two feet from the rail. We throw ourselves desperately upon the trestle, and, like a flash, are clinging to the welcome projection. We feel the scalding fumes of the huge monster trestle upon our upturned faces, as we see in advance of us the hollowing of the hollows he seemed forced to follow.

Descending the mountain and passing around the point, we reach the turnpike leading to the base of the mountain. During the night we take another branch north of the Bell R. R. and visit the National Cemetery. We enter a massive gateway 37 feet in height, built of Alabama limestone at a cost of \$17,000. On the outside of the gateway we read the following inscription:

NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY. Chattanooga, A.D., 1863, and upon the inside the inscription: "Here Rest in Peace 12,986 Citizens Who Died for their Country. In the years 1861 to 1865."

The cemetery is of a circular shape, having a circumference of nearly a mile, and containing seventy-five and one-half acres. It is divided into sections, each section being marked by a granite obelisk, and designated by letters. The graves of the killed are marked by small marble headstones, inscribed simply with the soldier's name and rank. The names of the fallen are marked by a large granite block, containing no inscription except the number of the grave. In section H we find eight headstones in the form of a semicircle.

There are the graves of the eight men who were slain in the capture of the passenger locomotive *Big Shanty* on the Western and Atlantic R. R. in 1862. In the center of the cemetery rises a knoll upon which stands a rostrum. Equidistant around this rostrum are four huge cannon standing on a platform of which each has a bronze shield containing the inscription:

UNITED STATES NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY, Chattanooga, [Established 1862.] Interments.....12,986 Known.....7,947 Unknown.....4,929

From here we pass to the Superintendent's Lodge, where we register our names in the Visitor's Register and take our leave of the City of the Dead.

We visit near the gateway of the cemetery the little train of the Bell R. R. arrives, by which we are carried to East Point, the base of Missionary Ridge, having passed on route much of the battle ground of the same name. We leave our little train here, and ascending the ridge on foot, pass along the summit of the mountain to where a sign marks the headquarters of General Bragg. Here my companion is rewarded for the search which he has kept up since he reached the ridge, by finding a rifle bullet, which he carefully wraps up and places in his pocket. Further on the summit of the mountain, we find a small mound of earth, which is a small mound of earth, which is a small mound of earth.

It is said that there exists a Moslem tradition to the effect that the Messiah is to ride into the holy place taking back his kingdom and consequently the precaution has been taken—a curiously ineffectual one considering the greatness of the event—of building up the gate. There is something in this tradition which is gratifying to the imaginative mind. And the singularly touching juxtaposition of the temple gate and the garden gate is still more memorial. Gethsemane itself, a site about which there is a tradition, is now a garden of flowers protected by trim palings—a garden, orderly and well cared for, which gives a certain shock to the mind, but rather for the first moment than permanently.

Rest Restores Health. Weariness is generally a physiological "ebb tide" which time and patience will convert into a flow. It is never well to spur a worn-out horse, except in the direst straits. If he mends his pace in obedience to the stimulus every step is a drop drawn from his life blood.

Edison and the Cockroaches.—Edison's youthful experiments with electrical experiments were with cockroaches, a veridical story informs us. One night he was found with a lot of them pinned up in a corner. He had passed a current of electricity through a channel of moisture around the insect poison, thus establishing a dead line for the insects. Every one attempting the passage dropped dead, and every one was compelled to make the attempt; not more than one cock was given before life was destroyed.

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of the bowels of the earth in total darkness, with hundreds of gaping pits, bridged merely by narrow shelves of rock, between ourselves and sunlight. Yes, our worst fears are realized. Our light burns low, flickers a moment, and is gone. But we have matches and a candle. We take a match and attempt to ignite it upon the wall. One, two, three, a dozen are tried in rapid succession. Dull, phosphorescent streaks upon the wall gliding, amid the gloom, a weird and ghastly appearance to our surroundings, is the only result. Air incapable of supporting combustion, is certainly not an inviting element in which to tarry. Surely the air cannot be at fault, or we should have probably gone out with the lantern. The difficulty is evidently with the matches. We start to grope our way outdoors. It is slow and difficult work. We have not gone far when we stop and endeavor to find some way out of the difficulty, which means also out of the cave. A search through our pockets brings to light a match of another kind. Will this ignite? We make the attempt. A faint light breaks forth. Our little candle is lighted, and we can see each other but very little else. We take the lamp from our lantern, turn it over, and examine the fluid as it trickles down. It is water. There has been water at the bottom from which the oil has burned away. We refill the lamp with oil, and now we have quite a brilliant light. We turn and resume our inward journey. The passage way continues much the same. We now drink from a spring said to be five miles from the entrance of the cave, and continue, amid more or less obstructions, perhaps two miles. Here we find a large deposit of earth, resembling ochre, brought here, of course, when the cave was a subterranean water channel. On our return journey, becoming accustomed to the way, and having a good light, we grow somewhat reckless in our haste. A jump is made with the lantern. It strikes against a projecting rock. The lamp becomes unfastened, falls, strikes upon a shelf of rock, and drops, like McHenry, to the bottom of the hole. Our candle is brought into requisition, and when we at last reach the mouth of the cave, the stars are twinkling overhead.

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Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.

Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia Annapolis, N. S. 1117

To the Point.

When people see a man advertise they conclude he is a business man.—*Ensign* (N. Y. World).

The man who does not find advertising profitable generally finds business unprofitable.—*N. O. Post*, 7c.

Advertising in the rhetoric and not the logic of trade; it's business is to persuade and convince.—*Modern Advertiser*.

Newspaper advertising, rightly placed, rightly stuck to, solidly backed up, ensures business success.—*Ayer's Newspaper Annual*.

You do not, any of you, advertise enough. You are not, and want your business to run itself. You ought to use printer's ink every day.—*P. T. Barnum*.

Care should be taken to see that every advertisement expresses a business idea clearly and definitely, so as to be easily remembered.—*J. W. Thompson*.

Was newspaper advertising a success with you last year? If not—why not? It pays others. It ought to pay you; and if wisely done.—<