(Continued from first page.)

and Rafe's crutch, where it had fallen in the foreground, reminded Miss Ritter somehow of the staff in the little St. John scenes that we all know.

'The Madonna—of the Tubs,' she murmured.

'What, ma'am?' asked Rafe.

'There! there!' said the Madonna; 'go and watch for rather, Rafe.' She handed him his crutch with her kiss—a half-savage kiss, like that of some wild, thwarted maternal thing—and the child limped eagerly away.

'He must have found them Bengine children by this time,' Mrs. Salt ran on, talking to her irons again nervously. 'But, fact is, I'm *never* easy in my mind when Henry's in thick weather, not even off-shore. It's hard being a woman in Fairharbor. Our minister said, says he, when he first came to town he noticed all the woman-folks called it 'the dreadful sea.' I guess, come to think of it, we do—jest as you'd say 'Monday mornin'' or 'cold weather,' and never take notice of your words. You see, I'm kind o' down to-night, tell the truth, Miss Ritter.—Yes, Rafe, watch for papa, dear. He'll be disappointed if he doesn't see Rafe, first.—I wouldn't tell the child just yet. You see, his father's got to go to the Banks. Rafe hates to have his father go to the Banks. He worries. We thought we'd get along—for me and Rafe do worry so—but Henry's had an awful poor season off-shore. He thinks he's got to go. He 'ain't made but twenty-two dollars and sixty-three cents this summer. It's safer off-shore, take it all, though it's bad enough, Miss Ritter, fix it as you will. It was off-shore his boat keeled over, eight hours ago the 23rd of September, not more'n two miles off the light—him and Job Ely and Peter Salt and William X. Salt, went down in a squall, and I'd been nervous all day; so when it struck I got the glass, and took Emma Eliza—for she was little then, but my oldest born, and all I had to speak to that would understand—and me and Emma Eliza we walked over the downs, and over the downs, blowed about agen the wind, with the glass, and stood watchin', and, my gracious God, Miss Ritter, I saw that there boat go down before my living eye.'

It was an old story, told to how many neighbors and 'summer people' how many times! but at this point the fisherman's wife gasped and blanched. She had never been able to finish it; each time she thought she should. She took up her flat-irons hastily, for scalding Hannitial P. tears were dropping on Mrs. Harrowston's fluted skirt.

'He h'isted on to the keel, her bottom upmost,' she said, in a lower tone, 'and they all h'isted on and held, and a lumber schooner from Maine come along full canvass, but it took an eternal punishment, lookin' through the glass to get her swung to and dory off. But they was saved—him and Jobe Ely and Peter Salt and William X. Salt—and him; but they looked like flies before my eyes, for the sea broke over 'em, and they kep' a-slippin', and so me and Emma Eliza put down the glass and come home and sat down; and Emma Eliza made me a cup of tea—for I was that gone, and her so little to do for me. And there we sat, for we couldn't do nothin' till he come home at five minutes past nine o'clock, bustin' open the door—so!—drippin' wet, and pale as his own corpse, and I says 'Henry! Henry!' and he says, 'Nellie Jane!' and we says no more, for somehow, we couldn't do it. But Emma Eliza cried—for she used to bellow, that child did, when she was little—enough to wake last year's mackerel catch, and then she made her father's tea, for I was that gone; and, you see, Miss Ritter, it was next month Rafe was born, my dear—as he is.'

'Marm, I don't *see* my fa—ther,' interrupted Rafe, in his gentle, drawling voice, from the open front door.

'And so, so, as I says,' proceeded Mrs. Salt, more briskly, 'fishin' is fishin', off-shore or on. But I hav'n't no confidence in the Grand Banks. I wish my husband hadn't got to go this fall. I ain't any time to be nervous, but there's always time to see things. You know, you *see* him so, before your eyes, all sorts of ways, when she' that far from you—fogs or a gale, or a squall—drownin' mostly, and callin' after you, if you're his wife and have always done for him. Even a headache he'd run to you about. And to stand here ironin' a thousand miles away, and him may, be—'

'Marm,' called Rafe, 'I see my father! I see my fa—ther!'

'Well, there!' cried Ellen Jane Salt, putting down her irons tremendously. She blushed like a girl, and bustled about, 'picking up' here and there, and hurrying to fry the cod for supper. She almost forgot her young lady customer, who was glad just then to slip away.

On the way down the lane she met the fisherman and his children hurrying home; but in the dusk they passed with a pleasant, neighborly nod. Miss Ritter was sad, and Henry Salt was hungry; so she with her kindly 'Well, Henry!' and he with his civil 'H'ar' yer, Miss Ritter?' went their ways. It so happened from one trifling cause and another—she was called to Boston earlier than usual, and what not—that this was the last time she spoke to the good fellow that season, so she afterward remembered.

She turned in the dark lane, and watched the group scrambling home in their happy-go-lucky fashion—Henry rode the bigger baby (he was known in the Salt family as 'the other baby') pickback all the way; Sue and Tommy trudged and toddled, snatching at his oil-clothes, which were wet, and slipped from their little round red hands.

Henry Salt sang, as he carried 'the other baby,' a snatch of a sailor's song Miss Ritter had never heard before—

'Give the wind time
To blow the man home.'

Past the rose thicket, by the great bowlder, dim in the dark and the now drenching fog, man and children, pushing merrily home, made one confused group, like a centaur or a torso to the watchers' eye.

The cottage door was wide open. What a splendor of light leaped out! Was it only that kerosene lamp upon the ironing table? How it beat back the crawling fog, which made as if it would enter first and was denied

'Give the wind time,'

rang the fisherman's happy bass.

From outside, through the door one could see clearly and far. All the little house seemed to lean out to draw them in the sweet, tidy, homely things grew gilded and glorous, and had a look as if they stirred; even the instrument could be seen deep in the parlor, with the reduced high-art paper. In the doorway, once again, the Madonna of the Tubs had found that fine, unconscious attitude—half stooping to take Rafe, who had stood too long upon his little crutch. He put up his hand and stroked her cheek.

'Oh, marm, I've *got* my fa—ther!'

(To be Continued.)

For the Ladies.

Recipes.

DIET FOR STUDENTS.—A generous and hearty diet is indispensable for people who work with their brains; as Mr. Lewes says, 'Nerve tissue is expensive,' and many a delicate girl or pale, thin student breaks down more from lack of roast beef and gravy than from overstudy. Any study is overstudy for one who is underfed. Plenty of nourishing food should be provided, and only this, but it should be of a kind that will be relished. Brain workers, whether old or young, cannot thrive upon a diet of pork and potatoes. It is not even yet well enough understood by all those who have charge of the table and its supplies that what the fuel is to the fire food is to the body.

A MUSTARD SPONGE.—In referring to sponge as a carrier of poultices, Dr. Richardson considers that it makes the best mustard carriers. Mix the mustard in a basin with water until the mass is smooth and of even consistency. Then take the soft mass all up with a clean sponge, lay the sponge in the centre of a white handkerchief, tie up the corners neatly, and apply the smooth, convex surface to the skin. This mustard sponge, warmed again by the fire and slightly moistened can be applied three or four times, is good for several hours and saves the trouble of making new poultice during the weariness of night watching. The sponge can afterwards easily be washed clean in warm water.

BROILED OYSTERS.—Take one quart very large fat oysters, put them in a colander to drain. Put an iron bake pan on a hot stove, with a tablespoonful of butter. Put in the oysters and let them remain a few minutes, until they commence to curl around the edges. In a covered dish put one cup butter and one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce. Pour the oysters on to the butter, cover light and serve at once. This is delicious.

LEMON CREAM PIE.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of white sugar the yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour and rich milk enough to fill your plate or pan. This makes a large pie, and should be made with an under crust only. Bake until nearly done, then take it from the oven and spread over it the beaten whites of the two eggs, with two tablespoon'uls of powdered sugar. Set back in the oven until brown. Eat cool, or quite cold.

CUSTARD AND APPLE SAUCE.—One pint of the pulp of roasted apples strained, one-half pint of pulverized sugar, the whites of three eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, then add a spoonful of apple and one sugar alternately, beating all together until the mixture stand perfectly stiff on the spoon. It will swell very much. Make a boiled custard of the three yolks of eggs, one pint of milk and two tablespoonfuls sugar, and flavor with vanilla. Place the custard in saucers, cover with the apple sauce and serve.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE.—Chocolate sauce to be eaten with cottage pudding, or with cornstarch blanc mange, is made of half a pint of cream and half a pint of milk. Grate two table spoonfuls of chocolate into this. Let it come to the boiling point, then add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs or if generously disposed, of three. When the sauce is of the right consistency, take it from the fire add it to the whites of three eggs, which you have beaten to a stiff froth, with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Flavor with vanilla.

SCALOPED CAULIFLOWER.—Boil until tender, then cut into neat clusters and place in a buttered pudding-dish with the stalks downward. Make a soft paste of a cupful of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of cream; add salt and pepper and one egg well beaten. Place this over the cauliflower or broccoli, cover the dish closely and bake for six minutes in a quick oven; remove the cover and brown in five minutes. Serve very hot in the dish in which it is baked.

Sweets the for Holidays.

CREAM CANDY.—One pound of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a little water to moisten. Boil until brittle, put in one teaspoonful of extract of lemon and turn out quickly into buttered plates. When cool, pull until white and cut into squares.

CREAM WALNUTS.—Crack English walnuts carefully, so as to take meat out whole. Take the white of one egg, half as much water, and stir in pounded sugar till the paste is stiff. Put the paste between the pieces of walnuts.

COCOANUT DROPS.—One pound of cocoanut, one pound of pounded sugar, scant one-fourth pound of flour, whites of six eggs. Bake in a quick oven.

MOLASSES CANDY.—One cup of molasses, one half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of vinegar, butter two-thirds as large as a nutmeg, When boiled stir in a little soda.

PEPPERMINTS.—Two cups of sugar one cup of water. Boil five minutes, then flavor with one spoonful of peppermint. Stir until thick, hen drop.

COCOANUT CANDY.—Grate the meat of a cocoanut and mix with it two pounds of sifted white sugar, the beaten whites of two eggs, and the milk of the nut. Make into little cakes and in a short time it will be ready for use.

—If lace or muslin curtains get torn do not try to darn them, but from the same material cut a piece to fit and a little larger; wet this in thin starch and iron down on the wrong side. It will be hardly visible when hung. Black court plaster is useful in mending silk dresses of that color, and put on the back side its presence will elude the most prying *eyes*. Woollen dresses can often be mended by gumming on a piece of the same, and look much better than if darned or patched.

—'Bath Bags' are coming into use in Paris. They consist of a bag containing half a pound of bran, some meal and a little powdered soap. On wetting and pressing the bag a lather is produced, and at the same time a soft pad for rubbing purposes.

STEAM FURNITURE WARE ROOM,

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his numerous friends, and the public generally, that his Spring Stock of Furniture is now complete, and he has now on hand,

30 PARLOR SUITS
30 PINE BEDROOM SUITS
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12 BLACK WALNUT SUITS.

Parlor Suits range in price from $48 TO $200
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A FULL STOCK OF

Household Furniture

Of All Kinds.

A FINE LOT OF

GILT WINDOW CORNICES

which were obtained at a bargain and will be sold at low prices.

The Subscriber would also state that he has added a quantity of

New MACHINERY!

to his Factory, and is prepared to make and sell furniture AS CHEAP as can be obtained in the Dominion.

ALL ARE INVITED TO CALL AND EXAMINE HIS STOCK, WHICH HE CLAIMS TO BE THE MOST COMPLETE THAT CAN BE FOUND.

J. B. REED.

BROWNS MILLS, Lawrencetown.

Sawing, Grinding, Threshing.

Lumber sawn to order,
Grain ground to order,
Grain threshed to order.

HAVING a first-class Gray's full power Threshing machine capable of threshing ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY BUSHELS PER HOUR, we shall be ready to fill orders in this department with extra promptness and despatch. Grain, when in at condition, will be ground immediately on being threshed if required.

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Long and Short Shingles, Boards, Staves &c. Best fresh ground Cornmeal, Graham, Buckwheat, Middlings, Flour, MIXED FEED, &c., &c., &c.

Logs and grain bought at market rates.

All orders filled promptly, at short notice and at Bottom prices!

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Chas. McCormick,
Licensed Auctioneer & Conveyancer.

DEEDS, Mortgages, Bills of Sale, and all Legal Documents promptly and correctly drawn. Business with the Registry Office attended to. 15 years experience. Correspondence strictly confidental. 493m

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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, 84. 51tf

Eagleson's Hotel!

THE subscriber has leased the premises formerly occupied by JOSEPH BUCKLER as a Hotel, and intends to keep up the old stand as a Hotel, with a stable attached, for the accommodation of the public. The stand is situated on the corner of

Granville & Queen Streets,

and is too well known to require further description. The best attention given to guests. Passengers conveyed to all parts of the county.

TERMS, moderate.

THOS. J. EAGLESON.
Proprietor.
Bridgetown, June 2nd, 1885. tf.

H. J. Banks,
TAILOR,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,

IS prepare to do all descriptions of work in his line at reasonable figures.

The latest fashion plates are always obtained, and work of the most fashionable cut and finish can always be had.

Fits guaranteed.

Give me a call and don't send your money out of the place to build up establishments in other towns.

Shop on WATER STREET.

H. J. BANKS.
Bridgetown, Oct. 16, '83. tf

EYE, EAR AND THROAT!

Dr. J. R. McLean,
Corner Hollis & Salter streets
HALIFAX.
Sept. 15th, 288 —tf

PACKAGE of Comic Pictures and our Big Catalogue for 3c and this slip.
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MEN'S CLOTHES, of all kinds, CLEANSED or RE-DYED and Pressed, equal to new LACE CURTAINS, BLANKETS, CARPETS, &c., Cleaned by a NEW PROCESS, every week day. SILKS, IRISH POPLINS, DRESS MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS DYED. FEATHERS, KID GLOVES, TIES, &c., &c., CLEANED OR DYED.

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—AND—
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Both For One Year,
$3.00.

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HACYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

Notice of Change of Partnership.

The Law Firm of

T. D. & E. RUGGLES,

Office on Queen Street, Bridgetown, N. S., will henceforth be known under the name and style of

T. D. RUGGLES & SONS,

consisting of T. D. Ruggles, Q. C., Edwin Ruggles, B. A., and Harry Ruggles, B. A.

Dated December 16th, A. D., 1884. tf

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT!

Whereas
James M. Dunn,

of Port Lorne, in the County of Annapolis, having by Deed of Assignment, bearing date the 2nd day of October, A. D., 1885, assigned to me all his personal assets and effects in trust, first to pay all expenses connected with said assignment, then to apply the residue toward the payment of the claims of such of his creditors as shall execute the said deed of assignment, within three months from the date thereof

Notice is hereby given that the said deed of assignment is recorded and filed in the office of the registrar of deeds for the County of Annapolis and a duplicate thereof lies at the residence of the undersigned, where parties interested in the assignment may inspect the same.

Creditors failing to execute the same within the time named will not be entitled to any benefit thereunder.

All persons indebted to said James E. Dunn, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

JOSEPH H. GRAVES,
ASSIGNEE.
Granville, Oct, 7th, 1885. 3m.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT!

Edward Fales,

of Wilmot, in the county of Annapolis, trader, having by deed dated the first day of October, A. D. 1885, assigned all his real and personal property to me, in trust, to dispose of the same and after payment of certain preferential claims, apply the proceeds thereof toward the payment *pro rata* of the respective claims of the creditors, who shall execute said deed of assignment, within six months from the date thereof.

Notice is hereby given, that the said deed lies at the office of John Ervin, solicitor, Bridgetown, N. S., for inspection and signature of all parties interested, and the duplicate thereof is on file and recorded in the office of the Registrar of deeds for the said County of Annapolis.

ANSLEY ELLIOTT,

Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late JOSEPH CLARK, of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within twelve months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

HANNAH CLARK,
Executrix.
Granville, Nov. 14th, 1885. 3m.

Administratrix Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late CHARLES E. MORTON, of Centreville, in the county of Annapolis, farmer deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested, within three months and all persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

LUCY A. MORTON,
Administratrix.
Centreville, Oct. 13th, 1885. 3mpd.

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN W. BOWLBY, of Victoria, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested within three months' and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to made immediate payment to

GEORGE ROACH,
Administrator.
Victoria, Nov. 20th, 1885. 3mpd.

J. G. H. PARKER,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, CONVEXANCER,
and REAL ESTATE AGENT

Practise in all the Courts. Business promptly attended to.

OFFICE—Fitz Randolph's NEW BUILDING, Bridgetown. 7ly

HACYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

50 LOVELY Chrome Cards, with name and a prize, for 10c and this slip
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

MRS. SOPHIA POTTER'S BONE RHEUMATIC LINIMENT.

SPRINGFIELD MINES, QUE. CO., Sept. 3rd, '84.

MRS. SOPHIA POTTER.—Dear Madam,—I want to tell you the benefit I have received from using your Liniment. Twenty-five years ago I was attacked with lame back, and been laid up at times from 2 to 4 weeks until a year ago last June. I used your Liniment according to directions, and have felt nothing of it since. Yours with best wishes,

TREMAIN McGLASHING.

BEAR RIVER, DIGBY CO., N. S. Aug. 25th, 84.

MRS. SOPHIA POTTER.—Dear Madam,—Twenty years ago I hurt my chest which has troubled me ever since, at times laying me up entirely, Pain about the heart was severe. Doctors said the skirts of the heart and lining of the stomach were torn. Over a year ago I tried your Bone Rheumatic Liniment a few times and have felt no pain or trouble since. I would recommend it as a good Liniment.

DAVID RICE.

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y

Time Table.

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Express Daily.	Fgs. and Freight Tues., Thurs. and Sat. only.	Passengers and Freight Daily.
		P.M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	1 30	5 30	.....
4	Round Hill	1 50	5 55	.....
14	Bridgetown	2 14	6 25	.....
19	Paradise	2 31	6 45	.....
22	Lawrencetown	2 41	7 00	.....
28	Middleton	2 59	7 25	.....
32	Wilmot	3 11	7 43	.....
35	Kingston	3 21	7 57	.....
42	Aylesford	3 39	8 32	.....
47	Berwick	3 53	8 55	.....
59	Kentville—arrive	4 30	9 45	.....
	Do—leave	4 45	10 40	5 40
64	Port Williams	5 00	11 00	6 00
66	Wolfville	5 07	11 10	6 10
69	Grand Pre	5 17	11 22	6 25
77	Hantsport	5 36	11 55	6 38
84	Windsor	6 05	12 25	7 25
			P. M.	
116	Windsor Junct	7 20	3 10	9 50
130	Halifax—arrive	7 55	3 55	10 45

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Fgs. and Freight Mon., Wed., and Fri. only.	Passengers and Freight daily.
		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
0	Halifax—leave	7 00	2 30	.....
14	Windsor Junc—leave	7 23	3 30	8 25
46	Windsor	8 53	5 35	10 50
53	Hantsport	9 17	6 03	11 20
61	Grand Pre	9 39	6 33	11 56
64	Wolfville	9 49	6 46	12 10
66	Port Williams	9 56	6 55	12 22
71	Kentville—arrive	10 10	7 10	12 45
				P. M.
	Do—leave	10 25	.....	1 20
88	Berwick	11 02	.....	2 13
88	Aylesford	11 16	.....	2 36
95	Kingston	11 34	.....	3 06
98	Wilmot	11 44	.....	3 34
102	Middleton	11 59	.....	3 49
108	Lawrencetown	12 14	.....	4 10
111	Paradise	12 24	.....	4 26
116	Bridgetown	12 41	.....	4 50
124	Roundhill	1 05	.....	5 23
130	Annapolis—arrive	1 25	.....	5 50

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

Steamer Secret leaves St. John at 7 a. m., every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, for Digby and Annapolis. Returning, same days for Digby and St. John.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 3.00 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.30 a. m.

Steamer Dominion leaves Yarmouth every Saturday evening for Boston.

"International Steamers leave St. John "at 8.00 every Monday, and Thursday for "Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6.30 a. m., and 8.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

The Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Thursday p. m., and returns from Boston every Monday at 8 a. m. ect, via., Digby.

F. INNES, General Manager.
Kentville, Nov. 14th, 1885.

FOR BOSTON
VIA
BOSTON DESPATCH.
—
ANNAPOLIS LINE.

Commencing Oct. 1st, the Steamer, "NEW BRUNSWICK will leave Annapolis for Boston Direct, calling at Digby, every Thursday, p. m., after arrival of W. & A. Ry, Express from Halifax. Passengers from Yarmouth and other stations on the W. C. Ry. connect with this Str. at Digby. Returning, will leave Boston for Annapolis every Monday, at 8 a. m., connecting with the trains of the W. C. Ry. and W. & A. Ry. the following day. The Str. "SECRET" leaves Annapolis and Digby every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, p. m., for St. John, connecting with the regular trips of I. S. S. Co's., new and elegant Steers. "State of Maine" and "Cumberland," which now leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock, a. m.

For tickets or further information apply to your nearest ticket agent or to

GEO. E. CORBITT,
Agt., Annapolis, N. S
November 3, 1885.

Dr. O. W. Norton's
Burdock BLOOD PURIFIER!
—CURES—
INDIGESTION,
BILIOUSNESS,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA,
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BOILS,
PIMPLES,
BLOTCHES,
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and all diseases arising from Deranged Liver, Impure Blood or irregular action of the Bowels. Try one bottle and be convinced of its curative powers. Price $1.00, large 24oz. Don't be put off with anything else.

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Magic Pain Eradicating Liniment,
has made more cures of
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TOOTH ACHE,
and all other pains and aches than any other Liniment now selling, from Windsor to Yarmouth.

Norton's All-Healing Balm,
is a great healer of all sores of any kind,
SCALD HEAD,
CRACKED HANDS,
OLD FEVER SORES,
PILES
of which it has cured many, after trying lots of other remedies.

Norton's MOUNTAIN HERB PLASTERS
are the best in the market for
LAME BACK,
LAME CHEST,
LAME HIPS
LAME STOMACH,
Try them.

Norton's Antibilious Female Pills,
are having a large sale and no one will use any others after once trying, as they cause no pain, tone up the system, remove all obstructions, and send the poor sufferer on her way rejoicing.

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Miscellaneous.

Christmas in Central Africa.

Christmas is a delightful season in Christian lands, especially when the balance of presents and dinners is in one's favor, and the tin-horn crop among the children has been a failure. Very different is Christmas in heathen lands, where the use of stockings are unknown, and Christmas trees are hung with unfortunate travellers and unappreciated missionaries instead of glittering and showy presents. Think of Christmas in the region of the north pole, where the light lasts for six months, so that even the ablest of the Esquimaux can not distinguish Christmas-eve from Thanksgiving night, nor Christmas morning from Washington's Birthday or Decoration day! Even more depressing is Christmas in Central Africa, as a distinguished English traveller once discovered to his mingled sorrow and danger.

The traveller was a good and noble man. He was engaged in discovering fresh lakes, new kinds of cannibals, and original sources of the Nile in the heart of Africa, and his only desire was to do good to the human race, and to prove that the maps made by other travellers were all wrong. He had been three years in the Dark Continent, and having suffered incessantly from fever, starvation, the bites of deadly serpents, and the cruelties of native kings, was nearly worn out. He arrived late one afternoon on the shore of a mighty lake which no other white man ever seen, and which was at least five hundred miles distant from any of the various localities in which European mapmakers had previously placed it. He lay down under the shadow of the trees, faint with all the various things that predispose a man to be faint in Central Africa, but exulting in the thought that he would compel the mapmakers to place Lake Mjambwe where he wanted it, and not where they selfishly imagined that it would present the most picturesque appearance. Suddenly he remembered that it was the 24th of December, and that Christmas-eve would naturally arrive in the course of the next two hours. The thought saddened him. He glanced at his bare feet—for his supply of stockings had long since given out—and he thought of the happy homes in England, where the children were preparing to hang up their mother's largest stockings, while he must spend the blessed Christmas season among savage heathen and untrained animals. He felt at that moment that he would give his new lake for an hour in his English home, and he covered his face with his hands and sobbed himself asleep.

When he awoke it was broad day light. The woods were vocal with parrots who incessantly remarked, 'Polly wants a cracker,' and oysters, and other tropical birds, each singing at the top of this voice. On the bosom of the lake floated immense native canoes bearing parties of excursionists the music of whose accordions and banjoes came over the water to the wearied traveller. He was hungry and felt in his pockets for his quinnine pills but they were all gone. He tried to rise to his feet, but he was too weak and rheumatic to rise without help, so he sank back, mourning, 'Tis 'ard, 'ard indeed, to die on Christmas among the 'eathen.'

The sound of women's voices roused him. Three native women, clad only with the *tsetse* and *pombo* worn by their sex in that part of Africa, emerged from the forest on their way to draw water from the lake. They saw the traveller, and one of them, moved with compassion, sang, in a low mournful voice: 'The poor white trash done come to Africa. He hasn't no mother to fry hominy for him, nor no wife for to send to the store with a jug.' Enfeebled as he was, the traveller knew that this was a wrong, for he had read *Mungo Park's Travels*, and he could not help remarking, 'You women don't sing that song as it ought to be sung.'

'Sing it yourself, then,' retorted the singer, in a cold heartless way, and thereupon the woman passed on, and left the wretched white man to perish.

The cruelty of the woman made the traveller so indignant that he resolved to make one tremendous effort for life. He managed to rise, after painful exertions and the use of many scientific terms, and hobbled slowly toward a native village about a quarter of a mile away. He had scarcely reached it when he was seized by two gigantic cannibals and dragged to the king's palace, where he hoped that either death or breakfast, he did not much care which, awaited him.

The palace consisted of one large room with an enormous throne extending entirely across one end of it. On this throne sat twelve native kings in a row, each one with a musical instrument in his hand. The one who sat in the middle looked fiercely at the traveller, and demanded of his captors what was the charge against him.

'Poor white trash, Mr. Johnsing,' briefly replied the largest of the two cannibals.

'Mr. Bones—I should say, prisoner,' began the king, 'what do you say for yourself?'

'I am a white man,' replied the traveller; 'but I 'aven't 'ad any soap for years, so I plead hextenuating cir cumstances. Besides, I am 'ungry. Will you not give me some breakfast?'

The king's face grew bright with rage—for it could not grow any darker than it was—and he turned to his brother kings, and conversed with them rapidly in the Mjambwe tongue. They were evidently discussing the fate of the traveller, for presently the middle king cleared his throat and said:

'Prisoner, you have forfeited your life, but we are disposed to be merciful. You ought properly to be baked alive, and afterward eaten, but we shall pronounce a lighter sentence. You will listen attentively while we sing the opening chorus and the favorite plantation melodies, and you will guess every conundrum, and laugh at every joke. Say I not wisely, Brother Bones?'

A unanimous 'Yah! yah!' from the other kings expressed their warm approval.

'No! no!' cried the traveller, in an agony of fear. 'Give me some little show. Burn me, if you will, but do not torture me on this 'oly Christmas morning with your hawful songs and conundrums. I've 'eard them all at 'ome.' And in his desperation the wretched man fell on his knees before the native king who had pronounced the dreadful sentence. That monarch, indignant beyond measure, raised the guitar, and struck the traveller a terrible blow over the head. The whole earth seemed to reel and the doomed white man became unconscious.

When he regained his senses he found himself sitting on the shore of the lake where he had sat the night before. A young man neatly dressed in European clothes stood before him, and remarked, in a graceful way, 'Mr. Jones, I believe.'

'And you are Mr. Smith, I dessay,' replied the traveller. ''Ave you got anything to beat with you?'

The young man had been sent to find the traveller. He had with him all sorts of stores, including canned plum-pudding and boned turkey. As he drew the traveller's arm in his, and assisted him to the place where breakfast was awaiting them, he said, 'I wish you a me merry Christmas.'

It was the merriest Christmas the traveller had ever known, and when he returned to England with more new lakes and two private sources of the Nile, he said that all his honors could not give him the delight which he had known during his last Christmas in Central Africa after awakening from his terrible dream of the twelve native kings.

W. L. ALDEN.

THE LAST ONE ON THE SACRED ELEPHANT.—Two young ladies were gazing at the white elephant as it stood enthroned in all its sacred splendor, and surrounded by the mystic emblems of its holy character and the adorning priests who were kneeling devoutly on every side.

'How curious it is,' remarked one, 'that any race of people should be so deluded as to worship an elephant.'

'It is indeed, replied the other sadly. 'When I look upon this worshipping throng of ignorant, superstitious creatures and realize how earnest and sincere they are, I cannot but feel that there should be no rest until the missionary message is borne to the last one of these benighted heathen.'

'True,' asserted the first speaker, 'it is a grand and solemn duty.'

Just at this Junction the animal flicked its tail and struck one of the Buddhist priests in the mouth.

'Holy Moses!' he exclaimed, interrupting his devotions, 'he hathen baste—' and then the young ladies strolled on to the monkey