THE ARGUS.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY
$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	1 week	4 wks	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos.
4 inch	.60	1.50	2.00	3.25	5.00
6 "	1.00	2.00	3.25	5.25	8.00
8 "	1.30	3.00	5.00	8.00	12.00
1 col.	2.00	4.00	6.75	10.00	16.00
2 "	3.00	6.00	10.00	16.00	24.00
3 "	4.00	8.00	13.00	21.00	32.00
18 "	5.00	10.00	16.50	29.00	40.00
12 "	6.00	12.00	20.00	32.00	45.00
15 "	7.50	15.00	24.50	40.00	60.00
20 "	10.00	20.00	33.00	54.00	80.00
1 col.	12.00	24.00	40.00	60.00	90.00

☞ Yearly advertisements may be changed monthly without extra charge, and it will pay advertisers to bear this in mind as they will thus secure better returns for their money.

All advertisements, changes of advertisements, and correspondence must be handed into the office not later than Tuesday evening to ensure insertion in the Argus.

All reading matter advertisements will be marked as such and published under the head of "Local and Special" advertisements, at 10 cents a line per insertion.

☞ All contracts payable quarterly. ☜

All notices of Church or Society meetings at which an admittance fee is charged will be inserted as regular advertising at the usual rates.

TERMS:—$1.00 per year in advance; $1.25 if not paid within 6 months; $1.50 if not paid before the expiration of the year

☞ All correspondence must be addressed,

"ARGUS"
Lunenburg, N. S.

QUEEN
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF AMERICA.

Backed by forty million dollars ($40,000,000) of British Capital. Security to Policy holders unsurpassed by any other company.

INSURANCES EFFECTED AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

Losses paid immediately upon completion of claim papers The Queen paid $540,402.00 for losses by the conflagration at St. John's, Newfoundland, 8th July, 1892, without contesting a single claim.

D. M. OWEN,
Agent at Lunenburg.

C. A EVANS,
Resident Secretary,
Halifax. 24

— UNITED —
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'Y.
OF MANCHESTER, ENG.

This Company in addition to its own funds has the security of those of the
PALATINE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENG.
The combined assets being as follows:

Capital subscribed	$6,800,000
Capital paid up in cash	1,360,000
Annual income exceeds	4,000,000
Deposit with Dom. Gov. for protection of Can. policy holders	204,100

SHORTT & MCCHEE, GEN. AGTS FOR N.S. & P.E.I
G. W. LANE AGENT, LUNENBURG, N. S. 1

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE HALIFAX.

Through Exp for St. John & Montreal	6.50
Exp for St. John, Sydney & North Sydney	7.20
Through Express for St. John, Quebec & Montreal	12.20
Accommodation for Truro	13.05
Accommodation for Truro and Pictou	16.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Accommodation from Pictou	7.45
Accomodation from Truro and Stellarton	13.12
Through Exp from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	13.30
Express from St. John	18.15
Through express from Montreal and St. John	23.20

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., September 27, '94.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE,
— OF —
LONDON, ENGLAND.
ESTABLISHED. 1782.
CANADIAN BRANCH ESTABLISHED IN 1804.

Losses paid, since the establishment of the Co., exceed $95,000,000
Balance held in hand, for payment of Fire losses 3,000,000
LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS UNLIMITED.
Deposit with the Dominion Government for the security of Policy holders in Canada $201,020

For rates and other information apply to

MAJOR R. H. GRIFFITHS,
Agent, Lunenburg
1-52 N. S

Lunenburg and Halifax S. S. Co
LIMITED.
— THE NEW —
STMR. LUNENBURG,
CHANCE OF TIME AND SAILING

Until further notice the boat will leave Black Bros.' Wharf on

Wednesday direct for Lunenburg at 9 a. m.

Returning leaves Lunenburg direct for Halifax at 9 a.m. on **Thursday**

On Saturday she leaves Halifax, for Lunenburg at 8 a. m. Returning leaves Lunenburg on Monday for Halifax at 8 o'clock. a. m., calling both ways at

CHESTER

J. J. McLACHLAN,
Agent Lunenburg

BLACK BROTHERS & Co.,
Halifax.

THE ARGUS.

DEVOTED TO THE FISHING, AGRICULTURAL, MINING, AND COMMERCIAL INTERESTS OF LUNENBURG COUNTY.

VOL. 6. LUNENBURG, N. S., TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1895 NO 11

Poetry.

ST. MICHAEL THE WEIGHER

Stood the tall archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the pain.
All the triumph and the gain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears,
Since old Adam's conscious eyes,
Backward searched for Paradise,
And, instead, the flame blade saw
Of inexorable law.

In a dream I marked him there,
With his fire gold, flickering hair,
In his blinding armor stand,
And his scales were in his hand.
Mighty were they and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell

"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so,
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began
In the world of good or ill"
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems, and the wonder of the East,
Kublaj's sceptre, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast few,
Martyr ashes, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Leechen cups of men whose need
Faster that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despairs,
Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs
Broken hearts that brake for men.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing the beam divine,
Swifly on this hand, decline,
While Earth's splendor and renown
Mounted light as thistle down

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

An Interesting Story.

STANTON HARCOURT'S ROMANCE.

"Have you ever been in love?" said the child gravely.

"No," replied the man, and a faint smile crossed his face at the memory of the hundred and one flirtations which had flickered at different dates across his career.

"Oh, but you must have been!" continued the child, earnestly. "Everybody falls in love several times before they marry, mamma says. Mamma says that I shall be in love several times before I marry, but that is nothing at all, and then I shall marry and settle down."

"When do you intend to marry?" said the man, scrutinizing the pretty child more closely. "You are scarcely old enough yet, are you?"

"Oh, yes," she said, eagerly. "One of the princesses was married when she was just sixteen, mamma says, and I am nearly sixteen."

"Indeed. Perhaps you are engaged already."

"Well, not exactly. You see he wants me to marry him in two years, but we are not exactly engaged. Mamma wouldn't hear of it, because he hasn't left school yet, and I haven't seen him since; but if he asks me again at the end of two years, we shall be engaged—properly."

"Do you want to marry him so very much?"

"N—no," after a moment's thought. "Not very much. I haven't thought about it. It takes so much time to think, you see. But it would be nice to be engaged. One would be able to put one's hair up regularly if one were engaged, I should think."

The man glanced at the tawny mane which she pushed impatiently back over her shoulders as she spoke. It would be a pity, he thought, to anticipate, even by a day, the moment when those glorious tresses would be delivered over to the ill-treatment and eclipse of hairpins.

"If I were engaged to you," he said, "I would ask you to keep your hair down as long as possible."

"Then I wouldn't be engaged to you," replied the girl naively. "Besides, I don't even know your name. I don't believe that it is really Brooks of Sheffield—I have spelt Sheffield with two f's; is that all right?—because I heard that lady, the one with the very yellow hair, call you something else. What is your real name? You must write it down here."

She was engaged in selling tickets for a raffle at a country bazaar, and she indicated to the man the sheet of paper whereupon she had written the names of the ticket-holders. The seventeenth space on the list was inscribed with the words "Brooks of Sheffield." The claimant of that pseudonym took the pencil which she held out to him and signed himself "Stanton Harcourt."

"And now you ought to tell me your name," he said.

"My name is Rosie—Rosalind Alice Jane Divine—and we live at Weybridge? It is in the part called America. I am staying here with the Harlands. Do you live here?"

"No; I am just down for the day staying with that lady, the one with the yellow hair."

"I see. I suppose you are in love with her? Not? Well, I am glad! Would you mind taking care of this while I go after that man?"

She kept on coming and going in the course of the afternoon. It was evidently that she had privately established Stanton Harcourt as a sympathetic friend who might be honored with the duty of buying tickets for her raffles and a safe depot where valuable property might be left with security. She talked to him in her queer way now and then, but she had a very keen eye to business and was continually darting off toward some new face with an appeal for her raffle.

Stanton Harcourt, moreover, cementing their friendship of a day by presenting her with a large painted screen which he was "lucky" enough to win in one of her raffles.

"I am very sorry you don't live in Weybridge!" were almost her last words to him. "It would be so nice. Perhaps you may come here though?"

Shortly after that Stanton Harcourt went to Norway for about six weeks and enjoyed all the pleasures of roughing it, including horrible food. After that he joined a yacht and started round the world in a slow and luxurious fashion. One way and another, it was not until three years after that country bazaar that he found himself once more settled in London for the season.

"Who is the beauty of the year?" he said to a friend at Lady Glenlyndon's ball.

"Lady Rose Verden," replied the other. "Lord Salterton's daughter—presented at the May Drawing Room."

"Is she here?"

"Yes. I'll point her out to you; introduce you, if you like. Do you see that tall girl in blue, the one with the beautiful hair, passing us now?"

Stanton Harcourt gazed in the direction indicated and owned to himself that the opinion of society had not erred. He saw before him a tall, beautiful, fair girl, whose height overtopped that of most of the men, while her figure was so gracefully proportioned that it was impossible to demur to an inch of her stature. Her face was as fair as a flower, and the heavy coil of her hair suggested tresses, that would clothe her like a mantle were they once unloosened.

"Introduce me," he said: and so, in time, Sir Stanton Harcourt was introduced to Lady Rose Verden.

She turned a pair of the loveliest blue eyes upon him and inspected him not without curiosity. Then she smiled, disclosing two rows of pearly white teeth. Stanton Harcourt conversed with her for a few moments. Then she said suddenly:—

"So you have forgotten me altogether? or is it that I am so much changed? I should have known you anywhere. Don't you remember that bazaar at Kirkleton three years ago, and how you told me that your name was Brooks of Sheffield, and I told you that I lived at Weybridge? And you gave me a screen!"

"I remember now," replied Stanton Harcourt, in amazement.

"The only thing that I cannot understand," replied Stanton Harcourt, evading this somewhat delicate subject, "is about your name. You told me, if I remember right, that you were Miss Rosie Divine. Was that a joke like my one of 'Brooks of Sheffield?'"

"Papa had not succeeded to the title then," replied the beauty. "In fact, we were very far away from it, and very poor; but, as I daresay you know, our cousin and his two sons and grandson were all drowned together, poor things, when their yacht went down in a great storm off the coast of Ireland, and then my father was the next heir through his mother. The title is one of those old ones which go to women as well as to men You know what I mean. Then we took the name of Verden, the old Salterton name, as well as our own."

"I see; and Shortland clipped the name and told me merely that you were Lady Rose Verden."

At that moment a tall, handsome young man came up, and claimed Lady Rose for the next dance. He was a very good looking man, thought Stanton Harcourt, and seemed to know it. His big, black moustache was curled till the end pointed to his ears; the expresion of his really fine eyes seemed to say: "See how irresistible I am, and worship at the shrine."

Involuntarily Stanton Harcourt turned toward Lady Rose to see how she was affected by the arrival of the new-comer, and whether she would obey the mandate of his orbs.

She said a few words to the young man apart, and seemed to demur to his claim. If so, however, he must have insisted on it, for she laid her hand within his arm, and, with a parting smile to Stanton Harcourt, was lost in the crowd that filled the ball-room

WONDERFULLY POPULAR. TRY IT.

FOSS

Nerve and Stomach TONIC! THE BEST Headache and Dyspepsia CURE!

SPRING MEDICINE!

Will Take Away THAT TIRED FEELING & make you well.

GIVES NEW LIFE.

The Prescription of a Leading Boston Physician.

Ask for FOSS and no other Blood Purifier.

In the next moment he saw a pair whirling around the room. It was quite evident, from the expression of his face, and the movement of his lips, that the good-looking unknown was not wasting a moment of the opportunity that fortune had afforded him.

Stanton Harcourt felt an unreasonable sense of anger rising in his breast against this young man, who, after all, had only availed himself of the ordinary privilege of the ball-room, which was equally open to Stanton Harcourt, had he been ready to seize it. But then Stanton Harcourt had given up dancing. As a rule, he did not go to balls. His presence at Glenlyndon House on this occasion was solely due to the fact that Lord Glenlyndon was the head of his family.

"Who is that young man?" he said to Lady Glenlyndon "who is dancing with Lady Rose Verden?"

"Oh! that's Count Karl Charifou Charafau, the son of the Prince, you know. He's attached to the Austrian Embassy, and I also think he is attached to Rose Verden. What a beautiful girl she is! I shouldn't be surprised if there was an engagement in that family soon."

This suggestion made Stanton Harcourt feel that he almost disliked Count Karl.

"I think it is a great mistake for English girls to marry foreigners," he said. "Don't you?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Lady Glenlyndon, whose first husband had been far from an angel. "Some Englishmen are just as bad as any foreigner, and some foreigners are just as nice as an Englishman. Besides, this man comes of a very old family and will be enormously rich. And Lord Salterton is by no means a millionaire The estates are not large; the widows got most of the personalty, and he has two jointures to pay."

It was then that Stanton Harcourt for the first time in his life thanked Providence that he was wealthy.

"I am twenty-five years older than her," he owned to himself. "But, after all, what does that matter if she loves me?"

At the end of the month he came to the conclusion that she did love him. Certainly she had encouraged him to think so. She had introduced him to her parents, and asked him to call. He had arranged various parties to the theatre, to dine at Ranelagh, to Sandown and to the opera, to all of which she and her mother had graciously consented to come. It was also true that at the meet of the Four-in-Hand Club Lady Rose had appeared on the box seat of Count Karl's coach. But Stanton Harcourt contrasted her manner toward him with her behavior toward the Count. With him she was always at her ease, always brimming over with liveliness and good spirits. With the Count, however, she was often tongue-tied and dull, seemingly unable to carry on much conversation, and ready to turn to anyone who addressed her.

At last, in despair, he wrote to her asking for a private interview, as he had a matter of the utmost importance to reveal to her. To this letter she sent no answer, but, meeting him in the evening at a party, told him with a smile, that the whole thing was very improper, but if he would call on Friday at four o'clock—well, she could not promise, but it was possible

He walked home in such a state of ecstasy that he was almost oblivious of his surroundings. The result was that at the corner of Hartford street he was knocked down by a furious hansom, stunned and so seriously injured that he was taken up for dead.

He was not dead, however, though he hovered for a long time between life and death. His constitution triumphed at last, and he began to get well. His first thought when his mind recovered its equilibrium was that he must make haste in order to make up the lost time. He enquired eagerly after the Saltertons.

"Oh, they are in Scotland! You see, since Lady Rose's wedding—"

Stanton Harcourt's brain began to reel as if again under the influence of delirium. Rose married!—to that Austrian! Why, she loved him! And if she loved him, why had she married another?"

"A capital match, of course," continued the unconscious friend. "And, entre nous, I am told it is a very good thing for Lord Salterton, who might have had some difficulty in meeting his creditors if his son-in-law had not proved obliging."

In a flash Stanton Harcourt saw it all; his adored was a victim a pale sacrifice on the altar of filial affection. While he was lying helpless and senseless, unable to speak and declare his love, the pressure of the inevitable had come upon Lord Salterton, and the heartless father had commanded his daughter to save her family at the price of herself. No doubt he had urged that the man she loved was at the point of death, would never rise from his couch again. In the meantime here was this Austrian, rich, generous, devotedly attached to her Why shouldn't she save her father's honor and provide for herself? She could not wear the willow forever for a man to whom she was not even engaged.

Stanton Harcourt nearly fretted himself into a fever at the thought, and so great was his mental anguish at the picture which he had conjured up that it seriously delayed his recovery.

It was a year before Stanton Harcourt met the Countess Chirafou Charafau, and he was spell-bound at the sight of her. She was then at the height of her loveliness, and her charms were enhanced, by the magnificent tiara of diamonds which crowned her hair. She showed no trace of sorrow, and true to the law which forbids a woman to show her feeling, she received him with none but the ordinary emotion. Stanton Harcourt, on the other hand, was pale and haggard from the effects of his illness and excitement. When the Countess expressed her sorrow for his accident, he almost broke down. It seemed to him that he must throw himself at her feet or die. Fortunately he resisted this impulse, and limited himself to enquiring when he could call. Then his hour would have come. He would not reproach her. She must have suffered enough without that. But there should no longer be any secret between them.

Later in the evening he heard the Countess' voice and his own name.

"Poor Sir Stanton," she was saying. "I was quite shocked to see him! Of course, I had always known that he was old enough to be my father, or older. He was quite old when I was a child But now his illness has aged him so terribly that I hardly knew him, and his beard is quite white."

Sir Stanton Harcourt did not go to see the Countess on the day named. On the contrary, he went to the seaside to brace up his strength and recover from the crushing disillusionment.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 75c. bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Is your digestion weakened by "la-grippe?" Use K D C.

K D C Pills tone and regulate the liver.

K D C Pills tone and regulate the bowels.

A Remarkable Enterprise.

Five Thousand Stockholders in a New Daily Newspaper.

A new daily is to be started in Boston in March, on a plan and with a constituency unique to the last degree. The editor of the *British American Citizen*—who, by the way, is a Provincialist—a native of Liverpool, N. S.,—some time ago called for a popular subscription of one hundred thousand dollars, in ten dollar shares, for the purpose of starting a daily paper on lines which would please the vast majority of people who are dissatisfied with existing Boston dailies. The whole amount asked for was subscribed, and several thousand dollars over—with the assurance that if another hundred thousand is desired, it will be subscribed.

A fine building has been secured, and the paper will be launched next month.

Two of the famous Goss presses have been contracted for,—one of which prints, folds, and perfects nearly 400 12-page papers per minute, or 24,000 per hour—printing in colors if desired. The other is smaller, but is also a perfecting press.

That triumph of mechanical jenius—the Mergenthaler Linotype—or type setting machine—will also form part of the equipment of the office—10 of the machines being deliverable in March. These give a new face of type every day.

Three electric motors, and the latest and most improved composing room appliances, are also being got ready for the office outfit.

Every effort will be made to produce a paper equal in news and literary excellence to any now published. One especial feature will be the gathering of news items daily from all parts of the Provinces, by telegraph.

The President of the Company is Robert J. Long, the editor of the CITIZEN. The other directors are well-known business men.

THE MODERN WAY.

Commends itself to the well-formed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeable as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headache and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrus of Figs.

Gip, the most famous rat-terrier in Texas, is dead at the age of fourteen years. His greatest feat was killing 500 rats in thirty minutes. He was provided with a rosewood coffin, lined with satin and laid away by his owner, Henry Gray.

$200 ill spent for other cures, $5 well spent for K D C.

How Revenue is Raised in Great Britain.

The following abstract of the British customs and excise duties is taken from a return brought down last July to the British House of Commons on motion of Mr. Conybeare, M P. Under the heading of license duties, a selection of representative licenses has been made to indicate the shifts to which British Chancellors of the Exchequer are put to collect a revenue:

In the following list the amounts of duty collected are omitted where they are small and of no significance:

CUSTOMS.

	Rate of Duty	Duty collected in 1894.
Tobacco per lb	3s 2d to 4s 6d	£10,312,124
Cigars per lb	5s	
Tea, per lb	4d	3,499,834
Coffee per cwt	14s	169,367
Chicory, per cwt	13s 3d	56,911
Cocoa per lb	1d	83,746
Chocolate per lb	2d	
Brandy per gal	10s 10d	1,430,313
Rum per gal	10s 10d	2,006,380
Geneva, per gal	10s 10d	161,681
Unenumerated spirits, per gal	10s 10d	672,234
Liquors and cordials	14s 8d	
Perfumed spirits	17s 3d	31,800
Chloroform per lb	3s 1d	
Chloral hydrate per lb	1s 3d	
Collodion, per gal	£1 5s	
Ether, acetic, per lb	1s 10d	
Ether, butyric, per gal	15s 8d	
Ether, sulphuric per gal	£1 6s 2d	
Ethyl, iodide of, per gal	13s 7d	
Naphtha per gal	10s 10d	
Soap, containing spirits per lb	3d	137
Cocoa, containing spirits, per lb	4d	
Confectionery, do	2d	
Wine, per gal	1s to 3s	
Sparkling wines, additional per gal	2s	1,210,142
Currants, per cwt	2s	120,866
Figs, plums and prunes per cwt	7s	55,328
Raisins, per cwt	7s	189,160
Beer and ale	£1 6s to £1 10s 6d	14,383
Playing cards, per doz., packs	3s 9d	

The total revenue from customs taxation for year ending March, 1894, was £20,164,114.

INLAND REVENUE DEPARTMENT.

	Rate of Duty.	Duty Collected.
Beer, per bbl	6s 3d	£10,085,533
Spirits, per gal	10s 6d	16,394,302
Chickory, per cwt	12s 1d	
Coffee mixture labels per ½ lb	1d	

RAILWAY DUTIES.

On urban district traffic, p. c	£2	£285,381
On other traffic, p. c	£5	

LICENSE DUTIES.

Total duty collected under this head		£25,246,860

Among the items dutiable in this list are:

Vinegar manufacturers, each	£1	
Makers of playing cards, each	£1	
Medicine vendors	5s	
Retailers of cider and perry	£1 5s	
Makers of and dealers in sweets	£5 5s	
Retailers of sweets	£1 5s	
Keepers of refreshment houses rated under £30	10s 6d	
Do, rated at £30 and upwards	£1 1s	
Every person carrying a gun	10s	£98,727
To kill game, licen.	£1 to £3	184,020
Male servants each	15s	
Carriages	15s to £2 2s	
Dogs, each	7s 6d	
Auctioneers	£10	
Appraisers & house agents, each	£2	
Hawkers, each	£2	
Dealers in plate	£3 6s to £5 15s	
Pawnbrokers	£7 10s	

DEATH DUTIES.

Probate for estates between £100 and £500, 1£ for each £50 and fraction of £50; between £500 and £1,000, £1 5s as before; for £1,000 £3 for each £100 and fraction thereof	4,823,117

GENERAL STAMPS.

Deeds not otherwise enumerated	2,290,806
Joint stock companies capital	131,466
Contract notes, (brokers)	80,078
Bills of exchange	652,833
Solicitors	128,973
Life Insurances	35,356
Marine Insurances	188,063
Patent medicines	213,262
Receipts, drafts & other documents	1,173,394

TAXES.

On lands and tenements	1,095,885
Inhabited house duty (including farm houses at 2d, 4d and 6d in the pound)	1,441,319
Income tax	15,867,720

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

FOR MARCH.

In the March number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY the wonderful story of life and inventions of Thomas Alva Edison is set forth, in an article by Henry Tyrrell, with the apparent purpose of contrasting an actual living hero, a modern conqueror of science, with the dark and sinister shadow of Napoleon as projected anew by the curious contemporary revival of his sanguinary legend. The paper is accompanied with some interesting illustrations, including new portraits of Edison, of his parents, wife, children, and scientific collaborators—Other important contributions to this usually full and interesting number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY are: M. V. Moore's striking account of "The Great Salt Lake, and Mormondom"; Capt. D. H. Smith's stirring and patriotic account of "The United States Revenue Cutter Flag"; a delightful art paper upon "Cameos and Cat-Gems," by Theo. Tracy; "How Bronze Statutes are Cast," with the latest works of American sculptures, by S. Millington Miller; "Bulgarian Village Life," picturesquely illustrated, by Celia R. Ladd; Personal Reminiscences of Charles Reade, by Howard Paul, and of Anton Rubinstein, by Mrs. W. K. L. Dickson, and a practical article, with many distinguished canine portraits, on "Dogs and their Keeping," by S. H. Ferris. There are good short stories and poems by Charles Edwardes, Louise Morgan Sill, Gertrude F. Lynch, Jessie M. Andrews, H. E. Armstrong, Julia D. Young, Annie L. Muzzey, Ernest Delancey Pierson, Norman Gale and others.

Every mother should keep Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in case of croup and sudden colds.

Business Cards.

ARTHUR ROBERTS, L.L.B
BARRISTER, etc.
BRIDGEWATER, N. S.

MONEY
To lend on Mortgage. Apply to
C. W. LANE.
Solicitor.

Money to Loan

IN sums from $100 to $10,000, on real estate security. Interest [illegible] per cent. Easy terms as to repayment.
Apply to
ARTHUR ROBERTS,
Bridgewater Agent.

C. W. LANE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
LUNENBURG.
OFFICE—Over Merchant's Bank Wilson's New Building.

H. J. CROSKILL
IS still with E. L. Nash at his store, Corner of Lincoln & Cornwallis streets, and is now ready to do all kinds of
Watch and Clock Repairing
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I AM now in a position to supply builders and mechanics with lumber of every description.
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