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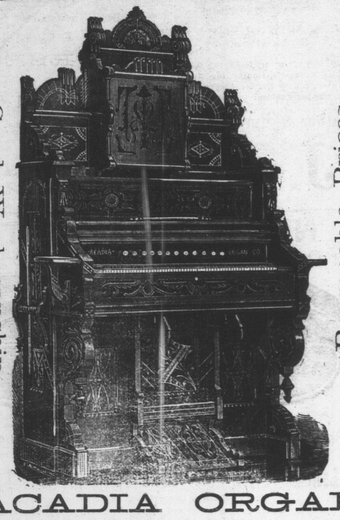

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SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS ETC.,

Poetry.

A Song of Rest.

O weary hands! that all the day
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for evensong.
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary hands, your toil is done;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reach the trysting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gently bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest?

O weary eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
And know what Heaven will send is best;
Lay down the tangled web of life;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

—Florence Tyler.

Select Literature.

A Bit of Ribbon.

Outside, the keen, sharp wind of a cold winter day, the particles of snow and ice gleaming like diamonds in the bright rays of the sun, which possessed no power to melt them. Inside, the clean ward of H— hospital, warmth and brightness and comfort; rows of neat white cots on either side, and nurses in white caps and aprons flitting to and fro, in constant attendance upon the sufferers lying there.

At the farther extremity of the long ward, where the sunshine fell softly over the whitedraped cot lay a little girl of eight years, but so small, so frail and delicate, she seemed scarcely more than half that age. An accident on the streets, several weeks before, had seriously injured her, and as no one seemed to claim or care for her, she had been brought to the hospital.

The skill of the ablest physicians and the constant care of skilled nurses, had, however, been able to do little more than to give temporary relief from the severe pain she constantly suffered, but her gentleness and patience had won the hearts of all about her.

To-day she lay quietly upon her cot, twisting in and out over her slender fingers a strip of bright tinsel paper, which she now and then held in the sunlight, turning it to and fro to catch the lustre upon its shining surface. Then, folding it softly, she tried to fashion a tiny bow, but the stiff, brittle paper parted in her hands, and fell in shining bits over the white cover-lid. With a patient sigh, she dropped her hands and turned wearily upon her pillow.

Dr. Jay one of the visiting physicians, was making his morning tour of the hospital and had stopped for a moment to watch the child's patient endeavor to amuse herself. The case had been one which had interested him deeply. Poor little Maggie; her patience and gentleness had won his sympathies.

'She seems to have a peculiar love for everything bright and pretty,' the nurse said, in answer to a low-toned remark from Dr. Jay. 'She will amuse herself for hours with some bit of paper or string.'

'You should petition for a supply of dolls,' was the doctor's humorous rejoinder. 'I think in this case they would be more beneficial than medicine,' and with a smile, and a pleasant word to the child, and with a few directions to the nurse, he passed on.

The next day in making his morning round of calls, he was was delayed a few moments by a passing procession. His carriage had stopped just in front of the windows of a millinery store, and a piece of bright brocaded ribbon caught his eye.

In an instant there rose before him the pale face of his little hospital patient, and her piece of tinsel paper, and the next moment he had put a five dollar bill in the hand of his colored coachman, as he took the reins from him.

'Run in there, Jim, and buy me two yards of that flowered ribbon,' he said; and five minutes later the procession had passed, and he was driving down the street, with the package of ribbon stowed away in his capacious pockets. He seemed perfectly indifferent to the fact that Jim had returned but two dollars of the five, and to the apparent absurdity of paying three dollars for a gift to a child who, doubtless, could not have told the difference between this elegant fabric and a piece of ten cent ribbon.

But if any one had dared to hint that he had committed a piece of folly, he would simply have shrugged his shoulders indifferently. Dr. Jay's kindnesses were never done by halves.

'There, Maggie, you can make a bow out of that to suit you,' he said, pleasantly, as, an hour later, he stood by the little one's cot and unrolling the ribbon, let it fall in lovely shimmering waves over the white coverlid.

The child's large dark eyes opened wide in surprise and delight; there was a quick indrawing of the breath, a clasping of the thin white hands in an ecstasy of rapture too deep for words.

At last she stretched out her hands, touched lightly the shining folds, and laid them against her cheek with a loving tenderness, as if the ribbon had been some animate creature.

It was indeed a lovely piece of goods, soft lustrous background of bright, delicate blue, over which was carelessly strewn half-open moss roses and buds, the deep pink of the flowers and soft shaded green of the leaves forming a lovely contrast to the lustrous blue of the groundwork.

Older eyes than Maggie's and those more accustomed to luxuries, might have dilated in delight at sight of so beautiful a gift.

'And is it mine—for true?' she said at last, as if such great good fortune could not possibly be hers.

'Yes, all of your own, to do just as you choose with.'

'Oh! oh!' was all the delighted child could say, but there was a world of love and gratitude in the depths of the soft, dark eyes, that Dr. Jay turned away with suspiciously wet eyelashes.

'You have made a heaven for little Maggie,' the head nurse said, upon the next call. 'I never saw such pleasure as the child takes with that bit of ribbon. She has certainly made a hundred different combinations of bows and dolls and all sorts of fancy fixings out of it. She is a queen, a fairy princess, and everything else by turns. Once I offered to cut it for her, that she might make bows more conveniently. You should have seen her. She hugged it up to her, and looked at me with such frightened, pleading eyes, one would certainly have thought it was some living creature I was going to harm. There just look at her! Isn't she a picture?'

She certainly was a most lovely picture as the doctor came up to the little bed. The dark eyes were bright with happiness, and the pale cheeks flushed a delicate pink, rivaling the roses on her beautiful gift. Pain and sorrow were all forgotten in the delight of her new possession.

She had evidently exercised all her taste and skill in arranging her beloved to the best advantage, in anticipation of the doctor's visit. It was looped and bowed and festooned in a most graceful manner about her head and form, for, all unknown to herself Maggie had inherited all the taste and skill of the loving, gentle little French mother, who deserted by the one who should have been her protector, had died broken-hearted, at the birth of her child.

'If she could but see how pretty she looks,' the nurse said softly.

The next day when, from the capacious pockets of his overcoat, Dr. Jay brought forth a small hand mirror and held it before the eyes of the delighted child, her cup of happiness was overflowing.

Every night the beloved gift was carefully smoothed and folded in tissue paper. With one bunch of roses turned on the outside of the package, and with a tender pressure of it against her cheek, and a loving good night kiss, Maggie would fall asleep, her hand resting lovingly on its soft, lustrous folds. At her first waking moment it was unrolled, and the delight of manifold manipulations recommenced, with ever fresh delight.

But there came a day when even the possession of her heart's treasure could not overcome the terrible pain which racked her slight frame.

For days she had been growing worse, and the physicians saw no hope save in an operation—difficult and dangerous, one which if unsuccessful must result fatally.

They had postponed it from week to week, hoping for favorable results without it. But one morning Dr. Jay found Maggie lying so white and exhausted from pain and sleeplessness, he saw clearly there was no alternative.

She seemed unconscious of his presence even when he pressed the thin white hand as he felt her pulse. The pallid, pain-marked face, the limp, wasted little form, appealed most pathetically to his kind heart, and bending over her he pressed a kiss of fatherly tenderness on her white forehead. Her large dark eyes suddenly unclosed, the warm blood flushed the pale cheeks, and a smile of tender, loving delight flushed over her face.

'Is the pain so hard to bear, dear child?' he asked, sympathetically.

'It is better now,' was her low reply.

Ah, how little Dr. Jay suspected, as the dark eyes followed him with such worshipful tenderness, that his kiss was the first caress the poor child had ever known! Kicks and cuffs and drunken oaths had often been showered upon her, but a father's kiss, a mother's tender caress, poor Maggie—worse than orphaned had never known.

'There must be an operation without delay,' was Dr. Jay's decision, after a brief consultation with the house physicians. 'To-morrow at eleven, at the very latest. She cannot live over forty-eight hours in her present condition.'

Then to the head nurse, whom he had summoned. 'You will please to tell her, Mrs. Hatch, sufficient to have her understand the necessity of the operation. She seems unusually intelligent, and it will save her fright and nervousness, and she needs everything possible in her favor. Do not tell her until an hour before the operation; let her sleep to-night if she can under the opiate, without knowing it.'

So at ten o'clock the next morning the nurse, in the most tender manner possible, explained to the child, so far as she thought necessary, the operation she was about to undergo, concluding with—

'We hope to make you strong and well again, dear?'

'Will they hurt me very much? Maggie asked, her lip quivering, notwithstanding her brave efforts at self-control.

'Not very much, and you will know nothing about it; they will give you something to put you to sleep until it is over.'

'Who will do it?'

'Dr. Jay.'

'Oh, it is all right then!' with a glad smile of loving confidence; 'he will save me for sure, if anybody can, and I know he won't hurt me!'

When the hour arrived, without murmur of dread or shrinking on her part, the little frail, emaciated form was laid upon the operating table, her hand tightly clasping the beloved ribbon even in the dread hour.

She glanced from one to another of the grave faces of nurses and physicians who stood around, looking in vain for Dr. Jay. She called his name softly, and hastening to her side he bent over her with a kindly, reassuring smile. The thin, wasted little hands were eagerly outstretched to him, and the face lighted up with a smile of loving tenderness as she said, softly,—

'I'm not afraid if you do it—you'll save me if you can, I know—but if I should die'—she hesitated, stopped, looking up appealingly into the kind face above her.

'What is it, dear?' he asked, reassuringly.

'Would you mind—would you care—' I—her voice sank lower and lower, as she hesitated, her eyes still wearing that appealing look—'would you—let me kiss you—just once—before I go asleep? I might't wake up, you know, and you've been so good to me.' Still lower, almost a whisper, 'No one ever kissed me before you did!'

Did Dr. Jay think of his own petted darling at home, his own child to whom life had been one long caress? and did he feel the contrast between her and this poor homeless little waif to whom caresses were unknown luxuries?

Perhaps so. There certainly were tears in the kind eyes as he tenderly raised her to his breast.

The slender, childish arms were clasped around his neck, and her lips met his with a tender, clinging kiss. For a moment her cheek nestled fondly against his, then touching her lips slightly to his forehead, she sank softly back upon her pillow.

'Will you hold my hand, please, while I go asleep?' she said pleadingly.

Dr. Jay clasped the frail little hand in his broad warm palm, and with her beloved ribbon tightly held on the other hand, Maggie fell asleep.

At the end of half an hour it was over, and Maggie slowly unclosed her eyes.

Then glancing down as if searching for something, the lips moved faintly.

'What is it, dear?' Dr. Jay asked, bending near her lips.

'My ribbon,' came faintly to his ear.

Picking it up from the floor where it had fallen, he laid it in her outstretched hand. Feebly she raised it to her cheek, her lips, then the hand fell, with a slight tender pressure on that of Dr. Jay's.

The eyes met his with a world of tender loving devotion, then their light faded, and little Maggie was safe from pain and sorrow.

Gray Wolf and Beaver.

SHOWING HOW WISE THE LATTER MAY BE, AND AT THE SAME TIME HOW FOOLISH.

'If there is anything a grey wolf likes it is beaver meat,' said Mahlen Withars of Wind River, 'and, although both beaver and wolf are getting scarce, it is a fact that if you ever do come across signs of the latter you may be sure to find evidences that the wolf is also lurking in the vicinity, although he may not have been there before. I witnessed a little affair between a big gray wolf and a beaver some years ago, which convinced me that a beaver's cunning is not all in timber chopping and dam building.

'I was acting as an agent for a man who owned a large timber tract in Canada West, and I discovered that timber thieves were cutting some thrifty young cedar trees along Welfer's River. I could get no trace of the the thieves, and one moonlight night I watched the timber. I hadn't been long on the spot before

I SAW A DARK OBJECT

rise on the bank of the river, and as it came up in the moonlight I saw that it was a beaver. Then I knew at once that four-footed thieves were taking the cedars. As I had never seen a beaver cut down a tree I thought I would watch the operation. This one selected a good-sized cedar near the river bank and at once began work. The rapidity with which he cut through that trunk with his great teeth is almost incredible. Almost as quickly as a chopper with an axe could have done it that beaver felled the tree. Just before it fell the beaver gave a cry that made me jump, and he scurried down the bank and plunged into the stream. The tree fell into the river, and under cover of the noise it made I crept quickly to the bank to see what the beaver would do further. The fallen tree lodged in the water, and the beaver came to the surface and began lopping off the branches. In this work it was joined by three or four others. They worked industriously, and the noise they made with their teeth could have been heard a long distance. They lopped off those branches as if they were working with hatches, and in a short time the bare trunk was stretched across the stream. Then the beavers went to work on the trunk, and they cut it up in lengths of probably four feet, and as a length was cut it was floated down the stream until tree and beaver had disappeared.

'Of course this was all very interesting, but as it was not very profitable to the owner of the timber, and as beaver pelts were then worth a heap of money, I concluded to put a stop to

THE TIMBER STEALING,

and also to gather in that beaver colony for my own benefit, if I could. The next day I started down the river on a tour of investigation. Three miles down I came in sight of the place where the beavers had stretched a dam across, made of cedar worth its weight in silver almost. I got down on my hands and knees and, hidden from view by high brushes, crept toward the dam. Peering through the bushes, I saw that the beavers had utilized an old log that lay across the stream in making their dam, when my eye fell on one of the largest gray wolves I ever saw. He was crouching on the log, and looked a part of it, so motionless did he lie. But his sharp eye was fixed on the water, and it actually blazed with expectancy. The hungry chap was there fishing for beaver, and I lay still to see his luck.

'I watched the wolf for, I guess, ten minutes before anything of interest occurred and in all that time he never moved a muscle or winked an eye. I don't believe the wind was able to raise a hair on his body. Then I saw a long undulating ripple start from the opposite bank of the stream and follow the surface of the water toward the log. There was no change in the wolf, except that his eyes might have blazed brighter. The ripple ceased at the log. The water broke, and the broad head of a beaver appeared. I heard a loud splash, and saw that the wolf and beaver had disappeared, but with

SUCH SAVAGE VELOCITY

had the wolf sprung from the log, I had not seen the movement. I supposed it was all up with that beaver, of course, but in a few seconds the wolf came alone to the surface, blew the water from his nose with two or three loud snorts, and swam back to the log. He had missed his prey, but tufts of fur that he swept from his ugly-looking jaw with his paws showed that the beaver's escape had been a narrow one.

'The wolf shook the water from his hide and took another position on the log and began another watch. This time he crouched on the log nearer the shore, where the water was shallower, evidently thinking that he would have a better chance there. I didn't think so, for it was out of the line where the beavers would be apt to swim and climb on the dam. In the light of subsequent events there is no doubt but that my opinion was correct.

'The wolf had barely settled himself on the log when the tell-tale ripple broke again and led right towards the shallowest part of the water and near the shore, within three feet of the wolf. I was so much excited by this time that I came near yelling right out and spoiling all the fun. I did grind my teeth, however, and say to myself.

''Is it possible that a beaver can know so much and still be such a fool?'

'But the ripple kept on. The water broke, and there was the beaver. Whiz! went the wolf through the air and plunked squarely down on the foolish beaver. I jumped up with the intention of pitching into the wolf and saving the beaver, anyhow. But I didn't have to. The instant the wolf struck his claws in his prey there rose up on every side

APPARITIONS WITH FIERCE WHISKERS,

rows of teeth like fence pickets, and great bales of fur. The wolf was in an ambuscade of beaver, and not less than thirty enraged dam builders rushed to the aid of their companion. They tore and gnashed the wolf unmercifully. He dropped his prey, and made a desperate fight, but it was like a ranchman's cabin in the track of a cyclone. In a quarter of a minute there was nothing left of that wolf but fragments of hair and hide. The screams of the beavers and the snarls and yells of the wolf were enough to frighten an Apache.

ASTOUNDING FIGURES.

Reliable authorities estimate the value of the poultry products of the United States for the year 1886, at the enormous sum of six hundred million of dollars. But even this amount, large as it is, does not represent the total value of this great industry for a single year. In 1876, the United States imported from foreign countries about five million dozen eggs—but in 1885 the quantity had increased to over sixteen million dozen. If these figures are correct, (and there is no reason to doubt them) the poultry industry amounts to more than either the wheat crop, the cotton crop, the hay crop, or the entire product of all our gold or silver mines. We say these figures are astounding; probably not one person in ten thousand is aware that the poultry industry stands at the head. But what is it that has lifted the poultry industry to this surprising eminence? No doubt the discovery of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, had much to do with it, but not all. The fact is the women and children are beginning to learn that there is no way by which they can secure a constant inflow of ready cash with so little effort, as by keeping and intelligently caring for hens. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, have published recently a valuable book on this subject, entitled 'The Farmers' Poultry Raising Guide.' They will send one copy for 25 cents, or they will send the book and two twenty-five cent packs of Sheridan's Powder for 60 cents, and for $1.20 a large 2½ pounds tin can. The information contained in this book is just what is needed to enable any one to start in the business, and to make money.

Harry Paulet, Smuggler.

Speaking of smugglers, the London *Telegraph* says that they often turned out some fine useful seamen. There was Mr. Harry Paulet, who happened to be sneaking home with a cargo of brandy one morning when the French fleet, under Conflans, had stolen out of Brest, while Admiral Hawke lay concealed behind Ushant to watch the motions of the enemy. Paulet, loving his country better than his cargo, ran up to the British admiral, and, asking leave to speak to him, was allowed to go on board. On his telling what he knew of the enemy, Hawke told him if he was right he would make his fortune; but that if he lied he would hang him at the yard-arm. The fleet was instantly under weigh, and by Paulet's directions was presently brought between the enemy and the French coast. The admiral then ordered Paulet into his own vessel; but the bold smuggler begged leave to remain, that he might assist in beating the enemy. This favor was granted, a station was assigned to Paulet, who fought like a gamecock, and when the battle was over he was sent home with a pocket full of letters of commendation, and subsequently rewarded in such a manner as to enable him to live in ease during the rest of his life. The famous comedian, Parsons, used to say that 'he would rather spend a crown to hear Harry Paulet relate one of Hawke's battles than sit gratis by the most celebrated orator of the day. There was,' said Parsons, 'a manner in his heartfelt narrations that was certain to bring his auditors into the very scene of action; and when describing the moments of victory I have seen a dozen laboring men, at the Crown public house, rise together and, moved by an instantaneous impulse, give three cheers while Harry took breath to recite more of his exploits.'

—Jones—Ha! old fellow, how are you? Just heard that you had gone into the newspaper business.

Smith—Yes, just bought a country paper.

Jones—That so? Good enough. Why, I guess you can give me an occasional puff then?

Smith—Certainly. What are you busy with now?

Jones—I'm in the clothing business—ready-made clothing.

Smith—Ha! Then I guess you can give me an occasional pair of pants?

Jones—Well, I dunno about that. It costs money to manufacture clothing, you know.

Smith—That's true, and it costs nothing to manufacture newspapers.

Then they part.

* * * * Confidential advice, to either sex, on delicate diseases. Book 10 cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y.

Schr. Ivica,

Capt. Longmire.

This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between

Bridgetown & St. John

about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.

LIME

will be kept constantly on hand and for sale Apply on board or at residence of subscriber.

JOHN LONGMIRE,

Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 48tf.

—If a workman who is paid to work ten hours, takes advantage of the absence of the master, or foreman, to read or smoke for one hour of the ten, he steals one-tenth of his day's wages. He does the very same thing that a shopkeeper would do who gave fourteen ounces of sugar or butter instead of a pound, or nine yards of calico when the bill charged ten. An assistant in a shop, who instead of caring for his master's interests as if they were his own, puts no heart in his work, exercising no ingenuity, treats customers carelessly instead of courteously, and so diminishes the chances of their coming again, gets his salary on false pretences, does not give the kind of service which he knows his master expects, and which he would expect if he were an employer himself. He cannot but know that his services are not worth half what they would be if he did his best. Instead of earning the £30 or £40 a year, for which he is engaged, he does not earn more than £15 or £20, and he practically steals the rest.

—As first calls should be short ones, I will close by giving a receipe for nice meat for five o'clock dinner or tea. Take a large soup bone, the entire shank is best, boil steadily in enough water to cover till perfectly tender. This will take seven or eight hours. Then remove from the fire, and carefully take out all hard gristle and bits of bone. Shred the meat not very fine, into a saucepan in which there should have been melted a piece of butter the size of an egg. Cook over the fire a few minutes till the butter has mixed with the meat, then season to taste with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, about a tablespoonful, and pour over the whole enough of the liquor in which the meat was boiled to make a thick gravy. It is very nice. A soup bone which here costs fifteen cents makes plenty of meat for four meals for our family of three. It is just as good warmed up in enough water to keep from burning as it is when first made.

WHAT IS SPENT ON DRINK.—It has been alleged that not less than sixty millions of money,—it is now about a hundred and forty millions—are spent year by, year on intoxicating stimulants within the United Kingdom. Reduce this sum by one half, let it be thirty, and apart altogether from the ruin it works in so many cases on all that is good and noble and blessed, and beautiful, and holy, how great a waste! Are there no hungry ones to feed, no naked to clothe no orphans to adopt, no unhappy children left uncared for and untaught, no favorable outlets for our money, no heathenism of foreign or home field? There are. And when the poor are starving, when souls are perishing, when we are straightened for want of funds to supply the Gospel at home or send missionaries to tell the heathen world of Jesus and His love, in the name of God, I ask, how shall we face a day of judgment—we who spend a sum equal to half the whole revenue of the whole British empire on what is in all cases a luxury, in most cases an injury, and in many a most fatal indulgence? Before we are summoned into the Master's presence, it is well to be thinking how we are to meet the demand, 'Give an account of thy stewardship. REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

ANOTHER VICTORY.—Mr. Blum, who lives on Rose Bank Farm, Halifax, says: 'You can publish the fact that EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLINE has effected a complete cure of my wife; her cough is gone, distress in the chest removed, health, strength is regained; and she has not finished the fourth bottle.'

Each Received a Lesson.

A young recruit recently enlisted at Camp Hencock, near Atlanta, while the county was threatening war with Mexico, and he intended to make a good soldier. One day he was on guard duty and was slowly stepping along when an officer approached. After the usual salute the officer said.

'Let me see your gun.'

The raw recuit handed over his Springfield rifle and a pleased expression stole over his face.

As the officer received the gun he said in a tone of deepest disgust:

'You're a fine soldier! You've given up your gun, and now what are you going to do?

The young Atlantian turned pale, and reaching for his hip pocket, drew a big six-shooter, and, preparing for business, said in a voice that could not be misunderstood:

'Gimme that gun or I'll blow a hole through you in a pair'r minutes!'

The officer instantly decided not to monkey any further with the raw recuit, and the gun was promptly surrendered.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

BERMUDA'S GREAT DANGER.—A gentleman who visits Bermuda yearly said, lately, that that island was especially susceptible to injury by earthquake shocks. It has been one of the fears of the inhabitants for 100 years that an earthquake would wipe out the island, which is of coral foundation, built upon the top of a volcanic mountain of great altitude and steepness. Some of the soundings in that vicinity equal in depth to any in the world. The base of this submarine mountain is not much wider than the top. The existence of great caves through which the sea water finds its way to the interior of the islands shows it of unsubstantial construction. A single severe convulsion might throw this little mass of rock into the sea, or a tidal wave might swoop over it and it would never be heard of. It lies in the same latitude almost to a second as Charleston, and is only 675 miles distant.

For the Year 1886.

No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as 'just as good' as the great only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

—When the wind whistles think about the animals without shelter.

SEARCHING FOR PROOF.

There is no trouble in ascertaining from any druggist the true virtues of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, for all painful and inflammatory troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, frost bites, burns, bruises, sprains, contracted cords, stiff joints, aches, pains and soreness.