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ITALIAN REVIEWS and MAGAZINES.
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For \$8.50 The Living Age and Harper's Monthly; or for \$9.00 The Living Age and lentury; or for \$8.70 Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Bazaar or Harper's Weekly; or for \$8.00 HE Living Age and any \$3.00 Magazine.

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THE LIVING AGE CO.,

WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF FOREIGN

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

The March of the Years I intend to sell out the balance of my stock of goods during the next 90 days at prices to suit the times. I have no toys to offer, but I have goods that people want and may have at amazingly low prices, such as a full line of

Fair and subtle under the sun,

Is it so? And yet let us not forget, How fairly the sun has risen and set; Each year has brought us some sunny hour With a wealth of song and a crown of flow

We hall the New that has come to view;
Work comes with it and pleasure, too;
And even though it may bring some pain,
Each passing year is a thing of gain,
We greet with song the days that throng;
Do they bring us trouble? "Twill make u
strong.

I make no such profit on my Clothing that With smiles of hope, and not with tears, We meet our friend in the glad new years, God is with them, and as they come, They bear us nearer their restful home. And one by one, with some treasures won, They come to our hearts till they all are would permit me to sell \$16.00 suits at \$12.00; but I sell the best suit for the money that can

Select Ziterature.

SCRIBNER'S The train ran into a little station in the eart of the pine woods, and the conductor MAGAZINE prang to the platform.
"Hurry up there," he called, running

A Red Letter Year for 1897! THE ENTIRE NOVELTY of many of t plans for 1897 is noticeable. For instance, the series devoted to the series devoted to

London as seem by Charles Bana Gib
son. Mr. Gibson has not before appeared a
a writer. He visited London last summer fo
Schimburs's Magazinz, for the purpose of de
picting with pen and pencil those scenes and
types which the huge metropolis presents in
endless variety. Of like novelty is the first
considerable o her breast, seemed to be the centre of the rowd, and an old, old negro man, grizzled Yovel by Richard Harding Davis.
"Soldiers of Fortune." The hero is one of the most vigorous men that Mr. Davis has drawn. Illustrated by C. D. Gibson.

"Clar of I knows!" said the wom ndergraduate Life in American Col-leges. A series of articles touching upon the life of our older universities as represented

the train moved. "Hyar, mistah!" shrieked Sister Calline, 'you'se cain off one o' my children!"

The conductor laughed good naturedly

the life of our older universities as represented by the doings of the students themselves. Judge Henry E. Howland writes on "Under-graduate Life at Yale." Mr. James Alexander on "Princeton," and Robert Grant and Edward S. Martin on "Harvard." "Oh, Lawd!" moaned the woman. "He's done ca'ed off one on um, suah!" The Unquiet Sex. Under the title of "The Unquiet Sex." Mrs. Helen Waterson Moody will write a series of articles: "Woman and Reforms." "The College-Bred Woman," "Woman's Clubs." and "The Case of Maria" (a paper on domestie service). piney woods clearing, seeing four trains a day go in and out and playing checkers on a barrel head in the intervals.

One wonders if the lunatic asylums are

"Orter have tied 'em along a rope, so's they couldn't get away," he said. Sister Calline turned her black velve orbs in his direction.

light comedy.

George W. Cable. In addition to the fiction enumerated there will be a series of four short stories by George W. Cable, the only ones he has written for many years.

How to Travel Wisely with a minimum of wear and tear must be regarded as an art little understood. Mr. Lewis Morris Idings. In two articles, will offer a variety of useful suggestions and data on "Ocean and Land Travel." This will be happily rounded out by an article from Mr. Richard Harding Davis on "Travellers One Meets; Their Ways and Methods. The illustrations by American and foreign artists will be highly pertinent. nan contemptuously. "If you're sure one of them is missing, you'll have to sit down and wait here till the train comes back. They'll bring it, I reckon." Scribner's Magazine \$3 a year

"Oh, my poor lil child!"

CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS. The wrinkled old uncle looked deeply disressed.
"Is you pint black suah one of um's mis MILLINERY

I am offering my MILLINERY GOODS fro "I'se most puffickly suah," she said. 'How many are there, anyhow?"

"Dere's Lu, Roxy, Adline, Lucyalier-" "I'se here, mammy!" interrupted a long-Reduced • Prices

I have a Handsome Banquet Lamp with silk shade, worth \$8.00; anyone buying a 10-cent ticket will stand a chance to get this Lamp on Christmas Eve, when it will be drawn count em fer ye. I'se a scholar." MISS LeCAIN. "You sholy is kind, Mistah," said Sister

> The grizzled old uncle took a red and yelow handkerchief from his pocket and care-

> > He wore a threadbare black suit, which had undoubtedly once moved in high society. Sister Calline looked at him with interest. "I reckon dat you mus' be a preacher,

"Madam, I is. I'se been preaching de Word desc nine year, eber sence my pore ole

Sister Calline looked awed. ectively. "But I'se come inter de kingdom now suah nuff, brees de Lord. Is you got a husband, Sister Calline?"

In a curiously wize come into a fortune. he had just come into a fortune. "And Cunnel," he went on, "Pse gitting

had begun to move and whimper.
"Dat your baby child?" asked Uncle, in-Men's Shirts, Boots and Shoes.

"My poor ole man neber see dis baby.

He was blowed up by de biler busting in de mill where he wuked. He was dune killed when they brung him home. De doctors tried and tried to pump some life inter him, but he never spoke no more."

The cake was baked in the big Iron bake-kettle of ante-bellum associations, and there was a festival in the cabin down by the creek which lasted into the small hours.

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured for 35 but he never spoke no more."

At the Cletheroe's.

lone los?" asked Sister Calline. solemnly. "It runs in our family. Ole Cunnel Kent's ma died ob it, an de Cunnel's first wife died ob it, an lil mistis died, too An den my ole lady took it, an she died. It's a terrible disease."

"What de mattah wid you ole lady you

"Dat sholy is so!" concided Sister Calline. 'Scuse my insurance axing you, Mistah. Does you git your libin preaching?" "De folks pay me some, and den I'se got a nice piece of land and a lil house. My old master give um to me," said the old man with modest pride.

"Sho! Ain't yer too old ter wuk?" "I wulks some, an de mare helps me. I'se de onliest one ob de ole sarven's lef', I's ninety-five year ole!"
"How ole is you, Sister Calline?—hoping you'll scuse me fer axing."

"I dunno, 'zackly," said Calline, studying a little. "I'se spect I'se sixty—gwine on They had become so interested in their humble annals that the pickaninnies had been lost sight of. They were scattered along the railroad line, gambling like a menagerie

"Does yer want m to count you children, Sister Calline!" "Course I does. Hyar! You-all. Com

The children paid no attention. "Dey needs disserplainin, Sister Calline." He rose. "Children, Children!" he called n a voice of authority. The black crowd drew together and bo

lown on the station house. "Now you all stand still ontwell dis ger elman counts you," commanded the mother.
"Lu Roxy, min yerself, Abe Linkum, stand up. Don' scrouge so! How he gwine coun you, if you dodges round dat way?"

A mild degree of order at last prevailed

and the old man began.
"One, two, three, four, fibe, six, seber "Dawter be leben, suah," said Sister Calline. "Oh, what I gwine ter do?" "I'll count um ober again," said the old

mad, kindly.
"You am so kind, mistah! I knowe you was a good man when Brer Martin told me ter keep er long er you on de train." " And I knowed you was a good wom when Brer Martin tole me: "You take good care of Sister Calline," says he. "Now I'll

"One, two, three," and so on. They went over and over this, but by no legerdemain of counting could ten be made eleven. Sister Calline grew more and more distressed, and was just breaking into hysterical sobs when the train whistled at the next

They both sprang up and Calline screame to the children, who came flying across the track like a flock of wild blackbirds. When the train drew drew up and the meet him

"Please, mistah; has you brung back my child." She tearfully pleaded. He looked at her.

"Donner and Blixen! What do you mean, "I'se got leben children," groaned Sister ober and ober, un dere ain't only ten." The conductor ran his eyes over the group A score of heads were thrust out of the coach, and a murmur of amused sympathy stirred along the line.

turned over the pages.
"Pass Calline Jackson and eleven chil-

He glanced over the huddle of black bob bing heads, and back at the woman. "Great Jove! What's the matter with the baby making eleven?" There were roars of laughter and much

waving of hats and handkerchiefs as the train moved out.
"You done counded um wrong, Mistah," said Sister Calline, looking up reproachfully at the old man.

"Co'se dev's all hvar."

"Den don't dat pintedly show dat I counded em right?"
Sister Calline's dark countenance word troubled expression, but as they went along the piney woods road toward Kentville, it gradually cleared up, and when they came in sight of Kent Hall it was beaming. "Dere's de Cunnel" said Uncle, pointing who sat comfortably in a big arm chair on

the gallery.

He's one ob de ars. You jes wait here spell ontell I go in an tell him." "Well?" said Colonel Kent, good-natur ly, laying down his newspaper. "What is

it, Uncle Dick?" "I'se jest come ter tell you, Cunnel, dat I'se found a woman dat I laks the best in the world, and we'se fixed our minds dat we'll derly, "let we sit right down hyar and I'll marry fore long. We reckons ter night is de best time."

"Marry! Goed Lord!" said the Colonel, Calline, gratefully, sitting down on the edge astonished. "Such an old fellow as you

alone nine years, and it's mighty lonesome."
"That's so," said the Colonel, kindly. "And it appears like I can't stand it no longer. And Sister Jackson needs a husband ter help her raise her children. Dere's leben children, and none of em missing,

counting up right." Jackson, are you going to take care of eleven

"Dey's going to take care ob me, Mas'r" word deec nine year, eber sence my pore ole lady died. I was a powerful sinner afore dat."

said the old man eagerly. "Dey's mighty peart children, mighty peart, and dey can pick a heap ob cotton, and hoe corn and ta-ters and weed in de garden, an do a heap ob

children ter shuffle fer, and de Lawd knows ing up with Sister Calline is a special pro-what I'se gwine ter do." Uncle glanced at the bundle in her arms.

The process of the bundle in her arms.

Uncle glanced at the bundle in her arms.

The process of the bundle in her arms. to my lil house ter night." "Go ahead, then," laughed the Colonel.
"The missis will have a cake baked for you,

go round.

The cake was baked in the big iron bake-

any need of money."

"Well," said Elizabeth Cletheroe, "I am not going to talk against my own father, but you must own, dear, that he is as close as the bark of a tree. I would sometimes rath er do without a view of his virtues, in ex

Elizabeth. "How much money has he given you in the last year?"

"That is not the question I asked. Mother, has father given you for your own spending ten dollars in the last twelve

"No," said the mother, spends very little on himself." "That again is not the question. Papa has not many personal wants. But he is building an addition to the barn, which could have been done without; he gets the new tools he wants, and hires as much help as he cares for, and he has the money in his pocket to keep or to spend, or to save as he likes,

hood. I say it isn't fair." worth one's while. Now the present dis-tress with me is how to get a couple of dol-lars to send as my subscription to Armenia. Those suffering christians are always before my eyes. There is nothing that I can do without, and no way that I can earn anything. Father wouldn't let me go out sewing or washing if I had the time. And there is no use in asking him for the money. I

it reluctantly, and there is no peace in the house that day."

pocket? I'd take it when he was asleep!"

Mrs. Cletheroe's delicate old face flushed a thing again. I am vexed that such an expedient should so much as enter your head.

conductor stepped off, there was Calline to to sell Grandmother Fowler's blue China "Oh! mother: not the rose-bowl?" "Yes, dear, the rose-bowl. Mrs. Karl Dana, the bride at the inn, saw it when she stopped here to rest the other day, and," Mrs. Cletheroe paused and caught her breath, in a suit of pajamas, a suit of oilskins and a have no h cure for o

indeed, when I taught the district school at the Centre, before I met Silas Cletheroe." "Mother, I hate to let you sell the bowl; it's our heirloom."

whatever I want-new gown, a new ribbo a religious paper and the wonderful premiums that come with it, for another year-the means of putting a little into this charity and a little into that, perhaps of taking a trip across country to see my sister, I cannot resist the temptation. The bowl is dear to me, and I will grieve when it is gone, but I think about that twenty dollars and its possibilities till I am fairly wild. It is dreadful to be a pauper, Libbie, doubly dreadful when you are a rich man's wife. But your father is a good man, dear. He does not even dream of the way I want a little bit of money o my own. And nothing can open his eyes.' Elizabeth gave in at last. She went to equable temperament and has always accepted the situation with great ability. More over, she has several times managed to have of public apinion. It takes more than a rumor to kill a woman like the queen.

twenty dollars was the gate to much delight, that her mother had right to spend her subbowl, if she chose. But the conversation, from first to last had, quite unsuspected by the women, had a very uncomfortable listener of one. Mr. Cletheroe, contrary to his custom, had gone to his own room at an hear when he was usually afield. The morning had been close, and he was weary, and the chamber was cool and restful. He sat down in his wife's Boston rocker, and fell asleep. From a short and blissful nap he was awakened by hearing the indignant voice of his daughter declaring him to be as close as the bark of a tree. He listened, fascinated, hot and cold by turns,

selves," was near to being verified. illumination, a just man, and he was also fond of his wife and proud of his daughter Elizabeth. In common parlance Silas Cle-theroe was what is known as a good provider. grudgingly in the winter season, and repair were made whenever they were needed men who looked on women simply as grown up children, and to whom it never occur

"Sell her blue bowl!" He almost jumpe from his chair. His wife disposing of her China to get a paltry sum of money. Why Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER,

SOLICITOR.

IONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

SECURITY. Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

"And I call myself a gentleman, and a Christian!" he murmured. "The Lord for give me!"

The ladies went upstairs fortunately in time to let the prisoner scape unseen. And the blue rose-lowl was not sold, after all. For Silas experienced a change of heart.

Checks.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THEM.

The American Constitution has been called a system of checks. So in American life. When you want to travel you give your baggage to the porter of your hotel, and he gives you a check in return. At the station you reolaim it with the check, and pass it in at a counter and receive another check. A you approach your destination another functionary comes along the train, takes your check and gives you another check in its place. He fishes out your baggage and conveys it to your hotel-for a consideration. For have left your third and last check at the office of the hotel when you enter it, and thence it is delivered up on receipt of the baggage.

At first you bless the arrangement as the aslivation of the traveller. After a few weeks of it the tyrnany of the check becomes so galling that you begin to long for the fine old English method of dumping down your goods in front of a porter and leaving them to find the way themselves. You would even hall it as a personal triumph if some of your laggage would get lost But it never does. Sometimes it arrives in the ahpe in which it started, if that is any consolation. They who have to do with the baggage see to that. You will soon discover why Americans carry their goods in irondatives. It is addition, they will see the program of the personal propers of the month, one gage see to that. You will soon discover why Americans carry their goods in irondatives. It is allowed the program and advancing the lift of it to the Libray inspiration came, they wrote on it. Propersonal personal properson in the properson of the person

of Congress at Washington. As a portmanteau it has both feet in the grave. The system of checks is not confined to travellers' luggage. The conductor of the train passes carelessly to and fro asking for

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY IS TESTIFIED TO BY THOUSANDS WHO HAVE BEEN CURED "I have been troubled with catarrh for a

in some secret place and returns triumphar with a check. In the very hotel bar, when you buy seven pence ha'porth of whiskey you get a check and walk two yards across the bar to pay at the desk.

But the apotheosis of the check is at Niagara. When you go down to the Cave of the Winds you strip off all your clothes and leave them, as well as your valuables, in a tin box with the attendant. Then you go down to battle with the cataract attired only in a suit of pajamas, a suit of oilskins and a check lashed round your neck, and rising the commend.

"I have been troubled with catarrh for a great many yeara. Have suffered greatly first many years. Have suffered greatly from the first does I received to try it, although very skeptical about any relief, but I was greatly and agreeably disappointed, for ome the first does I received very great relief, and to-day I can honestly say that it has cured. I keep it constantly in the house, and the dead. It gives almost instant relief. I have no hesitancy in proclaiming is the best with a check. In the very hotel bar, when

and falling with the beating of your heart were superstanting of your heart. No wonder the American speaks of death as handing in his checks. It is only by death that he can rid himself of them.—London Mail.

The Queen.

Queen Victoria comes of a long-lived and sturdy race. The house of Hanover, physically at least, are not weaklings. George III died at 82, and several of his children attained old age. His son the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, died it is true, at 52 when she was a baby, but her mother reached the age of 75 and passed away in 1861. The queen will be 75 in May and bids fair to hold the throne for years to come, for she is not of the abdicating kind, and her physical constitution is as strong as that of her grandfather, and her mental strength, always remarkable, is unimpaired. She is, indeed, an exceedingly able woman with a strong, well-poised nature. There is nothing meteoric in her talent, but she has been given a rich her calent, but she has been given a rich possession of common sense. She has an equable temperament and has always accept. No wonder the American speaks of death as

Man's love is of his life a thing apart,

'Tis woman's whole existence.

No longer is this 'woman's whole existence.'

No thoughtful person can fail to hold the
conviction that love is the divinest thing in a woman's life, and yet to feel that the woman whose 'whole existence' should include no

CONVINCING THE SCEPTIC. THE MERITS OF THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICA

When your blood is pure, rich and nourishing for nerves and muscles. The blood is the vital fluid, and when it is poor, thin and impure you must either auffer from some distressing disease or you will easily fall a victim to sudden changes, exposure, or overwork. Keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and be well.

—Mr. Henry Theakston, Secretary Y.M. C.A., Halifax, says: "I have used Puttner's Emulsion for simple and obstinate cough and general debility. In every case it has given the utmost satisfaction. I recommend it as a family medicine.

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Men's Slippers, PLAIN AND going at Cost.

Balance of Larrigans at 75c per pair.

A full line of Xmas Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Currants, etc.

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beautiful illustrated series of articles of
the following are already completed:
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Japan and China since the War will be a most interesting group of article

. It is impossible in a small space to evention the many attractive features for 18 deautiful Utustrated booklet has been piared, which will be sent, postage paid, on the sent postage paid, on the sent postage paid.

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to make room for my Spring Stock.

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Who will sell for the highest market prices, and give prompt returns.



WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1897.

"A better husband never lived," said Mrs. Cletheroe to her daughter, "but your father does not comprehend that a woman can have

change for a wee mite of generosity."
"Hush, Libby," said the mother warningly, "There are worse men than your father."
"And very few harder to live with," added

"I've had my egg money," said Mrs. Cle-

while you never have a penny to call your own, though you certainly are a partner in the firm, and help him in making a liveli-"Well, Libby," said the patient mother soothingly, "don't work yourself up into s state about it. When you are as old as I am, you will have learned that a fuss isn't

never ask him for a penny if I can do without, for though he gives it, he always does

"Yet," said Elizabeth, "you call my father a good husband! Before I marry John Pettigrew he and I will come to a clear understanding about the finances! That you may be sure of! You can't get two dollars for the Armenian subscription, and my father the richest farmer in the country, with money in the bank, and a roll of bills in his

I'il tell you what I mean to do. I am going

He pulled forth his book hurriedly and I consider what twenty dollars means, what turned over the pages.

the darkened parlor, and brought out the big, beautiful bowl. A wonder of a thing in these days prizes. She, too, felt that

to a gentleman dressed in a white duck suit, stance, including the sale of an ancestral

and certainly in his case, the old proverb counting up right."

"Eleven? How in the name of General Jackson, are you going to take care of eleven furnished. Coal and wood were laid in un-

that their wives may inwardly chafe agains oder turns."

The curiously wizened old face shone as if

canta.

As he sat there, fearing that Mrs. Clethe roe or Libby would have an errand into the room and discover him there, he grew more and more wretched. It is not often that we saw himself in the mirror of unsparing do mestic criticism for the first time in his life.

Why, indeed? Memory brought up th last time she had done so, and his own words: "Of all the wasteful, improvident, utterly irresponsible women, Mary, you are the worst. You cannot keep a cent in your pocket. If it were not for me, we would go but he never spoke no more."

"For de lan's sakei" ejaculated the old man.

Compassion was written all over his kind old face. He had been a good darkey from his youth up, and his sinful past was purely fastitions.

Teching, Burning Skin Diseases Carea for a good to the poorhouse. No, madam, I haven't five dollars for you to-day, not five cents!"

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and curse Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczems, Barbers' Itch, Ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and acits like magic in the curse of all baby humors; 35 cents. Sold by S. N. Weare.

NO. 42.

"And I call myself a gentleman, and s

PORT BURWELL, Ont., Dec. 26th, 1896

Most respectfully, WM. E. CHUTE.

your ticket and giving you a check in return, or asking for your check and return ing your ticket. If you hand your stick to a boy in a hotel while you write your name in a register, he dashes out to stow it away

her own way by cleverly taking advantage

Furthermore, the political conditions of the kingdom are all favorable to her personal

and agreeable manners. There is no repub-

New Year Bells.

up of my mind to a concentration of all the

images that have been diffused over the past twelve months. I begin to know the worth

of that regretted time, as when a person

United States becoming a monarchy.

peace of mind. Great Britain is stronger more prosperous and its people are in every better off than when she ascended the throne fifty-seven years ago. The dynasty is ap-parently as firmly seated on the the throne as ever it was. Should the queen die to-morrow the Prince of Wales would succeed to the crown with the general approval of the nation. He is to day the most popular man in the kingdom, and would be a very

lican party in Great Britain, and there is no more prospect of Great Britain becoming a republic in our time than there is of the Mr. Dinwoodie of Campbellford, Ont., says: "I recommend South American Nervine to everybody. I consider it would be truant to the best interests of humanity were I not to do so. In one instance I convinced an avowed sceptic to all remedies of its curative powers; be procured a bottle, and it has been of such benefit to him that DR. AGNEW'S CURE EOR THE HEART GAVE RELIEF IN 30 MINUTES AND THREE BOTTLES EFFECTED A CURE WHICH BAFFLED THE BEST OF PHYSICIANS. This is what Mrs. J. Cockburn of Wark-

This is what Mrs. J. Cockburn of Warkworth, Out., says: "For fourteen years I have been a great sufferer from heart disease; troubled very much with sharp, shooting pains constantly passing through my heart. Very often the spasms were so severe that I would become unconscious. My limbs would swell and become quite cold. For these fourteen years I doctored with best physicians without relief. Having seen Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, I determined to try it, and before I had taken half a bottle I found great relief. I felt the beneficial effects inside of thirty minutes. I have taken three bottles and it has done wonders and the beneficial effects inside of thirty minutes. I have taken three bottles and it has done wonders for me well and strong. It is wonderful medicate. "The school board of a Kansas city recently passed a resolution, forbidding school-teschers from attending dances, on the ground that the influence upon the pupils would not be good. The young men and the older men resented this interference in social streams." —The school board of a Kansas city recently passed a resolution, forbidding schoolteachers from attending dances, on the
ground that the influence upon the pupils
would not be good. The young men and the
older men resented this interference in social
affairs and a business men's meeting was
held, at which a resolution was passed that
the members of the school board be instructed to refrain from the use of tobacco, as good
results to the pupils could not be accomplished while such a practice was indulged
in. Presumably, a truce has been declared.
If not, suppose the business men should
strengthen the argument by swearing themsolves off? Of all sounds, of all bells most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering



Poetry. One by one, one by one,
The years march past, till the march is don
The old year dies to solemn knell,
And a merry peal from the clanging bell
Ushers the others, one by one,
Till the march of the years shall at last
done.

Bright and glad, dark and sad, Are the years that come in mystery clad; Their faces are bidden and none can see If merry or sorrowful each will be, Bright and sad, dark and glad, Have been the years that we all have had.

Something from us each year has won.

Has it given us treasure? Day by day

It has stolen something we prized away;

We met with fears and count with tears

The buried hope of the long-past years. I have a few Parlor and Dining Room Pictures and a few I have also a number of Boys' Suits, former price \$4.50.

The Full Count.

forward to the negro coach.

The steps were overflowing with pickaninnies, so black that at first aight their small leatures would have been indistinguishable but for the wide crease on each face, filled with even rows of teeth, startingly white, n contrast with their sooty environment. A fat, good-looking negress, holding an oval bundle, wrapped in an old shawl, close

ning her eye over the company. "Pears lak dar's one on um missing!" "All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and

cried. "He's done ca'ed off one o' my chil-

sin', sister Calline?" he asked, sympatheti Better count them," suggested the agent

limbed girl of fourteen.
"I told you to count them!" said the agent, impatiently.
" I cant count, Mas'er! I'se bawn afore de wah. But, anyhow, dey say deres leben

...TO... A J. C. Houghton & Co., A fully dusted the end of the planks before he P 19 Eastcheap, London, E.C.,

Serd a trial shipment and be Established 51 years. Shipping Mark EL. FRANK A. DIXON,

THIS IS THE PLACE TO BUY CLOTHING.

CHILDREN'S BOOTS.

Apply to T. D. RUGGLES.

radise, June 4th, 1895.

B. STARRATT. **FARMS FOR SALE!** NEAR BRIDGETOWN.

"Dis my baby," replied Sister Calline, and, by George, it'll have to be a big one to looking down at the sooty mite in her arms with maternal pride.
"My poor ole man neber see dis bab