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Notice is hereby given, that under

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ning, intend to offer for sale, at a time to

be appointed, on or after Easter Monday

next, a lot of land, owned by the said

Corporation, situated at Douglas Harbor

in the Parish of Canning, containing 200

acres, more or less, bounded by Asa

Balmain on the one side and John Allen

on the other.

Dated the twelfth day of January, 1898.

(Signed)

R. W. COLSTON, Rector.

JAMES R. MILLER, Church

STEPHEN YEOMANS, Wardens.

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Poetry.

In Memoriam.

In memory of the late Mrs. J. A. Brown, who died at Great Works Maine, Feb. 3rd 1898, aged 27 years.

Dear Lottie, she has passed away From this bright land of ours To live I hope in brighter days In heavens unfaded bowers.

It was hard for us to be Bereaved from them we loved Her angel face we never shall see Until we meet above.

For seven long weeks she suffered In agonizing pain But never she with pining eyes Behold her moans again.

But Lottie, she has fallen asleep A sleep on Jesus breast Where she shall never be disturbed From her everlasting rest.

Our Heavenly father's promises Are good and kind And he will care for the loved ones That she has left behind.

Death came and wrapped his garment Around her weak and fluttering heart This is why we were loathe to part From them we love so dear.

Now she lays in yonder churchyard Beneath the cold, cold sod And angels bore her spirit home To mansions bright above.

Blessed are the "dead that die in the Lord."

MAXIMS.

I held him great who, for love's sake, Can give with generous, earnest will; Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind, That freely some great wrong forgives; Yet nobler is the one forgiven Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain and still To keep a lowly, steadfast heart; Yet he who loses has to fill A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown Of a deserved and pure success; He who knows how to fall has won A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may be he who can command And rule with just and tender sway; Yet is divine wisdom taught Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God And earn the martyr's crown of light; Yet he who lives for God may be A greater conqueror in His sight.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A woman sits at the fireside, And rocks a babe on her breast, Till the little one sleeps, then lays him In his downy cradle nest.

She softly kisses his sleeping eyes, And kisses his forehead white, And whispers low with a happy smile: "God bless my boy to-night!"

A woman stands at a cottage door, And looks out over the sea; "The sun sets red in a leaden mist, It will storm to-night," she says, "My sailor boy is homeward bound, Oh, stay the tempest's night," And she turned away with an earnest prayer, "God bless my boy to-night!"

And one in the bloom of womanhood, At work with a happy smile, Is packing a box for her darling, And thinking all the while How proud and happy the lad must be, Her school-boy merry and bright, When he opens the box from home—she prays: "God bless my boy to-night!"

A woman old, with falling eyes, Reads the news from a distant camp, Where her soldier son is serving— "The night's air is cold and damp; A soldier's life is too hard for my boy!" His hair like hers is white. But he's still a boy to the mother who prays: "God bless my boy to-night!"

A mother is reading a letter From one who is far away— "How can our boys go wrong?" she says, "When trusting mother's pray? My wanderer says, 'Your prayers for me Will keep me strong and right; I know he's true where'er he be— God bless my boy to-night!'"

A mother sits in the gloaming, With lifted, tearful eyes, And empty arms; she dreams of one Beyond the sunset skies; "Safe in the Father's keeping, In that blest land of light, He waits for me, my angel babe— God keeps my boy to-night!"

And so from over all the world The mother's prayers arise; And who can tell the wondrous power That in that blessing lies? And many tread the downward path; Some walk in God's own light; But always loving mothers pray— "God bless my boy to-night!"

Richard—"Tom is not so bad a chap, after all. At least there's nothing mean about him." Robert—"Oh get out!" Richard—"I mean it. He told me he had a supreme contempt for the whole crowd. Now, isn't that generous, when he really ought to keep it for himself."

Humorous.

The Widow Jones' Experience.

The widow Jones felt happier than she had in some time. The morning was fine the birds were singing, all nature looked gay. Her two little grandsons had been in the room and said get up grandma, grandma get up, breakfast is on the table.

Surely, she thought, this is a fine old world. Man alone makes it vile. After writing some letters, she goes down street, promising to bring to the boys a sucker. Now a sucker is a piece of candy on a stick, and children use them something like the fisherman do their bait, pull it out and in the one to see if he has a fish, the other to see how much longer it will last, or to amuse his face preparatory to encasing with dirt. She did not think of her promise till almost home. Now to go back without that sucker of woe, or practical speaking, collector of dirt, she dare not, so turned into a side street near. As she went up the steps to the little store, she became aware that a man with a load of team of country produce was waiting to get in. He politely came forward and said he saw the storekeeper leaving an electric car as he came up the street, and the door would soon be opened. Well, she thought she would wait, for to disappoint children in her mind was an evil, and promises kept, were better than promises broken even with little ones.

"This is a fine day, I think we are well met," said the man, coming a little nearer.

"Yes, said the widow, the day is fine."

"You are a widow" said he, taking another step.

The widow Jones looked him over, he seemed to be rational and sober.

"I am a widower, again he broke forth. I had a daughter keeping house for me, she got married last week, and so I am alone, (we are well met.)"

Well the widow Jones thought, here is a case, if all the lone ones were hunted up there would be a goodly number of them. The next question the lone man started with was:

"Where do you live?"

"Ah," said she, "my home used to be up in Surrey."

"I have a house and farm," he replied, "in the next county to that. Kings joins on to Surrey. Why cannot we join the farms together? You are alone, I take it, I think we are well met. I will dress you well and care for you."

Well, she soliloquized, this a rare specimen, again she heard, we are well met. I want a wife.

By this time the door was open and the eyes of the passers on the street were on them. She went in and got the sucker feeling somewhat like the widow Bump in Josiah Allen, as if there were thunder and lightning in the air. As she came out, he advanced and said:

"Think it over. I will wait an answer. We are well met."

"Yes, oh yes," said the widow, "I will think it over."

She is still thinking it over and wondering if yes, in that case, was affirmative or negative, and if he looking for well met or sighing sigh to himself.

"No one to love me, no one to address, I travel alone through the world's wilderness."

E. F.

A MONTE CARLO TRAGEDY.

An Incident Which Made Bismarck an Inveterate Enemy to Gambling.

Prince Bismarck has long been an inveterate enemy to the wholesale system of gambling, which is "preserved," as it were, at Monte Carlo and similar establishments on the continent.

His antipathy is due to a tragedy which was enacted under his very eyes at Baden Baden more than 30 years ago. During the season at that place, which was of more than average brilliancy, he would himself go into one of the gambling saloons, which was frequented by the highest aristocracy and the members of the diplomatic corps.

Although he played little he would occasionally venture small sums. If he won, he would venture his original stake again and again, but if he lost at the first coup he retired from the table.

One day while Bismarck was standing at a table a young man and a beautiful woman came in. He was a baron and had only recently married and was on his wedding trip with his bride. The man began to play. At first fortune favored him, and he won.

Then his luck turned. He began to lose. With each loss he became more desperate. The beautiful woman by his side vainly strove to turn him away. The fever of gambling had taken hold of his brain. The more the woman begged the more the man ventured. Hundreds of francs went into thousands, and thousands after thousands were raked in by the croupier.

The whole table was watching this fight with fortune, and among them no one was more intent than Bismarck himself.

At last the gambler put a larger stake over on the table, and again he lost.

He rose and whispered a word to his wife, and they left the room together.

Nobody in a gambling saloon heeds the ruined man, and the game went on as before, less feverishly perhaps and without such large stakes.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the report of a pistol rang through the room. Some people hurried out. There on the ground lay the body of the ruined man, a bullet wound in his head, from which a thin stream of blood was flowing. By the side of the body, distracted, almost turned to stone by the horrible situation, stood the beautiful young wife, now a widow.

Suddenly her restrained feelings overcame her, and with one wild shriek she fell by the side of the dead man. Bismarck was one of the on-lookers who had seen the result of the fearful tragedy.

"This horrible business must stop," he exclaimed.

It did stop. In the course of a few years every public gambling house in Germany was abolished. — Pearson's Weekly.

HOMEOPATHY.

Unreconstructed Bishop Wilmer's Application of It to His Work.

This is a story an Alabama man tells me of Bishop Wilmer, and I hope you won't think it too seasonal. It happened soon after the war. Bishop Wilmer had gone to a southern city to ask aid for a Confederate orphan's home he was interested in. He hadn't been north for several years, and his old friends gave him a hearty welcome. There was a dinner in his honor, and after dinner the bishop was begged to tell a story or two. The bishop said he hadn't a story.

"But," he added, "I've got a conundrum. Why are we southerners like Lazarus?"

The guests—they were all Union men, by the way—suggested many answers. The southerners were like Lazarus because they were poor, because they ate of the crumbs from the rich man's table; because—because of everything anybody could guess.

"No," said the bishop, "you're all wrong. We're like Lazarus because," and he smiled blandly, "because we've been licked by dogs."

A roar of laughter went round at that, for the bishop's utter unreconstructedness was always one of his charms. Everybody laughed but one mottled faced man, who became very indignant.

"Well," he snorted, "if you think we're dogs, why—in—oh earth—have you come up here to beg for our money—for the money of dogs?"

The bishop chuckled.

"My mottled friend," said he, "the hat of the dog is good for the bite. That's why I've come."—Washington Post.

Stores His Silver Cheaply.

"As I am not keeping house I have no use for my silver, so I determined to put it where it would not be so liable to be stolen as in my flat," said a business man the other day. "Simultaneously with this determination came the need of a considerable sum of money. I therefore put the silver in charge of a benevolent concern, which charges no more interest on the money it lent, with the silver as security, than a bank or other safe deposit company would charge for storing the silver. I am consequently either paying no interest on the loan or getting my silver stored for nothing; I don't exactly know which."

—New York Sun.

The Other Fellow.

"So you think Agnew is a pig-headed fool, eh? What has given you that opinion of him?"

"We talked for half an hour this morning and couldn't agree on a single point."—Chicago News.

A naval battle between the Romans and Carthaginians off the coast of Spain in the first Punic war was lost by the latter because the gally slaves could not keep their seats when the ships rolled.

The Indian population of the Dominion of Canada is said to be 122,000, of whom about 38,000 are Roman Catholics and the same number Protestants.

"One great trouble wif folks," said Uncle Eben, "is dat dey's liable ter mistake de smalles' speck on dah serenity foh de pint whah patience censes ter be a virtue."

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