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VOL. 25.

CANADA'S___ INTERNATIONAL

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and the Wrappers from 3 boxes of "Welcome" Soap for high-grade Guaranteed Bicycle strike you?

The only thing cheap about it is the price we are selling at, to increase the sales mous "WELCOME" Soap. It is one of the best known and largest makes of the Standard Bicycles, and guar stand up, with any wheel sold in Canada. We can get no more this season, our limited quantity is going rapidly, and if you get the benefit of this great offer, must speak quick.

Write us for full particulars. The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B.

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We are ready for 1896 business, and have just added to our plant a New Dry House all the latest improvements in a HOT BLAST DRY KILN, so that we can dry out a lumber in six days. We can now supply Dry Lumber, Sheathing, Flooring, Mouldings of all kinds, Wood Mantles, Counters, Store and Church Fittings, Sashes, Doors, and Factory work of every description at short notice

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27 We have just received direct from British Columbia one carload B. C. Cedar, and on the way Whitewood and Quartered Oak. SPRUCE AND PINE LUMBER

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No long waiting for replacements. All parts carried in stock and promp We also carry a full line of sundries, and have a well equipped repair shop

ANNAPOLIS MACHINE & CYCLE CO.

Important Notice!

I have completed arrangements with the celebrated cutter.

MR. A. McPHEE, who will be at my Bridgetown store from this date.

FISHER, the Tailor.

There was indeed no small cause for anxiety. Early on a Tuesday morning young Bishop had started out aloof with dog and gun, for a few hours' hunting in the Rough —a belt of savage woodland which stretched away westward, with wide solitary prairies on either side, to the chain of hills some fif
There was indeed no small cause for anxiety. Will stretch my legs a little, and rest you, my beauty."

He slid to the ground and limped along beside his four footed friend, leaning against her, and chattering boyishly as he went.

"Tain't more's ten miles to Bishop's store now. And mother'll be on the porch late as

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1897.

ometime, somewhere, in the eternal plan, Will come a good to offset every ill, is nature's book is balanced; so to man A balance perfect come there must an

next,
And in some way a perfect equipoise
Will come to souls by troubles now perplext,
And all our griefs find compensating joys;
Go on, brave heart! if doing what you can
Life's burdens, as they come, to fully

bear—
Fear not! the justice that is due a man
Will all be yours sometime, somewhere.

There comes to us all in the twilight dim The beautiful parts of a long lost hymn, The delicate notes of a song we sung When love was merry and life was young; There come from the past we have po The thoughts and the visions of childhood's day, And out of the mist of the border land There comes the touch of a vanished hand.

Again we gather with laughter and glee The pearls that glitter by memory's sea, And over the breakers and through the

The world recedes like a shifting scene,
But the old song clings like the ivy green
To the heart it filled with music low
In the beautiful mystical "long ago."
And ever we see the fingers white
That swept the keys some cherished night,
When, southed by their music soft and

Into our lives' own twilight sweet Enter the musical patter of feet, Aye, at our bidding they gleefully of Over the desert and over the foam, Bringing to us in the gloaming again The multiplied echoes of childhood's strain

Select Ziterature.

An Outlaw

The porch of Bishop's store-the heart, so o speak, of the Jim-Ned Creek settlementwas deserted, for the November day bleak and raw. Half a score or more men lounged over the counters within, or sat silent and ruminant around the smouldering fire. Gideon Bishop, half hidden by his tall desk, was busy with his ledgers, but he glanced furtively and frowningly now and again at his guests.

The Outlaw came up the road at a leisurly pace. She was a small mare, blue gray in color, with a flowing mane and a tail of a fine glossy black, much matted with cockleburs. She tossed her small head coquettishses hitched to the saplings about the store, and picked her way daintily to the

saucily expectant.
"Hullo! There's that blue mustang yours!" exclaimed Sam Legget, jumping down from the counter. "It's been nigh just glimpse the sun! But seems like the sun onto two years sence she vamoosed, ain't it,

Mr. Bishop picked up a waggon whip, stepped out upon the porch.
"So! You've come back, have you, Lady?" he said, with a grim smile. He reached forward as he spoke and attempted to slip the rope over the mare's neck. She shook her ane gently, and dipping her pretty head,

At another time old Gid, stern and harsh as he was, might not have resented this playful salute, for the skin on his brown wrist was barely grazed, but he was in no mood for such fooling now. He started back with a quick step, his brow reddened angrily, and the fire leaped to his deep set eyes. He lifted the whip, the long keen lash curled through the air, and descending

with a stinging sound upon the runaway's shining flank. human in its indignant protest then she wheeled about and galloped away in the direction whence she had come.

The men who had trooped out upon the

until she disappeared in the creek bottom; then they slouched back to their seats. "Jack broke that mustang hisse'f," Joe Trimble presently remarked. "I mind the Jim-Ned! Carry me home!" Speakin' o' Jack," Newt Pinson ventured in an off hand way, but not daring to look at Jack's father—"Speakin' o' Jack,

angry voice, "you tend to your own business, if—you—please. Jack Bishop is nineteen years old, and full able to take of

These words penetrated through a half

the kindly neighbors hovering about her tried vainly to soothe. "He's just as oneasy about Jack as I am," she sobbed. "That onliest child of ourn is the apple of his father's eye. But it's Gid's pride as won't let him give up that a Bishop can get lost. And everybody's plumb afraid

"Don't ye worrit yerself into a spazzum, Susya Bishop," said Granny Carnes. "I ain't afraid o' Gid Bishop, ner no other male creeter. An I've give my orders to the boys a-settin' yander in the sto'. If Jack Bishop' —here she raised her voice to its highest and shrillest pitch—"ef Jack Bishop ain't inside this house befo' candle lightin't to-night, them boys have got to tromp out and find him, and fetch him home, or not dassen to

o' Jim-Ned.' rimble together.
"Double and thripple Amen!" added Mrs. ipyously. "You've got a heap more sense than I have, Lady! Couldn't fool you with

teen miles distant. It was now Friday, past noon, and he had not returned. Newt Pinson had met him at the crossing of Jim Ned Creek half an bour after he had left home; the coffee pot on the coals. And father'il be pretending to scold. But, shucks! he won't ne had not been seen or heard of since. He had gone on alone; for the dog, a half-grown puppy, had turned and trotted back, unnonever understood father before, nor loved ced, behird Mr. Pinson.

"Oh, if Josh was only with him!" moaned bed his head against her knee and whined

and when Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday came and went without tidings of him, the neighbors from up and down the creek began

They looked at the heavy sky, sunless and misty these four days past, and shook their heads ominously, whispering among the selves. The poor mother was well nigh fran-tic with alarm. Uncle Gid alone maintained n air of obstinate confidence, in the face of which no one dared venture a move.

hisse'i," he repeated, proudly, in answer to Mr. Pinson's timid suggestions. "Jack Bishop knows every inch of ground betwixt Jim-Ned and Rattlesnake Gap."
"All the same notwithstanding," whis pered Granny Carnes in Mrs. Bishop's esr.
"I've give my orders for candle-lighting,

" Jack Bishop is full able to take care of

But before candle lighting Mr. Bishop's assumed stoicism gave way. About sunset he arose and took his rifle from the rack above the door. "Come on, boys," he said, and the vast moonlighted prairie was hushed and still. Suddenly a curious sound troubled later they were hurrying down the rutty

At the Jim-Ned crossing the old man paused. "You go back, Susy," he said, with rough kindness, to the frail little wonan following a pace or two behind him. "Go back, and stay with the women folks Jack's mother pulled the red knitting shawl closer about her head, and moved steadily forward. "No, Gid," she said, and closer about the helpless lad. He could

see their wide horns glistening in the moon-light. "Mother! Father!" he breathed; quietly; "I'm not going back-not without He put an arm about her without another and dropping his head back on the cold turf, word, and husband and wife presently en-tered together the mysterious gloom of the he closed his eyes in instant expectation of

An hour or two later Jack Bishop was lying on the open prairie, where he had thrown self in a sort of dull despair. His loaded gun lay beside him; his empty wallet hung from his shoulder; his face looked pinched and wan in the vapory moonlight. "I crossed Jim-Ned," he was saying to himself, mechanically, for the thousandth time; I crossed the creek and came into the Rough, I left home Tuesday at sun up—that puppy ain't worth shucks; I wish I had brought old Josh! I killed three jack rab-Rough-And before I knew it, it was plumb dark-I went back into the Rough, and tramped and tramped; and the first thing I knew I was out on the prairie again-I've been doing the same thing ever since, over and over-I haven't seen a soul-If I could

will never shine again—I reckon I'm lost— Yonder's Rattleanake Gap and yonder's The He got up and staggered a few steps, then sank down again. He was a manly lad, and he had borne with hopeful courage the hunger, cold, and loneliness of the long days and nights. But he was exhausted with fatigue and weakened by want of food; and, finally overcome by a sense of terror and desolation,

he covered his face with his hands and The painful throbbing in his ears sounded suddenly like the rhythm of advancing footsteps. Something cold and moist touched his cheek; a warm breath mingled with his

"Why, Lady!" he cried, springing to his feet. Weariness and hunger and cold had Laughing and crying by turns, he clasped his arms about the neck of the little mus tang which he had fed and petted as a colt the wilful Outlaw who had disappeared in

to The Rough two years before. Fearful lest the mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for The men who had trooped out upon the porch at Mr. Bishop's heels gazed after her will be allowed by the stood quite still until the gun was secured and he had climbed with some difficulty upon her back.

I'm all right now. Why, mother, your eyes are just like Lady's!" "Now, Lady," he shouted, "take me to

> Lady threw up her head, neighed, and oved obediently forward. She went at a swift walk, breaking at intervals into the her slender for-legs and tried to get up, bu ong, swinging, restful mustang lope.
>
> "But—you are going in the wrong direction," remonstrated her rider, at the end of and laid his hand on the whelk that distance that England's really will be long, swinging, restful mustang lope. tion," remonstrated her rider, at the end of a few moments. He tugged at her mane, and endeavored to change her course. "You a sinful man!" he cried. "I struck you in

are carrying me through the Gap. Jim-Ned is on this side. Back, Lady—back!" The mare shook herself impatiently, and pushed on between the pyramidal hills which finish. But Lady turned her head toward loomed up on either side of the Gap, emergopen door into the family living-room back of the store. On hearing them, Jack's mothearth and sky with a flood of golden light. "Well," said Jack, with a shiver of disappointment, "you'll take me somewhere, I reckon, Lady. I can't be any more lost than I've been for the last three days!" After a while, however, things began to assume a strangely familiar lock. "I've

> Mound. And, sure as shootin', here's Matchett's Pond! Ah!" he added, after profound reflection, "I am east of the Gap now. I must have been all this time, somehow, on the other side." His conjecture was correct. Stumbling unwittingly through the narrow Gap in the darkness of the first night, and deceived by the prairie and woodland beyond, he had there continued the incessant and bewildered round into which he had fallen when he had

never been west of the gap before," he mut-

tered, "but -yonder looks like Comanche

first lost his bearings. Pinson, solemnly.

There was indeed no small cause for anxwill stretch my legs a little, and rest you,

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER,

ONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

NO. 16.

at her mane. "I've shot myself, I reckon.
I can't move my leg. Don't leave me lady."

against his face.

The blood, which he tried vainly to staunch

animals, had drawn near, and excited by the

But he opened them again. For the Out-

to one section and then into another of the

infuriated circle. Surprised and daunted,

the cattle retreated a short distance, stop-ped, and stood still, uncertain and dumb.

was another mad rush upon him, and again

with both of us, I think. You'd better save

Lady, your eyes are just like mother's!"

their long night's fruitless quest.

and peeping forward curiously.

pistol as he ran to scatter the herd.

He burst into a loud yell and set off run

Swift-footed as he was, however, a wome

utstripped him; and by the time the others

came up, Jack's mother was kneeling in the

When Jack, after swallowing a mouthful

leg bandaged. Then he faltered out the

tory, with his head on his mother's bosom,

and his hand held close in his father's strong

grasp. "I could feel the fire in their blazing eyes,"

he concluded. "I thought I would neve

see you and mother again, father. And if it hadn't been for Lady—Don't cry mother,

eyes are just like Lady's!"
Uncle Gid got up and walked over to

went. At his approach the mare threw out

grass, and her arms were about her boy.

they up to? Y-a-a-h!"

law had whirled abruptly from her post be side him, and charged with a snort, first in-

His heart stood still.

lessly up at the sky.

The mustang who had darted away at the discharge of the rifle, had returned, and was "Don't go, Lady," he implored, catching

> A new and interesting feature at the exand will be an interesting and instructive

Hardly, however, had the boy drawn a breath of thankfulness and relief, when there the gallant little mustang, plunging and snorting, held his assailants at bay. Over and over again this assault and rerapidly taken up, and intending exhibitor Chas. A. Everett, manager and secretary, who should be addressed for prize list and

orchestra and assistants, will give four per-formances daily. This will be a strictly yourself now Lady. You can't do anything more for me. Do not cry, Lady. Why, and something that cannot offend the most And with a sob he lapsed into utter obparticular. It will afford nearly five hours

ning at the top of his speed, discharging his asked the exhibition management to provide for a number of addresses upon live stock matters. Accordingly the expert judges their special departments with the exhibit The entries thus far received for the exf water, had revived a little, and the color hibition are much larger in number than to had begun to come back into his poor pale the same date last year. W. W. Hubbard has had a very successful trip through westface, his wound was dressed and his broken

anger, Lady; I struck you; and if it hadn't been for you, my son, my only son-" A him and whickered softly. She understood There was a moment of awed silence.
Then Mr. Pinson blew his nose, wiped liseys, and stepped forward. "Gentlemen an' Mis' Bishop," he said, with an oratorical flourish. "Lady is a honor to her sect! "The female sect, gentlemen an' Mis' Bishop, and stepped over true. Lady. other is ever faithful and ever true. Lady, 10t

withstandin' she air a mare an' a Outlaw-"Three cheers for Lady!" interrup ed Jack, with the old sparkle in his eyes, though his voice was a bit unsteady. "Hurrah for Lady! Hip, hip, hurr-a-a-h!" And such cheers went ringing over prairie and across The Rough that old Gran-ny Carnes afterward declared she heard them at Bishop's store, ten miles away. - Harper

Man Defeats Horse.

Colorado Springs, Col., July 2, - In a match race yesterday between Walter C. Sanger, of Milwaukee, the well known cyclist and the but can boast of having been the playmate Milwaukee, the well known cyclist and the famous pacing horse, Albatross, the man won two out of three heats. The first heat, half a mile, was won by Sanger by ten feet in 1.03 4 5. The second heat, also half a mile, was won by Albatross by a length in 1.04 1 5. In the two heats the horse was driven by Jack Flynn. The third heat was a quarter of a mile, and Albatross was turned loose. Sanger won by a few feet in 20 seconds. Another race between Sanger and the horse was arranged for July 10, in Denver.

SOLICITOR.

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companie

nean a word of it. Seems like "-a lump steamship and railway lines for the carriage of freight and passengers. As before an-nounced, the C. P. R. will carry all exhibits to St. John at one fare from New Brunawick mother half enough! . . . Where have you been all this time, anyhow, Lady? Why what a scratch you've got on your side!
Run against a mesquit thorn, eh! It's all bloody. I'll doctor it the minute we get home. Hello!—"

Hello!—"

Hello!—"

Ho St. John at one fare from New Brunswick points, and when these exhibits are returned to the starting point the property of the exhibitor, the freight paid will be refunded. All other lines carry exhibits for the round

One of his legs seemed all at once to have trip at single fare. grown shorter than the other, a loud report rang in his ears, a thrill of intense agony racked his whole body, and he dropped fainting to the ground. He came to himself a securing a certificate from the secretary can moment later to find the blood pouring from get this privilege considerably in advance of a wound in his left shoulder, and when he the date above mentioned. All exhibits will attempted to rise and draw his leg from the be delivered at the grounds from L. C. R. deep rabbit hole into which he had stumdeep rabbit hole into which he had stum-bled a sharp pain warned him that both knee and ankle were aprained or broken. He ceased his efforts and fell back, staring help-lessly up at the sky.

The military grounds and buildings have been tendered the exhibition association and accepted. They will be put in first class shape in ample time for the opening of the

hitherto attempted in the maritime provinces will be one of the many attractions at the with his free hand, cozed from the gun-shot wound, and formed a red puddle about his

A number of special expert judges will J. Hugo Reid, of Guelph, Ont., who gave Ontario, will judge the beef breeds of cattle the silence—a trampling, tearing noise, accompanied by a hoarse confused roar.

Jack lifted his head a little and looked.

Augusta, Me., is expected to judge dairy cartle and noultry, and W. J. McIntosh of display. D. H. Knowlton, secretary of the Maine State Pomological Society, has con-sented to again judge the fruit exhibits. To orairie, moved by the curiosity inherent in smell of blood, were pawing the earth, and show the appreciation in which Mr. Knowl-ton is held, we ought to mention that he was a few weeks since invited to judge fruit at

> in operation. Arrangements are now being completed for the placing of steam power in the agricultural building and all the operations of milk skimming, churning and butter proved system, and with the best obtainal machinery. This display will be managed by officers of the N. B. dairy department

pulse were repeated. The half unconscious lad turned his terrified eyes from side to side, brought old Josh! I killed three jack rabbits in Buck Snort Gully. By the big cottonwood—what did I do by the big cottonwood? Oh, I ate my corn pone. Gee! how
hungry I am!—Then I followed a deep and
got into the prairie. Why, I know this
prairie almost as well as I know Jim-Ned
Chader's Rattlesnake Gap, and yender's the

> The searching party came out of the Rough The poultry department has received in the early dawn, and stood huddled together, torlordly silent, on the prairie ridge that sloped gently away to Matchett's Pond. be given in prizes and they will be awarded individual birds instead of to pairs, as previously. A third prize has also been They were foot sore and disheartened after added in every section. A new building is in course of erection to accor rampagin' an' bellerin' around down yander?" demanded Joe Trimble, breaking the silence, department, and will be large, light, warm and airy. Uniformity in the size of cages

will be required and full information given in the premium list.

The Maritime Breeders' Ass

ern New Brunswick in the interests of the

London, June 29. - The next issue of the National Review will contain an article anin a few days. The commission, accou to the National Review, will present to the where the Outlaw lay panting on the dry grass. He reeled like a fainting man as he British Government a joint statement from "desire to terminate the disastrous experi-

> that the government is willing to reopen the India mints, to make a further substantial extending its use in England, by increasing basis of notes, and empowering the Bank of material assistance and strong moral support will be given to the object the United States

AT EIGHTY YEARS OF AGE ONE BOX OF DR

CASE OF FIFTY YEARS STANDING-IT RELIEVES COLDS AND CATABRH IN THIRTY George Lewis of Shamokin, Pa., writes:
"I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely, and it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to all suffering

Mr. Wm. Bradley, of Canady Creek, was