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GILLES & HARRIS,
 Barristers, - Solicitors,
 Notaries Public.

Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
 Notaries for the State of Massachusetts.
 Agents of R. G. Dean & Co., St. John and
 Halifax.
 General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life In-
 surance.
 Members of the United States Law Association.
 Real Estate Agents.

OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING,
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J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
 Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
 -Writs and Affidavits-
OFFICE IN BRIDGETOWN,
 (Next Door to J. F. Malson's Jewelry Store)
Every Thursday.
 Counselor Agent of the United States.
 Counselor Agent of Spain.

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Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
 Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.
 NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY
 AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
 Advances made on Real Estate Security
 repayable by monthly instalments, covering a
 term of 15 years and with interest on the
 monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
 Balance of loan repayable at any time at
 option of borrower, so long as the monthly
 instalments are paid. The balance of loan cannot
 be called for.
 Details of borrowing loans explained, and forms
 of application therefore and all necessary infor-
 mation furnished free of charge.
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER AT LAW,
 29 St. Ann Street, Annapolis.

LAND SURVEYING!
C. F. ARMSTRONG,
 QUEN'S SURVEYOR.
 ADDRESS: MIDDLETON, N. S.
 RESIDENCE: GATES ST., MIDDLETON, N.S.

L. R. MORSE, B.A., M.D., C.M.
 OFFICE AT PRESENT:
 RESIDENCE OF DR. MORSE,
 LAWRENCE TOWN.

R. L. MILLNER,
 Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
 ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE
 MONEY TO LOAN
 Office opposite Central Telephone Exchange,
 Queen Street, Bridgetown. 31 1/2

J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M.
 Office over Medical Hall,
 Residence: Bayview House, Telephone No. 10.
 Orders left at Medical Hall with Mr. S. N.
 Waters will receive every attention.

O. T. DANIELS,
 BARRISTER,
 NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
 (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
 Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class
 Real Estate. 44 1/2

H. F. Williams & Co.,
 Parker Market, Halifax, N.S.
 COMMISSION - MERCHANTS,
 AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
 Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples,
 Potatoes, Beef, Lamb, Pork,
 and all kinds of Farm Products.

Special Attention given to
 Handling of Live Stock.
 Returns made immediately after dis-
 patch of goods. 57 1/2

J. B. WHITMAN,
 Land Surveyor,
 ROUND HILL, N. S.

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
 EYE,
 SPECIALTIES EAR,
 THROAT,
 MIDDLETON. 38 1/2

DR. N. G. E. MARSHALL,
 DENTIST,
 Offers his professional services to the public.
 Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

A. A. Schaffner, M. D.,
 LAWRENCE TOWN, N. S.
 Office and residence at Mrs. Hall's,
 three doors east of Baptist Church.
 Telephone No. 38. 13 1/2

James Primrose, D. D. S.
 Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and
 Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr.
 Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its
 branches carefully and promptly executed.
 Office days at Bridgetown, Monday
 and Tuesday of each week.
 Bridgetown, Sept. 26th, 1896. 35 1/2

DR. T. A. GROAKER,
 Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
 Will be at his office in Middleton,
 last and first weeks of each month.
 Middleton, Oct. 2nd, 1896.

O. S. MILLER,
 BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
 Real Estate Agent, etc.
 RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
 BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given
 to the collection of claims, and all other
 professional business. 51 1/2

**The Best Returns
 For the Least Money**
 ARE OBTAINED FROM THE
 OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST
 POPULAR CANADIAN COMPANY,
Canada Assurance Life
COMPANY.
 \$10,000,000 Assets. Dividend of \$1,000,000.
 Dr. 1894, will obtain a full, free, profit.
 S. E. MARSHALL,
 Nov. 28th, 1894. Agent, Middleton.

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Weekly Titator

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 24. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1896. NO. 37.

Safe, Soothing, Satisfying

It positively cures croup, colds, coughs, colic, sore lungs, kidney troubles, lame back, chills, chilblains, corns, headache, toothache, cuts, bites, burns, bruises, strains, sprains, stiff joints, sore muscles, stings, cramps and pains.

It is the best.
 It is the original.
 It is unlike any other.
 It is superior to all others.
 It is safe to use in all cases.
 It is used and fully endorsed by all athletes.
 It is a soothing, healing, penetrating Anodyne.
 It is what every mother should have in the house.
 It is loved by suffering children when dropped on sugar.
 It is used and recommended by many physicians everywhere.
 It is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age.
 It is safe to trust that which has satisfied generation after generation.
 It is made from the favorite prescription of a good old family physician.
 It is marvelous how many ailments it will quickly relieve, heat and cure.

The Doctor's Signature and directions are on every bottle. If you can't get it send us. Price 25 cents, at 50c. Sold by Druggists. Pleasant free. J. S. JOHNSON & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., Sole Proprietors.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

AN OPEN LETTER
 To My Many Friends and Patrons.

We are now approaching the season of the year when everybody begins to think of selecting and purchasing Fall and Winter Clothing. A few words may not be amiss to all who are intending to favor themselves with a nice Custom-made Suit or Overcoat to kindly call and inspect my stock before placing their order, as I have the largest and best selected stock in the two counties to select from and my prices are dead right.

I guarantee every article in fit and workmanship or no sale.

I also carry a very large range of Ready-made Clothing in Men's, Youth's and Children's that I am offering at very low prices. Also a complete line of Gents' Furnishings and Fur Goods. Call and see for yourself. No trouble to show goods.

Respectfully yours,
A. J. MORRISON,
 Merchant Tailor. Middleton, N. S.

Important Notice!

A. E. CALKIN & Co.,
 of KENTVILLE, N. S.,
 have purchased the stock and good will of MESSRS. McLELLAN & KINNEY, Tailors, and have added it to the SCOTT & CROZIER BUSINESS, already owned by them, uniting the two under the name of the

BRIDGETOWN CUSTOM CLOTHING CO.

MESSRS. McLELLAN and CROZIER, under whose joint management the new business will be conducted, bespeak for it the patronage of their friends and the general public of Bridgetown and the surrounding country. Their motto will be:

"Satisfaction to All."

Melton Overcoats, \$14. All-Wool Serge Suits, \$15. All-Wool Pants, \$5. Special Discount to Obergymns.

GIVE THEM YOUR FALL ORDER.

STARTLING INDUCEMENTS!

As the Spring Season is now rapidly approaching, doubtless there are many households in the town, county and elsewhere who have decided upon placing in their dwellings new appointments in

FURNITURE

and it is to those that the old and reliable Furnishing House, formerly J. B. REED & SONS, and now under their management, wish to call attention by acquainting them with the fact that for the next few weeks

Bargains of an Exceptional Nature in Parlor Sets, Bedroom Suits, Side Boards, etc., will be offered.

All persons requiring anything in the line of HOUSE FURNITURE who will take the trouble to call, will find that our stock is thorough and complete, and that many of the articles are offered at PRICES THAT CANNOT PROVE OTHERWISE THAN SATISFACTORY. Call and inspect.

Besides the usual complete stock always to be found in store at the establishment on Granville Street, a branch has been opened at Hampton, under the management of MR. JOHN E. FARNSWORTH, who will give every attention to the requirements of the public.

Selling Out Below Cost.

Owing to my desire to make a change in my business I am offering to the public my entire stock of goods comprising a full line of Boots, Shoes and Ladies' Fancy Slippers.

Also GROCERIES of a high grade below cost.

Will sell the balance of my stock of DRY GOODS at amazingly low figures.

I have a few PARLOR AND DINING ROOM PICTURES left. Former price, \$1.50, which I now offer at 80c

I invite the public to call and see the low figures and inspect my goods before purchasing elsewhere.

J. E. BURNS, - Bridgetown.

NEW MILLINERY

—AT—
MISS LOCKETT'S

In latest styles. PATTERN BONNETS AND HATS shown and sold as the season advances, which will give her customers later styles than they can get elsewhere.

LADIES' CORSETS, GLOVES, FLANNELS, USEFUL AND FANCY GOODS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Discount of 30 p.c. on a portion of above goods, including Millinery, Hats and Bonnets Trimmed to Order.

CALL AND EXAMINE MY Heavy Winter Melton OVERCOATINGS!

Trimmed complete \$15.00.
 Made to measure.

FISHER, the Tailor. Stores: Bridgetown and Annapolis.

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Poetry.

One Life at a Time.

If the dead came back—
 If the shadowy glen their forms might meet us,
 Or from some wandering winds their voices greet us,
 Or if, in all life's strange or common place,
 We might have hope to see the dear, dead
 Come back,
 Hopes by keen eye or hearing to discover
 The father, sister, husband, wife, or lover,
 From death come back,
 Life would be all a watching and a waiting,
 A standing by the bedside grasping,
 A pleading for the blessed past to linger,
 Straining to touch them with a doubting
 finger,
 Challenging wildly of the past, and suing
 Wilfully for pardon of our evil doing
 Before they died.

Their pardon, lacking God, would still con-
 sider we should walk blindly in the way they
 went;
 Follow no chosen Christ nor seek the portal
 Of that unseen, faint conquered life immor-
 tal.
 We should be sure to fight, in old of heaven
 To our crude eyes so crude a boon were
 given.

And soon, distracted with the double shov-
 ling,
 Half-blind, half-heaven, our doubtful sense
 knowing,
 Labor would languish into dreams and fan-
 cy.
 Duty be dazed by blinding upward glances,
 The world would grow less real, nor heaven
 dearer to us than the surrounding country.
 Our dear ones be no happier or dearer,
 should they come back.

No happier—ah, no! How well heeded
 is your going, and how well we heed it,
 Back from their sunny peace and swift-wid-
 ing power
 Into a drearier, dim and woe that lower,
 Just that our faithless fretful eyes may view
 A few brief years before we shall go them,
 When we are dead.

Ah, God knows best, one life at one time
 giving,
 Spared to fret us with a double living,
 A clash of mysteries, two worlds, two mis-
 eries.
 Two stern and strange masterful conditions,
 My prayers I turn to prayer, O God in heaven,
 That their dear will this boon thou hast not
 given.
 My dead come back.

Select Literature.

The Biggets.

By LIONEL MAUDE MILLER.

"Talk'st thou of just work and slave
 from morn till night, day by day out-
 an' we never get nothin' ahead, nor have no
 comfort now."
 "Law, Mandy, child! What's the sense
 in your goin' on that way? 'Tain't our fault,
 we never have things like other folks do."
 Mrs. Biggette surreptitiously wiped away
 a tear with a corner of her faded gingham
 apron. Mandy was her first born, a slight,
 cast-crested youth with the astonishing way
 too big for his face. Her narrow chest
 and stooping shoulders were the evident re-
 sult of hard work, for Mandy had been nurse
 and assistant cook and housekeeper ever
 since she was twelve. Her work was put
 in his little arms her infant brothers and
 sisters, and to stand on a box at the kitchen
 table and wash dishes.
 She was always a silent child to whom the
 freedom and frolic of youth were as things
 unknown, but at late, she was almost four-
 teen now, strange thoughts and feelings had
 begun to stir her young soul. She was full
 of a yearning to see the world, to see the
 world as they called it, and to see the world
 against the unloveliness of her daily life,
 with its apparently endless and purposeless
 toil.
 "I don't know whose fault it is and I
 don't care," she cried, with feverish impetu-
 osity, "but I do know it ain't no use livin'
 if we're always got to look like this."
 "Tush, child, hush! It's wicked to talk
 that way, honest and true as you are, but
 Mandy had flung down the dish towel and
 leaning her head upon the cupboard shelf,
 burst into a violent fit of tears. "Leave
 the dishes, I'll wash 'em up when the baby
 goes to sleep. You go on in your room."
 "Ain't sick, mother," sobbed the girl.
 "Then what all you, honey?" inquired
 her mother, anxiously. "'Tain't like you
 or any of the other boys. What's the matter
 with you? You go to sleep, an' I'll do up
 the dinner on. Hark! want that somebody
 knockin' at the other door? Go see
 who 'tis, Tim."
 Tim, who was nine, and lame, hurried
 away, his crutches tapping with a hollow
 sound upon the bare boards of the "other
 room" floor. He hobbled back presently,
 his eyes big with excitement.
 "It's the school 'garn," he announced.
 If he had said Queen Victoria, or an angel
 from on high, he could not have created a
 more profound sensation. "She's settin' in
 her school room. Give her the rockin' chair,
 an' she'll be a-waitin' for you." The
 Biggets children—there were five of
 them—had never gone to school. The little
 school-house was a good two miles
 distant from their own clearing, and they
 never had nothing to do with it. Mrs.
 Bigget had made rather vague attempts to
 instruct them in the rudiments of learning
 by means of an old blue-backed Webster's
 Elementary Spelling Book, a relic of her
 own brief school days, and a Thompson's
 Arithmetic; but she never got much beyond
 the alphabet and the multiplication table.
 It was a matter of family pride that Mandy
 and little Tim had taught themselves to read.
 Tim was regarded as a scholar by his less
 brilliant sisters, and his mother felt in a
 dumb sort of way, that his superior intellect
 in some manner compensated for his poor
 withered legs.
 "If Tim could only go to school," she
 often sighed. And now, here was the new
 "school marm" sitting in the rockin' chair
 of the "other room." What hiberno lin-
 guistic things flashed across the Bigget
 horizon in the minutes that elapsed while
 Mrs. Bigget was tying on a clean apron and
 smoothing down her hair, preparatory to re-
 ceiving the distinguished guest.
 "In the 'other room,' meanwhile, the
 cause of this sudden excitement sat talking
 in the details of the poverty and disorder
 of the "other room." What hiberno lin-
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Poetry.

One Life at a Time.

If the dead came back—
 If the shadowy glen their forms might meet us,
 Or from some wandering winds their voices greet us,
 Or if, in all life's strange or common place,
 We might have hope to see the dear, dead
 Come back,
 Hopes by keen eye or hearing to discover
 The father, sister, husband, wife, or lover,
 From death come back,
 Life would be all a watching and a waiting,
 A standing by the bedside grasping,
 A pleading for the blessed past to linger,
 Straining to touch them with a doubting
 finger,
 Challenging wildly of the past, and suing
 Wilfully for pardon of our evil doing
 Before they died.

Their pardon, lacking God, would still con-
 sider we should walk blindly in the way they
 went;
 Follow no chosen Christ nor seek the portal
 Of that unseen, faint conquered life immor-
 tal.
 We should be sure to fight, in old of heaven
 To our crude eyes so crude a boon were
 given.

And soon, distracted with the double shov-
 ling,
 Half-blind, half-heaven, our doubtful sense
 knowing,
 Labor would languish into dreams and fan-
 cy.
 Duty be dazed by blinding upward glances,
 The world would grow less real, nor heaven
 dearer to us than the surrounding country.
 Our dear ones be no happier or dearer,
 should they come back.

No happier—ah, no! How well heeded
 is your going, and how well we heed it,
 Back from their sunny peace and swift-wid-
 ing power
 Into a drearier, dim and woe that lower,
 Just that our faithless fretful eyes may view
 A few brief years before we shall go them,
 When we are dead.

Ah, God knows best, one life at one time
 giving,
 Spared to fret us with a double living,
 A clash of mysteries, two worlds, two mis-
 eries.
 Two stern and strange masterful conditions,
 My prayers I turn to prayer, O God in heaven,
 That their dear will this boon thou hast not
 given.
 My dead come back.

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 Come back,
 Hopes by keen eye or hearing to discover
 The father, sister, husband, wife, or lover,
 From death come back,
 Life would be all a watching and a waiting,
 A standing by the bedside grasping,
 A pleading for the blessed past to linger,
 Straining to touch them with a doubting
 finger,
 Challenging wildly of the past, and suing
 Wilfully for pardon of our evil doing
 Before they died.

Their pardon, lacking God, would still con-
 sider we should walk blindly in the way they
 went;
 Follow no chosen Christ nor seek the portal
 Of that unseen, faint conquered life immor-
 tal.
 We should be sure to fight, in old of heaven
 To our crude eyes so crude a boon were
 given.

And soon, distracted with the double shov-
 ling,
 Half-blind, half-heaven, our doubtful sense
 knowing,
 Labor would languish into dreams and fan-
 cy.
 Duty be dazed by blinding upward glances,
 The world would grow less real, nor heaven
 dearer to us than the surrounding country.
 Our dear ones be no happier or dearer,
 should they come back.

No happier—ah, no! How well heeded
 is your going, and how well we heed it,
 Back from their sunny peace and swift-wid-
 ing power
 Into a drearier, dim and woe that lower,
 Just that our faithless fretful eyes may view
 A few brief years before we shall go them,
 When we are dead.

Ah, God knows best, one life at one time
 giving,
 Spared to fret us with a double living,
 A clash of mysteries, two worlds, two mis-
 eries.
 Two stern and strange masterful conditions,
 My prayers I turn to prayer, O God in heaven,
 That their dear will this boon thou hast not
 given.
 My dead come back.

Poetry.

One Life at a Time.

If the dead came back—
 If the shadowy glen their forms might meet us,
 Or from some wandering winds their voices greet us,
 Or if, in all life's strange or common place,
 We might have hope to see the dear, dead
 Come back,
 Hopes by keen eye or hearing to discover
 The father, sister, husband, wife, or lover,
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 Life would be all a watching and a waiting,
 A standing by the bedside grasping,
 A pleading for the blessed past to linger,
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