

FERTILIZERS!

WE AGAIN OFFER FOR THE SEVENTH SEASON OUR CELEBRATED CERES SUPERPHOSPHATE (The Complete Fertilizer) POPULAR PHOSPHATE BONE MEAL, MEDIUM BONE, GROUND BONE.

JACK & BELL

New Goods, R. D. BEALS

Ready Made Clothing, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CROCKERY WARE, SHELF HARDWARE, TIN WARE, ETC.

Eggs for Goods or Cash, Butter and all other Produce in Exchange

THE KEY TO HEALTH, COLUMBIAN BLOOD

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Blood, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off all the impurities...

GREAT REDUCTION, W. W. SAUNDERS

will be held at a Great Reduction during the Xmas Holidays...

DRY GOODS, HOISERY, a Specialty, HATS AND CAPS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS, OVERTHOOTS, RUBBERS AND LARIGANS, GROCERIES

AND FINEST MEDICINES, large stock of LAMPS, GLASS, EARTHEN, STONE, TIN, WARE, HANICAPS, AND CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES

Notice of Assignment, NOTICE is hereby given that WILLIAM H. R. BALCOM, of Annapolis, in the County of Annapolis, trading business under the name, firm and style of WILLIAM H. NIXON, of Nixons Falls, in the County of Annapolis, has assigned to me all his property...

Notice of Assignment, NOTICE is hereby given that ARTHUR W. PINNEY, of Annapolis, in the County of Annapolis, Merchant, has by deed of Assignment, bearing date the 9th day of April, A. D. 1889, assigned to me all his property...

Notice of Assignment, NOTICE is hereby given that ARTHUR W. PINNEY, of Annapolis, in the County of Annapolis, manufacturer, doing business under the name, firm, and style of the Acadic Organ Company, has by deed of assignment, bearing date the 26th day of March, A. D. 1889, assigned to me all his property...

Notice of Assignment, NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. M. BOWLEY, of Annapolis, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLEY, BALKOW & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to me all his property...

Notice of Assignment, NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. M. BOWLEY, of Annapolis, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLEY, BALKOW & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to me all his property...

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Weekly Chronicle BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1889. NO. 7.

CHEAP CASH! FLOUR, OATMEAL, FEEDING FLOUR, CORNMEAL, GROCERIES, SHOES, BLOWS, HORSE CLOTHING, Harnesses made to Order, REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

JOHNSON'S LINIMENT ANODYNE Established 1810. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

INSPECTION is invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

Monuments, Tablets, HEADSTONES, Etc. Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

Drysdale & Hoyt Bros., BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY, (ESTABLISHED 1880). M. H. PHINNEY, Manager. THE CELEBRATED Rubber Bucket Chain Pump, FORCE PUMP, with Horse attached if required.

International S. S. Co., Commencing March 12th or 15th.

BOSTON DIRECT, STEAMERS LEAVE ANNAPOLIS AND DIGBY EVERY Tuesday & Friday Afternoon BOSTON DIRECT.

2nd Class Fare, \$3.50 from ANNAPOLIS or DIGBY. \$3.50.

ST. JOHN LINE, On and after Monday, April 22nd, a Steamer will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 1/2.

BRIDGETOWN From such unwelcome visitors as Neuralgia, Sore throat or Diphtheria the surest protection and relief is

MARBLE WORKS, THOMAS DEARNESS, Importer of Marble and manufacturer of Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite, Grey Granite, and Freestone, Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.

J. M. OWEN, Notary Public, Real Estate Agent, and United States Marshal, Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

THIS YEAR'S MIRTLE CUT and PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO FINER THAN EVER. See T & B IN BRONZE on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE. EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE FAST STEEL STEAMER "YARMOUTH," WILL leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday Evening, after arrival of the train of the Western Railway.

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Poetry, Spring, Nature's halcyon days, Robins, blue-birds sing, Diphtheria pneumonia, Et cetera. Spring!

Nature's resurrection, All that sort of thing; Minnie, the laughing girl, 'Sis' parilla. Spring!

Nature's new creations, Songsters on the wing, Xmas hills—duration! Easter bonnets. Spring!

Nature's jubilation! Must just made to cling to, 'Tis the season of jubilation! Profanity. Spring!

Select Literature, A Good Man's Dilemma. (Continued.) One look was enough. The kindly expression faded from his handsome features on the instant.

Understand? You understand, cried the archdeacon, his son's very confusion seeming to condemn him himself, that he had followed me to— to detect me in— in— And there he came to a dead lock, and redder than before, thundered, 'Are you not ashamed of yourself, sir?'

'I thought I saw a lock I knew,' muttered Jack, looking everywhere but at his father, which was terribly irritating. 'I was coming through the street.'

'You were coming through the street, I suppose you often pass through Richmond street?' retorted the archdeacon with withering sarcasm, but swallowing some of his wrath.

'Very often,' said Jack, so sturdily that his father could not but believe, and was further sobered. 'I saw a lock I thought I knew, and I came in here. I had no lock in my hand, and now I think I will go,' he added, looking about him merrily, 'and speak to you another time.'

And the archdeacon's anger was short-lived. A wretched embarrassment was already taking its place as it dawned upon him that after all Jack might be pure innocent of any crime, and might have been deceived in some way.

'It is certainly not the place in which I did expect to find you, sir,' said Jack, bluntly, and he looked about him in a dazed fashion, as if the archdeacon and the photographs were not a conjunction he was prepared for.

'No,' assented the archdeacon, winningly, however. 'But it is the simplest piece of business in the world which has brought me here.' And he recalled to his son's memory their talk at the club.

'Ah, I understand,' said Jack, as if he did, too. 'You have come about your friend's business.'

The archdeacon could not hide a spasm. 'Well, not precisely. To tell you the truth, Jack, there never was a friend. He went on hurriedly, holding up one hand in dignified protest, for Jack had looked at him queerly, very queerly. 'You know me too well to doubt me, I hope, when I say there is no ground for doubt.'

The son's keen eyes met the father's for an instant, and then a rare smile softened them as the man's hands met. 'You may be sure of that,' he said, brightly.

The archdeacon cleared his throat. 'Thank you,' he said, 'I only think you will understand the position. Miss Kent, the young lady in question, lives here, and I have called to-day to see her by appointment.'

'The Dickens you have? Is it like your impression that some one—some one he had met?' 'Both men swung round at the interruption. In the doorway, holding the door open with one hand, while with the other placed against the wall he balanced himself on his feet, stood a smart, Jewish-looking man. 'The Dickens you have?' This gentleman repeated, leaning on the two men and smiling pleasantly.

'So that is your game, is it?' said the archdeacon, who, he continued, adverting himself particularly to the studious archdeacon—'and how far away seemed Wianall and the lavender and the calm delights of Sudbury at that moment?'

'I am ashamed of myself, old man,' said Jack, 'I have never found anything so beneficial for Neuralgia as Simson's Liniment.'

Mr. Robert Reid, of Frogmore, P. E. Island, says: 'I have never found anything so beneficial for Neuralgia as Simson's Liniment.'

Elizabeth Paquette, St. Thomas, Que., says: 'I have never found anything so beneficial for Neuralgia as Simson's Liniment.'

After suffering severely for several years from Neuralgia for two sleepless nights, I found relief by having an ointment rubbed upon the parts with Simson's Liniment. 12 minutes after using it every vestige of the pain had disappeared. There never again appearing so effectual.'

Simson's Liniment is just the remedy every one has long been looking for. The largest bottle in the market for 25 cts. One trial will assure you of its reliability. Manufactured by

Brown Bros. & Co., 111 HALIFAX, N. S. SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

MONEY TO LOAN On Real Estate Security. Apply to

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

daughter-in-law far more than he did, who had known Grisel's mother, and knew, too, that actresses may be good and true women. It would be dreadful for her, the archdeacon knew it; but he valued one thing above even the peace of his home, and that was his honor. It was not in sarcasm, we call him a good man. 'To break his word to leave this girl, whom he beheld with respect, in the hands of her wretched father, and so to leave her with her faith in goodness shattered—this Archdeacon Yale could not do.'

But he was tempted that night to think hard things of Jack, to think that Jack, who had never given him the headache before, had just been brought back, and that he was bringing this trouble on them. It went no further than temptation, and he was marvelously thankful next morning that he had not framed the thought in words; for, at the moment the breakfast room, looking a year older than he had seemed chipping his egg yesterday, the half porter put a telegram into his hands. 'Come at once—Jack's wife has died!'

How swiftly does a great misfortune, a great loss, great pain expel a less! I have known a man lose his wife and go heavily for a month, and then losing £1,000 become as oblivious of her as if she had never been born. But the archdeacon was not such a man, and, rattling toward Westminster in a cab, felt not that £1,000 would be a small price to pay for his son's safety, but that, if providence should take him at his thought, he might have worse news for his wife than those tidings which had almost aged him in a night.

His son, however, met him at the great gates, whole and sound, but with a grave face. 'You are too late, sir,' he said, quietly, yet flushing a little at the grasp of his father's hand, and more when the archdeacon told him to pay the cabman a double fare. 'I have brought you here for nothing. He died a quarter of an hour ago, sinking very rapidly after I sent to you.'

'Who? Who died?' asked the archdeacon, pressing one hand very heavily on the other's shoulder, as they walked slowly back toward the bridge. 'Mr. Kent.'

The elder man said nothing for a while—almost at least. But presently he asked Jack to tell him about it.

'There is little to tell. After we left him he went out. Going home again late at night and not, I very, very steady, he was run down by a road car. When they brought him to the hospital he was hopelessly injured, but quite sensible. They fetched his daughter, and then he asked for me—as your son. He did not know my address, but the assistant surgeon happened to be a friend of mine, and he did, and he sent a cab for me.'

And really that seemed all. 'It is very, very sudden; but— heaven forgive me, I cannot regret his death,' said the clergyman. 'It is impossible.'

They had reached the corner of the bridge. 'There is something else I should tell you, Jack, said, nervously. 'When he sent for me he had a lawyer brought and made his will.'

'His will?' repeated the archdeacon, somewhat startled. 'Had he anything to leave?' He asked the question rather in pity for so wretched a creature as the man had seemed to him than out of curiosity.

'I will believe him,' said Jack, slowly, 'and I think he was telling the truth, he was worth £30,000.'

'Impossible!' cried the archdeacon. 'I do not know, replied Jack. 'But shall soon learn. He said he had made it in oil, and had come home as a poor man to see how his wife and child would receive him. I do not think he was so bad. Jack continued, thoughtfully. 'There must have been a streak of romance in him.'

'I fear,' muttered the archdeacon, very sensibly, 'that it is all romance.'

'But it was not all romance; truth be said, there is oil in the states yet, and Mr. Kent, of whom, since he is dead, we all speak with respect, by hook or by crook had got his share. The £30,000 were really discovered pleasantly fruitfully in Argentina on the railway, and proved as many reasons why Mrs. Yale, when Jack's fate became known to her, should still smile again. The archdeacon put it neatly: 'To marry an actress is a grave offence, but to marry one and one easily committed; but to marry an actress with £30,000—well such ladies are not blackberries, nor do they grow on every bush.'

Mr. and Mrs. John Yale had not yet established themselves at the hall. They live at Henley, and their house is the resort in summer of all kinds of people, among whom the archdeacon is a very butterfly. An idea prevails—though a few of us are in the secret—that Mrs. Jack comes, in common with so many other pretty women, of an old Irish family and the other day I overheard an amusing conversation at her table. 'Mrs. Yale, some one was saying, 'do you know that you remind me so strongly, if I may say it without offence, of Miss Kittie Latoche, the actress?'

'Indeed,' cried the lady, with a charming blush. 'And do you know that you are in love with that young lady before he knew me, and I believe that he secretly regrets her now.'

'Till for that!' cried Jack. 'Let us all begin telling tales. If my wife was not in love with one Mr. Charles Williams a month or two ago—before she married me, I will tell her.'

'Oh, Jack,' exclaimed the lady, covered with confusion. But this story would not be believed in Sudbury, where Mrs. John passes for being a little shy, a little timid and not a little prudish. [Coville's Magazine.]

Faithfully Recommended. In the Spring of 1888, I was afflicted with a cough, which left me very weak. I had a very bad cough, and resolved to try Hayward's Pectoral Balm. It did me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken, and I can faithfully recommend it. Miss Mary Kay, Virginia, Oct.

A NICE BREAKFAST DISH.—Chop fine two heaping cups of cold boiled potatoes, add to these two-thirds of a cup of milk in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of butter in cut fine and an egg well beaten is added. Heat gently hot, butter them well, fill with the mixture, and then turn flour and put in a hot oven till nicely browned.

The prevalence of scurvy is so great in the blood, which means that many are aware. Indeed, but few persons are free from it. Fortunately, however, we have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla the most potent remedy ever discovered for this terrible affliction.

Never Despair. Even when all seems lost, there is yet hope. Many a despairing, almost helpless victim of dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, scurvy or rheumatism, has been brought back to health and usefulness by Burdock Blood Bitters, the greatest remedy known for all blood diseases.

CHICKEN TURKEY.—Take the remains of a cold roast chicken, chop fine and put in a stew pan. Season with salt pepper, and a good quantity of butter, break over the meat three raw eggs, stir all together, pour it upon buttered toast and serve.

High-Pressure. Living characteristics these modern days. The result is a fearful increase of Brain and Heart Diseases—Cerebral Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Intensity. Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine, in my opinion, to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body. 'I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable.'

A Cure for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood. '—Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio. 'For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I think it is the best medicine I have ever used. I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable.'

The Mother and Her Children. I am fully conscious that thousands of mothers are over-laden, that the actual demands of life from day to day consume all their strength and energy. But what choice has the mother, and which would you, the less, an unpolished stove or an untaught boy? Dirty windows or a boy whose confidence you have failed to gain? Cobwebs in the corner, or a son over whose soul a crust has formed so strong that you despair of melting it with your hot tears and fervent prayers? I have seen a woman who was absolutely ignorant of her children's habits or thoughts, who never felt that she could spare a half hour to read or talk to them—I have seen this woman spend ten minutes in ironing a sheet (there were six in the washing); one hour in fitting the ruffles on her little girl's 'sweet white mitts'; thirty minutes in polishing the brass which were already bright and clean; forty minutes in frosty a cake for tea, because 'company' was expected. When the mother, a good Christian, shall appear before the great white throne to be judged, for the deeds done in the body, and to give in her report of the Master's measure placed in her care, what will be questions and answers like these: 'Where are the boys and girls I gave them?' 'Lord, I was busy keeping my house clean and in order, and my children wandered away!' 'Where were the little white mitts and the daughters were learning the lessons of discipline, music, and deportment?' 'Lord, I was polishing furniture, and running dresses and making beautiful rugs.' 'What has time to show for thy life work?' 'Ans. The tidious house, Lord, and the best starching and ironing in all our neighborhood.'

Over the Cataract. When the brave Stanley and his tireless followers were pushing their way into Central Africa, they came one day to the bank of a mighty river. Footsore and weary they quickly launch their boats, and find rest and change in floating upon the smooth surface of the stream. Soon, however, the watchful eye of the great explorer sees unmistakable signs of the near presence of a cataract. The current grows swift, tiny bubbles float by. The signal is given to land, and the party seeks safety on the rock above the cataract. One daring spirit, however, pushes his little canoe into the middle of the stream and goes resolutely forward, with all intention of finding whether the river is navigable. In vain his comrades shout and gesture, rushing wildly along the river bank in pursuit. 'Not until the loud thunder of falling water breaks upon his ears does he attempt to turn. Also, it is too late. The oars are wrenched from his hands, the boat is tossed wildly about, and in a brief moment, which seems an age to the lookers on, it is dashed to the pieces against a huge boulder on the very brink of a frightful precipice. In vain our comrades are kindly warning us of our danger. Our columns have often portrayed the fearful scourge that surrounds us. Often we hear the expression 'This fearful scourge more prevalent than in olden times.' We say 'No.' The recent discoveries of the microscope have developed the real cause of many terrible fatalities and brought out the fact that many of the symptoms which are called diseases are but symptoms of kidney disorder. People do not die because of the kidneys ulcerating and destroying their blood matter, but because the poisonous waste matter is not extracted from the blood as it passes through the kidneys, the only blood purifying organs, but remaining forcing its way through the system, attacking the weakest organ. The doctors call this a disease, when in reality it is but a symptom. Understanding this, the reason why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many common diseases is plain. It removes the cause of disease by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition; enables them to perform their functions and remove the impurities from the blood; purifies the blood and prevents the poisonous matter coursing through the system and attacking the weaker organs and producing a malady which the unskilful practitioner pronounces a disease, because of his inability to remove the cause. Boston, May 5.—Prominent citizens of Boston propose to form a stock company to establish a factory in one of the poorest districts of Ireland, in order to furnish employment to evicted tenants. The plan will be submitted to Messrs. Farrell, Tegg and O'Brien for approval. It is proposed to manufacture boots, shoes, clothing and underclothes. There is already a flourishing underwear factory in Mullingar run upon this principle. Some of the stock is held by Boston friends of the Irish cause.