

Miscellaneous.

Our Missed Babies. THE LIGHT AND JOY OF OUR HEARTS AND HOMES.

God bless the babies! What a world this would be without them. What a sorrow and curdling up there would be of the milk of human kindness for want of an outlet if they were not here to receive the love and be fed by it.

Some girls are said to object to take work in a family where there are children. They must be exceptional, as most people would prefer to live where there are one or two, as where there are children there is a roughness in a common saying, a "roughness" being north Irish for a liberal supply of provender, and an absence of that economy which is styled "cheese paring."

In many houses the supply of babies seems rather in excess of the demand, though I have never met a mother who admitted it; in others the baby is sadly wanted. I lived once with a young couple who seemed to have everything in this world to make them happy—youth, good health, good looks, plenty of money and a luxurious home. Yet one thing was missing in that grand house; there was no cradle there.

I am very sure that the sound of an infant crying in the night, and with no language but a cry, and the rocking of a cradle would have sounded sweeter than the warbling of a Patti. There is another place I know where the baby is of use. It is where grandpa and grandma sit together at the hearth and watch the blaring fire while the shadows gather around them and peep at them from far corners.

In that house the clock ticks very loudly and the cat purrs with a volume of sound that has something like the effect produced by the endless rattle and fall of the big wheel in an Irish linen, tie-dyeing mill. The house is very quiet, and when grandpa wakes up with a little more and looks up to grandma apologetically, but the good old lady has been taking forty winks herself, and never notices it. There is not so much to talk about. Grandpa is not so warm now on politics now as he used to be and grandma does not follow up the fashion with the same eagerness as formerly. Grandma's cap is no longer red; there is little romance in life at 77. The Bible is more thumbed than it was in the times thirty years ago, and the world is slipping away from those two old people.

There is not much to look forward to but a green mound under the elms, and so the old people sit and perhaps picture to themselves a time when the quiet home will have a still deeper quietness upon it when the day comes when one shall be taken and the other left. But all this is changed when the baby grandchild comes and the busy feet and patter about the old passages and rooms. The clock is never heard ticking, for the shrill baby voice chatters and laughs incessantly, and the old cat flies around after a ball of string as if she were a kitten again. Grandma's cap is all away, for baby likes to do up grandma's silvery curls in her own fashion, and grandma must leave his curly hair to be the "annamills" in baby's Noah's ark and name them one by one like an elderly Adam, and by and by he gets interested over the yellow canary and spotted pig and tells stories about them from Peter Parley and other writers of his youth, and forgets that he is seventy-seven and has the asthma of old age.

God bless the baby! he is a better tonic than all the bitters ever advertised. In another house I know where there is a little girl of 9 years of age, a spoiled only child, who is overruled and underbred, and is rapidly developing a selfish and vain disposition fatal to her future happiness. I should like to see a baby brother there. He would put her nose out of joint and improve her wonderfully. In six months' time she would be pulling off her prettiest ribbons to deck the baby's tiny sleeves and her cheeks to hang on his chubby arms, and would learn more from the baby of the great lessons of human life, of the being of self-sacrifice and the blessedness of giving than she would do from the best teacher who charges so many guineas a quarter for his instructions. The baby has a mission, and he fulfills it. He has an object in life, and he accomplishes it. If ever it becomes necessary to this old population I hope the process will not begin at the small end of the human race, for I affirm and maintain that there is not one baby too many in the whole world.

Rules for Weak Kidneys. 1. Always keep the feet dry. 2. Keep the skin in the best possible condition by bathing, rubbing, etc., in order that it may relieve the kidneys of as much work as possible. (Remember that one fifth of all the water leaving the body in twenty-four hours passes out by the skin.) 3. Wear flannel next the skin night and day, winter and summer. 4. Do not live in a damp house, or in a cold, damp climate. 5. A dry climate is the best for the subject of Bright's disease. 6. Do not indulge in alcoholic beverages. Their action proves destructive to the tissue structure of the liver and kidneys when they are taken. 7. Do not partake too freely of meat, which is not all burnt up in the body, as some suppose, and is excreted as urea by the kidneys. Meat once a day is probably sufficient. 8. Do not use much coffee, tea, tobacco, etc. They seek to exert a prejudicial action upon weak kidneys. 9. Avoid drugs like opium, mercury, and cathartics, the use of which in all forms of Bright's disease is fraught with certain danger. 10. Sleep in an airy room, preferably facing the south; and live out of doors in the warm sunlight as much as possible. 11. Take plenty of sleep. 12. Avoid overwork and worry and be scrupulously regular in all the habits of life.

Eggs can be kept perfectly for six months, by coating each one with the white of egg. Apply it with the finger so that every spot is touched, then pack the eggs in a box, in any position you wish, putting a layer of paper between every layer of eggs, and let the box away in a cool, dry place. The white of one egg will coat from eight to ten dozen. I have tried this receipt for five years, and have never known it to fail. —Hawke's Post.

It has been demonstrated in California that peach stones make excellent fuel, and they now realize \$2 per ton. A sack of the peach stones will weigh eighty pounds and last as long as an equal weight of coal and give a greater intensity of heat.

The Travelling Merchants.

The old adage that "goods well bought are half sold" is a good one, and one that every merchant should keep constantly before him.

Years ago when a merchant had need to replenish his stock in trade he was compelled to leave his place and travel great distances to find the manufacturer of the goods he wanted, and this entailed much expense and loss of time. But the times have changed. Now the manufacturer or importer finds it to his advantage to do the travelling, and so he gets together small samples of his goods and sends his drummer, or travelling salesman, out over the country to do for the retail merchant what he formerly had to do for himself. Like all new systems, however, this one met with obstacles and was not looked on favorably at the first. The mission of the drummer was not thoroughly understood, as his reception in too many cases demonstrated, but the system has grown, and now the travelling salesman is a fixture, and has come to be looked upon as a valuable adjunct to trade. The drummer may be regarded as a necessary evil, or a blessing according to the man; but the merchant and the drummer are of mutual benefit to each other, and every travelling man should be entitled to a courteous reception and subsequent consideration treatment. For change in prices, new goods, and a hundred and one other points of information, we are dependent on him. So treat him nicely. A thorough general of prices in current, advertising leaflets, and such matter as he may hand you, is well worth the time spent. If nothing shows itself of immediate advantage to you, there are points to make memoranda of, and cuts you will need some time, that should be transferred to an indexed scrap-book. The next man who comes in may want just what you saw on a circular. A faint crying in the night, and with no language but a cry, and the rocking of a cradle would have sounded sweeter than the warbling of a Patti. There is another place I know where the baby is of use. It is where grandpa and grandma sit together at the hearth and watch the blaring fire while the shadows gather around them and peep at them from far corners.

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PAIN'S CELESTIAL COMPOUND

NOTES AT THE SAME TIME ON THE NERVES, THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS. This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

Why Are We Sick? Because we allow the nerves to remain weakened and irritated, and these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

By quieting and strengthening the nerves, and causing free action of the liver, bowels, and kidneys, and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Notice of Assignment. NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Morse, of Kentville, N. S., assignor, and J. H. Banks, of Halifax, N. S., assignee, do hereby assign to the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name and style of BOWLEY BALCOM & CO., Limited, all the property in and about the County of Annapolis, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said date being at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by a referee.

At Private Sale! Valuable Property on Granville St. THAT very superior and substantially built Two Story Dwelling, with garden, containing a store of coal, and a large Apple, Pear and Plum Trees; also Stable, Carriage and Wood House in good repair. Immediate possession. Apply to the subscriber, Lewis A. Dickie, Bridgetown, Jan. 30th, 1889.

H. H. BANKS, PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT, Parker Market Building, Halifax, N. S. Farm Produce Sold on Commission. COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON! BUY AN EVANS BROS. PIANO.

They are light in touch. Unrivalled in tone, Handsome in appearance, Unrivalled in durability, AND NOT EXCELLED BY ANY PIANO MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION. MILLER BROS., SOLE AGENTS, MIDDLETON, N. S. EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

W. A. CHUTE, BUILDING MOVER, BEAR RIVER, N. S. BUILDINGS of all descriptions Raised and Moved, by land or Water, without taking down chimneys or disturbing the occupants. Stranded Vessels, of all sizes, raised and floated. Boilers and engines, of all descriptions, hoisted and out of steamers, placing them in any position.

Machine WORKS! J. I. LLOYD, Manufacturer of SHINGLE MACHINES, BOX BOARD MACHINES, CYLINDER STAVE SAWS, STAVE PLANERS, STAVE JOINTERS, BRADING BOUNDERS of various styles, BUZZ PLANERS, ETC. 717

Money for Sale. THIS subscriber offers for sale that very nicely situated property in MIDDLETON, County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, on the Post Road and in the immediate neighborhood of Railway Station, Telegraph Office, Post Office and Churches, consisting of about forty-five acres superior soil, a three-story brick house, a well furnished house, a commodious and thoroughly finished house, woodshed, barn, stables, etc., in good repair. JONATHAN WOODBURY.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway

Time Table. GOING EAST. 8 Annapolis-leave... 11:00 A.M. 9 Kentville-arrive... 12:00 P.M. 10 Bridgetown-leave... 1:00 P.M. 11 Kentville-arrive... 2:00 P.M. 12 Bridgetown-leave... 3:00 P.M. 13 Kentville-arrive... 4:00 P.M. 14 Annapolis-leave... 5:00 P.M. 15 Kentville-arrive... 6:00 P.M. 16 Bridgetown-leave... 7:00 P.M. 17 Kentville-arrive... 8:00 P.M. 18 Annapolis-leave... 9:00 P.M. 19 Kentville-arrive... 10:00 P.M. 20 Bridgetown-leave... 11:00 P.M. 21 Kentville-arrive... 12:00 P.M.

WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY. OFFICE OF CHARLES A. BYRNE, BRIDGETOWN, N. S. KENDALL'S SPAIN CURE. The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, and all the ailments of the Urinary System.

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Every Household

Should have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saves thousands of lives annually, and is peculiarly efficacious in Croup, Whooping Cough, and Sore Throat.

Relieved By. "After an extensive practice of nearly one-third of a century, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is my cure for recent colds and coughs. I prescribe it, and believe it to be the very best expectorant now offered to the people." —Dr. John C. Lewis, Druggist, West Bridgewater, Pa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle, 50¢ per dozen.

Do U. C. this big cut? Having a large lot of Spectacles on hand we are going to Reduce the Prices AWAY DOWN!

WE WILL SELL \$2.00 Glasses - For \$1.00. \$1.50 Glasses - For 75 Cents. 50 Cent Eye Glasses - For 25 Cents.

Remember, we always mean what we say; Come right along and get filled out. ALL KINDS! NEAR SIGHT! OLD SIGHT! YOUNG SIGHT!

Now don't complain about your Bad Sight when you have so Good a Sight to Improve Your Sight.

J. E. SANCTON, Post Office Building, Bridgetown, N. S.

CURE FOR THE DEAF! Peck's Patent Improved Coughed Ear. PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drum.

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER - AT - LAW, Notary Public, Real Estate Agent, United States Consul Agent, Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

W. G. PARSONS, B. A., Barrister, Solicitor, Etc., MIDDLETON, N. S. Office in A. BEALS' STORE, 161

Joker's Corner.

Why Dr. Hawkes Declined. HE DISMISSED HIS TRAVELLING SELLING MAN, ESMA AND HAWKES.

North Carolina probably never produced an able preacher than Dr. Francis L. Hawkes, who a quarter of a century ago was pastor of Grace Episcopal Church, New York. Short, thick set, swarthy, black eye and black hair, he was a striking personage. He was not only a great pulpit orator, but considered the best reader in the New York Episcopate. His rather luxuriant family detracted him from accepting a bishopric, which would have been otherwise tendered. One day a delegation from a Buffalo church waited upon and invited him to accept a pastorate in that city.

"Well, gentlemen, other things being satisfactory, I accepted the proffered rows down to a business matter," said Dr. Hawkes. "What salary do you offer?" "Dr. Hawkes, we offer you \$2,000 per annum. We recognize that you have a high reputation and are willing to be liberal. Our recent pastor has received \$2,500, but on account of your standing we have decided to offer you \$3,500."

"My good man," cried the doctor, gasping, "do you know what salary I am receiving here?" "No, sir." "I receive \$15,000 and this parsonage, and as I have an expensive family I do not see my way clear to accept your offer."

The spokesman looked rather sheepish, but made no reply. "I have had known that fact, sir, we would undoubtedly have looked elsewhere; you should remember that the Lord's will must be done, and as for providing for your family, you know the story of the ravens."

"Now friends," responded the clergyman, quizzically, "I have made the Bible my study ever since I was twenty-eight. I have read it through at least five or fully over a hundred times. I remember the raven incident perfectly, but nowhere can I find any reference to the Lord's providing for young Hawkes." —Washington Post.

What Could That Fourth One Be. There is a very nice young lady in Washington who has a way of riding herself of horses that is not only unique, but at least, she tells the tiresome party a story; then a second; if the second doesn't start him, the third one is almost sure to. In one case the fourth never missed its man. She calls them her "Undertaker Series." They are as follows: "Oh, dear," said the beautiful daughter of a prominent undertaker, "I am afraid I shall be too late to Saratoga this summer. Papa says he never knew people to be so frightfully healthy. If some one doesn't die before long I shall not have a new spring in my step for some time."

The second runs as follows: A New England gentleman went to Florida in the last stages of consumption, lingered a few months and passed away. The local undertaker was called in. The season was about over, and his large and select assortment had been reduced to a single casket, which proved about two feet too long for the deceased. "Never mind," said the undertaker, "I will have the casket made to order. This is a certain undertaker's energetic wife asks out the family purse by keeping a boarding house. The boarders seem to be able to tell, with unerring accuracy, when the husband has had charge of a funeral, because the next day there are flowers on the table and ice on the buffet. The fourth story can be told only under extreme provocation. It would be downright grave robbery to repeat it. —Washington Post.

WOMEN'S GOOD HANDS.—Mr. Gumball was telling a group of the bibliomaniacs yesterday there was nothing so beautiful in a house as a heavy of bright children. "I have a very nice pair," said he. "I hold, as the saying is, a 'bald head'."

What's that? asked Hon. Charles B. Farwell, the well known collector of Bibles and psalm books. "We were talking about children," exclaimed Mr. Gumball, "and I was saying that in our family we have a bald head—four girls and a boy."

Thereupon everybody laughed—everybody except the sage of East Pearson street. "No," said Farwell, smiling sadly, "it is evident that you have had no experience in the ways of the world, otherwise you would not make so erroneous an application of terms. You do not hold a bald head; you hold four of a kind—four kings—a jack—a powerful good hand, sir, and I should advise you to stand pat." —Chicago News.

Good Advice to Girls.

Don't forget, my dear, that now is your time to establish your character for life as a well-bred, charming, modest girl; do not let me of you, lose the opportunity. Don't go out driving or walking or sailing alone with any young man. Perhaps you will tell me that all girls do it. Not so! Well-bred girls, my dear; if you have no real chaperon take another girl with you. Half the scandals and tragedies of women begin in their carelessness about this very thing. And over all do be most particular about the young men with whom you associate. Avoid 'fast' men as you would lepers. Men who are dissipated are inherently low; no matter how rich, how handsome, how highly placed in what is called society, such men are no associates for pure young girls. You do not know anything about their real lives and characters, and they know you do not; they take advantage of your natural and lovely innocence and admire it; though they know themselves they are not fit to touch the hem of your dress even.

Do your part toward making society what it should be by your marked avoidance of young men who drink, gamble, or have a bad reputation in any way. If every girl would do this we should have a very different state of things in the world. No girl who accepts a high standard of character by which to select her friends or associates will do such a revolting thing as to elope with her father's coachman or her neighbor's groom, and thereby lose all that makes a woman's life desirable. You have doubtless been told all brought up to be in danger of any such fatal step; but you may be just as thoroughly shipwrecked by marrying an elegant, wealthy, good looking youth from any 'first family,' if he is not a man of high principle and pure life, as by allying yourself with a servant having no such advantages.

I must say another thing about your clothes. They are to be too fine. Simplicity and exquisite taste are more attractive in a girl's costume than any extravagance of fashion or costliness of material; but even the plainest dress may be made flattering by its modest style.

I see young girls go out into society so much like our first parents in Eden, 'naked and not ashamed,' that my heart sinks and my eyes are clouded at the sight; for we are not in Eden now; nor silent and ignorant in innocence. I cannot think a young girl is instinctively modest who wears a very décolleté dress, no matter who she is.

Uses of Cotton Seed. Was there ever such a history as that of the cotton seed? says the Banker's Monthly. For 70 years despised as a nuisance, and buried and dumped as garbage, then discovered to be the best of food for the soil the soil was hungering, and reluctantly admitted to the rank of utilities, shortly afterward found to be nutritious food for beasts, and thereupon treated with something like respect. Once admitted to the circle of farm industries it was found to hold 35 gallons of pure oil to the ton, worth in its crude state \$140 to the ton, or \$400,000 for the whole crop of seed. But since a system was devised for refining the oil up to a value of \$1 a gallon, and the frugal Italian placed a cask of it at the root of every olive tree, and then defied the boreas breath of the Alps. And then experience showed that the ton of cotton seed was a better fertilizer and a better stock food than robbed of its 35 gallons of oil. Thus before, that the hulls of the seeds made the best of fuel for feeding the oil mill engine, that the ashes of the hulls scooped from the engine's draught had the highest commercial value as potash, and that the refuse of the whole made the best and purest soap stock, to carry to the toilet the perfumes of Lubin or Colgate.

POSTAGE STAMP COLLECTING.—Those who do not keep track of the postage stamp collection craze can hardly realize, says the New York Tribune, how the far runs away with a man's judgment. At a recent sale of rare postage stamps in London as single British Guinea stamp of 1856 brought \$250, and was considered cheap at that price. Some Russian stamps are so rare that they will command a high price, and attempts are frequently made to forge them. The great collection of Philippe Ferrari of Paris contains a quarter of a billion of stamps, and is thought to be worth about \$1,000,000. Mr. Philbrick recently sold his collection to M. Ferrari for \$50,000; and Sir Daniel Cooper, the well-known Australian collector, has sold his fine collection to the same collector for \$150,000. The collection of the late Duchess de Galliera is said to have cost nearly \$300,000, and is the best of the 3,000 volumes in which it is contained was about \$65,000. At the Paris mint there is a remarkable collection, while the Rothschild collection in Paris is almost priceless in value. Rare stamps sell at from \$100 to \$1,000, and the collectors keep a close watch on all the sales throughout the world in order to secure the specimens they desire. Altogether the craze represents a fictitious value of millions of dollars.

—Dinner out.—"Waiter, how's this? I have just discovered a collar-button in my soup." "Watered—Yes, sah, you're de lucky man. We has pris soup on Mondays all Wednesdays. A baroness gift in your twentieth plate, sah." —Once a Week.

FILLING FOR NAIL HOLES.—The following method of filling up nail holes in wood is not only simple, but very effective: Take fine sawdust and mix into a thick paste with glue, pound it into the holes, and when dry, it will make the work as good as new. Frank Christ, Jr., in Stores and Hardware, says he has followed this for thirty years, with unrivalling success in repairing woodwork, which is the most severe test known. Often by frequent attachment of new leather to old bellows frames, the wood becomes so puffed that there is no space to drive the nails, and even if there were the remaining holes would allow air to escape. A treatment with glue and sawdust paste invariably does the work, while lead, putty, and other remedies always fail.

A VALUABLE VIOLIN.—Mr. David Laurie, of Glasgow, has refused \$10,000 for the famous "Auld" Stradivarius violin, but \$12,250 has now been offered on behalf of the American collector, Delia Auld, considered the "Auld" formerly belonged to J. B. Vuillaume, the expert, who gave it to his son-in-law, Delia Auld, violin professor at the Paris Conservatoire, who sold it to Mr. Laurie. It is dated 1715, and is the only one with a neck of a slight lengthening of the neck. —Ez.

Three copper kettles and a human skeleton were unearthed about three miles from Bathurst, N. S. W., last week. The skeleton is of a large size and is supposed to have been in the earth more than 100 years.

Many Thanks. My age is 58 and for 20 years I have suffered from kidney complaint, rheumatism and lame back, and would have been a dead woman if it had not been for Burdock Blood Bitters, which built me up into a healthy and vigorous manhood. —Maggie Hendley, Half Island Cove, N. S.