OVER WORKED Women.

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A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

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The Mutual Relief Society
—OF—
NOVA SCOTIA!

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This will compare very favorably with the amount of business done within Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, by any Life Insurance Company.

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Individuals desiring Insurance are invited to make a comparison between the merits of this Society and those of other companies, before giving an application.

For particulars please write to, or see our agents.

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THOMAS B. CROSBY, Manager.

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1885. 1885.

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THE BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,

ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.

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Call and inspect work.

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Bridgetown, July, 1885

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BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

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Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

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THE subscriber offers for sale 75 bbls. Best Brands of Patent Flour, cheaper than can be got elsewhere.

Apply to JACOB FOSTER, Bridgetown, or to PHINEAS CHESLEY, Granville.

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The great Internal and External

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FOR MAN AND BEAST.

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IT IS CELEBRATED FOR THE CURE OF

Cramps, Diarrhœa, Cholera, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Rheumatism Pain or Lameness in the Back, Chest and Side, Soreness and Stitches in the side, Stiffness in the Joints, Colds, Sudden Chills, Bruises, Cuts, Swellings, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Chilblains, &c.

Also the Best Liniment Extant for Horses.

For curing Lameness, swellings, Hard Lumps, Windgalls etc., and Strains, Wounds and Bruises etc., in Horses and Cattle.

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VOL. 14. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1886. NO. 27.

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FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

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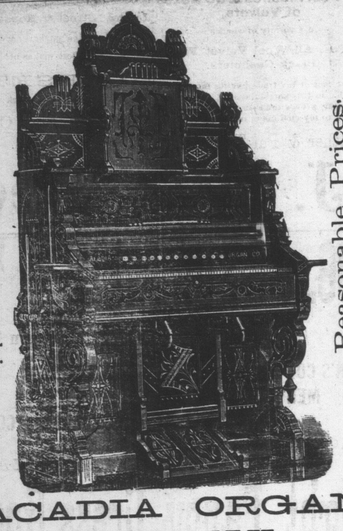
Good Workmanship.



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BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

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Spectacles & Eye-Glasses,

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REAL PEBBLES are kept in stock. Tests are given to purchasers to prove Genuineness. They are recommended by and testimonials have been received from the President, Vice-President, Ex-President, and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University; the President and Ex-Presidents of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, &c., &c.

These recommendations ought to be sufficient to prove their qualities, but if further proof is needed call on

. E. SANGTON, Watchmaker & Jeweller, Agent. - - BRIDGETOWN

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PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

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Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

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FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

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WOOL SHIRTS,

Shirts & Drawers,

A SMALL LOT OF

GENTS' GENUINE

Plymouth Buck Gloves.

Apple Barrels.

B. STARRATT.

Golden Medical Discovery.

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Fating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

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F. L. MURPHY, Licensed Auctioneer.

South Farmington, Jan. 19th, '86 41tf.

CORN IN EGYPT!

Roop & Shaw

Beg to notify the public generally that they always keep on hand an assortment of

CARRIAGES

of the latest styles, made from

First Class Stock,

which will be sold on easy terms and reasonable prices.

Middleton, April 20th 1885. n2tf.

Poetry.

The Reapers.

When the tired reapers, with fragrant sheaves,
Come out of the corn, as the sun goes down,
And the sky is rich as the falling leaves
In crimson and purple and golden brown,
I sit in the mellow and marvellous eves
And watch, as the loom of the sunset weaves
Its cloth of gold over country and town.

And I think how the summers have come and gone
Since we saw the shuttle across the blue
That wove the colors of dusk and dawn
When the musk of the sleeping roses flew
On the wings of the south wind over the lawn,
And the evening shadows were longer drawn,
And the sun was low, and stars were few;

When Love was sweet in the lives we led
As the leaven that lives in the latter spring
To grow in the flowers, the books we read,
The romp and rush of the grape-vine swing,
In words and work, to be filled and fed
On books of honey and wasted bread,
And sung in the songs that we used to sing.

And out of the shadows they came to me,
As flowers of the spring come, year by year,
The lovers we had when to love was free,
The stars were few and the skies were clear,
And we knew it was happiness just to be,
Through the sheaves of the cloud-land fair to see,
While the weary reapers are drawing near,

Though the red and white roses have lost their leaves
In the ashes of summers of long ago,
They come, through the mellow and marvellous eves,
With the harvest of love that we used to sow,
As rich as the garlands the sunset weaves
When the tired reapers with fragrant sheaves
Come out of the corn and the sun is low.

—WILL WALLACE HARNEY, in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

To the Author of the 'Imitatio Christi.'

[On receiving 'L'Imitazioni ta Cristu minn Tommaso da Kempis.' Malta, 1886.]

A solitary monk within his cell,
Whose walls did make an island of his life,
Surrounded by the waves of war and strife,
His hours obedient to the convent bell
Until the grave had closed upon his corpse.
A life secluded from the haunts of men;
A soul that found an utterance, by the pen,
For hope and sorrow, joy and sad remorse;
A soul that longed for purity, that taught
Man's duty was to put down pride and sin,
To conquer passion, keep all white within,
And shun a world with dark and evil fraught.
Ages have passed, yet still, amid the strife,
Is heard the music of that far-off life.

—WILLIAM D. A. AXON.

Select Literature.

Out with the Tide.

THE EBB WHICH SETS IN AND 'TAKES A SOUL.'

One of the most striking and dramatic death-bed scenes ever sketched by the master hand of Charles Dickens is that of the old Bludderstone carrier, Barkis, in "David Copperfield," which if not the most powerful of Dicken's creations, and occasionally a little garrulous, undoubtedly possesses a Rembrandt perspective and a felicity of imaginative touch exceeded by no other. From the boy of ten my remembrance of the picture of the rough old Yarmouth fisherman, whispering behind his huge, horny, caloused, uncouth hand; 'He's going out with the tide,' has possessed the peculiar reality of something actually remembered from visual, instead of the mere vividness that inheres to the remembrance of scenes more or less graphically described. If physiologists are correct in ascribing to the retina of the eye a memory of its own, independent of the mere cerebral recollections of impressions, the explanation of this fact is obvious. Recollections of scenes, faces or situations, which date from previous visual impression, and depend upon the faculty of the retina for reproducing images, are necessarily imbued with a certain photographic vividness and fidelity, to which the recollection of ideal pictures produced by reflex action but dimly approximates. Biographers say that Goethe and Shelley were gifted with a rare faculty of secondary vision, not shared by any common humanity, which enables at will, by mere effort of the memory to reproduce upon the retina of the eye impressions that had once been projected upon the delicate membrane, and thence transmitted to the brain—a faculty whose influence can be traced in their literature, in a certain pictorial quality imparted to scenes purely imaginary as well as in a certain graphic tone of imaginery and description.

Not many handlers of the pen, however, poets or mere romancers, gifted with secondary vision or not, have ever acquired the wizardry of touching their descriptions with the simple and direct reality of optical impression. Such magic of the pen pertains only to masters, and to them only in their highest moods—moments of supreme command of plastic material such as the reader may wade through pages of common-place to discover in the best writers. All the works of Dickens contain scarcely a score of such pages; and no other British writer, except Mr. Charles Kingsley in 'Alton Locke,' and George Eliot in 'Silas Marner,' the least of her creations in bulk, the finest and most artistic in reality, has ever touched, in evanescent glimpses even, this supreme summit of descriptive excellence.

The simple, direct, artistic picturesqueness that appears in the narrative of the death of Barkis—as if the writer were describing from life—is thus, then, probably due to his familiarity with a superstition common to maritime population, that the souls of dying men pass away with the tide—out—out—far out to sea. The touch of mystery with which the superstition is imbued, was a kind to quicken the active, sympathetic imagination of Dickens; and the result appears in that wizard death-bed picture evoked by that conjurer with the pen.

But is this weird belief about the souls of dying men going out with the tide—which I find as deep-seated and strong with the shrewd, hard-headed, horny-handed farmer-fisherman of this old New England town (Madison, Conn.,) as Dickens did, no doubt, with the bloaters of old Yarmouth—merely a groundless, but very natural, superstition of sea-going races, or is it in a fact that for some reasons not yet fathomed by science, the sick, old and enfeebled are more apt to die at ebb-tide than when the tide is rising? I remember, apropos, of the foregoing, the medical superintendant of one of the largest and finest asylums for the insane in this country once remarked to me, speaking of the ancient notion of the moon exercising a potent influence on the nervous system of man, that the cycle of recurrent phases through which the mind of a mad man periodically passes seldom or never varies from the limit of one month—that is, coincides substantially with the moon's aspects. The learned expert did not pretend to explain why or how this coincidence occurs—only that such is the fact, and that the ancients denoted it in the derivation of the word lunatic. In a similar manner, speaking with a prominent physician in this section of the State of Connecticut, whose practice embraces the three-shore towns of Guilford, Madison and Clinton, with a large fishing and coast population, the old whim that men are more prone to die at ebb-tide than at other hours of the day crops out from a source that entitles it to consideration.

'For more than thirty years,' said the gray-bearded old doctor, who gravely made this statement, as the result of his own personal observation, 'I have lived and observed among the rough, hardy souls hereabouts; and for more than fifty, my father before me gathered facts and wisdom from practice. I often ride thirty miles of a day along the coast; and I have stood by hundreds of death-beds of fishermen and farmers, old and young, during the last quarter of a century; but I can hardly recall a single instance of a person dying of disease who did not pass away while the tide was ebbing. It is a fact that, in critical cases, I never feel concerned of leaving the patient for an hour or two when the tide is coming in; but when it is receding, and particularly in the latter stages of the ebb, I always stay by, if I can, until the turn comes. You'll scarcely credit it, perhaps, but the daily record of the tides is the most important part of the almanac to me in my practice. If a patient who is very low lives to see the current turn from ebb to flow, I know the case is safe till the ebb sets in again. Then, take care!—for death wins. You remember the old saw in rhyme:

'When the tide come in, death waits for dole;
When the tide ebbs it takes a soul.'

'Well, it has also proved so in my practice.'

Of course, the weather-beaten old practioner did not wish to be understood as imagining that the tidal movement itself is in any way concerned in this tendency to fatality. Nor was he in possession of any definite theory of his own, or generally accepted by the profession, of the cause or causes to whose agency the observed fatality of ebb-tide is due.

'It is simply a fact of my experience,' he said, 'that patients die at ebb-tide; and that the remaining hours of the day are hours of comparative immunity from death, except by accident. The tower of Siloam is liable to fall at any hour of the day, high tide or low. One fact I may give you that possibly bears upon the scientific solution of the question; and that is that the barometical pressure varies rhythmically with the ebb and flow of the tide. But the relation of the two phenomens is as yet undetermined. Indeed, I am not sure that any observer but myself has noticed its existence.'

By way of illustrating his subject, the old doctor went on to tell a story in some particulars parallel to that of Barkis. This young man was very skeptical as to the basis in fact of the ancient notion, and so addressed himself for three years to the verification of the alleged relation, by ascertaining the hour and minute of every death that came under his notice, and comparing this datum with the tidal movement. Some four years ago the young skeptic commenced his record with a view to verify or disprove the world old hypothesis. During three years of careful thesis. During three years of careful observation and inquiry he amassed a record of fifty-one deaths. Only two of these occurred when the tide was rising, and these two were deaths from fatal accident. At the age of twenty-four the young scientist himself was stricken down by typhoid fever, and eventually succumbed to the disease, after lying for many days on the very verge of dissolution.

On his death-bed he sent for his brother in New York City, but the latter, was, unfortunately, so circumstanced that it was impossible to respond immediately to the summons, and delayed a day or two after the receipt of the message. On the closing afternoon of his life, hour after hour, till the last incoming wave had deposited its riddles of the sea, the dying man waited in patience, exclaiming now and then, or rather sighing, as the tall old fashioned clock in the corner of the room, like a gigantic coffin with fingers and hands, told off the seconds with a monotonous tick-tack, tick-tack of its tribe;

'I'm afraid Walley won't get here till after the tide turns! Mother, what time is it?'

And still the tall, old clock, whose exactly circular, silver frosted dial resembles one of the cyclopean faces in some old Hellenic bas-relief, went on telling of the seconds with the same relentless tick-tack that Hawthorne has described with such symbolical significance in the 'Scarlet Letter;' the last incoming wave broke on the lonesome sands of the sound shore; and the ebb set in that 'takes a soul.' The dying man lost hope as the fatal moment went by and Walley did not come.

'Walley won't get here, mother, till I'm gone,' he murmured, wearily, 'I shall be dead before the tide turns again!'

The prediction was verified. He went out with the tide, as Barkis did in the etching of Dickens and as the souls of many more have done before and since. The longed-and-waited-for Walley arrived less than an hour after the last outgoing tide wave had receded—but too late. The tide of life had ebbed forever; its last pulsating wave had receded from the enfeebled brain.

So ended the old doctor's story whose parallel I have listened to many times in the folk-lore of this primitive community—stories of the old and young the grave and gay, whose souls, like that of Barkis, had gone out with the tide.

'Mind you,' reiterated the grim old practitioner, 'I proffer no explanation of the fact. But fact it is sir, and no superstitious fancy of sea-going population, that the pulses of the living human heart rise and fall with the tidal movement of the sea. Form your own theory of the phenomenon. Within the last five years, in a district embracing sixty square miles or so by the sea, I have noted the hour and minute of no less that ninety-three demises in my own immediate practice, and every soul of them has all gone out with the tide, four who died suddenly by fatal accident. It is a riddle—a mystery. But I who have sat with my fingers on the wrist of many a feeble patient, and notice the pulse rise and strengthen, or sink and banish with the turning of the tide, know that it is a fact.'—*Francis Gerry Fairfield, in Albany Argus.*

Through Death Valley.

THREE MEN FIND THE LONG-LOST GUNSIGHT MINES.

LOS ANGELOS, CAL., Sept. 14.—There are now in this city three men who have recently crossed and recrossed the famous Death Valley of southern California, and who have succeeded in solving a mine mystery which has baffled the most daring and skillful prospectors for many years. The Gunsight placers were located in '49, but were afterward lost, and though repeated attempts have been made to find them, most of the men engaged in the effort have perished.

About six weeks ago when A. F. Judson, A. D. Spring, and Barnaby Carter announced that they were going after the Gunsight trail their friends sought to dissuade them, and chance acquaintances laughingly bade them goodbye forever. No one ever expected to see them again, and when they set out confidently on their mission they were given up as dead men might have been. So many such expeditions had left this and other towns only to meet death in its most horrible forms, that this one was regarded as especially foolhardy.

About a week ago the three men returned. They came in by rail, ragged, emaciated, and feeble, and one of them, Carter, sick abed. But all enthusiastic over their achievements, and each had in his pockets nuggets to prove his assertion that the Gunsight mine had been found. The story of their trip would be incredible were they not here as living witnesses to its truth, their bodies bearing all too plainly the proofs of the sufferings which they had undergone

Knowing that the discoverers of the Gunsight mines crossed the Death Valley, these adventurers sought, if possible, to make the same trial. Once through the Mojave desert, they soon came to the dazzling white sandy plain, where no life can exist. Almost at the first step they were prostrated by the fierce heat from above and below. Their feet swelled so they were compelled to rip open their shoes, and the goggles which they had prepared were but feeble protection for their eyes.

The men had two wagons, each drawn by two horses, and in these vehicles they carried water in barrels and other supplies. After an hour or two of the most painful locomotion, the heat becoming more intolerable at every step, the party paused a few minutes for rest and refreshment. The poor beasts fairly groaned in their agony and the men themselves did not dare look at each other lest they would read in each other's eyes the despair which all knew was settling upon them. On every hand they beheld the whitened skeletons of men, of horses, and of burros. In some places they found the remains of what appeared to have been an expedition—ruined vehicles, with the skeletons of horses and men lying about. Vultures, swooped down upon them with angry cries, and other birds of prey circled high above their heads, following them as they progressed.

When night came they followed the north star, one man trying to sleep while the others drove. At daybreak there was nothing to relieve the eye. All around them was the gleaming sand; overhead the brassy sky, and far away the rocky sides of mountains on which no vegetable life was ever found. Wearily they pressed on, confident that the worst was over, but, when almost in sight of the east range of the Amargosss, to which they were bound, the blazing heat played them a merciless prank.

The scorching which men and beasts were enduring with reasonable fortitude was too much for the water barrels and their wagons. The wood of which they were made shrank and shrivelled until they fell to pieces, first the wagons and then the barrels. All attempts to keep them together were useless. With the water gone the party was well nigh in despair, but when the wagons, too, fell to pieces there was a minute when all recognized the probability that another expedition was to be added to the long list of those which had gone into that abode of death never to be heard of again. When things appeared to be at their worst Carter spied something in the white sand a few rods away, and hurrying towards it found the pieces of a wagon which had belonged to a '49er whose skeleton lay close at hand. Wood never decays in that atmosphere, and of the three wrecked wagons the men were able to gear up one vehicle that would convey their remaining supplies and their tools.

This delay came very near being fatal to all concerned. One horse died in the harness, and Carter was prostrated so completely that for a time his life was despaired of. Toiling painfully along now without water and with no hope of any until they could clear the desolate valley, Judson and Spring were at length compelled in their agony to dig deep in the sand in the hope of finding moisture with which to quench their thirst. At the depth of a few feet they came upon water, but it was salt. They drank of it, but it only served to increase their suffering, and when they gave some of it to their horses the beasts refused to swallow it. With a firm determination to press on to the utmost limit of their strength, the men continued their journey, and at length more dead than alive, they emerged from the valley and began the ascent of the mountains.

Here they found some bunch grass on which their horses feasted, and a spring of water, copious draughts from which soon revived the entire party. Tarrying at this spring for a day or two for the purpose of recuperating, the men pushed on, prospecting the country closely as they went. For a week no trace of gold or of the previous presence of man was found, but on the eighth day, as they were digging for water, they came upon gravel abounding in coarse gold in nuggets worth from $1 to $5 apiece. This, then, was in the vicinity of the far-famed Gunsight placers, and another day's investigation brought them upon the very ground where, forty years ago, the mines had been staked out. Procuring many fine specimens, the men returned by a roundabout way, and on arriving here made known their discovery. The dilapidated appearance of the adventurers and the magnificent specimens which they had with them brought plenty of friends to their side, and already preparations are in progress for an expedition which is to have for its object the opening of the mines.

This caravan will be supplied with waggons with steel wheels, and it will carry water in barrels made of sheet iron. The experience of the party has convinced them that wooden vehicles and reservoirs are useless in the parching sun of Death Valley, and they will run no further risks with them. It is expected that a start will be made in about two weeks, the company this time being larger and going prepared for a winter campaign.

A Notable Affair.

Col. Ingersoll was thrown incidentally into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were four or five other gentlemen present all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics was discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion to religion. The distinguished infidel was of course, too polite to introduce the subject himself, but one of the party finally desiring to see a tilt between Bob and Beecher, made a playful remark about Col. Ingersoll's idiosyncracy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric; in fact, he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectations of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener, and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with the hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Col. Ingersoll at last remarked,

'Mr Beecher, have you nothing to say on this question?'

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied:

'Nothing—in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentleman were talking, my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to day?'

'What was it?' at once inquired Col. Ingersoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter is noted for his kindness of heart.

'Why,' said Mr. Beecher, 'as I was walking down town to-day I saw a poor lame man with crutches slowly picking his way through a cesspool of mud, in the endeavour to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth, when a big, burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man, and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt which almost engulfed him."

'What a brute he was,' said Col. Ingersoll.

'What a brute he was,' they all echoed.

'Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long, white hair, while his eyes glittered with their old time fire, as he bent them on Ingersoll, yes, Col. Ingersoll, and you are the man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it the crutches to enable it to pass the pathway of life. It is your teachings that knock these crutches from under it and leave it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary may reduce it to ashes.'

The old man sat down, and silence brooded over the scene. Col. Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration, and said nothing. The company took their hats and parted.

ARTIFICAL MANUFACTURE OF QUININE.—A remarkable discovery, by which the price of quinine may be reduced to something like six cents per ounce, says the London *Lancet*, has been made by Mr Cresswell Hewett. The synthetical manufacture of quinine, was first suggested to Mr. Hewitt in 1869, by the late Dr. Mattherson, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, while giving his assistance in a course of experiments in connection with apomorphia. Subsequently, Professor Parkes, of Netley, aided with his advice, and to these gentlemen, rather than to himself, Mr. Cresswell Hewett modestly explains that the process is due. The importance of this discovery is rendered greater by the fact that while hitherto we have been depending for our quinine on the cultivation of cinchona tree, from whose bark only 2 per cent. of good quinine can be extracted, 98 per cent. being valueless, the drug can now be manufactured without limit by a very simple process from an article which can always be got in abundance in any part of the world.

Schr. Ivica,

Capt. Longmire.

This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between

Bridgetown & St. John

about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.

LIME

will be kept constantly on hand and for sale Apply on board or at residence of subscriber.

JOHN LONGMIRE.

Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 48tf.

Balky Horses

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of balky horses:—

1. Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully, first on one side and then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the waggon and give the word go; generally he will obey promptly.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind does not cure him, the second one will be sure to do it.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over his nose and shut off his wind till he wants to go, and then permit him to do so.

4. The brain of a horse seems to entertain but one idea at a time; thus continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve; if you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore leg, just below the knee, and tie in a bow knot. At the first command he will go prancing off, and after a short distance, you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your drive.

The Ruddy River

of life is the blood. From it the system receives all its material of growth and repair. It bathes every tissue of the body. How necessary, then, the blood should be kept pure and rich. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great blood food and blood purifier. It is a sovereign remedy for all diseases due to impoverished blood, consumption, bronchitis, weak lungs, scrofula, influenza, and kindred diseases.

His Reason for Quitting.

'I am going to quit smoking cigarettes,' said a young man who had led more than one german in St. Paul. 'What's the matter? I asked. 'Well,' he responded, 'it isn't because it's a vile habit that is going to carry me down to an early grave, or anything of that sort. One placed me, or rather a young lady, in a very embarrassing position. There is a certain charming young lady on St. Anthony Hill, whom I should like very much to make my wife, and I know she feels as I do. But I am not yet able to support a wife, so I have never said a word to the young lady's parents. Well the other evening she and I took a stroll. It was about 9.30 when we returned to the house, so I did not go in. We stood chatting a few minutes and I lighted a cigarette. When she went into the house I, of course, kissed her good-night. Well, without giving it a thought, she went in, bade her mother good-night and kissed her also. The old lady immediately detected the odor of the cigarette on her daughter's lips, and questioned her about it. The poor girl either had to acknowledge that I kissed her or that she smoked a cigarette. When the young lady told me about it I had not the courage to ask her what course she chose. Now you know why cigarettes and I will be strangers in the future.'

A PROMISE FULFILLED.

A little more than a year ago we published in these columns a notice of the discovery of Sheridan's Conditon Powder to make hens lay. In making that announcement we relied wholly upon the character and reputation of the manufacturers. To our own mind, at that time, the idea of making hens lay the year round by artificial or any other means, seemed absurd, but we have since learned that it can be done. The notice alluded to above attracted universal attention, and thousands of people, while not believing that Sheridan's Powder could accomplish all that was claimed for it, thought it was at least worth a trial. The trial was made during December, January and February. No other months could have been selected which would have given this Powder so severe a test, for everybody who keeps hens knows that they will not lay during these months except in rare cases. But the result of this trial was most satisfactory and conclusive. Hundreds of those who made the trial received from 18 to 24 eggs per hen per month, while many got one egg a day from each hen. The price of eggs during December, January and February last, averaged 30 to 35 cents per dozen. Thus it will be seen that a very few hens each laying an egg a day would support a small family. I. S. Johnson & Co., of 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., have just published a book entitled "Poultry Raising Guide," price 25 cents. They will, however, mail it post paid to any person sending 60 cents for 2 25ct. packs of Sheridan's Powder or $1.20 for a 2½ lb. tin can. This book contains full and complete instructions how to make money in the business. Send for it. You cannot make a mistake.

—A new use for cattle has been apparently found in Prussia, where a band of 'smugglers' employed a cow in their attempts to avoid the tax on lace. A strong 10 months' old cow was wrapped round with a quantity of lace valued at $1,000. Over this was fitted a false skin, so ingeniously constructed as to defy detection. They passed the cow quite easily at the customs office, the man there admiring her size and beauty, some of the excise officers even offering her bread. The owners of the cow were kept in suspense, while the cow quietly strolled on, quite unconscious of the numerous whacks and pokes she received from the smugglers, who wanted to hasten her gait. However, all things have an end, and the cow was at length got out of the dangerous vicinity of the excise men, much to the relief of her owners.

IN GOOD REPUTE

James McMurdock, writing from Kinsale; says: 'B. B. B., as a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience, as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it.'

PLUM PRESERVES.—Allow equal quantities of sugar and fruit, add water to make a rich syrup, boil and pour over the plums; let stand over night. Drain off the syrup and boil half an hour; pour over the plums and put in glass jars.