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Now is the time to order your Spring Suits. I have now

FINEST GOODS that can be seen anywhere Call and see them. The

Prices are Away Down! I guarantee every garment to be a good fit, well-made,

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AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS! As the season for Carriages, Road Carts, and other appliances for the spring and summer travel is again approaching, I take the liberty of informing past patrons and intending purchasers that I am in a position to supply them with anything in that line they may desire, and that I am also interested in the sale of all kinds of

Agricultural Implements from the well-known firm of BLIGH & PRINCE. Mowers (single or double), Rakes,

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Having purchased a machine expressly for making strawberry and grape baskets, we are prepared to give better value at a cheaper rate. The fastening on these baskets is a great improvement over the tacks.
Berry box tacks in stock. Also crate and box nails in all sizes. Crate hinges and fastenings. Turning in all the latest designs. Newel posts a specialty.

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> writ'en a letter to the Groder (g full particulars of his cure has remedy is one cat the ab-pany has purchased from D. II. who travelled this section for m

> > Poetry.

Nothing To Do.

Spring Cleaning.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole, Soak ev'ry cranny great an' small, An' in the front room of the soul,

Select Biterature.

Uncle Amos's Gift.

Nothing to do! Oh, folded hands,

Why will ye lie so white and fair, When the busy world on every side Calls for the labor, thy earnest care!

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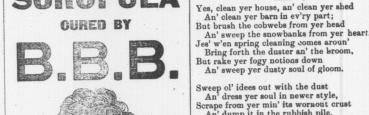
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Nothing to do! There are tired feet Walking with thee life's weary road; Show them the way in path so sweet That leads to heaven, that leads to God. MEN'S PANTS rom \$1.50 to \$4 per pair A CHOICE LINE OF Family Groceries Nothing to do! Thy days are light, With golden eves and sunny morns; You gather flowers, fresh and bright; Some are tortured with cruel thorns

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their babies fat. Physicians,

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The Banks Red Gravenstein!

"The train must be late," said Jamie, the eldest, who evidently had charge of the litaid the other boy, a stout little chap.

"If you've asked that question once, Amos, you have five hundred times," said ennie, the next older of the family. "Well, I want to know," said Amos. "I hought when he brought us the puppy he couldn't ever bring us anything so nice Delicate Flour, = 4.25 3.70 all," suggested Jamie, solemnly.

Hardware, &c.

ATWE POSITIVELY will not be outlone in the way of LOW PRICES by any irm in the Valley.

you! Jamie, grown so tall his coat can't keep up with him, and Belle a young lady! I'd no idea these walls were so thin. If this hand to bring a bonnet for her the next time I come. That reminds me—"

Then there was a long suggestive silence—the children hoping Uncle Amos would complete the sentence. They did not want to appear too auxious. He always had brought them something, and it was not likely he had forgotten to do so this time.

So Amos junior put his hand to the crank of the organ next morning as the clock struck four.

They returned towards supper-time, tired, by the for the washing.

They returned towards supper-time, tired, by the for the struck four.

They returned towards supper-time, tired, by the for the struck four.

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They returned towards supper-time, tired, by the for the struck four.

They returned towards supper-time, tired, by the for the girls could ask where she had been in the spring is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great spring medicine and blood before the girls could ask where she had been.

Wheat morning he secretly borrowed a thinking.

Next morning he secretly borrowed a the wheelbarrow of Mr. Jarvis, and, lifting the organ on it, trudged away with Mollie and Major at his heels.

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Wheat morning he secretly borrowed a the wheelbarrow of Mr. Jarvis, and, lifting the organ on it, trudged away with Mollie and Major at his heels.

They returned towards sup mannered to do such a thing. Mollie alone I'll have a little variety. We did the

"Uncle Amoth," she said sweetly, when the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modest little home, "what did you bring uth state of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modest little home, "what did you bring uth state of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modes little home, "what did you bring uth state of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modes of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modes of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modes of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modes of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modes of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modes of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modes of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modes of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield at their modes of the whole family had been heartily welcomed by Mamma Butterfield nights, and Bette and Jennie do everything by day, while Jamie worked hard in the store.

At last the doctor said that the patient was likely to get well. There wasn't a hap in a great measure, to his firmness in break-

proachfully.
"Well," said Uncle Amos, who really wanted to tell, "it's in a box and its coming by express. Now you may all have one question and one guess apiece about it, and then I shand tell you another thing till it "I don't know,"

Belle looked dismayed, "An ice-chest," he hazarded at last. "No, it isn't!" chuckled Uncle Amos. B. M. Goldsmith, of the firm of 11. 'Now it's Jennie's turn." Jennie took her time. She was trying with a severe accident recently. He at work about the englie when a six of hot water from an inch-aid-a-h. If he off pipe struck him full in the face think of a question which would make i "Come, hurry up, Jennie!" prompted eyes. There were thirty pounds of so on at the time and the burn received a very severe one. It is reported the physician was called and no relief exp

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1894

Amos junior. "Ask something, quick?"

"Well," said Jennie, desperately, "what loes it smell like?" "No smell to it. At least I hope there ed for some days after the event. T isn't. I forgot to find out if it was clean. in with a man who gave him someth for the burn. The "somethin;" pro-to be a half box of Perkins' Indian ii Now here was an important admission What could it mean? All the children Ointment. He used it at once with me soothing effect. In three days his it was entirely well and without even as It is understood that Mr. Goldsmith looked anxious, but Amos junior propound ed his question before there was time for remark. "How much did it cost?" "Why, Amos Butterfield!"

"I'm really ashamed of you!" said his "Well," said Amos junior, contritely he said we might ask any question w "It's all right," said Uncle Amos.

paid two dollars for it. I'd just as lief answer the question." "That doesn't make it

Nothing to do but live in ease, When thousands fall on every side; You might have helped to bear the pain, And breasted the swift and running tide. "Ask one question, dear, and Uncle Amos nfidently This was received with great delight. With one voice all declared that Uncle Amos was bound to answer. Uncle | them, silence. The children kept this com-Amos caught the child up and kissed her pact honestly. Nothing to do! What will you say, When the lord of the harvest asks of you, "What gleanest thou in my field to-day?" "Lord, there was nothing for me to do! in glee. Indeed, he was rather glad to be

The children shouted in delight. Mrs. Butterfield looked at him in dismay. "I'll tell you how I got it," went on the little gentleman. "I met a man on the street who said it had been left with him for payment of a debt. He didn't know what to do with it, and was almost ready to pay a man something to carry it off. So he sold it to me for two dollars. I knew the children would have a good time with it all

Scrape from yer min' its woraout crust
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the hates that burn an' smart, "And the neighbors?" said Mamma But-Bring in new loves serene and pure, round the hearth-stone of the heart "I didn't think of the neighbors." "I don't see how the neighbors can com plain," said Jamie stoutly. "Mrs. Smith Clean out yer morril cubby holes, Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the scum; owns four cats that keep coming over into Tis cleanin' time for helthy soulsour yard, and she frets if Major chases them. Git up an' dust! The spring has come! Clean out the corners of the brain, Bear down with scrubbin' brush an' soap. And Mr Jarvis, on the other side, plays the ornet half the time." Surely there could never be a longer hour An' dump ol' Fear into the rain, An' dust a cosy chair for Hope.

han that before the arrival of the hand-organ; but at last the express-waggon stopped at their door. This was glory for the Butterfield family, who lived in a very modest block, and seldom had important packages rom anywhere. Finally the large box was open, and the

Hang pootier picturs on the wall.
Scrub up the windows of the mind,
Clean up, an' let the spring begin
Swing open wide the dusty blind
An' let the April sunshine in. family gathered in delighted awe, while Uncle Amos examined the precious instru-Plant flowers in the soul's front yard, Set out new shade an' blossom trees, An' let the soil once froze an' hard ment. It was nearly new, it was clean, it did not smell, and the crank turned easily. It played five tunes. Sprout crocuses of new idees. es, clean yer house an' clean yer shed,
An clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
but brush the cobwebs from yer head
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heat "One apiece for us," said Amos junior 'Ain't that lucky?" -S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

Jamie played first-the "Carnival of Venice." Then Belle took her turn: Grandfather's Clock." Jennie then played the "Star Spangled Banner." Next Amos hilariously ground out "Annie Rooney," and all wanted to help Mollie's chubby little fingers on the "Sweet By and By." "I call that a charming selection of mus-

e!" cried Uncle Amos. The children unan-In a retired part of the large railway staimously agreed. Then they exchanged pieces. Then each played through the whole It's a well-made instrument said Uncle Amos. Finally, Mamma Butterfield sent them all off to bed. The next day was Sun-

"Now, to-day," said Mrs. Butterfield, "we will let the hand organ and the neighbors have a rest." "But, mamma," said Jamie, "the minister's gone away, and there ain't any Sundayschool. I don't see any harm in playing the "Sweet By and By," even on Sunday."

was Amos junior, and the crank went round at a lively rate. The cornet-player opened his sleepy eyes beyond the thin partition,

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

SOLICITOR!

SECURITY. Fire Insurance in Reliable Companio

didn't you bring over your cornet? We could have quite a concert. We all sing, you know. The "Sweet By and By," now, is a nice tune. We practised it some yesterday, and got so we could render it finely. Bring in your cornet, sir, and let's all try it together."

"Well, I haven't much time this morning, faltered Mr. Jarvis much embarrassed. "I thought I'd drop in just a minute to—"

"That's right!" broke in Uncle Amos. "That's right!" broke in Uncle Amos. some money. So I tried it. And Mollie "Always glad to see lovers of music." and me and Major, we had real good times.
"Jamie, play "Annie Rooney" before the

Jarvis. "Little Annie Rooney, she's my ready to howl again if anybody scolded sweetheart."

So Mr. Jarvis listened patiently to the tune, and went home somewhat shamefaced

"Folks enjoyed the music," went on Amos.

"Folks enjoyed the music," went on Amos. "The Butterfield children are so pleased past put something into the dipper." with that thing that I haint got the heart "So that's where the dipper went," in-

to tell 'em what a nuisance 'tis. Now you terposed Belle. "I hunted all over the house go in by and by, Amanda. See if you can get Mrs. Butterfield off by herself, and make "Finally one lady came out," continued Amos to ask it," said Belle.

"I guess it's a sled," said Amos, who had wanted one all the winter before.

"No, indeed!" cried Uncle Amos. "Now, Mollie, darling, it's your turn."

Mollie had been standing by, silently listening. She had not entirely understood it all.

"Ask one question, dear, and Uncle Amos deep the sutterfield off by herself, and make some regulation about time. Let 'em play every day except Sundays, but don't let'em begin before daylight nor keep it up after dark. If it was a cornet, now, nobody could complain; for a cornet is a genuine musical instrument, and never disturbs anybody. But you go in and see what you can do, Amanda.

"Ask one question, dear, and Uncle Amos deep it up after the play in one place. So I moved over to the opposite corner. Then, after an hour or so, she came out with another quarter and said the folks further up the street would want to hear it, so I went up there. Folks were like that all the time, just as good! I've got do, Amanda.

Mollie looked up with large, placid eyes a conference, private and friendly, and a ther uncle. "What ith it?" she asked time limit was laid on the use of the handorgan. Between seven in the morning and Soon after Mrs. Jarvis had gone, while Enough to pay the rent, enough to pay for

Soon atter Mrs. Jarvis had gold, medicines, and a little more. The money problem there came a ring.
"I could almost testify in court," said
Uncle Amos, that whoever rang that bell
this money and use it thankfully. It was

"It's Mrs. Smith," whispered awestruck wheelbarrow again. But when his Uncle "Who's Mrs. Smith?" demanded Uncle in delight. Amos, impressed by the family dismay.

"She's the one that keeps the four cats."

"Now, I want to know," he said aloud to himself, "I want to know if that organ "She's the one that keeps the four cats."

"Oh, that's all right then," said Uncle
Amos, relieved, "I always get along with
folks like that."

"She's the one that keeps the four cats."

wasn't a real nice gift for that family!"

—Caroline Hardwood Carland, in "Youth's Companion." folks like that."

"How do you do, Mrs. Smith?" he remarked to the sharp-faced woman before she had

ele Amos, enthusiastically. "They must

time to bring up the tubs for the washing.
I'll have a little variety. We did the neighbors came in and sat up with Mrs.
"Sweet By and By" for all it was worth
Butterfield nights, and Belle and Jennie did

pier household in the land than the Butter-fields then. The girls cried for delight, and Jamie went to work whistling.

ing off the habit of smoking; that when he found he must choose between tobacco and brain, he bade an eternal goodbye to the One pleasant September afternoon, when Mrs. Butterfield was for the first time sit-Mr. L. Prescoott Habbard tells how he used

and roused his wife.

"Amanda," said he, "has this thing been going on all night?"

"I don't kuow," was the sleepy reply.

"I guess so. Probably that's what made me dream so."

"Well, now, Amanda," protested he, "these Butterfields are nice children, but this thing's got to stop. Go in and ask them what they'll sell that hand-organ for."

"Uconscious of this menance, Amos junior chepged to "Annie Rooney," "I the corresponding to the corresponding

BARRISTER

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

Uncle Amos delightedly shook his head. gled Banner" to the dismal "Annie Rooney" corner sat these children begging! tune. I'll go in myself after breakfast and stoutly. "I was just playin' the hand-organ. So just as the Butterfields were deciding When I got tired, Mollie spelled me a little; who should wash dishes and who play the hand-organ, the cornet man rapped.

And when Mollie got tired, I made up my jacket into a pillow and let her take a nap. hand-organ, the cornet man rapped.

"Come right in, Mr. Jarvis?" said Mrs.

jacket into a pillow and let her take a nap.

Major he begged a little. But all the ladies Butterfield. "This is my brother-in-law, would say, "How cunnin'!" and then sor the one Amos is named for."

"Happy to meet you," said Uncle Amos, shaking hands cordially. "Glad you came over to enjoy the organ with us. Why didn't you being over 10 was a laws a laws put something into the—"

Amos stopped. The look on his mother's face was more than he could bear. As for didn't you being over 10 more than he could bear. As for didn't you bring over your cornet? We Mollie, she set up such a howl that all at-

gentleman goes. You know the words, Mr. Mollie nodded with emphasis. She was

So Mrs. Butterfield and Mrs. Jarvis held a lot of money," he added, proudly.

was mad.

Belle tiptoed to look out of the window, but drew back' almost upsetting Jennie, but drew back' almost upsetting Jennie, So Amos didn't put the hand-organ on the who was trying to look over her shoulder.

Amos heard about it all, he rubbed his hands

ed to the sharp-faced woman before she had a chance to say anything. "Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. My niece has told me about your beautiful cats." Mrs. Smith looked at Jennie suspiciously.

"I'm very fond of cats, myself," went on Uncle Amos. "I wish I was situated so I could keep four myself. What color, now, are yours?"

"Black, and malty, and tortoise-shell, and a little yellow one that Major always—"I want to know, now!" interrupted Uacle Amos, enthusiastically. "They must

"I want to know, now!" interrupted Uncle Amos, enthusiastically. "They must be handsome altogether. I wonder which you prefer, now? I like malty as well—but I came over to say—"
"Well, to be sure, its hard choosing between a malty and a tortoise-shell. Is your tortoise a good breed?"
"There ain't no better breed in the county. I came in to—"
"How I wish I could see such a cat! He must be a beauty. Couldn't you bring him in?"
"He's down on the back fence now," said Mrs. Smith, unwarily; and she and Uncle Amos went down the yard together, and stood out by the fence and had a half-hour's chat on the subject of tortoise-shells. Them Mrs. Smith came in and looked at the handorgan. She brought the favorite Tabby in her arms, and listened not unkindly while Jennie played the shortest tune on the list. Them Mrs. Smith took her departure—
"I'm sure the neighbors are real friendly," said Uncle Amos. "I think they're going to enjoy the instrument soon's they get fairly used to it.

But Uncle Amos's visit came to an end, and the five children mournfully went to the train to see him off. That very day a great misfortune befel the family. Mamma Butte rfield took cold.

At first this did not seem very serious. She book some hot lemonade when she went to bed, and expected to feel better in the walls when one whon one whon me recognized as having been a subscriber on earth aptoned for humanity, and and take note of the disposition made by those who approach. The editor sat list. It was one of those dreamy sultry days, so characteristic of June. The editor sat list. It was one of those dreamy sultry days, so characteristic of June. The editor sat list. It was one of those dreamy sultry days, so characteristic of June. The editor sat list. It was one of those dreamy sultry days, so characteristic of June. The editor sat list. It was one of those dreamy sultry days, so characteristic of June. The editor sat list. It was one of those chanically wing it in his hair, now gazing at the blue-bottle division, and letting file to his har couldn't ever bring us anything so nice again."

"Certainly not," said Uncle Amos, "I do disposed Jamie, solemnly.

"Perhaps he won't bring us anything at all," suggested Jamie, solemnly.

It was a painful idea, and before they had wholly recovered from it the train came rushing in. Then a bright-eyed little man, with a well-worn satchel, came walking past had far the group of children without appearing to see them. Baby Mollie could not stand it.

"Uncle Amoth!" she implored.

"Say, Uncle Amos!" reared Amos junior.

"We're all here waiting for you."

"Uncle, dear!" called Jennie.

The oldest boy and girl stood smiling. They saw through the joke. The little bright-eyed gentleman paneed abruptly and looked about him.

"Did anybody address me!" he asked, presending surprises. Then the children fell upon him in delight. Every one wanted his hands, and there was not enough to go round.

"Well, well, well," said Uncle Amos, "II and then, tunt it um, tunt it un, tun trium, trium, tun trium, trium, tun trium, trium, tun trium, tun trium, trium,