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Almost every person has some form of scrofulous poison lurking in his veins. When this develops in Scrofulous Sores, Ulcers, or Eruptions, or in the form of Rheumatism, or Organic Disease, the suffering that ensues is terrible. Hence the gratitude of those who discover, as thousands yearly do, that

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Bridgetown, July, 1885

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

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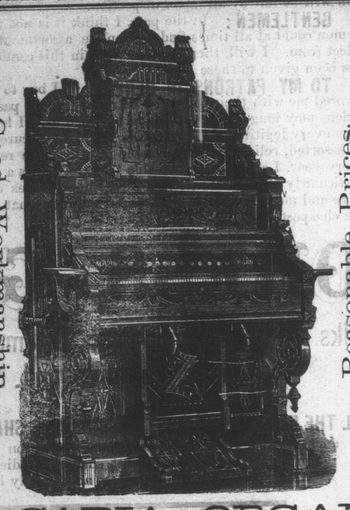

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T. J. EAGLESON.

Bridgetown Oct. 9, 1883. tf

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Annapolis, Nov. 3, '85. tf Agent.

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WEYMOUTH, Sept. 14th, '85.

DR. NORTON.—Dear Sir,—For twenty five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles am entirely cured, as I have not had a least symptom of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt. Brooks of dyspepsia and liver complaint.

Yours truly, MRS. JOHN GRANT.

Mr. James Dunn, of Annapolis, writes:—I have been troubled with Jaundice and Liver Complaint for several years accompanied with Sick Headache, am now real well by using your Burdock Blood Purifier.

STILL THEY COME.

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Yours truly, MARTIN BLACKBURN.

NEW GERMANY, Feb. 26th, 1886.

J. B. NORTON.—Dear Sir.—In reply to your card of the 16th, I wish to inform you I have two bottles yet on hand, and have to say one bottle has done me more good than a cart load of Warner's Safe Cure. It has acted like a charm with me and my family. I think you should be encouraged, as in my opinion it is the best in the market. Send along some more, and there is no doubt as soon as the people find out the value of it, there will be a large sale. Anyone who is suffering with Liver or Kidney Complaint it will cure at once. I cannot speak too highly of it.

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Peter Frost, Esq., of Little River, Digby Neck, was sick a long time with Liver, Kidney and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

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There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many of Liver, Kidney, Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

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I WISH to inform the public in general, that I have opened a FURNITURE STORE, at

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where they will find a full line of FURNITURE at BOTTOM PRICES. By strict attention to business and low prices, I hope to receive a part of the public patronage. Call and inspect before buying elsewhere. Produce taken in exchange at CASH PRICES.

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for the above, to sell Singly or in Sets, apart from the Stoves. The above are made by the Milton Foundry, Yarmouth, N. S. For sale at FOUNDRY PRICES, by

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FOR SALE BY

The Annapolis Mussel Mud Co.

IT has proven to be one of the best Fertilizers in the Market, on account of its various qualities.

1st. It has the largest amount of ammonia.

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The Company will deliver it at any stations on the W. & A. Ry., at a low figure. Apply to

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Annapolis, Nov. 30th, 1885. tf.

JUST ARRIVED

ON CONSIGNMENT!

100 Bbls. Choice Family Flour.
100 " Corn Meal.
260 Bags Extra Quality Fine Shorts, about 125 lbs in Bag.
10 Barrels Paraffine Oil.
20 3 gallon Tins.
50 2 lb Tins Lard.
50 5 lb. Tins Lard.
20 Boxes Soap, different Qualities, from 3 cents per lb up to 7 cents.

The above goods will be sold low, as I am directed to sell them immediately.

Geo. E. Corbitt,

AGENT

Annapolis, Feb. 9th, '85. no44tf.

TRUE VALUE OF COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

As compared with two other brands the *strengths, only,* of which have been published, carefully *omitting cost.*

1 tin "Royal" costs 60 cts., gives 2,033 cub. in. of Gas, or 34 inches for a cent.

1 tin "Princess" costs 50 cts., gives 2,408 cub. ins. of Gas, or 48 inches for a cent.

2 packets **Cooks Friend** cost **50 cts.**, give **3064** cub. ins. of Gas, or **60** inches for a cent.

Cooks Friend is therefore **25** per cent. *better value* than Princess, and **75** per cent. *better* than Royal.

The *purity* and *healthfulness* of **Cooks Friend** are unquestionable.

Cooks Friend may be had from storekeepers generally.

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A SMALL LOT OF

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Plymouth Buck Gloves.

Apple Barrels.

B. STARRATT.

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HARTFORD LIFE

—AND—

ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.

Of Hartford, Conn.

Bridgetown, July 1, '85.

Poetry.

Resurgam.

Shall I behold, what time the snows distill
In the soft wind, along these silvery boughs
Crisp bud and curling leaf—the golden house
Of Robin Red-breast and the whip-poor-will?
Shall I behold the sudden pulse, the thrill,
As the rich blood, long dormant, 'gins to rouse
Among the meadows where the cattle browse,
Sad-eyed and tranquil, while they take their fill?

Shall I behold again, shall I behold
The slumbering dead awake as of old
At sound of a still voice that quickeneth?
Then will I hymn thee to the very skies,
Spirit of lovely spring! I will arise—
I will arise from out this shadow of death.

—*Charles Warren Stoddard.*

Irony.

I set my gaze upon two stars that seemed
Twin orbs of equal flame in heaven's dark height,
So close with interblended rays they beamed
From the deep dome of night.

'O happy stars,' I thought, 'like this to bide
Through mighty changes, lovingly withstood,
Companioned each of each, whate'er betide,
In silvery sisterhood.'

Then sounded to my sense, from night's thrall;
'On either star, this hour, there dwells a race
That knows not if the other lives at all,
So vast their sundering space!'

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

'Soft as a leaf
The gloaming fell, and fluttered like a veil
Over the half-closed eyelids of the world.
Stars glimmered faintly, opening one by one
And blossoming above me while I stole
Through warmly-scented shadows till I gained
Dark fern-clad slopes that ran to hills of heather,
And looking heavenward saw a painter's vision.
There, like a naked maiden, stood the Moon,
Wading in saffron shallows of the west;
Timidly, with a tender backward glance,
She reach'd a faltering foot to feel the way,
Then, brightly smiling, as the lucent waves
Wash'd, tipt with splendor, round her swan-like throat,
Bent forward, cleft the dusk with ivory hands,
And swam in splendor thro' the seas of night.'

—*Robert Buchanan.*

Select Literature.

Managing a Daughter.

One evening Joel Parks, a wealthy manufacturer in the thriving New England village of Redfield, and Mr. Mills, leading physician of the same place, sat chatting in the doctor's office. A stranger noting the age and rather prosaic appearance of the two men would hardly have guessed the topic of conversation. They were discussing works of fiction.

'I must have been going on fifty years old when I read my first novel,' Mr. Parks was saying. 'You see a man that starts on life's journey, as I did, barefooted, so to speak, has got to attend to business and nothing else for a good many years, if he expects to get anywhere in particular at last. He doesn't have much time for light reading, doctor. But in the last few years I've read a good many books, and I enjoy them, especially when they seem true to life, and I think I can generally tell when they are. I like Trollope on that account. I never saw an archbishop or a duke, but I know as well as I want to that he just hits them off to a T. And let me tell you doctor, there's instruction in novels. These writers have to study human nature. I've got many a hint about managing men from reading these books.'

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'I've read them all my life, and I like them yet—love passages and all. Funny, isn't it?' he continued, 'how two old gray heads like you and me will follow the love story of a silly boy or girl who won't listen to their natural guardians, and sympathize with them every time. We never have any feeling for the sensible fathers and mothers of our own age who are being plotted against.'

'I don't know about that,' was the reply; 'I do often sympathize with the old folks, and think that if I had been in their place I would have been more successful in having my own way.'

'Well, Joel,' said the other with a laugh, 'I guess that is one point on which you never get much instruction from the story fellows. Papa and mamma always have their ideas of their daughter's future. The wrong young man happens along and she develops her ideas quite opposite from theirs. And she always comes out ahead. If you want to carry your point with your offspring you will have to learn how outside of a story book.'

'Oh, as to that, perhaps the instruction is all there, only it's instruction how not to do it. I don't suppose that I shall ever want to interfere with my daughter about a husband or a lover, but if I should, I am not sure but that I could learn something from the novelists.'

* * * * * * *

If there were no coincidences there would be no stories. It was a coincidence that, later on that same evening, Mrs. Joel Parks, an amiable lady whose mind was in her husband's keeping, said to him:

'Joel, have you ever noticed that Lee Tilton and Annie seem to be taking a notion toward each other?'

'Oom—eh?'

'I was asking if you had noticed anything in particular between Lee Tilton and Annie,' replied Mrs. Parks placidly.

'No, I think not; what have you noticed?'

'Why, I don't know—not much of anything perhaps. But he kind o' comes up here evenings and they read together some. And—well, one thing and another has led me to think they might be getting interested in each other.'

Joel did not continue the conversation, but soon betook himself to the room, half office and half library, where he was wont to retire when he had leisure for reading or when he had some perplexing business problem to think out. Here he sat awhile in meditation. He had accepted in full his wife's revelation without thought of investigating the grounds on which it was based. His camp had been surprised; how should he meet the foe? Presently he stepped to the shelves which lined the room, and hastily turned over the pages of several novels, just as a lawyer might in an emergency consult books with which he was already familiar.

Yes, here were plenty of cases. Here was the girl of high social position, the daughter of a duke, who becomes enamored of the poor young commoner. The father interferes. Girl will not disobey her father, but neither will she give up her lover. Taken abroad and no correspondence allowed. No use. Takes no interest in anything. Rarely seen to smile. Father has to give it up at last.

'Of course he does,' soliloquized Joel; 'so should I. You don't want to break your daughter's heart, for when a girl who has a mind of her own, like Annie, gets it fairly set upon anything, you can't change it by force.'

And so on.

'Yes,' said Joel to himself, as she closed a book, 'the way to do it is to turn the thing end for end.'

And, in accordance with this reflection, Joel, before he slept, outlined a plan for managing his daughter.

* * * * * * *

He began operations at breakfast the next morning.

'Annie,' he said, in the blandest tones, and with his most beaming smile, 'your mother tells me that you and Lee Tilton are likely to make a match of it.'

Annie's face was a picture—a whole panorama, in fact, in which astonishment, indignation and maidenly shame were successfully portrayed.

'Why, pa,' exclaimed Mrs. Parks, 'I never said anything of the kind!'

'I have no idea of what you are talking about, father,' said Annie, recovering her voice but not her self-possession.

'Oh, you needn't be bashful about it,' said her father, with a chuckle. 'I've got eyes as well as your mother, and if I hadn't been pleased I should have spoken before this. I like your choice, Annie, if Lee is your choice.'

In spite of herself the tears started to Annie's eyes.

'I think you are too bad, papa. Mr. Tilton and I are good friends, of course; but he never said a word that all the world mightn't hear, and I don't know what put such a thought into your head. You make me ashamed, and I am sure I've no cause to be.'

'Of course not, dear,' replied her father, 'Lee is a nice young man, whether you take him or not,' and so saying he rose from the table and took his departure.

'Shouldn't be surprised if I had nipped that thing in the bud, already,' thought he as he walked down the street.

When he came home to dinner his wife said:

'Joel, I'm sorry you said what you did at breakfast. The poor girl was dreadfully put out. She has been talking about it all day, and telling me everything that they ever said when they were together. I think she likes him, and he her, but she doesn't know it yet, and you are more likely to mar than to make by talking to her.'

'Oh, nonsense,' said Joel; and then, mentally, 'I didn't begin a minute too soon. I'll follow that up.'

At dinner he began:

'Speaking of Lee Tilton—'

'Oh, don't, father,' interrupted Annie.

'I'm not trying to influence you. Of course Lee hasn't spoken yet, and wouldn't unless he thought I was willing. But if he had the least hint—now just wait till I'm through, if I let him know in a roundabout way that I'm willing, he'd speak soon enough. Why shouldn't he be willing to marry the prettiest girl and the richest girl in the village? And let me tell you, Lee Tilton is a nice young man. Nothing flighty about him. Once married he would settle down as sober and steady, going as a man of fifty years old. And I could make a business man of him, for he would do just as I told him.'

'Father, promise me that you will never say a word to him, or I will never willingly see him again. I never want to see him again, anyway, it seems to me,' said Annie, with face aflame and flashing eye. 'I don't know what makes you talk so; indeed I don't.'

'That's the way to do it,' was Joel's inward comment, many times repeated during the day.

But circumstances were not apparently wholly in his favor. A few days after this some of the young people had a picnic in the beautiful grove which crowns the highest of Redfield's seven hills, and 'just for fun,' the journey was made in hay-racks. Lee Tilton, who had secured a rare holiday, drove one of these primitive coaches in which was a merry party of young men and maidens, including Annie Parks. In decending the hill on the return home a break in the harness gave Lee an opportunity to show his bravery and coolness, which he promptly accepted. He stood by his post like a typical engineer, and he had the satisfaction of saving his passengers from harm, and being crowned a hero. In describing the adventures to her mother, Annie did ample justice to Lee's desert, and spoke of him as the preserver of the whole party; but she had little to say before her father. Joel thought that this was hardly a good omen, but he courageously returned to the charge. For two or three days he would talk of nothing but Lee's heroic act. His wonderful presence of mind, his sublime courage, the deep and lasting gratitude due him—on these the changes were wrung until even Mrs. Parks grew tired of the theme, and Annie was led to declare that she didn't believe there had been any danger at all; she wished the old cart had been allowed to go to the bottom of the hill anyway.'

* * * * * * *

Joel's plan would not have been completed had it not included bringing an acceptable suitor into the field. A Boston business friend of his, a Mr. Morton, had a son William who had just been admitted to the bar, and who, in Joel's opinion, would be a suitable match for his daughter. He was handsome and bright, and at least he would do to beat Lee Tilton with. For Mr. Parks had become much more interested in his plan than in the mere question of his daughter's future. So, in a visit to the city, he had called upon the Mortons and suggested that the young man should begin his career at Redfield, promising to give him some business. The proposition was finally accepted, and William Morton became an an object of interest in Redfield.

In due course he made the acquaintance of Miss Annie, and she liked his society, as indeed every one did. Her father, who had concealed his agency in establishing Morton in Redfield, spoke of him rather slightingly in the family circle, and compared him with Lee, much to the latter's advantage. He was delighted one day to meet Annie one day returning from a little horseback excursion with the lawyer, but he put on a look of concern, and at the first opportunity he gave her a word of caution. 'Young Morton is, no doubt, well enough in his way, my dear,' he said, 'though he is too careful of his appearance and too fond of pleasure to suit me. But it is perhaps as well to be a little guarded in forming a family acquaintance with a stranger. And—I am afraid, my dear, that Lee would not quite approve.'

Joel almost hugged himself as he noted the effect produced, but he thought that he held a still better card to play. The next day he found an opportunity to say to Lee Tilton:

'Lee, are you acquainted with Lawyer Morton?'

'No, sir,' was Lee's answer; 'that is, but slightly.'

'There is something that troubles me,' continued Parks. 'I don't know much of that young man, but, to say the least, he isn't my kind. Now Annie is young and inexperienced, and I see that she is rather taken by his dashing ways. She has ridden with him some, and he calls often—well, I know she would never care far him in a serious way, but still, between you and me, Lee, I don't think girls can be too careful about forming intimacies with strange young men from the city. Now, Lee, do me a favor. It's of no use for me to speak to her. I am too old, and she wouldn't understand me. But you are of her own age and an old friend. You can can do it. Just give her a friendly hint you know.'

Lee was as wise as most young men, but certain kinds of wisdom come only with experience; and although at first he strenuously objected, he was at last overpersuaded, and reluctantly promised to 'say just one word.'

That evening he called upon Annie, Meeting William Morton just coming from the house as he entered the gate. As he sat in the pleasant sitting-room with Annie Parks, Lee hated his errand and his promise. There were other attractive subjects of conversation, perhaps other things that he was more anxious to say to the beautiful girl. But at length he began his task.

'Are you much acquainted with Mr. Morton?'

'A little; are you?'

'Well no. To tell the truth, I think that perhaps we ought to be a little careful about—about getting acquainted too much—too easily, I mean, with those that we don't—that we are not much acquainted with,' stammered Lee; 'don't you?'

Annie's eyes looked a shade darker than he had ever seen them before.

'I admire your prudence more than I can tell,' she said; 'after I have seen more of Mr. Morton, perhaps I shall be able to advise you whether you can safely make his acquaintance or not!'

The young gentleman's visit was not prolonged, and, when a day or two after Mr. Parks asked him if he had spoken a word to Annie, he answered:

'Yes, I made a fool of myself.'

And the old man was obliged to abruptly turn his back upon the clerk.

Lee very soon took occasion to offer an humble apology for his unfortunate speech, though, of course, he refrained from explaining how he had been led to make it; and on the whole Joel was a little disappointed at the inadequate result of this particular piece of strategy. To be sure Annie and Morton seemed to meet on pleasant terms, but so, for aught he could see, did Annie and Lee Tilton.

In those days, Joel frequently consulted his novels professionally, and he one evening happened to read in the Hoosier Schoolmaster the passage in which the trustee's unprepossessing wife horrifies the young master by boasting of her wealth and shrewdness, and broadly hinting that her daughter was at his disposal. It occurred to Joel that he had so far been working upon only one of his principles in the case. Here was a hint that must be used. So he contrived an interview with Lee Tilton and began to talk. He bragged of his success in life, of the sharp bargains he had driven, of the money he had made and would still make. Noticing with delight the ill concealed look of embarrassment and disgust on Lee's face, he went on to speak of his daughter:

'Wonderful girl, sharp as a razor. As like me as two peas in a pod. Some day she would marry he supposed. He didn't want her to marry a rich man. Rather she would marry a likely poor young man, one that would feel some gratitude for the lift he was getting. He would see that such a husband made a success of it. There would be no trouble about that.

'I'll tell you,' said he, finally, with a leer, 'whoever gets that girl with my consent, gets me.'

It came to pass that Joel found it necessary to make a business trip of a month or so, and he felt that he could not go without striking one more blow. He thought he had undoubtedly made progress, but he feared there was still danger.

One evening Annie met him with a look of scorn in her face and a hard ring in her voice that told him what was coming.

'Read that,' she said, and she placed in his hand a note dated and postmarked at Boston.

'MISS ANNIE PARKS:—I feel it my duty, though as a stranger to you to warn you that Mr. William Morton is a young man not to be trusted. He is noted in Boston as a heartless male coquette.

Sincerely yours,
A WELL WISHER.

'Well,' said Joel, 'anonymous letters don't amount to anything. I shouldn't mind that.'

'But, papa, Lee Tilton wrote that,' said Annie, bursting into tears. 'It is written on the paper you use in your office. Can't you see as you hold it up to the light a faint impress of your business heading? This is the second page of a sheet, but the other page surely had that heading. Oh dear! How mean a thing it is!'

'He never wrote that in the world,' said Joel. 'I'll ask him if he did.'

'No, father, say nothing. It's of no use. But father,' she went on, stamping her foot in her energy, 'never speak to me of Lee Tilton again.'

Her father argued with her long enough, as he thought, to fix her determination, and the next day, with a light heart, he departed on his journey.

Mr. Parks returned home on the expected day some six weeks later, which day was the fifty-fourth anniversary of his birth. It was evening when he wended his way home from the station, and he noticed that his house was brilliantly lighted.

'Ah, a birthday surprise, perhaps,' thought he.

At the door he was met by his wife in rich array, who, after the expected greetings hurried him to his room, where she gave him this note from Annie:—

'Dear Papa: We have a few friends, and I have a birthday present for you. You mustn't tease mother to tell. Will meet you in the parlor. ANNIE.

'And now, pa, do dress quick and come down,' said Mrs. Parks, at the same time prudently withdrawing. Descending to the parlors Joel found a select party, including Mr. Dale, the clergyman. In the front of him stood Annie, with Lee Tilton by her side.

A single glance made explanation almost unnecessary, although Joel roared out, 'What the—what in the world does this mean?'

'Hush,' whispered Mrs. Parks, 'it means just what you have been wishing. He's going to begin now.'

During the first part of the ceremony which followed, Mr. Parks seemed a little dazed, but towards the last he did some rapid thinking. When the binding words had been pronounced, Annie turned to her father with a dazzling smile:

'A birthday present, papa—a son-in-law,' she said; 'is it an acceptable one?'

Joel kissed his daughter and shook hands with his 'present.' 'Too much affected to speak,' it was afterward reported.

Soon Annie found opportunity to whisper to her father.

'Oh, papa, you don't know how we have planned for the last two weeks to give you this surprise. I know how said you were when you went away because I felt so about Lee, and when everything came right, I wanted so much to make it up to you. Oh, that letter—of course you were right. Lee didn't write it; Mr. Morton is to marry a Boston lady, and one day he confided the fact to me. And it came out by accident that he and Lee had become good friends, and that Lee knew of his engagement at the time that letter came. And then I knew that I had done Lee an injustice, and I can't tell just how it all came about—but aren't we happy, papa?'

Dr. Mills was present, and he offered his congratulation to the host.

'By the by,' he said, 'this would almost do for a scene in one of our novels, you know. Only there doesn't seem to be any chance for relenting and forgiveness on the part of the stern parent. The pleasant little affair is quite in accordance with your wishes, I believe.'

'Emphatically so,' responded Joel with dignity.

But after the guests had gone, Mr. Parks spent an hour in the privacy of his own room in deep reflection. There was surely no one to blame in this matter, he admitted to himself, and Annie had a good husband, no doubt. On the whole he need have no deep regrets on that score. But he mourned for the fate of his scheme. He critically reviewed his work, and he thought he saw some points that were capable of improvement.

As he mused he mechanically took up his newspaper and his eye almost unconsciously fell upon the advertisements. Yes, he thought that he could do better if he were to have the opportunity again. He almost wished that he could make a second trial.

'Wife,' said he to Mrs. Parks, as that lady entered the room 'what should you think of the idea of adopting a—healthy female—child?'

SUBSIDIES DISCONTINUED.—*Ottawa, March 26.*—The government have decided to withdraw the subsidy of $4,000 voted last year to establish a direct line of steam communication with Germany, no one having been found willing to undertake the service for that amount. The $10,000 provided last session to establish steam communication between New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Great Britain and the continent has also been discontinued this year.

—The following are totals for the population of great cities of Europe:—London 3,832,44 inhabitants; Paris, 2,225,910; Berlin, 1,122,500; Vienna, 1,103,110; St. Petersburg, 876,570; Moscow, 611,370; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 555,940; Liverpool, 552,430; Naples, 493,110; Hamburg, 410,120; Birmingham, 400,760; Lyons, 372,890; Buda-Pesth, 360,580; Marseilles, 337,420; Manchester, 341,610; Warsaw, 339,340; Milan, 321,840; Amsterdam, 317,010; Dublin, 314,260; Leeds, 309,130; Rome, 300,470; Sheffield, 284,410; Breslau, 272,910; Turin, 252,330.