

BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.
OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.
Sms.—I sell more Opeleka
Cough Mixture than all other
kinds put together. I am sure
you that it gives perfect satis-
faction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,
DANIEL PALFREY.

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS
THOMAS DEARNESS
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets,
Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite,
Gray Granite, and Proconstone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and
Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering
anything in the above line may do so having
their orders filled as usual.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 90.
T. D.

**Extension
OF TIME**
It often asked for by persons becoming un-
able to pay when the debt is due. The debt
of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but
we would all prefer an

Extension of Time.
**Puttner's Emulsion
OF COD LIVER OIL**
WITH
Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

may give this to all who are suffering from
Cough, Croup, Consumption, General Debility,
Delicate Children who otherwise would pay
this debt very speedily.

EXTENSION OF TIME.
Try Puttner's Emulsion
**BROWN BROS. & Co.,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS,
Halifax, N. S.**

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
**BURDICK BLOOD
PURITY**
Cures all the chronic eruptions of the
Bovine, Kidney and Liver, carrying
off all the impurities and foul
humors of the system, and
restores the circulation, activity of the
Stomach, secretions, Diarrhoea,
Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatism,
Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of
the Throat, Bronchitis, Catarrh of
the Bladder, Neuritis, Eczema,
Zoster, Scabies, Erysipelas, and
General Debility, all these and many
other similar Complaints. It gives
happier enjoyment to BURDICK
BLOOD PURITY.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.
All persons having legal demands
against the estate of the late Mose
C. Hoyt, of Bridgetown, in the County of
Annapolis, deceased, are hereby required
to render their accounts, duly attested,
within six months from the date hereof,
and all persons indebted to said estate are
requested to make immediate payment.
GEORGE HOYT,
W. J. HOYT,
Administrators.
Bridgetown, Sept. 24th 1890. 6m.

**J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW**
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent,
and United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1892.

**BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.
(LIMITED)**
Communicating Monday, Oct. 6th,
THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTREAL."
S. S. "PLAZA."
will sail from the Company's dock, Beady Pt.
St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and
Saturday mornings, at 7.30, local time, for
DIEBET ANNOBIS, connecting there
with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, re-
turning same days, 6.30 at St. John about
7 p.m.

NEW STOVES!
R. ALLEN CROWE
Having purchased the retail business of the
BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY COMPANY
offers the largest stock in this line ever
offered before in Bridgetown.

**RANGES & COOK STOVES,
Parlor and Hall Stoves,
STOVE PIPE,
SHEET IRON,
LEAD PIPING,
SINKS, OVEN MOUTHS,
AND FITS, FITS,
LANTERNS, GRANITE IRON WARE,
STOVE BOARDS,
COAL HOODS,
FIRE SETS,
TIN WARE**
and all articles usually kept in a
FIRST-CLASS TIN SHOP.
Jobbing a specialty.
R. ALLEN CROWE,
Bridgetown, Sept. 18th, 1890. 24m.

Weekly

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.
VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1890. NO. 39.

**JOHNSON'S
ANODYNE LINIMENT**
Established 1810.
—UNLIKE ANY OTHER—
AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.
ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

International S.S. Co.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
TWO TRIPS PER WEEK.
FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., FOR BOSTON.
Commencing Monday, Nov. 3rd,
the Steamers "CUMBERLAND" and "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Newport and Portland every MONDAY and THURSDAY Morning at 7.30 Eastern Time. Returning, leave Boston same days.
Through Tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all leading stations of the Nova Scotia Railway, and on board Steamers "City of Montreal" and "City of St. John" at Halifax and Annapolis.
Also FREIGHT billed through at extremely low rates.

**LAWRENCETOWN
PUMP COMPANY,
(ESTABLISHED 1880.)
N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
THE OBLIQUATED
Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,
—ALSO—
FORCE PUMP,
with Hose attached if required.
We are prepared to Manufacture
WOODEN WATER PIPES for any
underground. Can be delivered
anywhere. Send for Price List.**

**BUY MY MAKE OF
Boots & Shoes**
LATEST STYLES
And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling
over the quality of your goods. My shoes are made of the
best material, and my work is done in the most skillful
manner. I have a large stock of the latest styles, and
I can make to order any style you desire. My prices are
very low, and my work is guaranteed.

**JAMES T. HURLEY
SHOET AND SHOE MANUFACTURER**
23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

**W. H. BANNISTER,
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.**

**FOSTER'S
Carriage Emporium**
Near Bridgetown, N. S.
The above establishment can always be
relied upon for a large stock of the very latest
and most improved styles of Carriages, Buggies,
and all kinds of Vehicles, and is prepared to furnish all
the material and labor necessary for the construction of
any style of Carriage, Buggy, or Vehicle, in a
superior manner.

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

Poetry.
Thoughts of the New Year.
What brings this New Year, to us
of earth?
Prosperity, or all its golden store?
Knowledge whose wealth was never guessed
before?
A newer faith that in our souls hath birth,
New happiness to brighten up the death
of past mistakes, that vain regrets no more
Come maddening the heart? Is sorrow's cure
And will our golden store be sought in earth?
The blessed light of hope is on the face,
And, in our hearts, a newer joy we see,
What thought brings us ere they days are
gone,
Achievement, or defeat, or sad disgrace,
We know not now! While duty leads us
God grant we strive as brave men in our
place.
—Charles Edward Pratt.

On the Threshold.
Ring out, O bells! ring silver-crested
hills and moor and fell!
In mellow echoes let your chimes
Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, this joyous
New Year!
A bright new year, a glad new year,
hail come to us again!
Ah! who can say how much of joy
will be yours for us who listen now to your
Goodbye, Old Year! Tired, trusty friend,
O New Year! write to him for us in
lines of brightest gold.
The flowers of spring must bloom at last,
The green of summer's hope must come,
God grant that after sorrow pass, we
all those who may know how to live,
Though through our lives our path be
Life's rough ways may be,
There be no more of this, when
we have seen.

Select Literature.
Young Lucretia.
"Who's that little girl going by?" said old
Mrs. Emmons.
"That's why, that young Lucretia,
mother," replied her daughter, Ann, peer-
ing out of the window over her mother's
shoulder. There was a fringe of flowering
geraniums in the window; the two women
had been looking at them for some time.
"Poor little soul!" old Mrs. Emmons
remarked further. "I pity that child."
"I don't see much to pity for her,"
returned Ann in a voice high pitched and
sharply sweet; she was the soprano singer
in the village choir. "I don't see why she
is the most contented child in the
parish."
"Well, I don't know but what she
is, but I guess she has her own little
secret." Lucretia on her mother's side
did not seem to be in the least surprised
that day that she was going to have a Chris-
tmas tree down to the school-house. Now
she was in the kitchen, and she was
making up the tree.

"Well, if she's kept clean all winter,
made to behave, it amounts to a good deal
more than most of the other girls in the
parish." Ann said to herself.
"I will, mother, I will," Lucretia, who was
very well as for her sweetest.
"You won't."
"You see if I don't, look here."
"You won't."
"I think she's better than her things off,
an' let her be," said Ann Lucretia.
"I'm not going to have her down there
with her clothes any more, take your
eyes, Lucretia, please! she's real
straight, it is, Ann," Lucretia, please!
Lucretia, please! she's real straight, it is,
Ann," Lucretia, please! she's real straight,
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"I don't believe they'll let you go
to your house and look up for them,"
Lucretia answered, with dignity.
"Lucretia gave her a startled look;
a vision of her aunt's indignation at such
interference shot before her eyes. "Oh!
I don't believe I would do a mile of good,"
said she, fervently. "I'll tell you what
it is, Ann, you might come every time
while I'm here."
"I will," said Ann, eagerly. "Just
wait a minute till I ask mother if I can."
But it was all useless. Ann's pretty
pleading face was a suppliant to
Lucretia's, and her timorous, "Please let
Lucretia go," had no effect whatever.
"I don't approve of children being out
at night," said Ann Lucretia, and Ann
Lucretia supported her. "There's no use
talking, said she; 'You can't go, Lucretia,
I don't believe I would do a mile of good,'
said she, fervently. "I'll tell you what
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she did. "They're going to have lots
of presents on the Christmas tree," she re-
marked, tipping her candle again.
"Are you going to hold that candle
straight or not?" cried Ann Lucretia.
"Wasn't going to have lots of presents?"
"All the other girls."
"When the suns got very much in earn-
est about anything they spoke terms such
revelation as that it had the effect of a
dust; it was difficult to tell which was
uppermost. "Well, the other girls can
have lots of presents if they like, but I
don't want to go to school for presents for
present for them," she said.
"There is one thing about it, you
won't get anything, and you won't expect
anything. I just approved of this giving
presents Christmas anyway. It's an awful
tax on a foolish piece of business."
"Young Lucretia's lip quivered so she
could hardly speak. "They'll think it's
so funny if I—don't have anything," she
said.

"Let's think it's funny if they want
to. You take your candle and go to bed,
an' don't say a word about it. Mind
you hold that candle straight."
Young Lucretia tried to hold the candle
straight as she went upstairs, but it was
hard work, her eyes were so misty with
tears. Her little face was all puckered up
directly after she had the candle straight
up the stairs. It was a long time be-
fore she got to bed that night. She cried
for an hour, then she went to bed.
Young Lucretia was so small and imma-
ture, but she had a keen imagination, and
was fertile of resources in emergencies.
The next day she was in the school-house,
and she was very much interested in the
presents that she had received. She was
very much interested in the presents that
she had received. She was very much inter-
ested in the presents that she had received.
She was very much interested in the pre-
sents that she had received. She was very
much interested in the presents that she
had received. She was very much inter-
ested in the presents that she had received.

"What made you think of such a thing?"
"I don't know."
"I should think you would know. I
never heard of such things in my life!"
After they got home next week was said
to young Lucretia, the suns were still too
much bewildered for many words. Lucretia
was hidden to light her candle and go to
bed, then she went to bed. She was very
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Jas. J. Ritchie, O.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL
ESTATE SECURITY.
AGENT OF THE CITY OF
LONDON FIRE INSUR-
ANCE COMPANY.
Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank
of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia
Annapolis, N. S. 11ly

Games for Young Children.
During the long winter evenings it is
well for the young folks of all ages to know
some amusing games so as to pass the time
pleasantly when a lot of them get together.
Here are a few:

"Fling the towel." Let the company
form a circle, with one of the players in
the centre. One member of the circle then
flings a large towel, aiming to hit some
other member. If the player in the mid-
dle is struck enough to interrupt it and
catches the towel on its way across the
ring, he takes the place of the one who
threw it, who then takes his stand in the
middle. If he hits the one at whom it was
aimed, he must try to get rid of it by
throwing it to another player before the
one stationed in the middle can catch it.

"The game of 'Santa Claus,' which is
not unlike that called 'Duckety,' is great
fun. Tack upon the wall a big white
sheet. Make a large paper Santa Claus;
cut off his head, his feet, his arms, legs and
back; cut his ears and nose; cut out his
eyes and paste his body on the sheet.
Sendfold each player and give him a por-
tion of the sheet's anatomy, and let him
place it where he thinks it should go. You
can have a bit of dried maulage on the
back of these bits of paper, so that they
can be fastened and stuck to the board.
He generally turns out a most peculiar
looking man, with one eye on his head,
nose on his thumb, his head where his
feet should be, and nothing in the right
place. You can have two simple prizes—
one for the person who comes nearest being
right in the placing of some member, and
a booby prize for the one farthest out of
the way. We have seen a whole roomful
of grown people amused with merriment
over this game.

"Gossip" is amusement for the older
ones. All sit in a circle. One communi-
cates a piece of gossip about some person
in the room, who proceeds to tell it to
the next, and so it goes on until the last
one is to repeat aloud just what he hears,
and the starter gives the original sentence.
They are generally just about as far apart
as the gossip started at a sewing circle,
from the same piece of news when it has
made the village rounds. "Duckety" is great
fun. Tack upon the wall a big white
sheet. Make a large paper Santa Claus;
cut off his head, his feet, his arms, legs and
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"Metamorphosis." Let each member
of the company be furnished with a sheet
of paper and a pencil. Let him draw at
the top of the sheet the name of some bird,
beast, fish, or human being, and fasten
the sheet so as to leave nothing exposed
except lines to show on what part of the
paper the body is to be placed. He then
passes it to his next neighbor, who draws
on a body to suit his own fancy. It is
then folded and passed to the next, who
must draw legs, two or four. When the
papers are examined, some very curious
monsters, unknown to natural history, are
displayed.

"Apprentice" is not too collected for
the little ones. One of the players begins
by saying, "I have apprenticed my son to
a butcher, or dry goods merchant, or to
any trade, and gives the initial of the
first thing his son sold. The rest must
guess what the article sold was, and the
one who guesses right must then 'pre-
ntice' his son to another trade."
His Cousin Crying Babies.

"A bank has some queer notions,"
said a veteran teller, "but I think the oddest
character I have come across in my deal-
ings through the little window is a man who
comes in about twice a week, buys a
dime or two nickels and asks for his
change. After he had done this some
half dozen times I began to expect him,
and I have a pretty good opinion of his
wit, as I observed that he always
placed them carefully in his box,
pocket."
"That says my curiosity overcomes my
politeness, and I asked him bluntly what
he did with the pennies. He blushed,
smiled in a deprecating way, and said
they were for the children. The cashier
happened to know the man, and told me
he had gone to bed had had—had no
children, though married for many years.
This aroused my curiosity still more, and I
decided to trace him, as we say in com-
mercial transactions, I made a confidential
inquiry of the man, and the next time the
gentleman walked on faster than ever."
"Well, I got to thinking over the mat-
ter," said the teller, "and from myself
trying to figure out in some such manner
as we compute interest the amount of hap-
piness that man got out of ten cents,
the price of an ordinary cigar, and the result
is I always carry a few bright copper cop-
pers."
—Laurie Fessenden.

Children Cr. Pitcher's Castoria.