

Salesmen Wanted

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

465 Acres, the largest 465 Acres. Hardy Canadian NURSERY STOCK.

SCHOONER Temple Bar.

Capt. Longmire. These pills were known schooner will ply regularly between St. John and Bridgetown during the season.

THE M. K. ELLIOTT ELECTRIC BATTERY IN A BOTTLE.

Make New Rich Blood!

Acadia Organ and Manufacturing Co. (LIMITED.)

Speedy Cure

THE COMPANY intends giving special attention to the above line of goods, and will keep in stock.

MASCOT Spring Stop Shade Roller.

Big Value! Don't fail to see them.

Bargains, Come!

For during the next THIRTY DAYS I will sell the balance of Winter Goods.

Fancy Glassware

At 30 per cent discount for Cash.

New Goods,

R. D. BEALS

Best Groceries, TINS, WARE, ETC.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE GREAT MEDICINE OF THE AGE.

BREADMAKER'S YEAST.

READ THIS! We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's...

MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored!

Farmers Buying Fertilizers

"Ceres" Superphosphate

BONE!

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS

RUSSING STAMP

The Culverwell Medical Co.

The Weekly Tribune

VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1888. NO. 12.

Spa Springs House

Wilmot Spa Springs, Annapolis County.

A COMMODIOUS New Hotel has just been built at the famous summer resort.

WATER PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world.

Make New Rich Blood!

Acadia Organ and Manufacturing Co. (LIMITED.)

MOULDINGS, DOORS, SASHES, STAIR RAIL.

NEWELL POSTS (either half built or turned), Balusters, Etc.

PLANNING DONE BY THE THOUSAND.

DINING TABLES will be kept in stock, made of the best material.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY.

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager. THE CELEBRATED

FORCE PUMP

With Hose attached if required.

Public Auction.

By the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis.

BRIDGETOWN HARNESS STORE!

LIGHT HARNESSES, EXPRESS HARNESSES, TEAM HARNESSES.

THE PATTERSON & BROTHER CO.

Manufacturers of all kinds of...

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DENTISTRY

A. J. McKenna, D.D.S.

Annapolis from 1st to 5th, Middleton from 17th to 20th.

All work guaranteed to satisfaction.

Teeth made, repaired and filled.

PRICES REASONABLE.

The Old Country Place Possession of Annapolis.

A London cable says: The British Government has again altered the political map of Africa.

The movement made with serious opposition from some of the leading journals.

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Brown Brothers & Co., Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

"At the Last." The stream in calm when it nears the sea.

And flowers are awaked at the eve of day.

And birds most musical at close of day.

Meaning is lovely - but a hollow charm.

And weary man must ever love her best.

For meaning calls to toll, but Night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings a holy cheer.

A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer.

Footsteps of angels follow in her track.

To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she flows.

Over earth and sky her mantle of repose.

There is a calm, a beauty and a power.

That nothing knows not in the evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must wait and wait.

Flow like a stream, flow, dig the weedy soil.

Tread with feet and rough and thorny way.

And beat the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide like summer evening, down the summer tide!

And leave behind us as we pass away, Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping day.

Select Literature.

A Dentist's Story.

If I were to classify all the professions and avocations of civilization under the two heads of "Dentistry" and "Dentistry."

"Dentistry" is a high, of a surety, but that of dentistry very high in the latter list.

It has always been a wonder to me, since the first period of my existence, when I, an infant, was a victim of fate and circumstance, and poor teeth were first being related, but powers, by the firm grasp of the inferior material hand into the presence of dentistry.

Years have passed since then, however, and I see that the number of dentists sprouting up all over the civilized world far exceeds that of the war-heroes.

Who are to be numbered as great benefactors to humanity, I feel that the dentist is the profession of the future.

It is not the profession of the future, but the profession of the present.

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WEEKLY MONITOR Supplement, June 27th, 1888.

Stanley in desperate straits.

A despatch received in London from St. Paul de Loanda, dated Wednesday, says: "Several deserters from the Stanley expedition have reached Camp Yambouja. They state that, after traversing the Upper Aruvimbé, Stanley struck into a rough mountainous country, covered with dense forests. The natives, who were excited by reports spread by Arabs, disputed the passage of the expedition, and there was continuous fighting. Stanley was severely wounded. He was compelled several times to construct camps in order to repel attacks, and was obliged to use the reserve provisions that were intended for Conia Bey. The Soudanese attacked the force had all died or disappeared. The deserters estimate that the caravan lost one-third of its men, and they say that many of those remaining were ill, including the Europeans. Stanley was encamped when the deserters left. He was surrounded by hostiles and was unable to send news to Emin Bey or directly to Yambouja. Major Bartlett had returned to Yambouja, where he was awaiting the men Mr. Ward was collecting to form a powerful expedition to go to the relief of Stanley. The sickness at Yambouja was lessening, but only 80 of the 125 Soudanese survived. Tippoo received 612 men to form two caravans, and started for the interior about the end of January. Ward left Bona on May 30 for Leopoldville, where he was to embark men and provisions in a Congo state steamer for the Aruvimbé early in May. Stanley left Stanley Falls taking Bartlett the first reinforcements and supplies, Yambouja advice reach the middle of April. The time the deserters left Stanley is uncertain. Governor Janssen left the Congo on the 15th instant on his way to Europe to consult regarding the sending of assistance to Stanley.

About Advertising.

The Medical Association of Ontario has recently cast a brother medicine out of the synogogue for advertising. The event moves the Hamilton Spectator to the following grave reflection: "At the recent convention of doctors at Toronto the old question of advertising came up, and one gentleman who thought it best to tell the public that he was particularly *en fait* in one stated branch of the trade was fired out of the guild, and branded as a quack. He will probably go on advertising and curing and making money. There is this to say in favor of the doctors who don't like the newspaper: Quacks advertise, and advertise extensively. They get business, cure nobody and make money. That is bad. There is no doubt of it. But, from a newspaper point of view, it shows the utility of advertising. If some of the regularly qualified physicians would but let the public know, through the medium of the newspapers, how neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously they can cure human ills, what a boon it would be to the great reading public. But they won't. It is infra dig. Their predecessors in old times, when they used to stick out a striped pole, as barbers do now for a different purpose, to show that they bled people for a fee, did not advertise, principally for the reason that there were no newspapers in which to print their advertisements. And the doctors of to-day stick to 'the good old custom.'"

STUNG TO DEATH BY BEES.—*Norwich, Conn., June 14.*—Timothy Dwight Williams, aged 76, who lived in the neighboring town of Lebanon, met with a singular and horrible death yesterday. He has lived a solitary life on a little piece of ground, from which he has eked a living by agriculture and apiculture. On Tuesday, he was awoken in a tree and climbed it with a saw to remove the branch and secure the tenants. During the operation, he lost his balance and fell, scattering the bees as he did so. The infuriated insects immediately attacked the old man, who with a broken leg crawled away and sought refuge under a wagon. Here he made a desperate fight with the bees, but without success. He was stung in his face and hand.

Beauties of the Law as Practised.

[From the Albany Journal, June 6.]

A recent incident in this city pretty well illustrates the elasticity and resources of the law. A gentleman bought at auction an alleged brick house for \$3,000, paying \$300 down. The same evening he was informed by friends that it was not a genuine brick house, but a "venered" one—that is, a frame house with a single thickness of brick outside. He consulted Lawyer A as soon as possible, and the lawyer secured an injunction restraining the auctioneer from paying over the \$300 to the seller and then brought suit to recover the \$300 and \$1,000 damages. Lawyer B, representing the seller of the house, locked into the matter, consulted one or two architects, and became satisfied that he had no case; that Lawyer A was right in claiming that the house was not brick and that a fraud had been committed in selling it for a brick house. He therefore compromised with Lawyer A by returning the \$300. The auctioneer was unable to collect his commission from the seller, the latter claiming that he had instructed the auctioneer to sell the house for what it was, and had not authorized him to sell it as a brick house. "Yes," "Then if we can prove it was a brick house we can recover," replied Lawyer A. He looked around and found two or three builders who were willing to testify that it was a brick house. The foundation and basement were brick. He then brought suit to recover the \$75 commission. Lawyer B again represented the seller. At the trial Lawyer A was on hand with several witnesses on hand to rebut him, and A secured a judgment for the \$75 with costs.

SAD END OF A WORTHY MAN.—Probably one of the best known and most highly respected men in Hants county was Mr. John Palmer, who resided for many years at what is known as "The Forks," about two miles from Windsor. But his life terminated in a very tragic manner on Wednesday night last. Although at one time in comfortable pecuniary circumstances, he appears from some cause or other to have become comparatively poor. His property was mortgaged to Edward O'Brien, of Windsor, for \$5,000, and the Commercial Bank of Windsor held a judgment of \$6,000 additional. He had got behind hand in his interest payments, and his property was sold a few days ago for \$9,000. This so preyed on his mind, that on Wednesday night last he went down to the river, which runs a short distance from the house, and cut his throat with a razor. It is an open question that he attempted to drown himself as he was found sticking in the mud, the tide being out. He was found by his daughter and one of the servants, who missed him from the house, and was then not quite dead, but he only lived a few hours. He was in his 73rd year, and leaves a widow, two daughters and one son. *Halifax Recorder.*

A COLORED RELIGIOUS CRANK.—*Chatham, Tenn., June 14.*—One Andrew Jackson Brown, colored, is creating a decided sensation in Shoddy, a mining village near this city. He is a religious crank of the worst type. He claims to be Christ and the herald of a new millennium. Soon after his appearance he retired to the mountains and went through the farce of a forty-day fast, and then appeared in triumph to begin a reign of a thousand years of peace. His loins were girded with old pantaloons cut off at the knees. A singularly enthusiastic throng met him. Many white women kissed and embraced him, and did the colored sisters. The community is much excited, and the votaries of Brown and his white apostle, G. W. Patterson, have been ordered to leave in ten days. The Sheriff and deputies are at the scene, and trouble is imminent.

Refuses of a Great City.

WASTE REFUSE FROM A NEW YORK DUST HEAP WORTH \$300 A WEEK.

Many inquiries have been made at the New York department of street cleaning lately about the retelling of the scow trimming contract. Competitors are all ready to pay for the privilege of trimming the dirt scows, and the present holders of the privilege pay \$350 a week for it. This is because the trimmers are entitled to all the profit that can be made out of the refuse, which contains bottles, bones, rags, paper, metals, and other despoiled articles of value. An Italian named Ciccarelli held the privilege at \$320 a week up to the 1st of January, when C. M. Smith got it at \$350. Smith had experimented with a cremating apparatus and separator, and, in his application, proposed to try to save much of the wealth that is lost and cast into the sea. This was despite the fact that no less industrious gleaners than the Italians then carefully looked over every ounce of the refuse before it was dumped into the Atlantic outside the bar. His expenses of \$350 a week were added to by the cost of a considerable plant. He uses a separator that separates the animal and vegetable matter from the rest, and while the two sorts are shaken down a series of runs, everything of value is picked out. The remaining refuse goes to a crematory and is burned. There is nothing left to carry out to sea, for the washed refuse makes excellent filling material. Mr. Smith has not yet fully satisfied himself as to the profit of the process, but there are a number of competitors for the work, and though the department is satisfied with him, it has been decided to put the contract up for a retelling to satisfy everybody.

A Domestic Tragedy.

ST. THOMAS, June 19.—Mr. George W. Goodfellow, one of the most prominent citizens in Avlmer, committed suicide this morning by shooting himself through the head. Goodfellow had just been arrested on the charge of committing an unnatural crime upon his fifteen year old daughter Lilian. Goodfellow, before being taken to the cells, asked the officer to allow him to take leave of his wife and family. The request was granted, and Goodfellow had been in his house for a few seconds only when the report of a pistol made the officer enter the house. He found Goodfellow on the floor prostrate beside the piano. It appears that Goodfellow's daughter was determined to break loose from the life which she had been compelled to lead, and after writing a letter telling her reason for running away she left for Buffalo. The letter afterwards fell into the hands of Rev. J. R. Gundy, the Methodist minister, and an investigation followed. The girl was brought back from Buffalo and Goodfellow was compelled to remain in the house to avoid indignant citizens who avowed their intention of lynching him. The town is much excited over the suicide. Goodfellow was a powerful man about 40 years old and worth \$20,000. Only a few weeks ago Mr. Goodfellow testified in church that he had never felt so happy as he had of late, and prayed that many more might be led into the right path.

STAMPAER DARTMOUTH.—The splendid new steamer Dartmouth which is now to be seen daily on the Halifax harbor is a fair sample of the workmanship of the Barrill-Johnson Iron Foundry of Yarmouth in this province. Now that sailing vessels are being supplanted by steamers, it is gratifying to find an industrial establishment flourishing in Nova Scotia which is able in a few months to turn out a steamboat that is the excellence of its construction defies competition, either domestic or foreign. *Halifax Herald.*

Use Seavey's East India Liniment.

—Potter's Liniment, for sale at Palfrey's. —Crop reports received from all parts of the Northwest indicate magnificent prospects.

—A man with six marriageable daughters says that his house is a regular court house every Sunday night.

Cleveland, June 11.—A match was arranged here to-day between "Clingstone", 214, and "Harry Wilkes", 213.

—Mrs. Warren, the Colorado cattle queen, who is said to be worth \$1,000,000, is the wife of Bishop Warren, of the Methodist church.

—The venerable Metropolitan of Canada, Bishop Medley, called last week for England to take part in the pan-Anglican Synod which is to be held in July at Lambeth.

LOUISIANA LOTTERY.—The story is current that at a recent drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, Mrs. Corbett, wife of keeper John Corbett of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, won a \$10,000 prize. *—St. John Globe.*

—The owner of Mining, the fastest race horse in England, when asked a short time since to name a price for that horse, replied that he was not for sale, but that if he changed his mind the lowest price would be £20,000.

—London had in 1887 a population of 4,215,162. Paris had 2,200,745, Berlin had 1,385,292, New York had 1,429,697, Peking had 1,550,000 and Canton had 1,600,000. The figures for Peking and Canton are not exact, but are the estimates most widely accepted.

—The post office department has been officially informed that mail matter posted in London, England, has been distributed at Vancouver, B. C. within twelve days thereafter. It is expected that the proposed fast ocean service will reduce the time to ten days.

—The gem yield of North Carolina was enriched a fortnight ago by the discovery of two splendid emeralds at the Hiddenite Mines. One of the crystals weighed seventy karats and the other eighty, and they will yield several hundred dollars' worth of jewels.

—They are having hard work finding harpan for the foundations of the new bridge across the Thames at East New London, Conn. They have put spiles down 113 feet and have not got to solid earth yet. It is thought that bottom will be reached at about 130 feet.

—Miss McCready, of Wellington Row, St. John, won the prize of \$10 offered by the *British American Citizen* of Boston for the best written description (not exceeding 300 words) of any watering place in New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island. Her essay was on Dalhousie.

HALIFAX MARKET.—The following quotations are dated June 23d, and are furnished us by Messrs. Mumford Bros., Argyle St. Butter, choice dairy, 19; butter in rolls, in boxes, per lb., — to —; eggs per doz., 14; hams and bacon, per lb., 6 to 10; beef, quarters, 6 to 8; mutton, by carcass, 6 to 8; veal, by carcass, 4; dried apples, per lb., 7; potatoes, bib., —; oats, bush, 48; hay, ton, \$12.50 to \$13; wool skins, each, 80 to \$1.00.

A VALUABLE PEARL.—A young French lad from Bouchouche, whose name was not named, found a pearl in an oyster one day recently. It was of a beautiful pink color, as large as the end of one's forefinger and worth anywhere between \$50 and \$100. The lad brought the pearl to Moncton on Saturday and sold it to Watson and Nickerson, who have forwarded it to Toronto to be appraised. It is one of the finest pearls ever seen here. *—Times.*

—Mr. Edison's latest invention, the phonograph, is his most important.

WEEKLY MONITOR Supplement, May 30th, 1888.

Back to the Little Ones.

[From the New York World.]

The sedentary philosopher of Madison Square, George Francis Train, who recently left this city with the avowed intention of never returning, was back again under the trees yesterday. He could not stand the absence from the sparrows and the children, and he returned to his old place in the square where he has been a familiar figure for nearly ten years. He arrived by an early train and long before noon you could hear on all sides on upper Broadway, "George Francis Train has come back." It was about 11 o'clock when he was first seen. Where he came from no one knows, but he appeared suddenly on Broadway and instantly became the observed of all observers. Time has written no more wrinkles on his kindly face. He certainly looks ten years younger than when he went away. His hair is not a whit more grey, and his eyes are as bright and his complexion as clear as a child's. Whether he has found a fountain of perpetual youth, or has by his own will power succeeded in remaining young is hard to tell, but certainly no one who saw him, with his firm, quick step on Broadway yesterday, would doubt his opinion that he would live one hundred years.

The philosopher was dressed in a tweed suit as of old, but the pattern was quiet and subdued, and he, indeed, at least, did not look like the man who sits here to lecture on anarchy in Chicago some months ago. He crossed Broadway at Twenty-third street and entered Madison Square at the southwest corner. The square never looked brighter than it did in the warm morning sun. As though he could not help it, he took from his pocket some crumbs and threw them down on the walk. Instantly a drove of sparrows which had been eying him from the benches of the shade trees flew down. The scene attracted the attention of the children, and in five minutes there was not a nurse, child, sparrow or policeman in the square who did not know that George Francis Train had come home. Right on the corner he held an impromptu reception of the little folks. They were right glad to see him, for he seems a part of the bright spring that comes in spots in the busy city for their pleasure. The trees and grass were green, the sparrows chirped and the flowers bright. The grey-coated policeman stood in the square as usual, but to the little children who play, sleep, and cry in the square there seemed to be something wanting in the spring, but that was all made up when their old friend with "audy and penner" came back to them. Nature had given a beautiful day for the return of the sage, and for a brief quarter of an hour the philosopher and the precocious children had it all their own way. His reception over, he walked away, and the children, now perfectly contented, resumed their play. The policeman wandered away to find bad boys on the grass and the sparrows resumed their endless chatter in the trees. Half way across, the philosopher was met by the reporter. To the proffered hand he smiled and said, "No, no, Chinese," and in his peculiar way shook hands with himself, and the reporter followed his example. Mr. Train had in his pocket a copy of yesterday's *World* with the artist's picture of himself sitting surrounded by his sparrows. He expressed himself as wonderfully pleased with it, and stated that he was going to take up his old place in the square. He raised his hat and tapping his brow said, "Psychology is all right; so is this. I am going to make just one speech that will astound the world and break up the machines. This done, I go back to my old place." He would not tell when or how he was going to do all this, but wandered over to the spot where the grass is dead and where on a special bench he had sat for years.

A keen disappointment was in store for him. The bench was no longer in its place. Foreman Johnson, according to the officer in the park, had given orders that Mr. Train could sit where other people sat or not at all. He always had so many people about him that it killed the grass. For this reason there was no bench waiting to receive him. He paused just for a moment, then turned on his heel and walked quickly down Broadway. His action and the absence of the bench were noticed and in a short time a rumor was spread like wild-fire that he had left Madison Square for good and had gone to less aristocratic Union Square. The story caused great distress to the children, the policeman, and sparrow, and in contemplation of the calamity the square became quiet. But it did not last long. The bright day was too fine for regrets, and the noise of children, policeman and sparrow began again. The fact is the philosopher has taken another seat, opposite Twenty-eighth street, in the park.

Citizen Train visited *The World* office last night. He was chock full of tales of Nova Scotia. "For a hundred years," he said, "they have been selling the aged and children at auction. I myself, in Sussex, bought a white man, seventy-two years of age, a British subject, for \$50. His name was Old Martin. They would not let me have him, because I told them I was going to take him to Exeter Hall, London, to exhibit him as a specimen white slave brought in the British dominions. But I showed up the whole thing and he went to Jay Gould's Canada. The Dominion swallowed England through its action on free trade; Sir John Macdonald swallowed the Dominion; the Canadian Pacific swallowed Sir John; the syndicate in Wall street swallowed the Canadian Pacific, and President of the syndicate, leaves for England, May 28. He is coming here to make his last deal and will never return. It is said he has scooped a million dollars. To pay the debt incurred for that railroad, which has been switched off into the States, the Canadian maritime provinces are bankrupted. St. John is the only place I have ever known where the ground rent and taxes take everything a man possesses, and where a first mortgage doesn't count for anything. You can cut the groom of bankruptcy with case-knife. Nobody ever pays anything. You can say I am going to stomp this country to smash things and raise Cain generally."

MILLMAN'S BLOODY HAND.—*Charlottetown, May.*—Since the execution last month at Charlottetown, of Millman, some new evidence has transpired which supplies the missing link in the chain of circumstantial evidence. Between Millman's farm and the river lives an uncle and aunt of the executed boy. When the body of May Tuplin was discovered, this aunt became greatly agitated, her cries of anguish being heard by the neighbors all around. It now appears that she was possessed of some information which she had naturally refrained from disclosing, and which convinced her of the guilt of her nephew. It will be remembered that Millman declared that on the night of the murder he was lying about his father's gate until 10 o'clock, when he went into the house. It now turns out that about 11 o'clock his aunt was looking out of a window of her house—it being a bright moonlight night—and saw her nephew come up the fields, enter the yard, and wash his hands at the pump. She seemed to have had a sentiment at that time that something was wrong and that feeling settled into a conviction in her nephew's guilt when the murder was known. The circumstance may seem trifling, but it would have been a strong point if such were needed, against Millman at his trial.

—It was difficult to find customers for strawberries at five or six cents a box in New York on Monday.

A Hand of Flame in the Heavens.

AND IT POINTED AT OHIO—A SINGULAR AND AWE-INSPIRING SPECTACLE.

FINDLAY, O., May 22.—A strange spectacle was visible in the northern sky here last night shortly after 11 o'clock. It was the representation of a human hand of immense proportions and awe-inspiring in its realistic vividness. Early in the evening the sky in the north had a peculiar appearance, which, as the night wore on, took the form of flashes of light, constantly changing in color, flaming up from the horizon and again subsiding, but with each appearance becoming more brilliant and unnatural. This continued until about 11 o'clock, when those watching the phenomena were terrified to see these plumes of light concentrating into a distinct object, which soon assumed the proportions of a giant hand, well formed, and as distinct as if painted upon the dark background of the sky. The hand appeared to be a shadowy substance through which waves of light of a blood-red color surged and then fell off at the ends of the fingers in drops of the same color.

The first finger of the hand pointed downward towards the sleeping city, as if warning the people of some woe about to befall them. The spectacle lasted for about an hour, when it began slowly to fade away and finally disappeared altogether.—*New York World.*

CANNED HERRING.—One of the members of the wide awake firm of A. & R. Loggie was in Baltimore in 1886, and seeing Ocean Trout on some cans in a grocery store, bought one of them and opened it. He found that it was filled with herring and made a note of it. Last year he put up a few cases at Escumiac, and sent them abroad. They sold so well that the firm has gone largely into the business this spring, employing their entire laboring force, now when there are no lobsters to can, in this industry. The herring stay in shore for a few days only, and they are taken wholesale in a temporary pond made with set nets, in which they are kept till wanted. The factory girls clean, gut and scale the herring, and pack them, slightly flavored with salt. It requires about two herring to a can. This herring canning business will probably become one of the great fishing industries of the North Shore.—*Canadian World.*

—An extraordinary turf accident is reported by the last mail from New Zealand. At the Sandon back meeting, at the town of Palmerston, one of the horses fell, when, strange to say, all the six other animals following were likewise brought, one after the other, down on the top of him. The result was that the riders and horses lay writhing in a heap, and terrible injuries were inflicted on all the jockeys. The race, of course, was never finished, and when the riders were extricated from the struggling mass they were nearly all insensible from broken arms, legs, and ribs. One jockey named Mackenzie died shortly after the affair, and it will be a long time before the others are restored.

SUCCESS OF A REMARKABLE EYE OPERATION.—Mrs. Annie Schick, the subject of Dr. J. Webster Fox's recent remarkable operation of transplanting a portion of the cornea of a rabbit's eye to that of a human being, was examined by the physician, at Philadelphia, on the 19th, and the graft was not only found to be entirely successful, but the patient was enabled to distinguish objects at a distance of several feet. With further bandaging and careful attention, it is confidently believed that complete vision will be restored to the eye, and when this has been accomplished, a similar operation will be made upon her other eye, which is almost completely obscured by an opaque surface.

Berlin, May 26.—The emperor passed a good night and felt refreshed this morning. He went out in the park shortly after rising.

Wimoot.

TO MY FRIENDS IN THE EAST END OF ANNEPOLIS COUNTY.—I thank every one of you that used me fair and square, that tried to help me along, and were pleased to see me do well. If there are any good square men in this world, there are some in Wimoot. I will name a few: A. Lee, T. Phinney, Geo. Nelly, W. M. McVicar, John Tools, Slim Woodbury, Robert Morse, Silas Lewis, John Cookin, N. P. Wood, E. J. Parker, Henry Phinney, Gullford Miller, D. Feindal, Hugh Kerr, Capt. Hall, John Fry, Wm. Nelly, and Wm. Kerry. These are men I have tried and found safe, with more that I have not room to name to here. I tried to do my best for you all in getting and suiting you all with boots and shoes, both in work and in stock. I felt very sorry to leave my family, and you to come here, but I was driven out of the place by a class of people that would not pay, and a few that could not pay. I lost in nine years, about \$1,200 by this class, and some of them claim to be God's children. If anyone owed those people and could not pay when due, they would give their debtors no peace until they got it. They are the lads that owe me to-day, and drove me out of Wimoot. I had to work fifteen hours a day to make both ends meet. I wish you all well. I am in a good place and working for good men; get my pay every Saturday night. I have no trouble in any way. I cannot tell when I will be with you again; I will make no promise, but it will be sometime, unless something happens me or J. J. Warren & Co., or I get my discharge, and even then I do not think I shall ever start up the shoe business in Wimoot again on the credit system. Credit in Nova Scotia is doing more harm than anything else. I say live within your income and pay as you go. Sell nothing without pay down. There would be less going away to the United States to avoid paying bills if this was done. Yours very truly, I. B. ELLIOTT.

Worcester, Mass., May 25th, 1888.

BECOMES HIS GIRL WOLFO'S MARRY HIM.—A young man named Harry Morgan attempted suicide on Tuesday evening by jumping from the new railway bridge into the swollen river. A number of boys, who were near the river, saw him jump into the river, and at once ran to his rescue and called for help. In a short time quite a large crowd had congregated on the river bank and the would-be suicide was fished from the rushing waters in time to save his life. The poor fellow had been in a demented state for a week, because his girl, whom he loved and was to marry, had gone back on him. Since the girl's refusal to marry him, the young man has been endeavoring to drown his grief in the flowing bowl, and not succeeding in this he attempted to drown himself. Morgan is only about twenty years old, and the girl whom he has gone mad over lives on Waterloo Row.—*Gleaner.*

ANOTHER ST. JOHN WILKIN.—St. John, May 25.—This afternoon Thos. Casack, who carries on the occupation of umbrella mender, made a desperate attempt to quit-nare Miss Annie Campbell, a young lady of eighteen years. Casack, who had received an umbrella from Mr. Campbell to repair, called at Campbell's house near the marsh bridge about four o'clock. He returned the umbrella and was paid fifteen cents for the job by Annie. Hearing that her father was absent, Casack seized Annie and a terrible struggle ensued. Her little sister about ten or twelve years hearing her screams rushed in and bravely attacked the brute. By their combined efforts Casack was frustrated in his vile design and fled from the house, leaving his intended victim almost senseless. As soon as they could give the alarm the girls notified Policeman Woods who arrested Casack near by and lodged him in the Portland police station.

Miscellaneous.

Seldom What They Seem.

This is a sort of spy-turvy world. No one seems to be satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice and another is flying from it.

One man is ordered to eat eggs because they are nutritious, and another is cautioned to leave them alone because they produce bile.

Robinson takes sherry to give him an appetite, while Brown, who has a wine cellar, can't touch a drop on account of his apoplectic tendencies.

The prize fighter reforms and becomes a preacher, while the theologian student leaves his university to become a professional base-ball pitcher.

One man keeps a pistol to protect himself against burglars, while his neighbor doesn't keep one for fear of shooting some member of the house by mistake.

The man who can make \$20,000 a year as a general thing can't save a cent, while the man who is thrifty and wise is seldom so gifted that he can earn anything at all.

One rich man wears poor clothes because he is poor and can do anything, while a poor man wears fine clothes because he is poor and wants to create an impression that he is not.

One man escapes all the diseases that flesh is heir to and is killed on the rail road; another man goes through half a dozen wars without a scratch and then dies of whooping-cough.

The laborer with ten children keeps out of debt on \$10 a week, while many an unmarrying bank official with \$100 a week can't get along without helping himself to the bank's funds.

Good people die and had people live. The man who is fat with health can't get employment, and the man who is making money hasn't even time to give up business on account of ill health.

You will sometimes see a man planting trees around his place for the shade; and, at the same time, you will see another cutting down all the trees around his house, because they produce too much moisture.

One man is spending all the money he can earn in taking a girl to the theatre and sending her flowers, while another man who is rich and has his wife and his neighbor is spending all the gold he has saved to get a divorce.

The doctor tells Morrill that if he doesn't stop work and take a rest he'll go into a decline, and then tells him that if he does not abandon his sedentary position and go off somewhere and work on a farm he will die of torpidity of the liver.

We know a wealthy merchant who keeps half a dozen horses, and recently stated that a holiday, and was also known a profeeder who can spell every word in the English language correctly and this is only when he eats horse-radish.

Yankee Doodle and U. S. We use Uncle Sam as a facetious name for the United States; Mr. S. Grant (Ohio) has explained to us that "Uncle Sam Wilson" was the government inspector of supplies at Troy in the war of 1812. Those duties of which he approved were labelled "U. S."

lighted in relating how he kissed the duchess in taking the shilling from the hands of the Chinese maiden on the regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, better known as the Ninety-second. The old Scotch veteran of '87 was not left one behind him to tell the same about kissing the blue-eyed duchess in the marketplace of Dusklin.

An American naval officer who had spent some considerable time in China narrates an amusing experience of the ignorance of the Chinese maiden on the subject of kissing. Wishing to complete a conquest he had made of a young melon (beautiful lady) he invited her - using English words - to give him a kiss. Finding her comprehension of his request somewhat obscure, he saluted the nation to the word and took a delicious kiss. The girl ran away into another room, thoroughly alarmed, exclaiming: "Terrible mistake! I shall be executed on the spot!"

When the girl returned, she was returned to him saying: "I would learn more of your strange rite. Kiss me." He knew it wasn't right, but he kept on instructing her in the use of his tongue until she knew how to do like a native Yankee girl. And after that she suggested a second course remarking: "Kiss me some more, please, I like it." The lesson went on until her mamma's voice rudely awakened them from their delicious dream.

Kiss her gently, but be shy. Kiss her when there's no one on the way. Kiss her when you're in the street. Kiss her when you're in the street. Kiss her when you're in the street.

Tom Hood once asked whether Hans More had ever been kissed on the cheek by a man. It is almost impossible to imagine such a thing, and yet it has been asserted by the author of "Rejected Addresses." But to think of being kissed on the cheek is almost church-time in Horse South district.

Sidney Morgan was playing the organ, while behind the vestry door, a young man was listening to the music from the lips of Hannah More.

Horrible Murder on a Postal Car. The Bangor papers give lengthy accounts of the murder of J. C. Sinclair, a United States postal clerk. The murder took place on a Saturday evening just as the 8 o'clock Palmetto train for Boston was leaving Bangor.

Sinclair was found lying on the floor of the postal car, covered with blood. At first it was thought that he had died of hemorrhage, but two hours later, when his body was being prepared for burial, a horrible wound was discovered on his left side above the heart.

This wound was an inch wide and the doctors decided that it was made by a double-edged knife which entered the body to the depth of five inches and severed the auxiliary artery. They could pass their fingers into the wound so great was its depth. Dr. Sanger said that Sinclair could not have lived three minutes after the knife was thrust into the wound, as his heart would have immediately ceased to beat.

A more extended examination showed a signet ring wound about two inches long on each inch long on the right side of his head and a long scratch on the right cheek. The cut on his head must have been made with a knife, and it had been used with terrible force, for the skull was fractured.

These discoveries caused intense excitement, and the police having been notified, a telegram was sent to Augusta to arrest the other two clerks who had been in the train. These were A. G. Sisson and S. Lyman Hayes. The arrests were made without any difficulty. On being taken to Bangor, Hayes made a confession to the County Attorney, stating that Sisson and Sisson had controlled over the handling of some mail at Waterville; that they called each other hard names and used unbecomable language.

An Indian road officer was asked what was the cleverest he ever knew an elephant to perform, and he said that once, when collecting some steel tubing from a ship, it was the elephant's task to carry the pipes by means of his trunk from one part of the wharf to another. The pipes had been rolled to prevent their rattling, and when the elephant took up one it slipped from his grasp. He tried again with the same result, and at last he found a way. He was a heap of sand, and rolled it backward and forward. The sand, owing to the oil, adhered to the tube, and the elephant then put his trunk round it and carried it with ease. He did the same with the remainder without aid or suggestion from his mahout.

A Severe Trial. Francis S. Smith, of E. Middle, Me., writes that he was troubled with rheumatism two years and I have written as often as five times a day. One bottle of Buckton Blood Bitter completely cured me.

The sparrow nuisance has got so far west as Detroit, the city council of which have appropriated the other day to pay for the extermination of the bird. It just serves the Americans right, why did they encourage the immigration of that bird?

Notice of Assignment. That William H. Barnes, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Blackland, has by deed of Assignment bearing date the 24th day of June, 1888, assigned to me all his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors. By the provision of said deed, certain debts are preferred, and all creditors desired to receive said debt must do so within sixty days from the date of the assignment.

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Georgiana, duchess of Devonshire, gave \$100,000 to a blind man, for the purpose of maintaining a hospital for the blind. She was an equally beautiful woman. And, another equally beautiful woman, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited her regiment in a similar manner. Duncan McKenzie, a veteran of Waterloo, who died at Elgin, Scotland, in 1866, de-

Paine's Eery Compound. For the Nervous and Debilitated The Aged.

AS A LAXATIVE, it acts mildly, but surely, on the bowels. AS A DIURETIC, it regulates the Kidneys and Urinary Organs.

Threshing Machines. The New Model, 33 and 35 inch cylinder, will thresh more grain of any kind, and cleaner, with less wear, than any Machine in the market.

Oshawa 12 Horse Portable Engines. With Spark Arresters, Delahat Steel and Wilson's Steel Tubes in the Boiler, the best material and the best labor in the world.

THE BACKUS WATER MOTOR. It is the most Economical Power Known. DRIVING LIGHT MACHINERY. It takes but little room. It never gets out of repair.

THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COMPANY. The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and Boston.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. NEW YORK. Established in 1843. - Assets, Over \$115,000,000.

INSURE AGAINST ACCIDENT IN THE LONDON GUARANTEE & ACCIDENT CO. (LIMITED).

To Loan! Money on Real Estate Security. J. O. H. PARKER, Solicitor.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway Time Table. GOING EAST.

GOING WEST. 4 Halifax - leave 7:30 a.m. 4 Windsor - leave 7:30 a.m.

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BEST ON EARTH SURPRISE SOAP. THE GREAT DISCOVERER TRY IT.

THE CELEBRATED STALLION "Champion Messenger".

HAMBLETOWN PRINCE! THE SEASON OF 1888.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES. THE BRIDGETOWN Marble Works.

MONUMENTS HEADSTONES. TABLETS. Furniture Tops!

OLDMAN WHITMAN. THE KEY TO HEALTH. BUCKLE BLOOD BITTERS.

Alm at Stallion "GILBERT." Standard No. 6232.

NOTICE! The subscriber has just received his HAYING TOOLS.

Dry Goods and Boots and Shoes. Flour, Tea, Sugar and MOLASSES.

COVERED BUGGY. THE whole will be sold at the LOWEST PRICE FOR CASH OR PROVED CREDIT.

J. L. MORSE, Junr. HAYCRAFT'S BALSAM.

BREMNER BROS. Produce Commission Merchants.

APPLES, PEARS, PLUMS. HANDLED ON COMMISSION. QUICK SALES AND PROMPT RETURNS GUARANTEED.

John Ervin, Barrister and Attorney at Law, OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING.

W. M. FORSYTH STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2.

CURE FOR THE DEAF! PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING.

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About the Moon. A few weeks ago an important address was given in London by Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, about the moon; in his course, he made known the most recent conclusions of astronomers as to the moon's composition, its climatic condition and the probability of its being inhabited.

As our nearest neighbor in the solar system, the moon must always be an object of peculiar interest and of ardent investigation of the dweller upon the earth. So much nearer is it than either of the planets, that we can learn more about it, and observe its physical features more minutely. We know that the moon's diameter is only one-fourth of that of our globe; that it is only two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from us; that, if the moon should disappear from its orbit as our satellites, a most important physical change on the earth, the cessation of tides, would take place; and that, in bulk, the moon is eighty times less heavy than the earth.

We can discern through powerful telescopes the general formation of that half of the moon's surface which is turned toward us. We are told that half of these are visible craters of volcanoes sixty miles wide, another, ten thousand feet deep; one mighty peak rises to a height of twenty-four thousand feet; and that a vast basin is visible, seventeen thousand feet deep, and over fifty miles wide.

It has long been a warmly debated question among astronomers whether it is possible that the moon could support vegetation and animal and human life. But a general agreement has now been reached by them, that the moon is much older than the earth; that it is "as dead as a door nail" and that it has neither atmosphere, air or water. In short, it is nothing else but a mass of extinct volcanic matter, lighted only by the rays of the distant sun. No fire ever issues from the great volcanoes which are apparent on its surface; the huge, hollow-out craters emit no smoke. A vast and eternal silence reigns through all the dreary trees, lifeless expanse.

The moon, indeed, is apparently abandoned to death, according to our inhabitants, producing nothing resembling trees, flowers, or beautiful things of any kind - volcanic, in short, except a mass of extinct volcanic matter, lighted only by the rays of the distant sun. No fire ever issues from the great volcanoes which are apparent on its surface; the huge, hollow-out craters emit no smoke. A vast and eternal silence reigns through all the dreary trees, lifeless expanse.

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The moon, indeed, is apparently abandoned to death, according to our inhabitants, producing nothing resembling trees, flowers, or beautiful things of any kind - volcanic, in short, except a mass of extinct volcanic matter, lighted only by the rays of the distant sun. No fire ever issues from the great volcanoes which are apparent on its surface; the huge, hollow-out craters emit no smoke. A vast and eternal silence reigns through all the dreary trees, lifeless expanse.

There was a singular couple coming in on the Bay City train the other day, and the passenger agent who was on duty at the time, saw the man and woman as they entered the train. The man was a tall, thin, middle-aged man with a high forehead and a pair of spectacles. The woman was a young girl, about sixteen or seventeen years of age, with a very pretty face and a pair of spectacles.

The man and woman were both dressed in the latest fashion. The man was wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with a high collar. The woman was wearing a dark dress with a high collar and a pair of gloves. They were both looking at each other with a look of mutual affection.

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