

J. M. OWEN,  
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,  
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent,  
United States Consul Agent,  
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1883.

**CURE for the DEAF!**  
Peck's Patent Improved Coughless Ear  
Drum.  
PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING,  
no matter whether deafness is caused by  
fever, or injury to the natural drum.  
Always in position, but invisible to others  
and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation,  
and whispering distinctly. We refer to  
those using them. Send for illustrated book  
of proofs free. Address, P. H. COOK, 835  
Broadway N. Y.

**GREAT REDUCTION.**  
The whole Stock of  
**W. W. SAUNDERS'**  
will be sold at a Great Reduction during  
the Xmas Holidays, embracing  
the following well-selected lines:

**DRY GOODS,**  
Hosiery, a Specialty,  
HATS and CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES and  
SLIPPERS, OVERBOOTS, RUBBERS  
AND LARGAINS, GROCERIES  
AND CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, ES-  
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TRACTS,  
AND PATENT  
MEDICINES, large  
stock of LAMPS, GLASS,  
EARTHEN, STONE, TIN,  
WARE, HARDWARE, and  
CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID  
ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES  
William Hart,  
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**Burdock  
BLOOD  
BITTERS**  
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE  
BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,  
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION,  
GROGGERIES, HEADACHE,  
ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF  
THE STOMACH,  
HEARTBURN, DRYNESS OF  
THE SKIN,  
And every species of disease arising  
from Impure Blood.  
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors,  
100 N. BROADWAY, N. Y.

**CHEAP  
CASH!**  
FLOUR,  
OATMEAL,  
FEEDING FLOUR,  
CORNEAL,  
GROCERIES,  
STOVES, PLOWS,  
HORSE CLOTHING,  
Harnesses made to Order,  
REPAIRING ATTENDED TO  
PROMPTLY.  
**N. H. PHINNEY.**  
Nov. 19th, 1883.

**Farm for Sale**  
The subscriber offers for sale that very  
valuable property in MIDDLE-  
TON, County of Annapolis, and Province of  
Maryland, on the Post Road, and in the  
immediate neighborhood of Railway Station,  
Telegraph Office, Public House, and Church,  
consisting of about forty-five acres superior  
soil, a thriving young orchard of about one  
hundred and fifty Apple Trees of choice  
selected fruit, and conveniently divided  
into hay, tillage and pasture lands. It is  
well watered, has a commodious and thoroughly  
finished house, woodhouse, barn, stables, etc.,  
in good repair. Terms easy.  
JONATHAN WOODBURY.

**USE  
DEARBORN'S  
ABSOLUTELY PURE  
SPICES & TARTAR**  
Secure our guarantee on  
every package.  
(Best is Cheapest)  
Ask your Grocer for them

**FOR SALE at the DRUG STORE.**  
CASTORIA, best Spiritus Nitri, Sulphate  
Add, Bone Phosphate, Peppermint,  
Yeast Powder, Pierce's Medicines, full line,  
Vanilins, full line, Peppermint, Peppermint,  
Lect's Food for Infants, Lactated  
Food, Colic's Lotion, Diamond and Electric  
Dyes, Linnet Powders, Washing and Baking  
Soda, Copperas, Salts, Alum, Indigo, Nut-  
tall's Compound, Peppermint, Peppermint,  
Sage, Aniline Dyes, Perf., Toilet Powders,  
Medicines, Kessell's Spavin Cure, Burd-  
ock Blood Bitters, and all the latest  
Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music and  
Blank Music Paper and Books.  
L. B. HULSE, Jr., D.  
September, 1883.

**EXHAUSTED VITALITY.**  
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE,  
the great medical work  
of the age on Manhood,  
Nervous and Physical De-  
bility, Premature Decline,  
Errors of Youth, and the  
untold miseries consequent  
thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo.,  
125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full  
gilt only \$1.00, by mail sealed. Illustrative  
sample free to all young and middle-aged  
men. Send now. The Gold Medal  
awarded to the author by the National  
Medical Association. Address: P. O. Box 1890,  
Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, grad-  
uate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years  
practice in Boston, to whom can be consulted con-  
fidentially. Specially, Diseases of Man.  
Office, No. 4, Beulah St.

**H. H. BANKS,**  
PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT,  
Parker Market Building,  
Halifax, N. S.  
—ALL KINDS OF—  
Farm Produce Sold on Commission.  
**CARD.**  
**W. G. PARSONS, B. A.,**  
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.,  
MIDDLETON, N. S.  
Office in A. BEALS' STORE, 1041

# Weekly



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1890. NO. 46.

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT**  
Established 1810.  
—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—  
Positively Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Headaches, Toothaches, Neuralgia, Stomach Aches, Croup, Whooping Cough, Catarrhs, Inflammations, Cholera, Stomachic, Diarrhoea, Hemorrhoids, Spasms, Convulsions, and all other ailments of the human system. It is the only Liniment that can be used on the face, neck, and throat, and is perfectly safe for children. It is the only Liniment that can be used on the face, neck, and throat, and is perfectly safe for children. It is the only Liniment that can be used on the face, neck, and throat, and is perfectly safe for children.

**International S.S. Co.**  
CHANGE - OF - TIME!  
BOSTON, FROM ST. JOHN.  
Fair Italy lies on the Alps' farther side,  
The place we have dreamed of always,  
And Italy lies on the Alps' farther side,  
The place we have dreamed of always,  
And Italy lies on the Alps' farther side,  
The place we have dreamed of always.

**CHEERING!**  
The prospects for good crops of hay are good everywhere, and the subscriber has  
**JUST WHAT YOU WANT**  
to enable you to gather it in good order with ease and rapidity.  
I AM JUST IN RECEIPT OF  
**3 CARLOADS,**  
CONSISTING OF  
**20 Two-Horse Mowers,**  
**46 One-Horse Mowers,**  
**75 Ithica Rakes.**  
All the Very Latest Improved.  
The Mowers have the only perfect Floating Bar Till of any manufacture.  
Prices within reach of all, and terms as good as can be given.  
A large quantity of EXTRA PICES constantly in stock.  
Illustrated Catalogue furnished free upon application.  
All Machines Warranted. Apply to  
**A. C. VanBuskirk, Manufacturer's Agent,**  
Agricultural Warehouse, Kingston Station, N. S.  
Or to the following Agents:—  
GEO. L. MUNROE, S. D. R. RITCHIE, ALEX. TURPLE,  
Paradise, Annapolis, Granville Ferry,  
JOHN I. NIXON, ROBT. WILKINS,  
Margaretville, Pinery Mt.,  
A. B. ARMSTRONG, Nictaux.

**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 use  
in conveying water, and  
also to supply all kinds of  
pumps and machinery. Can be delivered  
at any station on the line of Rail-  
way. Send for Price List.

**LOOK HERE FRIEND!**  
Do you have pain about the chest and  
sometimes in the back? Do you  
feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth  
have a bad taste, especially in the morning?  
Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like  
a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes  
a faint all-over feeling in the joints of the  
limbs, which food does not satisfy? Are  
your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet  
become cold and feel clumsy? Is there a  
feeling of a sort of whirling sensation in  
the head when rising suddenly? Are the  
whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is  
your urine scanty and high colored? Does  
it deposit a sediment after standing? If  
you suffer from any of these symptoms  
USE SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS.  
Prepared only by  
**FRANK SMITH,**  
Apothecary,  
St. Stephen, N. B.

**NOTICE**  
ALL persons having legal demands against  
the estate of the late ARTHUR RUMSEY,  
deceased, are hereby notified to render  
their accounts, duly attested, within six  
months from the date hereof; and all persons  
indebted to the said estate are requested to  
make immediate payment to  
**SARAH EMMA RUMSEY,**  
PLEISTON WHEELLOCK,  
Administrators.  
Torbrook, Nov. 12th, '89.

**LOCAL and TRAVELING SALESMEN  
WANTED**  
to represent us, Exclusive territory. Un-  
equalled facilities. Success assured. High-  
est percentage of salary and expenses paid.  
Experience not necessary. Write for terms.  
**E. C. SLOVER & CO.,**  
NURSERYMEN,  
Georgetown, N. Y.  
Nov 20th 89

**Poetry.**  
A Song for a Boy I Love.  
Keep ahead of the world, if you can, my  
boy,  
'Tis the only sure way to success,  
If you are full behind, 'twill be hard to get  
back.  
To the spot where you once had the lead,  
And there's no way to win in the battle of  
life,  
So easy, so safe, and so sure,  
As to have a few dollars ahead of your  
wants  
For most of life's 'tis a cure.  
But you never get dollars till first you get  
pence,  
So from across the mighty oak grow!  
Work hard, and work ever, and save as  
you go!  
No more of progress seems slow?  
Thus be true to yourself in the years of  
A— your youth,  
You'll not worry when old,  
Save the pennies to-day, to silver they'll  
turn,  
And the ever will grow into gold.  
Let the folks try to tempt you to pleasures  
to-day,  
That will take the small coin from your  
Store your brain in the hours they give to  
the world  
With knowledge, you'll not be the worse  
For labor, and study, and saving in youth  
Will give rest and content when you're old,  
And the pennies to-day will be silver full  
soon,  
And the silver will grow into gold.  
Fair Italy lies on the Alps' farther side,  
'Tis the place we have dreamed of always,  
And Italy lies on the Alps' farther side,  
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**Select Literature.**  
Up a Tree.  
No one in Samos could ever under-  
stand what pleasure Arthur Pervis and  
I found in taking long walks, or why we  
should do so, when we might just as well  
ride.  
Everybody else, like most Californians,  
went on horseback when it was possible,  
and a stroll to the post office or along the  
beach was the utmost extent of pedestrian-  
ism.  
But Arthur and I tramped the country,  
in all directions, as we used to do at home,  
paying little attention to the mild sprays  
of the winter sojourners, who wondered at  
our eccentricity, and still less to the scorn-  
ful astonishment of the natives, who can  
conceive but one reason why any one  
should go on foot—that he is too poor to  
buy or hire a horse.  
One morning we started out on an expedi-  
tion to the Hot Spring canyon, in the  
mountainous six miles from the town,  
intending to get our lunch at the hotel  
there and afterward to spend the rest of  
the day in climbing the mountains above,  
toward which we had always looked long-  
ingly during previous visits to this place.  
If we went at our customary rate of  
four miles an hour, between the pepper  
tree hedges of the town, and out in the  
open country where green grass and grow-  
ing crops made it hard to realize that the  
month was a winter one, and that our New  
England homes were somewhere in snow,  
the thermometer very likely down below  
zero.  
In fact it might have been a little cooler  
without any objection from us, for the  
warm sun and breezeless air, soon worked  
their effects, and when we reached the  
little hotel, precisely an hour and a half  
after starting, our crimson faces, relieved  
and set off by yellow dust, gave us a  
startlingly Indianlike appearance, which  
our tremendous appetites for lunch did  
not by any means ill. However, after  
an hour or two we were ready for further  
operations—the more so since the sky had  
become overcast, it was much less  
warm than in the forenoon.  
'Lads as thick as the fog might come in later,'  
said the hotel keeper as we set out. 'Keep  
an eye for it, boys.'  
Arthur and I laughed. We were both  
from the Eastern Maine coast, where  
for days at a time you can't see across the  
strait, and a California fog did not strike us as very  
formidable.  
'All right,' we replied. 'If we see a  
regular 'Eastport smotherer' heaving in  
sight we'll come back.'  
And with one reason why any one  
should scramble up the deep slope, leaving our  
best goods busily after us as long as  
he could see us.  
I must say that a more deceitful, moun-  
tain than get our lunch at the hotel  
there, and afterward to spend the rest of  
the day in climbing the mountains above,  
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ingly during previous visits to this place.  
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**My Narrow Escape.**  
I never told anybody how very, very  
near I was to death last night, just a year  
ago; but as I can now look back and  
calmly recall each thought, each word,  
each act, I think I will write it down as a  
warning to all who may find themselves simi-  
larly circumstanced, hoping, with all my  
heart, that the number may be few.  
In the first place, my name is Frederick  
Patman. I am, and have been for the last  
ten years, the foreman and book-keeper of  
the larger lumbering establishment of  
Winston, Patman & Co., and hope to be  
for the remainder of my life, at least, a  
push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed  
man, with a small traveling bag in one  
hand, and a shovel thrown over the other  
arm.  
I was alone—Mr. Winston having gone  
to the house some half an hour before, lock-  
ing the safe, in which we kept our books  
and papers, and taking the key with him  
as usual.  
I had already closed the damper to the  
stove, put on my overcoat, and was just  
about to turn down the lamp—but, of  
course, I waited.  
'Good evening, sir,' said the man, bust-  
ling up to the stove, and kicking the damper  
open with his right foot. 'Has Win-  
ston gone to the house yet?'  
I answered that he had.  
'When?' I was afraid of it. 'He drew  
out his watch—a very fine one, I thought.  
I shall not have time to go up,' he said.  
'The train is due in fifteen minutes.'  
'Is there anything I can do?' I asked.  
'I wanted to leave some money with  
Winston. I intended to stop in town a  
day or two, but I have just got a dispatch  
that calls me home.'  
'Anderson, of Andersonville.'  
'I knew him then, though I had seen him  
but once before. He had been one of our  
best customers. I said had been, for the  
reason that during the past year his pay-  
ments had not been so prompt. In fact,  
he was considerably behind, and Winston had  
that very day told me to write to him, and  
'punch him up a little,' as he expressed it.  
The letter was in the breast pocket  
of my overcoat.  
'You can leave the money with me, sir,  
and I will give you a receipt.'  
He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me  
somewhat. I have never blamed any one  
since, however.  
'How much is my bill?' he asked, ey-  
ing me sharply.  
I answered promptly, for I had struck  
the balance not more than half an hour  
before—  
'Eleven thousand seven hundred and  
fifty dollars and twenty-five cents.'  
'Humph! less than I supposed. Write  
out a receipt for that amount.'  
He left the stove, and came and looked  
over my shoulder while I wrote.  
It is all right, Mr. Patman. I know  
you now. You've been with Winston a  
long time. I can tell your signature any-  
where.  
'Why, I can see you, Sam!'

And looking up I could just discern his  
figure and the shapes of the branches near  
him.  
Hurray! It was really morning at last.  
The light grew rapidly stronger, and  
overhead the fog was breaking up. Strips  
of dark blue showed through the clouds,  
and we were now able to see quite a stretch  
of the ground over which we had come.  
'Curious that it clears away faster on  
one side than on the other,' remarked  
Arthur. 'I can't see a thing under the  
white all out the other way the rocks show  
as plainly as can be.'  
I looked down and saw nothing but fog  
beneath and farther out.  
'It is queer,' I said. 'I never saw fog  
cut for some minutes before in my life,  
still less in any one place.'  
Just then the sun broke through the  
vapors and flooded us with its brilliancy.  
I was looking up to get my bearings from  
it, when a sort of gasp from Arthur caused  
me to glance at him, first in surprise and  
then in alarm.  
'Oh, not so bad as that,' said I. 'These  
fog are nothing to what we've been in.'  
And the ever will grow into gold.  
'Perhaps not; but you'll find that this  
one will be enough and to spare, down here  
in these gulches, with night coming on,  
besides.'  
There was something in that—a great  
deal too much, in fact—and the question  
arose, what were we going to do?  
'We must go down and get as far as we  
can before we have to stop. Then we must  
wait till we can see again.'  
'Which may not be till to-morrow morn-  
ing.'  
'We can't help that. Let's go back to  
wards the house.'  
'But which way is that?'  
'Don't know. Come on.'  
And, with this unpromising speech,  
Arthur led the way in the direction we  
had come, hoping to be able to trace our  
course.  
I followed, though without any great  
confidence in his success, for he had become  
very thoroughly bewildered before being  
willing to acknowledge it, and might have  
travelled in circles ever since getting into  
the broken ground.  
We had not gone far before the stream-  
ers of vapor began floating around us like  
clouds of steam. They grew longer and  
more numerous, until without knowing  
when or how it happened, we found our-  
selves buried in fog. And it was growing  
dark, too.  
Arthur finally stopped and said, decid-  
edly,  
'Sam, it's perfect foolishness to keep on  
in this way. We don't know where we're  
going. We're only trying ourselves out,  
and the first thing we know we may pitch  
head first into some precipice. Let's stop  
over night.'  
I was obliged to admit that he was right.  
Between darkness and fog we could not see  
where we placed our feet, and all about  
was a black as a clove cellar.  
'These rocks won't make a very soft  
bed,' I said, after accepting Arthur's  
proposition.  
'No, they won't; and I don't think it's  
safe to sleep on the ground. There are  
California lions around these mountains,  
and I've heard the rattlesnakes are not  
very scarce either. We must find a tree  
and get into that.'  
Finding even so large an object as a tree  
is not the easiest task in the world, when  
you can't see anything whatever, and we  
gropped about unsuccessfully until we began  
to think that we should have to take our  
chances of California lions, rattlesnakes and  
any other dangers the mountains might  
afford. But just then I came in collision  
with something round and hard that gave  
me a severe blow on the nose.  
'I've found one, Arthur!' I exclaimed.  
'Come along slowly till you touch me.  
I'm standing against it.'  
He did so, and then assisted me to climb  
the invisible tree.  
'Lads as thick as the fog might come in later,'  
said the hotel keeper as we set out. 'Keep  
an eye for it, boys.'

He drew from an inside pocket a large  
black wallet very round and full, and  
counting out eleven different piles of bank-  
notes, he told me to run them over. It  
was a short and easy task, for each pile  
contained just ten one hundred dollar bills.  
The balance was in fives, tens and twenties,  
and it took more time to count them; but  
at last we got it so that both were satisfied.  
At this moment we heard the whistle for  
the station. Anderson sprung for his trav-  
eling bag, and giving me a hasty hand-  
shake was off on the run. I closed the  
door, and counted the money over again.  
Finding it all right I wrapped a piece of  
newspaper around it, and slipped it into  
my overcoat pocket. I did not feel quite  
easy to have so much money about me, but  
Winston's house was at least a mile north,  
I concluded to keep it until morning  
when I could deposit it in the bank.  
I closed the damper again, drew on my  
gloves, took the office key from the nail  
just over the door, and stepped up to put  
out the light. As I did so, I saw a bit of  
paper on the floor, which, on picking up,  
I saw was the receipt I wrote for Mr. An-  
derson. He had dropped it in his hurry.  
I put it in my pocket, and thought no more  
of it, only that I would mail it to him,  
I would have done it then, but as the last  
mail for that day had gone out on the  
train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do  
it just as well in the morning.  
Then, too, I was in something of a hurry  
that night, for I had an appointment; and  
I may as well state here that it was with  
a young lady, who, I hoped, would be my  
wife before many months elapsed.  
I hastened to my boarding-place, ate my  
supper, and then went over to Mr. Win-  
ston's, wearing the overcoat with the money  
in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it  
in my room. Carrie was at home, of  
course, as she was expecting me, and, leav-  
ing my coat and hat in the hall, I went  
into the parlor.  
I do not think a repetition would be very  
interesting, so I will pass over it, merely  
remarking that nothing occurred to disturb  
me until I arose to take my leave.  
Carrie went into the entry for my coat  
and hat.  
'Why, Fred, you certainly did not  
overcoat on such a night as this without an  
overcoat?'  
'No coat?' I exclaimed, in a dazed sort  
of a way—for the thought of the money,  
flashing upon me so suddenly, had almost  
stunned me.  
The next moment I tore past her like a  
madman, as I was. The coat was gone!  
Then I was unweary. I grasped at the  
staircase, and caught it just in time to sup-  
port myself. Carrie came running out, her  
face turning pale with alarm.  
'Oh, Fred! are you sick? Let me call  
mother and the doctor. You are as white  
as a sheet.'  
'No, no, Carrie!' I exclaimed. 'There,  
I am better now.'  
And I was better. I was strong, all at  
once—dearly strong. And what  
brought about this change? The simple re-  
ceipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson  
had nothing to show that the money  
had been paid, and was not my money,  
which could be said with any truth.  
I was foolish enough to believe that I  
could brave it through, and I grew confi-  
dent and quite easy as a result.  
'There, Carrie, I am much better now.  
The room was too warm. I guess. So some  
sneak-thief had dodged in and stolen my  
coat! Well, let it go! It was only an old  
one, and I'll have a better one.'  
'But where's the money in your pocket?'  
asked Carrie.  
It is strange how suspicious guilt will  
make us. I really thought that Carrie  
suspected me, and an angry reply was  
on the tip of my tongue. I suppressed it,  
however, and uttered a falsehood instead.  
'Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A  
good pair of gloves and some other trifling  
notions.'  
'I am glad it is no worse, Fred. Now,  
if you will wait just a moment, I will get  
you one of father's coats to wear home.'  
Thus equipped I left her.  
You may guess that my slumbers that  
night were not very sound, nor very  
refreshing. I never passed a more miserable  
night, and in the morning my haggard  
looks were the subject of remark.  
'Why, Fred, you look as though you  
had met a legion of ghosts last night,' Win-  
ston said. 'What is the matter?'  
'I had a bad night of it,' I answered,  
with a sickly smile.  
'And you'll have another, if you're not  
careful. You had better keep quiet to-  
day. By-the-way, did you write to An-  
derson?'  
I do not know how I managed to reply  
for the question set me to shivering from  
head to foot, and I was so weak that I  
could scarcely sit in my chair. I must  
have answered in the affirmative, however,  
for he said—  
'Then we may look for something from  
him to-morrow, or next day?' Immediately  
after he added, 'Why, Fred, you shiver  
as though you had the ague, and you are  
sweating like a butcher! You're sick, man.  
Come! Jump into my sleigh, and I'll take  
you home.'  
I was glad of the chance to get away,  
and reaching my room, I locked myself in.  
Winston sent a doctor round, but I re-  
fused to see him. Then he came himself,  
but I would not open the door. The land-  
lady came, then some of my fellow-board-  
ers, but I turned them all away.  
'Ah! Those were terrible hours that I  
passed and the night coming on brought me  
no relief. Can you not guess what I was  
meditating? Coward that I was, I had  
just resolved upon self-destruction.  
I commenced my preparations with the  
same calmness and deliberation that I would  
have used in the most common transaction.  
I wrote a short explanation for Carrie,  
another for Mr. Winston, a third for my  
poor mother, and I sealed them all in the  
fourth envelope I enclosed the receipt to  
Mr. Anderson.  
All this accomplished, I went to my sec-  
retary and took out the weapon of death.  
It was simply a revolver, small and inef-  
ficient. Having examined the cartridges to  
make sure that there would be no failure,  
I sat down before the fire, and placed the  
cold muzzle to my forehead.  
In another second I should have been  
lifeless, but just as my finger began to press  
the trigger there came a tap on my door.  
It startled me, and hastily—concealing my  
weapon, I called out that I could admit no  
one.  
'Not me, Fred?'  
I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to  
look on her loved face got the mastery of  
me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters,  
which I had on the table, into my  
pocket, I opened the door.  
'Oh, Fred! you are real sick,' exclaimed  
Carrie, the moment the light fell on my  
face. 'Why did you not send for me?  
Aren't you better?'  
'Worse,' answered, huskily; 'I feel  
Carrie—good Heavens!'  
As I uttered this exclamation I started  
back, and—then forward; and then—  
hardly knowing what, for, hanging across  
Carrie's arm, was my overcoat.  
Recovering from my astonishment, I  
matched it from her, and thrust my hand  
into the pocket. I drew out eleven thou-  
sand, seven hundred and fifty dollars and  
twenty-five cents.  
You that have heard about, and perhaps  
seen, the singular capers of a madman, or  
the wild antics of those crazed with rum,  
or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well,  
judging from what Carrie told me, and  
from the appearance of my apartment after  
it was all over, I am led to believe that  
where it was possible to concentrate the three  
above-mentioned species of demons into  
one, their capering and dancing would ap-  
pear tame in comparison with mine that  
night.  
But I cooled down after a while, and  
just in time to save Carrie's head a thump  
from the chair or the washstand, which I  
had selected as partners in my crazy  
walks.  
When I asked for an explanation, it was  
the simplest thing imaginable. I do not  
know why I had not thought of it be-  
fore. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's  
father. He had mistaken my coat for his  
own, and worn it down, never dream-  
ing that a small fortune was lying idly in  
one of the pockets.  
Well, I didn't have the brain fever in  
the affair, but I was the next door to it.  
I made a clean breast of the whole thing  
excepting my attempt, or, rather, my re-  
sults, at self-destruction. No one ever  
guessed that part of it, and I tell it to-day  
for the first time.  
I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed  
over the money to Mr. Winston, and went  
on with my duties, a wiser and better man,  
I hope. And to-morrow, God willing, I  
shall lead Carrie to the altar.

**ORIGIN OF SOME WORDS.**—The phrase  
'to go on a bender' is not an Americanism,  
as is generally supposed. In Allan Ran-  
som's time 'bend' meant a drink, and 'to  
go on a bender' was equivalent to going on  
a drunk. Under the changes of language,  
or rather the meaning of words, some of the  
legal phrases suggest tautology. 'To give  
and bequeath,' for instance, is considered  
surplusage. In old English the word  
'quies' meant to speak or declare, and to  
say 'I give and declare' relieves the sen-  
tence of tautology. When, as Americans,  
we use the word 'cite' in the sense of 'clever  
or sharp,' we keep within the legitimate,  
which cannot be said when we use it in-  
stead of 'pretty.' When old Mr. Pray ex-  
horts the 'sisters' (sisters) we consider  
him lacking in education. It is as legiti-  
mately a word as 'brothers,' and both words  
date back to the time of Chaucer, who  
called the fates 'the fatal sisters.' If it is  
proper to say anyone and anywhere, why is  
it not proper to say anywhere? The others  
merely survived it, for Mackay quotes the  
expression, 'I will talk the matter over  
with you anywhere and anywhere.' 'Crazy'  
and 'cunning' at one time stood for 'stupid'  
and 'ability.' The word 'botch,' applied  
to a bad workman or his work, is from the  
word 'bock,' meaning indifferent. 'Put-  
ting the cart before the horse,' a common  
expression for beginning with the wrong  
end, was in use as early as 1533. The  
annual fair in the Isle of Ely was called  
St. Andrew's fair, and much ordinary but  
showy lace was sold to the country lazes.  
St. Andrew's lace soon became proverbial,  
and 'putting the cart before the horse,'  
St. Andrew, was established as a common  
expression to denote not only cheap lace,  
but any other part of female dress which  
was more gaudy in appearance than war-  
ranted by its quality or value. We now  
speak of the word 'tawdry' and use it in  
the same sense. The salutation 'How do  
you?' sounds like an awkward and redun-  
dant sentence, and yet its origin was a sen-  
sible one. *How in Old English, pronounced  
do, means 'to be able,' 'to thrive,' 'to  
prosper.'* It should not suggest redun-  
dancy, for it is equivalent to saying 'How  
do you thrive?' 'To bully,' meaning to  
worry or torment in a swaggering manner,  
is said to have been derived from the noisy  
way in which drovers take bullocks to  
market. 'Yamou,' a slang expression  
which came into use after the Mexican war,  
is the Spanish word, 'to go.' Dogus is  
a corruption of 'Borges,' the name of a  
man who at one time flooded the West and  
Southwest with counterfeit money. Borges  
is said to have been first used by a sergent,  
who cried out to two innocent talkers, one  
at each ear, 'Don't both ear me.'

**TOOTHACHE.**—An exclamation heard every hour in the  
day. Toothache is the most common ail-  
ment of young and old, and in the aggre-  
gated inflicts more suffering than perhaps  
any other single complaint. A minute  
cure is just what every person desires to  
possess. Nervine—nerve pain cure—acts  
almost instantly in relieving the agony,  
and as a simple bottle affords a quantity  
sufficient for 100 applications, 10 cents fills  
the bill. Putnam's Nervine is the only  
positive remedy for toothache and all nerve  
pains. Sold by druggists and all dealers  
in medicine.  
'Why should you thank a servant?'  
asked a father, who was fond of the Socra-  
tic method of teaching and loved to ques-  
tion his little son until the lad reached  
some conclusions by his own wit. 'They  
are paid for what they do. Do you owe  
them anything but money?'  
'I owe them money,' said the lad, some-  
what perplexed in expressing what he really  
felt. 'And I thank them because—because I  
owe it to myself to be polite.'  
He had learned the meaning of the old  
grand motto, 'Noblesse oblige.'

**Swimming Niagara.**  
Is an easy way to cure, and suffering  
dyspepsia to exist in an easy way to make  
it miserable. Throwing Borax into the  
water is an easy way to cure dyspepsia and it  
never fails to thoroughly cure and strength-  
en the entire system at the same time.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**  
'Why, I can see you, Sam!'

And looking up I could just discern his  
figure and the shapes of the branches near  
him.  
Hurray! It was really morning at last.  
The light grew rapidly stronger, and  
overhead the fog was breaking up. Strips  
of dark blue showed through the clouds,  
and we were now able to see quite a stretch  
of the ground over which we had come.  
'Curious that it clears away faster on  
one side than on the other,' remarked  
Arthur. 'I can't see a thing under the  
white all out the other way the rocks show  
as plainly as can be.'  
I looked down and saw nothing but fog  
beneath and farther out.  
'It is queer,' I said. 'I never saw fog  
cut for some minutes before in my life,  
still less in any one place.'  
Just then the sun broke through the  
vapors and flooded us with its brilliancy.  
I was looking up to get my bearings from  
it, when a sort of gasp from Arthur caused  
me to glance at him, first in surprise and  
then in alarm.  
'Oh, not so bad as that,' said I. 'These  
fog are nothing to what we've been in.'  
And the ever will grow into gold.  
'Perhaps not; but you'll find that this  
one will be enough and to spare, down here  
in these gulches, with night coming on,  
besides.'  
There was something in that—a great  
deal too much, in fact—and the question  
arose, what were we going to do?  
'We must go down and get as far as we  
can before we have to stop. Then we must  
wait till we can see again.'  
'Which may not be till to-morrow morn-  
ing.'  
'We can't help that. Let's go back to  
wards the house.'  
'But which way is that?'  
'Don't know. Come on.'  
And, with this unpromising speech,  
Arthur led the way in the direction we  
had come, hoping to be able to trace our  
course.  
I followed, though without any great  
confidence in his success, for he had become  
very thoroughly bewildered before being  
willing to acknowledge it, and might have  
travelled in circles ever since getting into  
the broken ground.  
We had not gone far before the stream-  
ers of vapor began floating around us like  
clouds of steam. They grew longer and  
more numerous, until without knowing  
when or how it happened, we found our-  
selves buried in fog. And it was growing  
dark, too.  
Arthur finally stopped and said, decid-  
edly,  
'Sam, it's perfect foolishness to keep on  
in this way. We don't know where we're  
going. We're only trying ourselves out,  
and the first thing we know we may pitch  
head first into some precipice. Let's stop  
over night.'  
I was obliged to admit that he was right.  
Between darkness and fog we could not see  
where we placed our feet, and all about  
was a black as a clove cellar.  
'These rocks won't make a very soft  
bed,' I said, after accepting Arthur's  
proposition.  
'No, they won't; and I don't think it's  
safe to sleep on the ground. There are  
California lions around these mountains,  
and I've heard the rattlesnakes are not  
very scarce either. We must find a tree  
and get into that.'  
Finding even so large an object as a tree  
is not the easiest task in the world, when  
you can't see anything whatever, and we  
gropped about unsuccessfully until we began  
to think that we should have to take our  
chances of California lions, rattlesnakes and  
any other dangers the mountains might  
afford. But just then I came in collision  
with something round and hard that gave  
me a severe blow on the nose.  
'I've found one, Arthur!' I exclaimed.  
'Come along slowly till you touch me.  
I'm standing against it.'  
He did so, and then assisted me to climb  
the invisible tree.  
'Lads as thick as the fog might come in later,'  
said the hotel keeper as we set out. 'Keep  
an eye for it, boys.'

The Weekly Monitor

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19th, 1890. Iron in Digby County.

Iron in its magnetic and specular forms has long been known to exist in the Digby Neck range of hills, but those hills are a mere continuation of the North Mountain, and are composed of trap, it has been generally assumed that no true veins of metallic ores will be found to exist there.

Local and Other Matter.

Morning service was held in St. James' church to-day at eleven o'clock.

Don't overlook the changes of sailing made by the Yarmouth Steamship Company.

The Willamston Dramatic Club will give an entertainment in Whittman's Hall, Lawrenceston, on Monday evening next.

The Rev. Mr. Raven will officiate at Bridgetown and Belleisle on Sunday next, at the Rev. Mr. DeLois taking his place at Annapolis.

A St. John despatch says that Mrs. Weeks has sufficiently recovered to be able to return to Charlottetown, and the constable will therefore start with her at once.

We are sorry to state that W. H. Parker, who has been conducting a general merchandise store at Middleton, has fallen ill, and is unable to attend to his business.

Another column you will find one of the most valuable properties in the valley advertised for sale, on the 12th of March, by A. B. Parker.

Messrs B. Stratton, of Paradise, R. W. Starr, of Starr's point, and C. R. H. Starr, secretary of the Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' Association, left for Ottawa on Thursday last, to attend the Dominion Convention of Fruit Growers.

Accident.—Wilfred, son of T. K. Harris, Esq., of Aylesford, aged 14 years, fell from a loaded wagon on Wednesday last, the wheel passing over his head and breast.

Liquor Inspector Laurence of Truro, by whom several liquor casks were taken during the existence of the Scott Act in Colchester county, has been compelled by an execution to pay all costs and damages for liquor seized. The total sum is \$532.15.

THE AND FANCY SALE.—The ladies in connection with the Presbyterian Church will hold their Fancy Sale in the Temperance Hall, at Round Hill, on Tuesday evening, the 25th inst. The proceeds are to be devoted to the interests of the church.

During the past week quite a business has been done at Fish's mill pond, by our citizens, in procuring ice for the coming season, although it has been necessary to ice the hauling on wheels. The ice is particularly solid and clear, averaging from 18 to 25 inches in thickness.

Among the appointments recently appearing in the Royal Gazette, are the following:—Herbert Crookall, Charles S. Lane and J. B. Neily, of Halifax, and Colin McNab and Charles H. Harvey, of Dartmouth, have been appointed Justices of the Peace in the county of Yarmouth.

A commissioner for giving relief to indigent debtors and for taking affidavits to hold to bail and recognizances of Joseph A. Smith, Esq., barrister.

THE NEW SCHOONER.—Lumber for the construction of the new vessel to be built by Messrs. Shaffer & Neily, and others, is daily being brought into the yard, and though quite a quantity is yet to be obtained, it has been hauled out of the woods to such points as will render it accessible, providing there is not a favorable opportunity for hauling on runners. Mr. Leslie Rice, son of Thomas Rice, Bear River, has been engaged as master-builder, and operations will begin on or about the 5th of March.

The Liberal Convention for the selection of candidates to contest this county in the approaching elections, took place in the Court House on Wednesday last at two o'clock. A large representation of delegates from the various Wards were present, and the utmost unanimity and good feeling prevailed throughout the meeting. The Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General, and H. Harding Chute, Esq., of Bear River, were unanimously chosen as the candidates.

BAND CONCERT.—Last Friday night the Middleton Brass Band, under the direction of their leader, Mr. B. Fuller, gave a very interesting concert at Melvern Square, including songs, solos, and duets, in addition to instrumental music. Mrs. Fuller, wife of the band-master, gave two recitations, and received a hearty encore, as did also the song rendered by Miss H. R. Taylor. A duet, by Miss Taylor on the piano, accompanied by Master Harry Dodge, on the violin; and another by Mr. C. Burns and Mrs. Fuller, were loudly applauded.

Margaretville Matters.—La Grippe has been getting in its work in this place of late, but as yet none of the cases have proved fatal.

Capt. J. Harris, who has been very sick during the last fortnight, and for whom fears were entertained for his recovery, is now glad to announce, convalescent.

E. S. Schaffner writes from Santa Cruz, California, as follows: "The whole coast is suffering under the greatest food ever known in the Valley, and the mountains are piled with snow to the depth of twenty-five feet in many places. On some railroads trains have not got through for eight or nine days. On other lines miles of the track in different places are lying under the fences, and a number of immense bridges have been washed away."

Hampton Happenings.—There was a little dust of snow last week which was well improved by our farmers. Everybody has secured a pile of wood, and some have their fire wood all to the door, while a few cords have found their way to the shore.

The chief attractions of the winter are sociables and straw hats. Last Tuesday evening the Sewing Circle held a basket social at the hospitable home of John E. Farnsworth. The host displayed considerable eloquence in offering the baskets, and a very enjoyable time was had during the sale, and afterwards while the contents were examined and placed in the receptacles for which they were prepared. The latter part of the evening was spent in social intercourse, accompanied with instrumental and vocal music. A very pleasant evening was spent, and the sum of \$11 added to the Circle treasury.

Quite a large quantity of straw hats are to be had here. Mrs. Susan Foster, a lady of about seventy-five years, has made and sold over one hundred this winter.

There has been considerable call for working oxen lately; but I believe none have changed owners as yet. Those having oxen don't care to sell, thinking there is a slim chance to repay them.

Last week, after one of the thaws, while a little girl of John V. B. Foster and one of John B. Templeman, were skipping across the mill pond which separated their homes, the new ice gave way and they got into the water. Fortunately the water was not very deep, and they managed to get out. The old ice being frozen over down on the bottom probably saved their lives.

A vote will be taken at Digby next Monday to determine whether the town shall be incorporated or not.

Twenty-one salmon were captured in the waters of the Port Medway river last week, some of them weighing twenty-one pounds.

Master Dudley Foster, of this town, is one of the principal attractions at Berman's show, now drawing immense audiences in Lunenburg.

Downed.—James Hines, belonging at Eastern Passage, was drowned in falling harbor on Saturday night last, by falling overboard from the tug Masco.

Mr. E. L. Fielding, of Kentville, pattern-maker on the W. & A. Ry., spent Sunday with his son-in-law, Mr. A. J. Dryden, and family.

Hon. J. B. Mills is suffering a relapse of the grippe, at Ottawa, and has been advised by his physician to be careful of his health for the next few days.

The str. Monticello did not leave St. John on Saturday last until eleven o'clock, owing to the heavy sea that prevailed in the Bay of Fundy.

John P. Mott, one of the foremost business men of Halifax, died on Wednesday last, leaving an estate valued at half a million dollars.

A Special from Ottawa says: "The name of Senator Kaubick is mentioned in connection with the vacancy in the Nova Scotia Supreme Court, caused by the death of Judge Smith."

The steamer Ulunda, which cleared from Halifax for London, on Friday last, took 16,012 bushels of wheat, 23,377 bushels of oats, and 5,234 bushels of apples, besides a quantity of other cargo. The apples are valued at \$30,936, and the oats and peas \$17,751.

The Digby Courier says that reports appear to lead to the conclusion that John S. McNeill, M. P. E., is likely to receive the appointment of Registrar of Deeds, made vacant by the death of the late Chas. Campbell; and E. Bernham, Esq., of Digby, to be appointed to the vacant seat in the legislative council.

Andrew Dauphiny, a farmer of St. Margaret's Bay, proposed to marry Sophia Burgynne and went so far as to obtain a marriage license, and secured with Dauphiny's parents consent and Andrew subsequently married another girl. Now Sophia sees for \$2,000 damages.

W. A. Chute, of the Aylesford Canning Factory, spent a few days last week at the home of his parents in this town. He states that the annual meeting of shareholders was held recently, and that the business of the past year was very satisfactory to the company. There is a constant and growing demand for the goods they are putting up, and in addition to the large and varied lines carried in the past, have been added tomatoes, chowder, fresh clams, and English pea soup.

Lower Granville Notes.—People who have cordwood ready to haul out of the woods have become discouraged looking for snow. As yet there has been no hauling and scarcely anything has been done.

Parties from Halifax have been inspecting the copper deposits at Victoria Beach, and are assured that they possess great value. Specimens have been taken for analysis.

The property owned by the late James Fleet has been sold at auction and purchased by James Morrison, Esq.

The friends of the Kardale Union Sabbath School held a "basket social" week and realized \$14. This school is being well sustained through the winter and is very interesting.

Friends of Rev. W. G. Gator, the energetic rector of the parish, intend giving him a donation soon.

The sewing circle, organized by our ladies early last autumn, with Mrs. A. T. Morse as president, has been carried on successfully during the winter months. The circle meets once a week at different dwellings, where the old, as well as young, enjoy the sociability manifested at these gatherings. In connection with the society "Pie Social" is held in Temperance Hall once a month, where the appetizing and most fastidious can be fully satisfied. We are informed that there is one on the carpet for the 28th of this month. Comment on these "socials" is unnecessary, as our ladies' reputation in this respect has long been established. Proceeds to be devoted towards a paragonage.

Williamston Grange, at its last meeting, elected its officers for the ensuing year. Installation next Thursday evening.

E. S. Schaffner writes from Santa Cruz, California, as follows: "The whole coast is suffering under the greatest food ever known in the Valley, and the mountains are piled with snow to the depth of twenty-five feet in many places. On some railroads trains have not got through for eight or nine days. On other lines miles of the track in different places are lying under the fences, and a number of immense bridges have been washed away."

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Among the number of convalescents from the grippe, we may mention the Rev. J. R. Hart and wife, and Mr. Brunley Young.

Call at Eagleson's Provision Market for Fresh Oysters and Seafoods.

William J. McDonald, of St. John, found grief in this selection of a policeman, was removed from the jail to the lunatic asylum last week.

T. D. Ruggles, Esq., has almost entirely recovered his usual health and strength from his late sickness. As yet, however, he has not ventured out, though his many friends may look for his personal appearance very shortly.

A. V. S. F. G. A.—The seventh annual meeting of the Annapolis Valley Small Fruit Growers' Association will be held in Tupper Hall, Kingston Station, at 2 p. m. on Thursday, the 20th February, inst., at which matter of important interest will be introduced. Small fruit growers should combine in order to serve their best interests. We anticipate usual reduction of fare by rail. By order, JOHN KILLAM, Secretary.

ACCIDENTALLY CUT.—Franklin Poole, reading at Paradise West, met with a very painful accident on Friday last, while en route to the woods from an axe in the hands of a man, who was cutting him. In cutting down a small birch the axe unexpectedly glanced from his control, and struck Mr. Poole's leg about an inch below the knee-pan, severing the main artery. Dr. DeLois was hastily summoned and dressed the wound, and Mr. Poole is now reported as doing well.

A public meeting under the auspices of the Annapolis County Temperance Alliance will be held in Granville Hall, Greenfield, on Wednesday, Feb. 20th, at 7 o'clock. The programme as follows:—Admission, 25 cents.

THE WILLAMSTON DRAMATIC CLUB will release their Entertainment in Whitman's Hall, Lawrenceston, Monday, 24th, Programme as before. Admission 15 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Curtain drawn at 7:30. N. B.—If stormy next evening, the Club will take place at 8 o'clock.

MR. G. M. DANF, OF T. B. DANE & SON, Tailors, YARMOUTH, N. S.

WILL visit Annapolis, Greenfield, Bridgetown, Lawrenceston, Middleton, during the next two weeks with a splendid stock of samples of New Cloths for Spring Suits, Overcoats, Pants, etc. Please reserve your orders until you see our samples. Satisfaction guaranteed. Feb. 15th, '90. T. B. DANE & SON, 11

THE RECTORY FOR SALE! Only the modern dwelling, outbuildings, and a large lot of land, situated on Grandville Street, in Bridgetown, and lately occupied by the Rev. L. M. Wilkins. This property is too well known to need a particular description. Terms suit purchasers. A large part of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. Intending purchasers may apply to the Church Warden. GEO. V. KNIGHT, JOHN LOCKETT, Bridgetown, Feb. 15th, 1890. 2011

FOR BOSTON AND HALIFAX via YARMOUTH. The Shortest and Most Direct Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The quickest Time. Only 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

THE FAST STEEL STEAMER YARMOUTH, S. F. STANWOOD, Master, commencing Feb. 23rd, will leave Yarmouth for Boston during the month of March every Saturday p. m., and Boston for Yarmouth every Tuesday at 10 o'clock a. m. Commencing March 23rd will make two trips a week, leaving Yarmouth for Boston Wednesday and Saturday evenings after arrival at Western County Railway train. Returning leaves Lewis' wharf, Boston, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday, at 10 o'clock a. m., making close connection with the Western County Railway train and Boston's Coast Line. The "Yarmouth" carries a regular mail between Yarmouth and Boston.

S. S. DOMINION, M. J. POBBS, Commander, commencing Feb. 24th, will leave Yarmouth every Monday at 7 a. m. (with further notice) Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Liverpool, and Lunenburg, returning, leaves Pickford & Black's wharf, Halifax, every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock for Yarmouth and connecting with the Western County Railway train for Boston on Saturday evening. Tickets and all information can be obtained from C. B. Barry, 126 Hollis Street, or George North, 121 West Street, Boston, Mass.; Halifax, George B. Corbett, Manager Annapolis Steam Packet Co., Annapolis, Me.; Yarmouth, W. A. G. Hall, 121 West Street, Yarmouth, N. S.; and all agents on the Yarmouth and Annapolis and Western County Railways; David C. Cook, Esq., J. P. Sweeney, Lewis' Wharf, or Messrs. J. G. Hall & Co., Chatham Street, Boston. W. A. G. HALL, Secretary and Treasurer. N. B. H. B. Barry, President & Managing Director. Yarmouth, N. S., February 15th, 1890.

WANTED! Three Good Men to sell for us. Independent territory given each. Write at once and secure choice. Address, MAT BROTHERS, Yarmouth, N. S.

WANTED! A quantity of Spruce Gum, for which I am instructed to pay 20 cts. per lb. The gum must be well cleaned, and will be received in quantities from one pound upward. For any further particulars apply to SAMUEL STRANDFORD, Bridgetown, Feb. 15th, 1890. 11

A good situation to do general house-work can be obtained by a capable girl, by applying at this office. FOR SALE! SMOOD-HAND CORN SHELLER, cheap. Best of new make. SAMUEL STRANDFORD, Bridgetown, Feb. 15th, 1890.

WE BEGIN THE NEW YEAR by offering Sweet Valencia ORANGES, 30 cts. per doz. LEMONS, large and small, 10 cts. per doz. BANANAS, Dates, Raisins, Nuts, Cocoanuts and Confectionery of the very best quality. Best lb. of TEA in Town for 30 Cts. NOTICES in Stationery, Towels, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars. McCORMICK, First Door East of Post Office.

DOMESTIC GOODS FOR Feby. & March. 36 inch White Shirtings, all prices. Ends White Shirtings, 5, 6, and 7 yard lengths. 8-4 Plain White Sheetings, 8-4 Twild White Sheetings, Grey Sheetings.

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New Advertisements. Jack & Bell, "Ceres" Superphosphate. Williamston Dramatic Club. Grand Central Hotel. W. H. Parker's. Samuel Strandford. McCormick. Domestic Goods. Yarmouth Cloths. Runciman, Randolph & Co's.

Hay For Sale! THE subscriber offers 10 tons of Hay for sale, part of which is dyked marsh, and the other part open. Can be had either pressed or in bulk. P. O. Address, Bridgetown. ALTON MESSENGER, 4511

NOTICE! THE executors of the estate of the late C. S. P. Plimley, of Lawrenceston, are disposing of the large and valuable STOCK OF GOODS belonging to said estate, hereby solicit tenders for said stock. Goods may be seen and inventory examined. Tenders must be in hands of executors before 10 o'clock, on 12th inst. Receivers not bound to accept lowest or any tender. 4149 G. W. PHINNEY.

New Advertisements. LAST OF THE SEASON CARNIVAL A FANCY DRESS and MASQUERADE CARNAVAL will be held in the BRIDGETOWN SKATING RINK, Thursday Evening, 27th Feb.

Middleton Brass Band in attendance. It is expected that the Middleton Brass Band will also be in attendance. If stormy next evening following, the band will take place at 8 o'clock. Admission, 25 cents.

E. S. PICGOTT, GRAND REHEARSAL. (By Special Request.) THE WILLAMSTON DRAMATIC CLUB will release their Entertainment in Whitman's Hall, Lawrenceston, Monday, 24th, Programme as before. Admission 15 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Curtain drawn at 7:30. N. B.—If stormy next evening, the Club will take place at 8 o'clock.

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