THEADACHE, Billous Heada Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pollets. 250. a vial, by druggists.

VOL. 14.

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MANHOOD

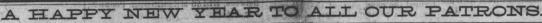
We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culver-well's Celebrated Essay about them, and you will always be thank-ful. One pill a dose. on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of, Nervous Debility, Mental and Physicial Incapacity, Inpediments to Mar-riage, etc., resulting from excesses. Parsons'Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and age, etc., resulting from excesses. The price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 ents, or two postige stamps. The celebrated author in this admirable

is, etc., resulting and envelope, only a "Price, in a sealed envelope, only a sealed envelope, only a "Price, in a sealed envelope, only a "Price, in a sealed envelope, only a sealed envelope, only a sealed envelope, only a sealed envelope, and radically "Privately and radically."



A RE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in work-MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES. TABLETS. -IN-Marble, Freestone & Granite, of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice. ALSO :

Furniture Tops! OLDHAM WHITMAN. Bridgetown, Jan. 12th, 85'



BRIDGETOWN, N.S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1886.

Select Literature. Poetry. Their Last Christmas Sergeant Meek's Christmas Twas a drear December evening, Supper. Shadowy, and damp and chill ; The snow had frosted the meadows The woods were white and still. the cost of a In a lonely hut on the hill-side

ience. One box will domore to purify the blood and cure chroms te ill health than \$5

te ill health than \$5 worth of any other remedy yet discor-ered. If people could be made to realize to get a box if they could not be had imphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; stom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

And to-night I've sat here thinking Of all the years that have gone Since you left the friends of obildhood, And came to gladden my home; And ever in joy and sorrow, We have stood close side by side; For such love as ours, my darling, Nothing in life can divide.

But as I've sat here and watched you Knitting so silent away, With your face so calm and patient, With your face so caim and patient, I've felt that I could not pray. For, somehow, it seems I wronged you, Wronged you for our children's sake, For them have robbed you of comforts That I have made a mistake.

I remember well that Christmas (Sixty-four since then we've known) When I took you to the cottage That I proudly call my own. You so young ; and how I loved you ; To me you've kept growing fair, "Till now your face, I imagine, Has the look that angels wear.

Yes, mother, those days were happy, Though mingled with sorrow and pain ; How we cried when our two first babies Side by side in the grave were lain. And sometimes you thought 'twas As the years flew by apace; Till alone we had reached life's noonday,

And none came to take their place But at last in tender pity, God heard your earnest prayer, And sent us Robert and Jennie To claim our love and care.

How proud we were of our children; And Robert, a finer lad, Or a nobler one, no mother In all the country had,

We never thought it a hardship, Even when we mortgaged the far

To send him away to college, For we knew that boy would learn

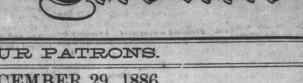
But times grew barder and harder.

And we, we were growing old; And at last our home in the valley Under the hammer was sold.

In the city where she lived; But her money was her husband's, And she had nothing to give.

Our Jennie was rich and petted,

And Jennie, she wanted music We could hardly see the way; Love seldom denies its object, So she learned to sing and play.



Half in wrath and half in sport the ser- English. In her soul she loathed Winter, that I, of all awkward gawks, should feel geant jumped for his sacy comrade, but be was off, nimble footed, to the subler's, shouling as he ran, 'Start up the fire and killed her father and brother and was now you've changed everything from an hour

 I'll be back soon, with no such sham of a dinner as you brought.'
 ready to jest over the last crust she had.
 ago l'

 Gradations of rank count but little when
 As for Meek, either the tullet had stupe-field his brain, or else she had idealized
 The change is just to my mind.
 Thunderi

NO. 38.

Supper,
BY 8. P. Ros.
(Concluded.)
FART.
A great batile bad been fought, the camparing massover and the troops were going massover and the troops and the kicked the file.
I don't care, 'resumed Winter, as can of trucky, ' if it did to the troops and the troops a

Schr. Ivica.

Capt. Longmire. This well known packet schooner will com Bridgetown & St. John ut March 20th. All freight carefully handled. LIME will be kept constantly on hand and for sale. Apply on board or at residence of subscribes

Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 48tf.

JOHN LONGMIRE,

Then, 'I be add, as how beny rooks of or high provide the server and van now sergestel in a fine stop, or part this the open and by provide the the server and provide the ser



But fame and wealth came slow Before he reached the summit, He'd a long, long way to go. And here in this hut on the hillside Rubber Bucket Chain Pump. That can scarce keep out the cold, At last we have found a refuge From the poor- house, now we're old, FORCE PUMP, To day I saw in the paper, But I didn't read a word, That a speech in the halls of Congress, Had all the nation stirred. I saw 'twas by our Robert, with Hose attached if required. We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for un-leardraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Rail-way. Send for Price List. Had all the nation stirred. I saw 'twas by our Robert, And I almost cursed him there, For I felt that in his triumph, For us he'd no thought or care. For us be'd no thought or care. And I've thought of both our children, How they'll spend their Christmas day; And I cannot read my Bible, And, mother, I cannot pray.' From her trembling, aged fingers, The knitting had failen down, And her hands lay idly folded On the lap of her home-spun gown. Lifting one, she gently laid it In his, resting by her side, And raising her eyes all swimming With the tears she could not hide. A smile, like the far-off rhyme Of a half forgotten song, Played over her wrinkled features, And her voice was clear and atrong. Freesing close the hand beside her : "No, father, there's no mistake, Love in sacrifice you're given. Love in sacrifice you've given, Not for them, but for my sake. Mr. Sancton's Jewelry Store on Wednesday, Dec. 8th, '86, I asked our God for our children. INT. Schleuuri S Dewerry Should on in weinheiter, journe services in fitting by scientific methods the best spectacles to be had, viz., the **B. LAURANCE SPECTACLES**, and is extreme the gave them, with talents rare ; He gave them, with talents rare ; He gave them, with talents rare ; He fill require of me in a measure, which due announcement will be made. He hopes then to meet all those who called, and others who desire his services in fitting by scientific methods the best spectacles to be had, viz., the **B. LAURANCE. PEBBLE and OTHEPRE**, It asked our God for our children, and we've entered into rest, Our work shall go on in our children, to all and every condition of sight. And, father, we've never given What our Father for us gave; We love bim though oft we wander, And forget Christ died to save." She stopped, and taking the Bible, Read slowly the ninety-first Psalm; Its words in their lonely sorrow, Were sweeter than Gilead's Balm. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the remain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's that en Medical Discovery, and good digestion, fair skith, buoyant spirits, vital storagth, and contrast of constitution with storagth, and fair skith, buoyant spirits, vital storagth, and to the words in their lonely sorrow, We are sweeter than Gilead's Baim. "Let us pray," said the old man softly ; And kneeling together there, The witting angel bore to heaven to the words in the shadow of Thy wing, There are tired of wandering.'' We are tired of wandering.'' The fire grew dim on the hearth-stone; The but was buried in silence; The but was buried in silence; ''Father, 'tis christmas morning, And the world is all aglow .'' 0 Cures the severest Coughs. For Torpid Liver, Billousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggiss. DE. PIERCE'S PELLETS - Anti-Billous and Cathartic. Zo. a vial. by druggista.

banks sloped gradually, giving good drain-age. With picks and shovels square excae vations that could be covered with a wall tent were ranifile mede. White age. With picks and shovels square excasivations that could be covered with a wall tent were rapidly made. While superint tending and aiding in this work an oddine covered with a strong exprised by the superint tending and aiding in this work and offered to sell a chicken for a dollar.
'Certainly I'll take it,' said Meek, handing out the greenback. 'See, Hal,' he cried, 'that black old raven has brought us a Christmas dinner.'
'Sold,' laughed Hal, after a brief in spection of the purchase. 'That hen was

the maternal ancestor of the first egg laid for him as it was, but he did not notice this feller. There's no seeming about me now.

at first, for Sally Manning filled his eyes a' ole Virginay.'' 'She does look ancient,' admitted Meek and awakened a vague trouble in his heart ' Oh, I'm all broken up,' and she sank The sergeant sprang fiercely up, pose in 'ole Virginny.''

'She does look ancient,' admitted Meek dubiously, 'and my Jocks ! if there's much else to her but bones and feathers. Hanged if he didn't say it was a spring chicken. Here, you lying son of darkness—' but the old darky got away with the spryness that made no reference to their former acquaint- mend the soldiers' clothes and and do the Meek acted quickly and resolutely. defied pursuit. 'Oh, well,' concluded the sergeant, 'the old critter will be a change from salt horse and hard tack; so off comes her head,' and the last asthmatic squwak

tas stopped midway. 4 I detail you, Hal Winter, to get that be made and terrible you looked.' 4 Just as I told you, Sergeant,' chuckled be men and ask for work. They'd think I was a brazen hussy and might say be hands from her face, holding them in was stopped midway.

spring chicken into our mess pot as soon as possible and without her feathers, order-ed the sergeant, severely, and then turned to his work. He felt a strange exhilara-tion over the fact that he was again near the supper, which consisted of pork

to his work. He felt a strange exhibits as a time. White made any incoming over the supper, white consisted of port the supper, when the supper, when the supper, while the men went to the neighboring could attempt something like a flirtation. The went through here about a fort, right to come and see you when I choose night ago and stripped us of nearly every and to do for you and your mother; I

woods to fell trees, out of which would be constructed, in part, the walls of their winter domicile. Hel took a canteen and, with a wink at Hel took a canteen and, with a wink at

the sergeant, said that he would 'bring some water from a well that he knew about.' Meek longed to make a bee line for that well himself, but had no intention of re-bimself that bis conversational efforts were the sergeant could not keep pace with their werbal evolutions, and was at first bewilder-werbal evolutions of Winter and enraged with himself that bis conversational efforts were the demonstrational efforts were the d vealing the adventure which had preceded so lame. He sought to talk with the 'I felt too weak to-day to cut any.'

the morning fight. His old diffidence had reasserted itself, and he felt that he must see Sallie Manning alone and learn the character of his reception before he would dare to make further overtures toward a better acquaintance. What Hal had told him of her solicitude about his wound was reassuring, but then that was months ago. 'Well, I can slip over this evening,' he muttered, ' and that magpie Winter will let out all he knows when he comes back.' The rack of skin and bones which had the morning fight. His old diffidence had mother, but she only stared blankly at 'You cut wood-the idea !'

The rack of skin and bones which had been a hen appeared to grow smaller every time be looked into the pot, and he now which he could not understand. Sally did time be looked into the pot, and he now wished he had filled the vessel with pork and beans. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that he could write home about a chicken Christmas dinner. At last Winter returned in high spirits but declared he was hungry as a wolf. In his efforts to look into the kettle he upset it and beans to be anatyped the senatyped the have given you a better suppor than l'ye i nor a hig lark to night'

his efforts to look into the kettle he upset it, and singed his hand as he enatched the fowl from the hissing, smoking fire, which a moment later was almost utterly quench-ed. Holding up the miserable little ana-tomy, he exclaimed, with some strong ex-pletives, 'You call that a Christmas din-ner, eh ? It wouldn't make a lunch tor s crow,'

"Ho, ho, ho-hi--ho, Here's a gay Lo-thar-i-o,"

jeering around then, I can tell you. Now

say Yes, quick, Sally, so I can let out on those fellers.'

