

ANOTHER
LARGE IMPORTATION
—OF—
T W H E E D S
English WORSTEDS,
Just received at the
BRIDGETOWN.
Call early and secure the best patterns for your SPRING SUITS.
JOHN H. FISHER,
March 18th, '86. Proprietor.

\$400,000
New Business in Three Months!
The Mutual Relief Society
—OF—
NOVA SCOTIA!
The members of the Society are hereby informed that notwithstanding the keen competition offered by the large number of Life Insurance Companies which are so easily represented by their respective agents, our increase for the first three months of 1886, was \$240,000.
This will compare very favorably with the amount of business done within Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, by any Life Insurance Company.
Members, with few exceptions, respond promptly when assessments are made.
The Society pays all its bonds in full on proof of claim.
Individuals desiring Insurance are invited to make a comparison between the merits of this Society and those of other companies, before giving an application.
For particulars please write to, or see our agents,
Yarmouth, April 30, 1886.
THOMAS B. CROSBY, Manager,
W. H. FAHIN, Gen. Agent, Lawrencetown, N. S.

BRIDGETOWN
FOUNDRY COMPANY
(LIMITED)
This Foundry Co. having just opened its new works, on the site formerly occupied by Craig's Foundry, lately destroyed by fire, is now prepared
TO MANUFACTURE
STOVES, PLOWS,
HAY CUTTERS,
MILL and other Castings.
All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.
W. A. CRAIG,
MANAGER.
Bridgetown, March 10th, '85
1885. 1886.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE BRIDGETOWN
Marble Works,
A B prepared to compete with any similar concerns in the Province, both in workmanship and price.
MONUMENTS,
HEADSTONES,
TABLETS.
—IN—
Marble, Freestone & Granite,
of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.
1880.
Furniture Tops!
Call and inspect work.
OLDEMAN WHITMAN,
Bridgetown, Jan. 12th, '85.
JUST RECEIVED.

Two Carloads
FLOUR AND MEAL,
which will be sold LOW FOR CASH.
Also—a well assorted stock of
Groceries!
MOLASSES AND SUGAR,
SPICES, SALT, TOBACCO,
BEANS, SOAP,
RAISINS, CURRANTS,
CANNED GOODS,
BISCUITS, STRUPS, ETC.
P. NICHOLSON,
Bridgetown, July, 1885

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent,
and United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882-7

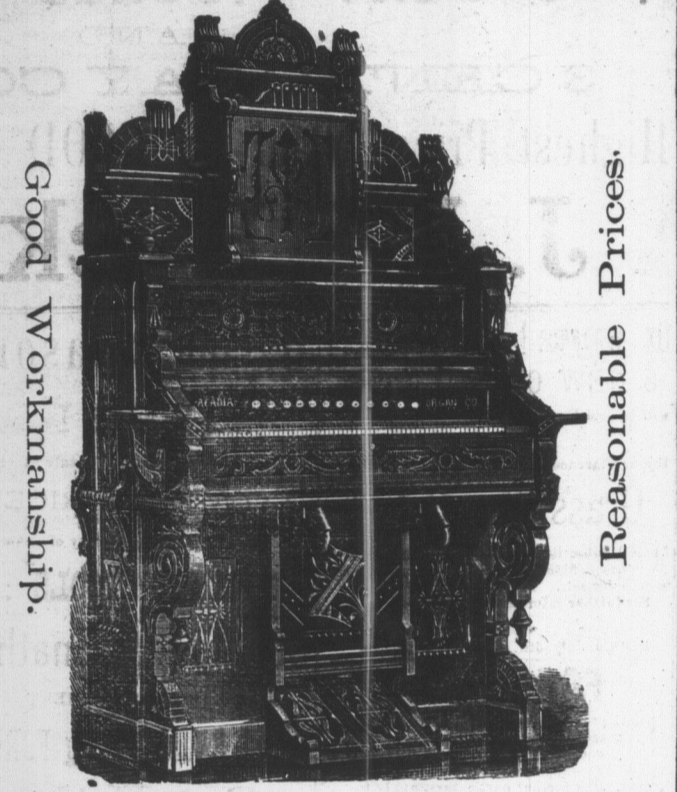
FLOUR! FLOUR!
The Cheapest in the Market!
THE subscriber offers for sale 75 bbls. Best Brands of Patent Flour, cheaper than they can be got elsewhere.
Apply to JACOB FORBES, Bridgetown, or to THOMAS B. CROSBY, Granville.
MONEY TO LET!
MONEY to let on good mortgage security in sums not less than five hundred dollars. Apply by letter to this office.
March 20th, 1886. 2017.

ADVERTISERS
can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing
Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.
Send 10c for 100-Page Pamphlet.

Weekly Family.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1886.
VOL. 14. NO. 14.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.
PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.
CHICKEN CHOLERA,
MAKE HENS LAY



ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
A. E. SULIS.

B. LAURANCE'S Spectacles & Eye Glasses,
—ARE THE ONLY—
Genuine English Articles in the Canadian Market!
REAL PEBBLES are kept in stock. Tests are given to purchasers to prove genuineness. They are recommended by and testimonials have been received from the President, Vice-President, and Ex-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President, Ex-President, and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, etc., etc.
These recommendations ought to be sufficient to prove their quality, but if further proof is needed call on
J. B. SANCTION, Watchmaker & Jeweller, Agent. — BRIDGETOWN

LAWRENCE TOWN PUMP COMPANY,
(ESTABLISHED 1880).
N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
THE OLEBRATED
Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,
—ALSO—
FORCE PUMP,
with hose attached if required.
We are prepared to manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for all purposes, of any size, and water pumps of all descriptions on the lines of all-ways. Send for Price List.

Guns, AMMUNITION,
HEAVY WOOL SHIRTS, Shirts & Drawers,
A SMALL LOT OF
GENTS' GENUINE
Plymouth Buck Gloves.
Apple Barrels.
B. STARRATT.
AUCTION SALES!
The subscriber will attend AUCTION SALES, throughout Windsor Township, as Auctioneer.
TERMS—\$2.00 per day.
F. L. MURPHY,
Licensed Auctioneer,
South Farmington, Jan. 18th, '86. 4112.

Roop & Shaw
Do to notify the public generally that they always keep on hand a stock of
CARRIAGES
of the latest style, made from
First Class Stock
which will be sold on easy terms and reasonable prices.
Midville, April 20th, 1885. 4112.

Poetry.
So Careful What You Say,
In speaking of a person's faults
Pray don't forget your own!
Remember those with honors of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do,
Then talk of those who do.
The old as well as young;
From that point begin.
We have no right to judge a man
Till he's fairly tried.
Should we not like his own company,
To try his own defects to find?
We know the world is wide,
Some may have faults—and who has not?
Don't speak of others' faults, until
We know our own.
I'll tell you of a better plan,
And that it works full well,
To try my own defects to cure
By the example of my friend.
And though I sometimes love to be
No worse than some I know,
I'll not speak of others' faults, until
The faults of others go.
Then let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm our words may do
To those we little know.
Remember—curses, sometimes like
Our children's—root at home.
Don't speak of others' faults, until
We have none of our own.

Select Literature.
A Terrible Night.
How lonely the house is with Edward away! said Mary Reeves to her friend Isabel Morton; "I always feel as if the place were haunted unless he be here at night."
There is certainly a "certain" look about this room, replied Isabel Morton, glancing round the spacious apartment, with its black oak wainscoting and old-fashioned, sombre furniture, on which the firelight was playing faintly, the candles on the table and in the sconces, and the gloom of the background; "I wonder you do not have gas laid, and make your drawing-room a blaze of light on such occasions."
"That would cost money; we cannot afford to do so. You forget how very poor we are owing to papa's debts."
"And his extravagance," thought Isabel Morton.
"Well," said Isabel, "I hope and trust that Edward will only be away for an evening, or I shall be obliged to go away. The furniture in my parlour, and the most awful manner in the middle of the night, and the shadows are something terrible. If I had a night-light I should go out of my mind."
"But the light which makes the shadow!"
"All the same, I should like without it. But for the conclusions that my room is between yours and Edward's, I really could not say it through the door."
"It is a pity you came," said Mary shortly. The entrance of the servant with a supper-tray put a stop to the conversation.

Oldly Manor was an ancient and large house, which had been handed down from father to son, generation to generation. But while its revenue had decreased, the passion for spending money with its own hands had increased, so that by degrees the old acres and timbers had been sold and only the house remained. Money was spent on personal pleasures, gambling, horse racing, and so on; a very little was ever bestowed on the dwelling and grounds, and it fell into decay.
There were long, rambling corridors, large, faded looking rooms, ancient suits of rusty armor; altogether it was a fit habitation for a ghost, as Mary Reeves often said.
On the father's death, Edward found himself left with next to nothing, and one solitary domestic was all they could afford to keep, for the young man had a righteous horror of debt. Most of the rooms were locked up and deserted; it was hopeless to try to keep them clean and in a state of preservation, therefore Mary and Edward had no attempt to do so, but devoted all their energies to keeping some five or six tolerably habitable.
Supper over, the girls drew their chairs to the fire and talked.
"On the personal pleasures, gambling, horse racing, and so on; a very little was ever bestowed on the dwelling and grounds, and it fell into decay."
"Up, this is awful," said Isabel Morton, who was now growing; "I wouldn't have lived in this place for any sum of money you could offer me."
"It would be a delightful place if it were renovated, and there were plenty of servants and company," returned Mary, sharply.
Now, Miss Morton was not only a very pretty girl but an heiress in addition, and Mary had invited her down in the hope that she and Edward might eventually captivate one another, for he was a fine, handsome young man.
Up to the present moment, however, though friendly enough, they had not given any apparent token of mutual regard. In reality he loved her, but being poor was too proud to propose to her a girl.

"Oh, yes, it," said Isabel Morton, looking at the night train and disconcerted, too late, that it stopped ten miles from Evertown. There was nothing for her but to ride.
"You could have stayed at the inn!"
"I was not going on."
The conversation between the other pair had become very tender, although on approaching Oldly Manor Isabel again began to shiver. They walked the horses up to the house and left them, making their way to the drawing-room window.
"So you're a certain young woman, were you afraid to see papa's face?"
Isabel gave a shiver as the mantelpiece candles were all blown out.
Stepping into the corridor they heard the wind whistling along the passage and by the corner of the house. The girls said good night and parted; Isabel feeling strongly inclined to ask Mary to sleep with her. The lady made such a fearful noise against the casement that, after a pause,

she heroically nerved herself to push wide the curtain and look out.
But the view added to her fears, for through the black night she could just see the tower of the old church near, and the glimmer of the white gravestones. She replaced the curtain, and, in fear and trembling, went to bed, leaving her maids burning a light in the night light.
"But sleep she could not, every nerve seemed alive. She was in a state of terror as the wind boomed down the chimney, and stood extinguishing the lights. More than once she knocked at the wall, hoping to arouse Mary, but that lady was fast asleep and did not hear. Twelve o'clock struck, then 1, 2, 3.
"It was just when the church clock had solemnly sounded three, that Isabel set up in her bed, her eyes staring with horror. For she had distinctly heard a loud report in the corner of the room, as if a pistol, and she knew that there were no firearms in the house except Edward's, which were always locked up. Who, then, was that who in the dead of night, had fired the pistol?
The sound had aroused Mary, who came in the next minute in her dressing gown, her face white with fear.
"For a few moments the two girls clung to one another and said nothing. Then Mary spoke.
"I must go and see what it is."
"We can't," said Isabel.
"But suppose some one has attacked poor old Susan?"
"What good could we do? We can't go."
"If some one has broken in, he will probably murder us also if we make no effort to escape," said Mary, whose spirit was now roused. "Let us now dress and then look around."
With trembling fingers they managed to attire themselves hurriedly, and in deadly fear; then, armed with the firearms, made their way to Susan's room, which was at some little distance from the kitchen. Isabel's limbs shook as she could scarcely walk, and yet she knew that it would have been worse to remain behind. The iron on the walls clattered horribly, the windows rattled. Arms in arm the girls advanced slowly, Mary shading the candles she carried with her hand.
But within a few paces of Susan's room the door stood still, as if by magic, the wainscoting of the apartment adjoining, a stream of dark red blood was slowly oozing.
"With a shriek they both fled down the corridor, throwing away the weapons, clinging to one another in mad terror, and trying to make their way to the front door. Then Mary remembered that she had a key hanging from her door, and knew that her hands would refuse to admit them quickly enough.
"We must break out of the drawing-room window," she said, and after stumbling over the furniture, they managed to traverse the large room.
With a desperate courage Mary took up a footstool and dashed it through the glass. The aperture thus made admitted of the egress of both, although Isabel cut her hand somewhat badly. Quite unheeding this, she ran across the garden with Mary, the blood flowing on her dress. Her excitement she did not notice this, and felt no pain it was not until the girls had left the grounds and gained the high-road that they spoke to one another. The wind was still raging, and the rain falling, and the road very lonely, but anything was better than remaining in that dreadful room where the blood had been oozing.
"Poor old Susan," said Mary mournfully, "she was such a faithful, good creature."
"Where are you going," asked Isabel.
"We must make our way to the police station at Evertown, the nearest town, where we are quite away from any neighbors here; most of them live on the by-lanes along little bye-ways."
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Up to the present moment, however, though friendly enough, they had not given any apparent token of mutual regard. In reality he loved her, but being poor was too proud to propose to her a girl.

she was pushing down and water to head the right way a cross-binding log, as the note of the man got more and more dislodged, huge bolts of trees about up from underneath, and fairly leap like enormous balls out of the water. Every thing is now splashing and plunging, and an unlettered layman would be left attempting a promenade down hill on the sides of so many rolling barrels, as easy as the least three as he follows are really up to. Down below stands ready and manned a row-boat, for the rescue of any who should fall into the rapids. But the thing is not to fall in, for the risk of drowning is as nothing to the risk of being caught and ground up between the logs. Only once did we see a man tumble off, but while women shrieked and his mates tore round to a point of the ledge where they could
The ladies followed himself seemed to take in the simple little incident in the gliding. Every other time, there were two or three left between the torn-off and captured deck and the main array, to enable the men to keep both from points to point. Billy the Kid, as the universal voice had christened one like, graceful, yet powerful young fellow, was always in the lead. He wore a white robe in his hat. But even without this plume of Navarre he would have been a fine specimen of the race. He was looking like a deer from log to log, he was always at the point where the eddies were to be done, and so great was the glow of admiration he awakened in every on-looking feminine breast that he would only have had to lay down his arms and fingering himself, a source of laughter, at the feet of any Hero of them all to have borne the name forever. Indeed, in the Taylor Falls Sunday school, it will prove hard work for many a day for teachers or superintendents to awaken any genuine glow in the souls of the boys over such a prospect, so long as vivid memories survive of Billy the Kid.
Artists in this country are always complaining, and perhaps complaining rightly, that they have no chance to study anything exciting and stimulating from the life. The Greeks were able to do so much for themselves, because they had always such plenty of specimens of strength, grace and agility before their eyes in the gymnasium and at the public games. Well, the next best thing for such purposes to the Olympic games is a log jam, like that at Taylor Falls. Probably no work in the world gives a finer development to the human frame than the lumberers. Heavy work all winter, his arms, shoulders and loins acquire Herculean proportions while piloting the logs down the stream and down the spring and summer call for a deer like agility and a quickness of eye and instantaneous command of nerve power that puts spring and fire into the whole behavior. In half an hour an artist of
BEING EYES AND SHIRT WOULD would get a sense of attitudes and motions that would be the making of any picture and would himself be sympathetically thrown into a state of admiration for the physical beauty that would not command of energy sets in for watching the night of the expert of watching the operations. The Dallas of the log jam, as the rocky gorge is called through which plunge the falls and rapids of the river, is a marvelous sight to see the rocky laws of the gorge, not just at present, for a space of three miles, not a particle of water is visible, nothing but a vast mass of logs of indescribable position, some bolt upright like piles, some at angles of 45°, some heaped down stream and others straight across it. Meanwhile, the whole force of the falls and rapids of the river is concentrated on the rocky law of the gorge. Of course, the problem is how to dislodge this tremendous block, so that the logs can float down to the Mississippi, unless already dislodged by the lower end. As the visitor camps down on the rocks overhanging the river to watch the sight, he feels for all the world as if he were a spectator in an amphitheatre about to witness a fight between man and the ugliest specimen of the brute creation. Indeed, the choice between the log jam and the fight is a terrible choice of such huge tree trunks with the pressure of an avalanche behind them, and rapids that can make them feel as if they were a stone pile and a lightning bolt, it is not one word describing the scene. The combats are taken in at a glance as a hundred or more men, STOWS AS LOGS, and spray as cats, clothed most of them in bright red flannel, and armed each with a long pole, shoot with a more or less rapid, and a roller lever, for clamping round the logs and rolling them over. Three hundred yards below the jam lies a powerful stevedore, with a captain capable of exerting a pull of 800 horse power, and around which is hauled a heavier, the end of which is carried on to the jam, and attached to what is called the key-stone logs, that is, the logs that enforce the most obstinate, dogged and absolutely rebellious logjam. These are the head anchors, the fellows most desperately bent on keeping the river highway blocked. Meanwhile the wrenching, straining and grinding was such that it seemed as though the whole mass must be ground up into pulp for the paper mills, furnished enough to run the Herald for the next century. For perhaps 15 minutes this striking scene lasted, when finally the body of logs became consolidated again in another jam a quarter of a mile further down the gorge, at the extreme end of which the same process must be begun over again. It will be a grand campaign of all the summer to get these 150,000,000 feet through, and will cost a large sum of money. Certainly, as mere spectators, we were in luck that day. Not often does a man get a chance to see such a spectacle of colossal forces in conflict. Before the whole mass is disposed of, some artist with a real eye in his head ought to make a series of sketches for a genuine American picture to be called the "Breaking Tip of

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the jam." For when the shout is once raised, the starting of the starting of there is any posture or motion of strength, agility, grace or vigor the bodies of men can possibly take on as they leap from log to log to escape, one will have to go far to see it more vigorously displayed than here.
The Mastodon of Books.
THE GREAT BRITISH DICTIONARY IN PREPARATION BY JOHN LONGMIRE, BRIDGETOWN, MARCH 9th '86. 4017.

Just outside of London they are at work on the biggest book in the world! said a New York publisher yesterday, who has recently returned from a trip to England. It will be more than four times as large as Webster's Dictionary, and will contain something like 8,000 pages. It is to be the ideal dictionary of the English language, and will supersede all pre-existing authorities. It has long been realized by scholars that the English language is deficient in this respect. The French have two dictionaries, that of M. Litro and of the Academy, that are superior to our own. The Webster's Dictionary, and the brothers Grimm's is still more exhaustive and authoritative. Even the Portuguese dictionary, by Vieira, decidedly surpasses anything in English. But the British Philological Society propose to fill this yawning gap in our reference books. They hold that a dictionary should be an inventory of the language and that it does should be open to all works, good, bad and indifferent. This new work will be confined to definitions and cross references. The history of each word will be fully given with a quotation from some standard writer, showing its shade of meaning and the variations in its usage from one generation to another. The work was originally started in 1859, but the death of editors, financial embarrassments and changes in the plans have interrupted its progress. It is now hoped that the work may be pushed to its completion without unnecessary delay. The amount of research and reading yet to be accomplished is very great, and there are on hand some 500,000 or 400,000 slips which require classification. The next entry will probably open before the dictionary can be brought into complete form upon the library shelves. But the advance sheet, devoted to the first letters of the alphabet, which have already been issued, have met with the most favorable comment, and give promise that the English language is to have at least a lexicographical work of its literature.

The Ruin of British Agriculture.
[From Demorest's Monthly.]
It seems now to be settled that under existing conditions it does not pay to raise or sell cattle in the best part of the Continent and the British Isles. For this reason and also for other things, the world is indebted to the extension of steam navigation to all parts of the earth. Wheat, barley, oats, etc., are grown on almost any arable land. It follows that wherever the factors are most favorable that region gets the benefit of this cheap access to the consuming market. A few years ago India contributed but 30,000 bushels of wheat to countries outside of the peninsula. It now exports about 50,000,000 bushels, and with the extension of the railway system it will have fully 100,000,000 for outside consumption.
The secret of India's ability to reap in distant markets is the extraordinary cheapness of labor, which does not command more than one cent a day of money. The United States, Australia, and New Zealand can produce wheat and lay it down in Liverpool at a price which is simply ruinous to the English, and European wheat grower. This is because of cheaper and more fertile soil, and because of machinery on the broad prairies and sad fields, which dispenses with costly manual labor to the English and European farmer in the British Isles who confine themselves to cereals and call in the most costly man to assist them if they undertake to plant their own. This accounts for the distress among the agricultural classes in the Old World, and more especially for the abject misery of the tenant farmer in Ireland, because the land is without coal or iron, and British farmers discourage manufacturers of any kind in that unhappy country.
This inability to raise grain is effecting a social revolution. It has caused the blow at the authority and prestige of the owners, who are the great land owners and it will end in agricultural land being transferred to the peasants in England and Scotland as well as Ireland. These agricultural workers, having no rents to pay, will be able to make a living out of the soil, for they can raise profitable vegetables, poultry, eggs and dairy products, as these are made from foreign competition. This explanation of the agricultural situation shows a good deal of light upon the political and social changes now taking place in the Old World.

PRACTICAL REASON.—A good lady employed a dozen of the Baptist churches to do some carpenter's work for her. She said to the man who was to do the job, "I would just as soon have Deacon gray now as I would have before he died; that place of work for me." "That's all I want," said she, and all other members of our churches to do in all business relations just what is right. We believe in a practical religion. Spurgeon asked a young girl, who served as a domestic in one of his families, when she presented herself for membership in his church, what evidence she could give of having become a Christian, and she modestly answered, "I now sweep under the table." And the renowned preacher said it was good evidence, and we agree with him. Real religion leads one to do work thoroughly. — W. F. Taylor.

USURER BOOK.—The Minister of Agriculture has just issued a nicely bound handbook for circulation at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. It has been prepared by Mr. George Johnston, an old Nova Scotia journalist, and one of the ablest statisticians and best informed writers in the Dominion. Every phase of Canada's commerce, growth and financial condition is treated fully, and Mr. Johnston is the most interesting work.

ST. WILLIAM, at Boston from Banca, while at anchor at quarantine, was run into by schooner T. B. Harris, Newport for Annapolis, N. S., at ten o'clock last Thursday morning. The steamer had her funnels carried away and bridge damaged. The schooner was slightly damaged.

Schr. Ivica,
Capt. Longmire.
This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between
Bridgetown & St. John
about March 25th. All freight carefully handled.
L. I. M. H.
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JOHN LONGMIRE,
Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 4017.

Just outside of London they are at work on the biggest book in the world! said a New York publisher yesterday, who has recently returned from a trip to England. It will be more than four times as large as Webster's Dictionary, and will contain something like 8,000 pages. It is to be the ideal dictionary of the English language, and will supersede all pre-existing authorities. It has long been realized by scholars that the English language is deficient in this respect. The French have two dictionaries, that of M. Litro and of the Academy, that are superior to our own. The Webster's Dictionary, and the brothers Grimm's is still more exhaustive and authoritative. Even the Portuguese dictionary, by Vieira, decidedly surpasses anything in English. But the British Philological Society propose to fill this yawning gap in our reference books. They hold that a dictionary should be an inventory of the language and that it does should be open to all works, good, bad and indifferent. This new work will be confined to definitions and cross references. The history of each word will be fully given with a quotation from some standard writer, showing its shade of meaning and the variations in its usage from one generation to another. The work was originally started in 1859, but the death of editors, financial embarrassments and changes in the plans have interrupted its progress. It is now hoped that the work may be pushed to its completion without unnecessary delay. The amount of research and reading yet to be accomplished is very great, and there are on hand some 500,000 or 400,000 slips which require classification. The next entry will probably open before the dictionary can be brought into complete form upon the library shelves. But the advance sheet, devoted to the first letters of the alphabet, which have already been issued, have met with the most favorable comment, and give promise that the English language is to have at least a lexicographical work of its literature.

The Ruin of British Agriculture.
[From Demorest's Monthly.]
It seems now to be settled that under existing conditions it does not pay to raise or sell cattle in the best part of the Continent and the British Isles. For this reason and also for other things, the world is indebted to the extension of steam navigation to all parts of the earth. Wheat, barley, oats, etc., are grown on almost any arable land. It follows that wherever the factors are most favorable that region gets the benefit of this cheap access to the consuming market. A few years ago India contributed but 30,000 bushels of wheat to countries outside of the peninsula. It now exports about 50,000,000 bushels, and with the extension of the railway system it will have fully 100,000,000 for outside consumption.
The secret of India's ability to reap in distant markets is the extraordinary cheapness of labor, which does not command more than one cent a day of money. The United States, Australia, and New Zealand can produce wheat and lay it down in Liverpool at a price which is simply ruinous to the English, and European wheat grower. This is because of cheaper and more fertile soil, and because of machinery on the broad prairies and sad fields, which dispenses with costly manual labor to the English and European farmer in the British Isles who confine themselves to cereals and call in the most costly man to assist them if they undertake to plant their own. This accounts for the distress among the agricultural classes in the Old World, and more especially for the abject misery of the tenant farmer in Ireland, because the land is without coal or iron, and British farmers discourage manufacturers of any kind in that unhappy country.
This inability to raise grain is effecting a social revolution. It has caused the blow at the authority and prestige of the owners, who are the great land owners and it will end in agricultural land being transferred to the peasants in England and Scotland as well as Ireland. These agricultural workers, having no rents to pay, will be able to make a living out of the soil, for they can raise profitable vegetables, poultry, eggs and dairy products, as these are made from foreign competition. This explanation of the agricultural situation shows a good deal of light upon the political and social changes now taking place in the Old World.

PRACTICAL REASON.—A good lady employed a dozen of the Baptist churches to do some carpenter's work for her. She said to the man who was to do the job, "I would just as soon have Deacon gray now as I would have before he died; that place of work for me." "That's all I want," said she, and all other members of our churches to do in all business relations just what is right. We believe in a practical religion. Spurgeon asked a young girl, who served as a domestic in one of his families, when she presented herself for membership in his church, what evidence she could give of having become a Christian, and she modestly answered, "I now sweep under the table." And the renowned preacher said it was good evidence, and we agree with him. Real religion leads one to do work thoroughly. — W. F. Taylor.

USURER BOOK.—The Minister of Agriculture has just issued a nicely bound handbook for circulation at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. It has been prepared by Mr. George Johnston, an old Nova Scotia journalist, and one of the ablest statisticians and best informed writers in the Dominion. Every phase of Canada's commerce, growth and financial condition is treated fully, and Mr. Johnston is the most interesting work.

ST. WILLIAM, at Boston from Banca, while at anchor at quarantine, was run into by schooner T. B. Harris, Newport for Annapolis, N. S., at ten o'clock last Thursday morning. The steamer had her funnels carried away and bridge damaged. The schooner was slightly damaged.

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—Andez, Canada's cried the N. Y. bank cashier. However, no I hope to see it would just take away all chances of success in my profession.

Miscellaneous. If one has a soil silted up... a heavy clay or loam soil...

The Lazy man's Heaven. Sir John Lubbock recently declared at the Mansion House that an epitaph in a Norfolk churchyard expressed the feelings of the great majority of our shopkeepers...

PUNISH CHILDREN. The Punishment of Children is the subject of Professor Felix Adler's recent lecture before the society of ethical culture in Philadelphia...

Have you heard of the physician who did not understand his own wife's case? The story goes that the gentleman was at a reception the other night...

When nervous wakefulness comes at night time, when there is a desire to sleep, but on account of a peculiar state of mind and body, rest will not come...

LETTERS TWO STATES. Steel can be written upon or engraved by first cleaning it with oil, and then covering it with a coating of melted beeswax upon it.

A Bobsled young man took a young girl to the dance on a bobsled, and several squares and didn't say but three words. Don't think that he was bashful, dear reader, he didn't have the opportunity to say any more.

STEAM FURNITURE WARE ROOM. Best in the Market! Unequaled for Spreading, Finish and Durability! Paint that Beautifies and Protects!

HEATH & MULLIGAN'S PREPARED PAINT! Best in the Market! Unequaled for Spreading, Finish and Durability! Paint that Beautifies and Protects!

AT COST. W. W. Saunders Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Fancy Goods, Tinware, Glassware, Chinaware, Hardware, Outlery, Stationery.

Household Furniture of All Kinds. A FINE LOT OF GILT WINDOW CORNICES. The Subscriber would also state that he has a strong quantity of New MACHINERY!

J. B. REED. BROWNS MILLS. Sawing, Grinding, Threshing. Lumber sawn to order. Grain ground to order.

J. A. BROWN & CO. PARKER & DANIELS. Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Money invested on Real Estate Securities.

Dr. J. R. McLean. Corner Hollis & Salter streets HALIFAX. H. V. BARRETT, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Mussel Mud. FOR SALE BY The Annapolis Mussel Mud Co. It has the largest amount of ammonia. It has the proper quantity of lime.

At the BRIDGETOWN DRUG STORE. Received a full stock of FANCY GOODS. SHOULDER BRACES, TRUSSES of all kinds and a new and approved PATENT MEDICINE.

R. D. BEALS, GENERAL DEALER. Boots and Shoes, HATS, GENERAL DRY GOODS, Ready-made Clothing, ROOM PAPER, Groceries, CROCKERY WARE, TRUNKS & VALISES, Paints & Oils.

Our STOCK. Very Large Assortment of STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS. MILLINERY, American and French GOODS.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN.

Notice of Change of Partnership. The Law Firm of T. D. & E. RUGGLES. Office on Queen Street, Bridgetown, N. S.

DR. CAMPBELL, SURGEON AND GENERAL PRACTICER. Office in the Grand Central Hotel, Bridgetown.

For the Ladies. FRETTING HOUSEWIVES. Every one of these doors break so hurriedly that I almost seem wild, exclaimed a tired housekeeper.

FRATERNITY IN A HOUSEWIFE. I heard a very amusing story the other day in connection with the recent hurricanes. A gentleman quite well known in this city was hurrying along to reach his home, when the storm burst upon the city in all its fury.

MY STOCK. Very Large & Well Selected EXTRA VALUES. HAYARD'S PEPPERMINT BALM. Cures Coughs, Colic, Hoarseness, Etc.

H. J. Banks, TAILOR, BRIDGETOWN, N. S. I have prepared to do all descriptions of work in the latest and most fashionable style.

JUST ARRIVED ON CONSIGNMENT. 100 Bags Choice Family Flour. 100 Bags Extra Quality Fine Shortest.

A New Ticket. Both Parties will Vote Unanimously. MORRISON THE TAILOR. Has the largest and best stock of Cloths and Trimmings ever shown in the County.

BEERWICK Steam Mill. The subscriber is manufacturing all kinds of Spruce Lumber, Dimension Timber, Shingles, Staves, and Planed Lumber.

Improve the Muscles by Study. Coach (to college athletes) - Your muscles seem soft, and your whole system seems tiring up. Are you drinking anything?

Imparting the Muscles by Study. Coach - Speaking in a voice of authority, Coach - Studying? College athletes - Yes, a little. Coach (indignantly) - Great heavens, man, do you want to lose the race?

What do those letters stand for? I asked a curious wife of her husband, as he looked at his musical score. 'Well, really, my love,' he replied, 'I don't know. I presume it is because they are all down.' The postman's frequent questioning.

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