

W. A. CHUTE,
BUILDING MOVER
 BEAR RIVER, N. S.

BUILDINGS of all descriptions raised and moved, by land or water, without taking down chimneys or disturbing the occupants. Stranded vessels, of all sizes, raised and floated. Hoists and engines, of all description, hoisted in and out of steamers, placing them in any position.

I am the only building mover in the Lower Provinces thoroughly fitted with the latest improvements. Having had twenty years' experience I can guarantee satisfaction. With numbers of fine recommendations.

Also, Agent for the London Guarantee and Accident Company, of London, England.

New Goods,
R. D. BEALS

—Comprising—
DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY,
Ready Made Clothing,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS and SHOES,
CROCKERY WARE,
SHOE HARDWARE,
Best Groceries,
TIN WARE, ETC.
 EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.

Eggs for Goods or Cash.
 Butter and all other Produce in Exchange
 St. John's, May 9th, '87.

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, OVERSHOES, RUBBERS, AND LARGES, GROCERIES, AND CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, ES-SENCE, EX-TRACTS, AND PATENT MEDICINES, large stock of LENSES, GLASS, EARTHEN STONE, TIN, WARE, HARDWARE, AND CUTLERY, AND AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES

William Hart,
 Assignee.

DR. FOWLERS
"EXT. OF WILD"
STRAWBERRY CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
OLIC
RAMPS

DIARRHOEA
DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

W. D. SHEEHAN,
The American Tailor.

Some of the reasons why our coats are the BEST and MOST STYLISH CUT:

1. They always fit close to the neck, and never drop down or rise up.
2. They always fit into the waist with a graceful curve.
3. The shoulders never wrinkle, and always improve on your actual build.
4. Every garment is made on the premises under my own supervision, by first-class tailors.

GENTLEMEN who have found difficulty in being properly fitted by their tailors will do well to call on me and I will guarantee a perfect fit.

FOR SALE at the DRUG STORE.

CASTORIA, best Spirit Nitre, Sulphuric Acid, Bone Fruit Salt, Plaster, Tansery, Tooth Powder, Pains Expeller, Fall Line, Vaseline, Fall Line, Pains Expeller Compound, Riege's Food for Infants, Lactated Food, Chlorine Lime, Diamond and Electric Dyes, Insect Powders, Washing and Baking Soda, Copraes, Sena, Alum, Indigo, Nutmegs, Aniline Dyes, Toilet Soap, Fall Line Soap, Perfumery, Lino Juice, Mack's Magnetic Medicine, Kendall's Spain Cure, Burdock Blood Purifier, Standard Plaster, and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music and Blank Music Paper and Books.

L. R. MORSE, M. D.
 September, 1887.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the greatest medical secret of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 122 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, enclosed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jeweled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 35 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man, Office, No. 4, Beillevue St.

The Schooner "CRUSADE,"
I. S. GESNER,

WILL make weekly trips between this port and Halifax during the line, calling along the river.

Weights handled carefully.

LIME ALWAYS ON HAND.

Apply on board, or to
 GEO. H. DIXON,
 Bridgetown, May 27th, 1889.

H. H. BANKS,
 PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT,
 Parker Market Building,
 Halifax, N. S.

—ALL KINDS OF—
Farm Produce Sold on Commission.

Weekly

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1889.

VOL. 17, NO. 28.

JOHNSON'S LINIMENT
ANODYNE Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER—

Positively Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Swellings, Headaches, Toothaches, Neuralgias, Sciatic Pain, Stiff Joints, and all other ailments arising from colds, dampness, or inflammation. It is the only liniment that will cure the most obstinate cases of rheumatism, and is the only one that will cure the most painful cases of neuralgia.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is innumerable how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong points lie in the fact that it acts quickly. Heating all parts, it drives out the morbid humors, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is the only liniment that will cure the most obstinate cases of rheumatism, and is the only one that will cure the most painful cases of neuralgia.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate of the quality of the medicine. It is the only liniment that will cure the most obstinate cases of rheumatism, and is the only one that will cure the most painful cases of neuralgia.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND PRAISED IT.

ONE TRIP PER WEEK.

INTERNATIONAL S.S. Co.,

FOR BOSTON, DIRECT,

FROM Annapolis.

Fall Arrangement.

Until further notice one of the favorite Side Wheel Steamers of this Company will leave Annapolis every THURSDAY, p. m., directly after the arrival of the Halifax express, for Boston direct.

FARE FROM ALL W. & A. R. STATIONS
ONE DOLLAR LESS
 than by any other route.

ST. JOHN LINE:

The Palace Steamer "CUMBERLAND" or "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston and Portland every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7:45, Eastern Standard Time.

Tickets can be obtained from all agents on the W. & A. R.
W. H. KILBY, Agent, FRED. CROSSMILL, Agent, R. A. GARDNER, Agent
 October 2nd, 1889.

INSPECTION
 is invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

Monuments, Tablets, HEADSTONES, Etc.

Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,
 OPPOSITE BINK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,
 (ESTABLISHED 1860.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED Rubber Bucket Chain Pump.

—ALSO—
FORCE PUMP,
 with Hose attached if required.

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Also Monuments in Red Granite Gray Granite, and Freestone.
 Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Williams, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.

T. D.
 Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

A COOK BOOK FREE

By mail to any lady sending her post office address, with Richardson & Co., Montreal.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

The Last Good-Night.

Clad in their night-gowns, clean and white,
 The children come to say "good-night."
 "Father, good-night," says Marjory,
 Climbing for kisses on my knee.

Then Ernest, Kittle, Harry next,
 And baby, till I felt perplexed,
 Wishing the last good-night was said,
 And each and all were packed to bed.

But in spite of her questionable antecedents the mistress' heart went out to the maid with the same instinct which had prompted her at the East to visit dingy tenement-houses and pauper wards in hospitals. There was a responsiveness, an affectionate sympathy about the look in the attendant's eyes which Betty remembered. Beyond the gate came Betty, with a slender rounded figure, and brilliantly bright hazel eyes, a fair, pure skin. These charms increased after she had lived a decent quiet life with the Marshalls for two or three months, and a certain haggard look disappeared.

To be sure, she had been a little off her head for the last week or so. She had looked in the morning as though she had not closed her eyes the night before; she had returned to a former habit, which had yielded to Mrs. Marshall's expostulations, of going about until high noon with her head tied up. "So fearfully uncheerful," complained Betty. Moreover she was peevish and fretful. There was altogether an air, unmistakable in the house-keeper of uncertain tenure of office about her, which struck a chill to Betty's heart. This young lady was as wedded to present ways as a cat. All change had a vague element of terror for her.

Hence it was with a sense of relief that she remarked that her Mary was aroused from her apathy and indifference by the fact of Lieutenant Marshall's unexpected orders. She was as communicative as a peacock, pleased at having him upon a subject of interest. Still she kept recurring to the strong impression that Mary was an odd creature. She had forgotten something, and went back to the kitchen unexpectedly. There stood Mary in the middle of the room, her clenched slender fists pressed against her temples, her bright dark eyes gazing out before her with a fixed intensity of concentration; poised on her small arched feet as though about to spring like a caged alert trapped creature, at bay. What an unmitigated, problematical girl, that with a mixed civilization had produced her! Meantime all well-balanced house-keepers will agree that Mrs. Marshall was most unfortunate in having such an unusable odd creature as devoted to the regulation of humanity.

Dusk was gathering about the post when Mrs. Marshall looked herself to her front door and looked up down the line of quarters and across the parade ground, and wished for Tom. A man came rapidly down the plank walk, paused, and addressed her.

"Does Master Escadour live here?"

It was a second before Betty remembered that that was the elegant name of her cook. "Yes, she does."

"Can I see her? I'm a brother of hers."

Betty looked with pleased interest. A lamp was lighted near by at the moment, and brought out the slender features and fair hair of her companion's striking face, and which was as strikingly like Mary's. He seemed quite a boy, younger than Mary; or perhaps it was the expression. He had a quick, bright, boyish smile that flashed upon Betty before he moved into the shadows of the porch.

"I will call your sister, or you can look her up yourself if you choose. Through that gate; the kitchen is at the end of the yard. You will find her."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the young fellow, and then disappeared through the gate.

Afterwards some friends came in, and there was a game of whist, and a frugal, impromptu supper followed. A friend offered to stay all night if Betty was nervous at being left alone; but this offer was rejected, and she scorned the notion of fear.

Nor was she in the least afraid of the flame blown about by a draught from the open door. She closed the door and looked about her. Another door led upstairs to a loft adjoining her own room; it occurred to her to shut the bolt, which was on the outside. "Somebody might slip in and while Mary is out." On her way upstairs she laughed at herself for having done this. How silly of her! The bolt could be slipped back again in a minute if she should be recalled to her duties by the door leading from her room into the garden was the one to make fast. But on examination it proved to have no fastenings.

"She heard Mary come up to the room she occupied at the head of the stairs presently, heate, then going into her own room, but without closing the door."

"That is nice of Mary," reflected the little mistress. "She thinks I'm an afraid." And she smiled to herself at the notion.

Still, for all, she could not sleep. She tossed restlessly for a while, half lost herself in troubled dreams, sat up in bed broad-awake and longed for day. "Goodness me! it's a mouse," she thought, hearing subdued, annoying noises in the adjoining attic. "I wish it were the cat!"

The gray dawn reassured her. The night's mysteries were vanquished; apparently no longer lurked in corners. She closed her eyes and slept.

She awoke suddenly. Her bed was drawn close to the door of the attic as aforesaid. That door had been opened very softly, but it had jarred the bed. A figure stood holding the door, closing it very gently—a man's figure, slight, fair, thin. She saw that much, then closed her eyes in an instant of preservation, but not before she had recognized the man who had asked for Mrs. Escadour of the night before. He wore a soft felt hat, as he had done there, but he carried his boots in one hand. He had evidently spent the night in the loft,

after being stored away there by his sister. Betty, in fact, had locked him in, and Mary had come up to her room without noticing the abolition. All this flashed across Mrs. Marshall in a second, as also his extraordinary likeness to her cook, which, to be sure, she had remarked the night before. It was one of those all-over-likenesses, attitude, action, expression—unmistakable.

Betty did not stir. The man's hope was to slip through the room without rousing her; and if she was feigning, as his sharp senses may have guessed, it suited his purpose to accept the situation. He had weighed the chances, and this was the best—his only one. His sister had given him the geography of the house the night before, and he had rapidly decided to come this way on discovering a while ago, that across below was barred. He stealthily crossed the hall, and sat on the edge of the bed, as quick to comprehend what had happened; ready, in pursuance of a previous plan, to help him put on a suit of her clothes, including an ulster, and to dress herself in the gray clothes he wore. Not a word was uttered meanwhile. It might have been Mary only, rising betimes and stirring about as she made ready to begin her day's work. In fact, as Mrs. Marshall lay there, she wondered in the whirl of her excited startled brain, weary to wit a night's sleeplessness, whether she had not dreamed that a slight, fair man had stood a second at her bedside on his way through the door.

No, it had been no dream. The pair went down stairs presently, and out of the front door. Then Betty rushed to the window in time to see them—a man and a woman—cross the parade-ground, making for the little railroad station which lay just across the post.

"She was taking him to the cars; he is in some trouble," Betty decided. "Just what might be expected from that wild West creature. What an extraordinary resemblance between them! Poor soul! I hope she will get him off."

She was all for defeating the ends of justice in her sympathy for her attractive cook. She had a distinct impression that the latter numbered jail birds of all kinds among her friends; this was probably one of them. Still, she hoped he would get off all right.

"They just made the train. Betty stood by the window, shivering in her night-dress, and heard the whistle whirr, and saw the cars sweep up and linger an instant, and then sweep on again. She watched next to see Mary come back across the parade-ground. She would come in quietly enough about her work as though nothing had occurred. Her mistress would make no sign; in truth her strongest feeling was sympathy and pity. She did wish that Mary had given her her confidence; she need not have smuggled her brother in and out in that way. But, again, it would never have done to tell if the man was a fugitive from justice. Poor soul! Poor soul! This accounted for despairing looks yesterday.

But how long she was getting back! Mrs. Marshall went back to bed again presently, and, tired out, dozed off to sleep and sat an hour or so in spite of herself. She awoke suddenly, recalled the event of the past night, and pulled herself together. Nine o'clock. She would get up and dress.

She hurried through her toilet, somewhat spurred by a vague misgiving. When she came to her room she found the house quite deserted save for the soldier who worked about the house, and was known as their striker, who on this occasion kindled the kitchen fire, and was now standing around that apartment awaiting further developments.

"Cook deserted!" he inquired, easily. Descriptions were common enough in that region. "See right about the train this morning. Said she was tired of working. Had her brother along. Her twin, she said. Like as two peas in a pod."

So the fact of Mary's departure was established. Mrs. Marshall made the best of it; made herself some coffee, went into Green River in the mid-day ambulance, secured another servant, whom she brought back with her, and congratulated herself on her good luck. She made a pretence of closing doors and windows for the night, saying all the while in her heart, it was a waste of strength to take these precautions in a place so carefully patrolled. Finally, she went out into the kitchen to say a last word to Mary. She found the kitchen deserted. A lamp was burning high, the flame blown about by a draught from the open door. She closed the door and looked about her. Another door led upstairs to a loft adjoining her own room; it occurred to her to shut the bolt, which was on the outside. "Somebody might slip in and while Mary is out." On her way upstairs she laughed at herself for having done this. How silly of her! The bolt could be slipped back again in a minute if she should be recalled to her duties by the door leading from her room into the garden was the one to make fast. But on examination it proved to have no fastenings.

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Select Literature.

Love's Stratagem.

Lieutenant Marshall clanked into his diminutive quarters belated and averted: "Hail, guardian of the fort!" cried Mrs. Marshall, looking up from the perusal of a letter from home. "Did you have a horrible night?"

"So, so."

"These nights on guard were always horrible in Mrs. Marshall's mind, and so unnecessary, she grumbled, in nipping time, she packed herself up presently, and went back to the guard-house to turn over her responsibilities to his immediate successor; then, to see the colonel, and glean particulars in regard to the morrow's expedition. It was borne in upon him that the colonel had proposed to compliment him by this detail.

"If I can only keep my eyes open," he said to himself, strolling down the line from the colonel's office, gazing at the photograph of the escaped burglar, which had been handed him. Two or three officers were standing on the porch talking to Betty when he came up. He showed the photograph.

"O'Leary, his comestance," said one of these. "Old Jim, they call him, because he was christened John, and because he looks like a babe. If we were in San Antonio now, and you caught him and brought him back to the jail there, the chances are he would be lynched. He has a very unavoidable reputation down that way. He's been wanted in Texas a long time—wanted badly."

"Who is it he looks like?" Betty wondered.

"One of Raphael's cherubs? No; they're too fat and jolly. A medieval saint."

"I don't believe he has done all those dreadful things," cried Betty, still gazing. Tom took the photograph and turned to go in-doors, the other young men moving on.

"I have to be off before dark, Betty. I take my men into Green River, and start from there with the constable, and one or two of his myrmidons."

Betty followed him into the house. "Do get a good night's sleep," she said, "and by the time you are about again dinner will be ready."

Tom got off duty, cheered and speeded by his wife and cook. The latter displayed unusual energy, asking more questions than Mrs. Marshall could answer as to the burglar at large and the efforts being made to capture him. "This cook was a young woman of twenty-four years, of a type that one walking in and beaten path is more apt to find in Bret Harte's novel than in real life. Her life at a frontier post is hardly a beaten path. Betty had remarked of her hand-maiden—that she might have been brought up anywhere, and come from anywhere, and done anything. Once going out suddenly into the kitchen, she had discovered the cook kneeling on a table stringing a variety of theatre ditty, with appropriate gestures, to two other neighboring cooks and an enlisted man or two. There was a racy anecdote about this performance which suggested to Mrs. Marshall that the singer was at home behind the foot-lights."

"It makes me creep," Betty told Tom, "to think how she has probably been knocked about the world. Her father was a miner, and she was brought up in that atmosphere—excitement, false hopes and disappointment."

"Married, I dare say," supplemented

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SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1889.

VOL. 17, NO. 28.

rapid attacks. A woman held the ears. At the same time a man clambered back up the steep river-bank, having first pushed the boat off; the bank was steep, and had probably concealed the party of soldiers from his view. Having gained the top, he paused to recover breath, then in full view of Lieutenant Marshall, who instantly identified him with the man, and his search. He signalled to his men, and they had surrounded and captured O'Leary, or, as they thought, in a twinkling.

Their prisoner made little or no resistance. He started to run at first, to be sure, but after giving one rapid anxious glance across the river, where his companion had landed, and where she was speedily lost to sight behind the high land and rolling hills on that side, he admitted to the inevitable to be captured.

It was not until they were all back again in Green River that it was discovered that they were not bringing back O'Leary at all, but his sister, Mary Escadour, Marshall's cook. And by that time O'Leary himself was in safety, far enough away.

"Recognize her?" No," said Tom. "I recognized him from the photograph I had with me. I believe it did cross my mind that my prisoner resembled your Prairie Rose; but I merely regarded it as a coincidence. She says they are twins. It's an odd thing now that a precious rascal like that should be able to inspire such devotion. I declare to you, Betty, I don't believe that woman had a thought of herself in the matter."

And Betty, having the inkwork attachment and feeble friendships and clinging love of respectable people, felt a stir at the heart as she remembered that from the beginning outcasts have passed into the kingdom of Heaven, whose name is also Love. The sins of these wild O'Learys or Escadours, or whatever their name might be, were many, no doubt. Praise God there was a balance in their favor, kept by a merciful recording angel.—*Harp's Bazaar.*

Let Girls be Girls.

One cannot emphasize too strongly the foolishness or thoughtlessness, to put it as mildly as possible, of the mother who allows her young daughter to assume the dress and manner of a young woman before she has fairly outgrown her girlhood. The child will not do it; there never was a girl yet who did not want to be "grown up" long before she had any business to be, and who, if she was allowed to have her own way, did not sadly regret it when she came to realize what she had done. More than one girl has bitterly reproached her mother for giving way to her whim and allowing her to have her own way in a matter upon which the mother's judgment ought to have been insisted upon as the wisest and best. Keep the children as long as may be nothing in more painful than the immature men and women, and caricatures oftentimes of their elders. There is enough of responsibility and grown-up care that come with life; delay taking them on as long as possible. You may think, indulgent mother, that the dress makes no difference with the child—her dress, simple or elaborate, or whether she wears externals, and that the mind or the thought or the habit of life is not affected by them. But this is a sad mistake of yours. The dress will influence the manner, and it most certainly will very markedly influence the manner of the persons whom she meets. If she dresses in accordance with her years, she will be treated like the child she really is; if she assumes the dress of a young woman, she must expect to be treated like one. You know very well that you cannot expect from the child the experience of even a young woman, and unless you take care of her dress, and make it suited to her years, you may subject her to great distress, and many times to danger for which she is not prepared. So don't be too anxious to make grown women of your girls; let life come to them naturally, a step at a time; let them become accustomed to one new situation, one added responsibility, before you crowd another upon them. Fortunately for all the girls, particularly so for those whose mothers are only—

INFLUENCED BY THE STYLE.

common sense is enjoying a well merited popularity at this time, and is affecting dress among other things. Young girls are no longer put into corsets to all nature and wearing the figure, an ail which has usually led to deformity. The growing girl is kept in full fitting waist, which allows her figure to grow as nature intended. This is particularly true of the children of the upper class, and that is why among the "exclusive set," as it is called, are found such fine specimens of young womanhood. Healthy, lively, agile and graceful, they are wonderfully attractive, and are, mentally and physically, a good match for the young men. It is only the uncertain nervousness who wants to do right, but doesn't quite know how—who lapses into the faults of what were formerly the fashions. The world has grown away from the traditions of delicate women. The chronic invalids are looked upon with pity rather than admiration. A small waist isn't regarded as the summit of feminine attainment. She is sent to bed early to keep her freshness; she is treated to simple food at regular hours, and is otherwise taken care of. The result is a beautiful young womanhood that delights everybody.

Nervinella. What is it?

Nervinella is a combination of the most powerful pain relieving substances known. Nervinella is not a narcotic, but a preparation which has received from members of the medical profession, clergymen, the press and others most enthusiastic endorsement. It is suffering from pain of head, neuralgia, or local, give Nervinella a trial. Nervinella cures toothache, cramps, neuralgia and almost every form of pain. Trial bottles 1 cent; large bottles 25 cents, at druggists and dealers everywhere.

"Desto," said a lawyer to a clergyman, "if the parson and the devil were to law, which do you think would win?" "The devil, sir, for all the lawyers would be on his side."

A Strong Following.

Many diseases result from neglected constipation, such as sick headache, bad blood, foul humors, heartburn, dizziness and general debility. Trial bottles 1 cent; large bottles 25 cents, at druggists and dealers everywhere.

Having used the "OPHELIA" Cough Mixture in my family, I pronounce it a good article. **JAMES J. McLAUGHLIN.**

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CASTORIA, best Spirit Nitre, Sulphuric Acid, Bone Fruit Salt, Plaster, Tansery, Tooth Powder, Pains Expeller, Fall Line, Vaseline, Fall Line, Pains Expeller Compound, Riege's Food for Infants, Lactated Food, Chlorine Lime, Diamond and Electric Dyes, Insect Powders, Washing and Baking Soda, Copraes, Sena, Alum, Indigo, Nutmegs, Aniline Dyes, Toilet Soap, Fall Line Soap, Perfumery, Lino Juice, Mack's Magnetic Medicine, Kendall's Spain Cure, Burdock Blood Purifier, Standard Plaster, and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music and Blank Music Paper and Books.

L. R. MORSE, M. D.
 September, 1887.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,
 (ESTABLISHED 1860.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED Rubber Bucket Chain Pump.

—ALSO—
FORCE PUMP,
 with Hose attached if required.

WE are prepared to manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

BRIDGETOWN MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS,
 Importer of Marble and manufacturer of Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite Gray Granite, and Freestone.
 Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Williams, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.

T. D.
 Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

A COOK BOOK FREE

By mail to any lady sending her post office address, with Richardson & Co., Montreal.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silky, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with the best success. I cheerfully testify to the efficacy of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks my hair began to grow again, and my scalp became healthy. I am now as well as ever, and my hair is as soft and silky as when I was young."—J. H. Pratt, Spoffer, Texas.

Efficacy

of this preparation.—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

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Ayer's Hair Vigor,
 PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
 Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Commercial Union.

CLERKING SESSION OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON CANADIAN RELATIONS.

BOSTON, Sept. 14.—The closing session of the United States Senate committee's hearing on the Canadian relations with Canada was held to-day. Senators Hoar, Pugh, Dolph, and Baler were present. W. C. Blancy, representing the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, favored annexation or commercial union, by which reciprocity should be enjoyed by the two peoples. He would have reciprocity with Canada as a large part of that would be American flour shipped in bond through the British provinces. Under the tariff proposed, a large part of that would be American flour shipped in bond through the British provinces. Under the tariff proposed, a large part of that would be American flour shipped in bond through the British provinces. Under the tariff proposed, a large part of that would be American flour shipped in bond through the British provinces.

Severely Attacked.

I was severely attacked with diarrhea and vomiting, the pain was intense and I thought I could not live till morning. Six doses of Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry cure me and I have not had the least symptom of it since. **Mrs. ALICE HORSKINS, Hamilton, Ont.**

YOUNG'S COVE, N. R.—A fact little known I think to the readers of the *New Star*, either in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, came to the attention of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, and was held to-day. Senators Hoar, Pugh, Dolph, and Baler were present. W. C. Blancy, representing the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, favored annexation or commercial union, by which reciprocity should be enjoyed by the two peoples. He would have reciprocity with Canada as a large part of that would be American flour shipped in bond through the British provinces. Under the tariff proposed, a large part of that would be American flour shipped in bond through the British provinces. Under the tariff proposed, a large part of that would be American flour shipped in bond through the British provinces.

TRAVELER.

"Catarra in the blood. No cure for this loathsome and dangerous disease is possible until the poisons is thoroughly eradicated from the system. For this purpose, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best and most economical medicine. Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Worth 35¢ a bottle.

Paris Fur Notes.

Grays will be very large this winter. Muff astrakhan and chinchilla will be much worn. Long shoulder capes will be in great request. Long haired fur, sable, fox, etc., will be favored. A hatless hat, in preference to the round, promises to be revived, and is made up in many garments for evening wear. Natural furs are in great favor, and sable, marten and beaver will have a great run. Combined furs will be fashionable. Seal skin will be trimmed with Persian lamb and astrakhan. White furs will undoubtedly be seen more coming winter than for some time.—*Look, Suit and Ladies Wear Review.*

Having used the "OPHELIA" Cough Mixture in my family, I pronounce it a good article. **JAMES J. McLAUGHLIN.**

DR. FOWLERS
"EXT. OF WILD"
STRAWBERRY CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
OLIC
RAMPS

DIARRHOEA
DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

W. D. SHEEHAN,
The American Tailor.

Some of the reasons why our coats are the BEST and MOST STYLISH CUT:

1. They always fit close to the neck, and never drop down or rise up.
2. They always fit into the waist with a graceful curve.
3. The shoulders never wrinkle, and always improve on your actual build.
4. Every garment is made on the premises under my own supervision, by first-class tailors.

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L. R. MORSE, M. D.
 September, 18

