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The average daily circulation of the Monitor is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other paper published in the City. The average circulation of the Evening Star in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the Star has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly "THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

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all of which have been personally selected. And notwithstanding the great rise in prices, we are determined to keep up our reputation as the

Cheap Cash Store. The highest market prices paid for produce in exchange for goods.

S. L. FREEMAN & CO. Middleton Corner, April 20th, '80.

List Ye! List Ye! YE YEOMANY of Annapolis County this is to inform you that I STILL LIVE

Notwithstanding recent importations from New Germany, Waltham and Lawrencetown, and have on hand my usual assortment of CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, PLATED WARE, &c., &c.

Which I will dispose of during the Spring At Lower Prices Than Ever.

REMEMBER ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

CLOCKS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY REPAIRED & WARRANTED. John E. Sanction, MURDOCH'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN, MARCH, 1880.

For further particulars, call and look at me or consult small bills when they are sent out.

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In all the leading styles. By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

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M. HALBURTON, Secy. W. CORBITT, Presd. Address all communications to BUILDING SOCIETY, Annapolis.

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JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes, consisting of Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers, &c.

All a Splendid Assortment of FALL SUITS Pants and Vests, Also, 1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes. Horse Blankets, &c. All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH. BEALES & DODGE, Middleton, Nov. '78.

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Poetry. Sometime, Somewhere. Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded

In agony of heart these many years? Does fated sigh still haunt you, and do you think you are in vain those falling tears?

Say not, the Father has not heard you. You shall have your desire, SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? 'tho' when you first presented This petition at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of asking.

No urgent was your heart to make it known. 'Tho' you have passed since then, do not despair; The Lord will answer you, SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted. Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.

The work began when first your prayer was uttered, And God will finish what he first began. If you will keep the inches burning there, His glory you shall see, SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered. Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock; Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted.

No qualms before the loudest thunder shock. She knows OMnipotence has heard her prayer, And cries 'It shall be done,' SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE!

Select Literature. "With this Ring I Thee Wed." CHAPTER XXIX.

"Very well then; let us meet to-morrow, once you have it," Richard said. "I see no good in it myself."

"No good?—and Poppy put up her hand to her head with a gasp of amazement. "As things are between your people and me, and if we meet, they must not know it. Do you think I had not wanted to see you to-night? You are gloriously beautiful to-night!"

He drew nearer to her in saying this, and would have laid his supple hand upon her white arm, but Poppy struck back and looked him in the face with eyes that blazed.

"Keep your compliments for Miss Broadmead," she said. "I have more than these. I will meet you to-morrow, and I will keep my meeting a secret. There is no one in the house but me to care what I do, and I do as I please."

"Where shall it be then?" said Richard, putting on his old careless light way easily.

"I don't know—I don't know," Poppy answered, her hands again upon her forehead. "But I will send you a note to-morrow, and you will let me know."

"Very well," said Richard somewhat sulkily. "But I will not see you anywhere near. I don't want to come in contact with you, and I don't want you to see me."

"As far off as you please," Poppy returned recklessly. "Well, the edge of Dartmoor do you think?"

"If you don't mind being driven there. All the rest I leave to you. I suppose you can manage it."

"Yes," she answered; and her eyes fixed themselves again in wild wonder on the desert of his hard cold face.

Steps were approaching. He opened the door and slipped away quickly, as if unwilling to be seen by her. He gave her no farewell. Poppy heard his light rapid steps going down the staircase to the billiard-room. Then Luffinot came in a water following him bearing a tray. He put it down and left the room.

"That positively was not a cup of hot coffee," Luffinot said, "it had to wait while it was made."

Poppy did not answer, but with a great effort she turned back and looked at Luffinot. "I am glad to see you cheer up," resumed Luffinot. "It has been a delightful ball."

Another form smile was her reply. "I tell you something," he continued, looking at her anxiously. "I think it will be better you should hear it."

"Yes," she said, with no interest in her voice or manner.

"And I am sure you would rather I told you than another."

"What is it?" Poppy asked, raising herself to listen.

"Lancross has proposed to Miss Broadmead, and she has accepted him. The news is flying all over the room."

One swift and burning flush rushed to Poppy's face, then it was overpassed by a deadly pallor, and she stretched out her hands wildly.

"Oh, no—that can't be true! It is some wicked jest!"

"I am afraid it is true; and I know it is true," Luffinot said, "it is the eyes of honest tenderness and pity."

"Then he is a bad man, and deserves to die," declared Poppy, rising suddenly, with a laugh that sounded dreadful, coming from her white lips. "Which of my devoted knights shall I depute to slay him for me?"

"Here is your brother," said Luffinot hurriedly, turning to the door. He was relieved to see Thurstone, and went towards him. "Miss Saterleigh is very tired," he said, and would be glad to go home."

"I am come for her," Thurstone answered. "He was all aglow with life and joy."

"My dear Poppy, do hurry!" cried Lady Saterleigh's voice. "I am quite sure my darling Phly is locked out. I can feel it somewhere, and that the poor little creature is crying for me."

Among the crowd at the door to see the gay company depart stood old Dan Trogon.

"Here he is! That's the handsome Captain Thurstone, and that's his sister. She beats all the ladies here," said a soldier proudly to his sweet heart.

"So she does; and he beats all the men," the girl returned.

"Handsome and unlovely," said Dan. "And I wish we were three had never stood together in the same sunlight."

"Why, what's the matter with you?" cried the woman. "They look happy as pictures, them two."

"Much you know," mumbled Dan. "I only hope his car and mine will never dip together in the same sea."

An hour later Poppy was lying on her bed, still dressed, with not over the starchy flowers taken from her hair, and her eyes were tearless, her cheeks pale and cold.

On her table lay a bitter and passionate letter addressed to Richard Lancross.

CHAPTER XXX. The twitter of many birds, the rustle of many leaves, the ripple of waveless sea, broke gradually on Poppy's awakening ear as she high and clear light shone on her. She started up and looked hurriedly at her watch. It was only eight o'clock, and yet the day was many hours old, and with sedulous haste she hurried through her toilet and descended to her garden.

She was glad to leave her room and the sight of her crumpled dress, her faded jewelry she had worn, all of which looked lank in the glory of the sun. Beneath the sky she felt better able to breathe and think, and gather some hope which to live. Her mind, like a trouped sea, had cast up only images of despair and horror; and nowhere could she see a haven, or catch a gleam of peace or calm.

This was how she felt when in the cold morning light she flung herself upon her bed to pray for sleep and forgetfulness.

Richard could not be so false; it was impossible—it was past belief! As they rambled together, gathering poppies, in that happy day which seemed now so long ago, she had seen him stand the place for her sake; his words of love had caressed her ear; his arm had embraced her; his kiss had pressed her lips. Minutely she had seen him put a photograph, her memory went over every detail, every word, and her cheeks flushed again, her heart beat as it had done in the old garden.

But all her frame quivered with the passion and the life which his cruel love had given her. No, it could not be that he was so false, she had no hand to be so cowardly a traitor as to play the lover to two women within the circle of so short a time.

His coolness at the ball was all a mask, a manner worn to show his anger against Jocelyn for that quarrel of which she still knew so little. And his attempt to the pale limp he wore, was left a part of the same disguise. And he would throw it on when they met again, and he once more himself—the dear bright self she loved so well, the shadow even of his carelessness when thrown upon her was dear to her.

Thus she reasoned, and the specious argument of her hope brought brightness back to her eye and cheek, and lightness to her step. In truth she was afraid to see him, she was afraid to see him as she stood on the brink of her own despair, and in fevered haste she rushed back to the sunlight of hope. There were still the shadow of her heart, and she had herself, and it was from these she shrank. She dared not learn what she might do and feel if hope were gone, love killed, and the interview she asked for, to wither and destroy her soul.

"I will not turn that way in thought," she said, putting her hand upon her head, "and I will not let my heart be hurt by it."

Then she looked doubtfully at her letter, and thought it too hard and cruel, and she would not let her heart be hurt by it. She dared not learn what she might do and feel if hope were gone, love killed, and the interview she asked for, to wither and destroy her soul.

From the garden gate she watched the shadow of her little messenger—the girl in her boy—go down the sunny road, and she saw the shadow of her heart went with him like a fluttering bird. Then she counted the time that must needs pass before he could bring her answer, and she waited for him with the sea and sat there to wait for it. But she soon wearied, and came back to the garden, and paced up and down beneath the myrtle shadows, and read in the fierce white glare that blazed upon her from the garden, and she read it upwards through the green living canopy, quivering with light and darkness, and longed for rest in that blue swim which, amid the disrupted and read in the changing leaves, shone down upon her in green glimpses, spotted by shadows, like our own thoughts of heaven.

But the hour of rest was not come for her. Sin and shame and pain were on the path towards which she was resolutely walking; and till these were passed, and their burden borne the appointed time, she would not flinch pace.

Each fierce, impatient minute crept slowly as a wounded snake, yet burning as its sting, and still her messenger hurried, and she turned upon all the current of her thoughts for a reason for this delay. There was no cause; it was one cruelty the more—simply that. It was the mere trifling of fate, torturing her with small things ere the last blow fell.

When she had come to this mood of despondence, she sat down upon the grass beneath a tree, and covered her face with her hands. She would wait thus now, shutting out the light, and hoping and expecting nothing. But her longing ear was strained towards the gate for a footstep, and every sound that hindered that one reaching her was hideous.

"Be still!" she cried impatiently to a lark, chanting high above her head. "Oh that some hawk would swoop upon you, and snuff you out! There is no peace on earth or in sky to-day, no single moment of tranquillity in which I can hope or listen."

At last there broke upon her ear a careless whistle, and the scuffle of lagging feet on the dusty road—and there was her messenger, as he drew near, and her heart beat as the bird in the bright blue, whose song fell down upon her in a mockery of gladness.

"Why have you been so long?" she cried angrily.

"I was kept waiting, miss, while he wrote."

"The quick—give me the letter!"—I ain't got no letter, miss."

"No letter? You said he wrote?" Poppy exclaimed, frantic with the agony of her own impatience.

"He wrote a letter to send with the flowers he was gathering." He didn't read your note, miss, till they was gone."

Here the girl's fevered face and blazing eyes held the boy's gaze, and he grew scared, and stood silent, watching her while the scarlet color flitted away from her cheeks, and a pained, painful whiteness settled round her lips.

"Go on," she said with an effort, impatient still to devour her own agony. "You saw him yourself? Tell me how he looked—tell me all he said and did!"

"He looked very well, miss. He was in the green house gettin' a big nosegay—all roses, miss, they was—and he sent a man and horse to bring it to you."

Poppy walked away swiftly, her hand upon her heart. Roses to Miss Broadmead! Yes, it was all true—hitherto true—and she must live and bear it. Yet she turned and came back to her messenger as swiftly as she had left him.

"But he read my letter?" she said in a sharp voice.

"Yes, miss; after the man rode away he come to me and axed for your note."

"How did he look while he read it?" Poppy interposed, her eyes growing wild.

"I didn't take no notice how he looked, miss."

With a great sigh Poppy gave up her questions. Here was a stupid human creature who had seen Richard Lancross, and had not noted every elastic and change upon his face!

"You are a fool!" she cried, turning away in passionate disgust. "It is of no use to ask you anything. But there—go on—tell me the rest."

But to be called a fool so broke up the boy mentally that two consecutive words were not left in the grasp of his faculties. With lips apart and eyes distended, he stared helplessly at Poppy, not without some dim wondering sympathy with her pain.

"Try to recollect," she said. "Was there no message? What did Mr. Lancross say when he read my letter?"

"He said, miss—and the boy's eyes grew big with the fright lest he should mistake again—'It's very awkward,' that's what he said, miss. And I think he wrote it down."

Out came now a blue pocket-handkerchief, from the folds of which the boy took a twisted slip of paper, which Poppy instantly snatched from his hand.

"You said you had no letter!" she cried in blazing wrath.

"A letter! I shaped like that," said the boy, indignant at the slur on his truth. Poppy threw him a shilling, and rushed away again to the leafy avenue, where the sunlight fell down upon her in a shower of gold and silver. Here she flung herself upon the grass, and with quivering fingers tore the twisted paper open.

Like a sunbeam that was a sword! For an instant her senses swam, and her hand fell upon the grass with the letter in it, and she counted not as clocks go, every minute of her life, but to measure out his idle love! Breathless and faint, yet with a burning indignation, she fastened the paper upon her forehead, and she read the words which she had so long and so vainly sought for. "I have written in anger—anger against Jocelyn. I shall understand it in this evening when, as though her hair, slight body were overweighed with its heavy heart, and then with lagging step she went across the open sunny lawn to the house. All her thoughts now were bent up; she had shut the door upon them and closed them in; she had resolved neither to feel nor to think till her eyes fell upon Richard's face.

In the breakfast-room she found her mother and brother. Lady Saterleigh was hurried down from her room in wild spirits. Like the aroma of a flower, his happy love made the day fragrant for him with beauty, and he breathed an atmosphere into which Poppy could not enter.

For the first time in her life she felt bitterly towards her brother, and all her milk of human kindness for him was turned to gall. She scolded herself at a distance from him, shunning equally the light and the glance of his steady eyes. She had grown pale now, and her bright, brilliant smile was dimmed.

"You look ill," Jocelyn said kindly. "You danced too much last night."

"No," she answered, "with all her strength she could not keep her lips from shaking over that little word."

"But I say yes," persisted Jocelyn. "And you must keep quiet to-day. See she takes good care of herself, mother, will you?"

"I can't promise," returned Lady Saterleigh, pensively. "Poppy always does exactly what she likes. If she chooses to fly off to the moon, she will do it, and I cannot stop her, as you know."

"Have you any such flight in prospect, Poppy?" asked her brother.

Poppy did not answer. She could not bring her voice to a jesting tone.

"At all events let us hope she does not contemplate any more walks or rides with that impatient young Lancross," observed Lady Saterleigh. "His rudeness to me last night was marked—every one must have noticed it."

"He could not help being rude," said Poppy, with bitter emphasis. "His not Jocelyn quarrelled with him?"

"No," he quailed with me," returned the mother, for Lillian's sake—hence I have told no one but her the particulars of the affair. But I will say this to you, Poppy—he was so blame, and I must insist on your dropping at once the foolish and compromising flirtation with him into which you have so lightly entered."

"Do you say that?" Poppy asked, her eyes blazing, her cheeks crimson with sudden fire. "You forgot how often I have taken him out of your way when you wanted to speak to Lillian, you said nothing against him then. You forgot how you have left me to his companionship, or any one's while you followed your own devices and pursued your own happiness. You have been selfish and blind and cruel; you have made a tool of me to secure your

engagement with Lillian, and you have not cared that it has been at the cost of my peace. If I went to her house with letters, with flowers, with messages, whom did I see there but Richard? And it was nothing that I engaged his attention and took his eyes away from her while she wrote to you or ran down to the cliff edge to catch a glimpse of you in a passing boat? You thanked me then, or warned me faintly with a wordless nod or two which I could not heed when the same duty fell to my share perhaps an hour afterwards. Oh, you have been rarely silent while it pleased you! And now, when you have no longer any need of my help, you knock Richard down and order me to speak to him no more? Do you think I will obey you? Your words now are no more to me than straw upon the wind! I love the man and you speak too late!"

A burst of tears broke in upon her speech, and she covered her burning face with both her hands.

"Poppy, Poppy, are you quite mad?" cried Lady Saterleigh. "You are making Philip bark his poor little life out. I am ashamed to hear you talk of 'loving' Richard Lancross—a man engaged to another woman! Oh, fie, fie!"

During the fierce torrent of his sister's words Jocelyn sat silent, but a rush of color followed by a paleness which settled on his face, showed that he was strangely moved. He listened to his mother, as if anxious for counsel from her light lips

(Continued from first page) smile quicker; an air of joyous triumph was about him, which increased the easy, careless, light grace of all his ways and looks. He was more a favorite with the world than ever. He was invited everywhere, the more especially as Thurlstone was now refused all invitations; and Thurlstone was the only man whose eye he would not meet—the only man whose presence he industriously shunned.

So, like a sunbeam and a shadow, the June days and nights swept over the green earth. The nights were beautiful with an especial beauty, noted by many as they met late on golden shore or silver-tinted sea—lovely for warm and starlight, and for a voluptuous perfume of the air, like the breath of sleeping flowers, a subtle essence of the summer and the sun, which filled the mind with passion and stirred the heart with love.

"Swift as a shadow, short as any dream, was this sweet June month of courtship to Lillian. Each day brought her some new happiness, some dear, tender joy to be pinched in the pocket of her memory, and treasured there among her heart's best jewels. And the golden days were nearly over; the day of her wedding was at hand, and life stood before her, a reality more fair and beautiful than even that of her dream. Every hour of his life she could spare Thurlstone had given to her; but during these last days before her marriage, business came all, but unmode- rate use destroys both strength and appetite; it is heating, and like starch consists only of carbon and water. Insects, called sugar mites, inhabit brown sugar.

Articles needed by the body for fat and heat-making, are sugar, fat, butter, oil, and molasses. For muscle, lean meat, cheese, oat meal, beans and peas. For brain and nerves, unboiled flour, barley, eggs, very active fishes, and birds. Green vegetables, fruit and berries, furnish the acid and water needed. A diet containing carbon, such as articles for fat and heat-making is fuel for cold weather. It acts as fuel and the supply should vary according to the supply of oxygen in the air he breathed, the colder the air the more oxygen it contains. Greenlanders live upon oil, eighty per cent of which is carbon. Such food would destroy natives of warm climates. A portion of carbon obtained from food, mingles with the lungs with the oxygen of the atmosphere, causing combustion, and heat for the body.

Animal food is quicker, and more easily digested than any other, but it produces plethors and inflammatory diseases, if immoderately used; mutton is the most digestible and nutritious—beef, mutton, or goat; meat, 35; potatoes, 25. Rye meal has a laxative tendency, becoming acid in the stomach; vegetables cause flatulency in some persons. Sago is the pith of a palm tree, and is used in the raw state is poisonous, but it is destroyed by heat in its preparation for market—both are healthy and very nourishing. Soups are bad for weak stomachs, difficult of digestion. Cheese is all nutriment, hard of digestion; eaten in small quantities, a workman can subsist on one-half pound of it, one pound of meal, and one quart of milk daily; they contain every constituent element needed by the body. Graham flour contains more fat and muscle material, and nearly three times as much bone and teeth material as fine flour; this unboiled flour boiled and thickened with milk, is excellent for young children and adults. Oat meal is very strengthening food when well cooked; contains much nutritive matter, twice as much as beefsteak; being only, disagrees with some persons. Real enjoyment can be added to life, by simply studying Nature's laws in regard to food, and by applying them to everyday life.—American Rural Home.

Why Some People Remain Poor. Cream is allowed to mould and spoil. Silver spoons are used to scrape the kettle. The scrubbing brush is left in the water. Nice filed knives are thrown into hot water and spoiled. Dish-cloths are thrown where mice can destroy them. Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and spoil. Clothes are left on the line to wither in the wind. Pie crust is left to sour, instead of making a few tarts for tea. Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for breakfast. Bits of meat are thrown out that would make hash meat or hash. The cork is left out of the molasses jug, and flies take possession. Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wasn't scalding. Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength. Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprout and not removed until they become useless. A Draw.—Voiture and Arnauld were one day amusing themselves in guessing the profession of the passers, by their dress and bearing, when a carriage passed, the occupant of which was oddly attired. Quoth Voiture, "That's a Councillor of the Court of Aids." Arnauld waded that the passer was not, and, to decide the bet, Voiture approached the carriage and explained to the gentleman the circumstances, asked if he were not such a functionary. "Monieur," said the gentleman coldly, "go round and bet that you are an ass, you will never lose. Drive on coachman." The bet was decided a draw.

A Brooklyn man is so well legged that a dog which tried to run between his legs came out on the same side of the man that he started in on, and then when the man went to kick the animal, he hit a man on the other side of him. A young man named Turn married a cousin of the same name, on the plea that "one good turn deserves another."

Miscellaneous.

Hygienic Information About Food.

The quantity of food actually needed by the body depends on the amount of muscular and out-door exercise. Persons who have a strong constitution, a healthy stomach, and take much exercise, can eat and digest almost anything with impunity, but what is good for one is hurtful to another. One stomach should not be made the rule in regulating others, and every one should experiment, and observe the effects of various articles of food upon them, until they learn by experience, which is the best for digestion. The most unhealthy kind of food are those which are made so by bad cooking, such as sour and heavy bread, cakes, piecrust, and other dishes consisting of fat mixed and cooked with flour. Articles to be fried should be immersed in boiling fat; they can then remain, as long as necessary to thoroughly cook them without becoming fat. Fried meats are indigestible, if greasy.

Butter, if rancid or melted, also highly seasoned food, are very unwholesome. Meat when salted loses much of its nourishment, which is extracted; two gallons of brine in which meat has been saturated, will yield one pound of solid extract of nourishment, which is generally wasted. The meat is wholesome if used occasionally, but freely used causes scurvy, acrofula, etc. Sweetmeats, which are highly refined, are generally wasted. The sweetmeats are made of sugar, fat, butter, oil, and molasses. For muscle, lean meat, cheese, oat meal, beans and peas. For brain and nerves, unboiled flour, barley, eggs, very active fishes, and birds. Green vegetables, fruit and berries, furnish the acid and water needed.

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(To be continued)

MILLER BROTHERS, CHARLOTTE TOWN, P. E. I., or MIDDLETON, Annapolis Co., N. S.

Importers and Dealers in Sewing Machines of both American and Canadian Manufacturers, over 20 different kinds in stock, among which is The RAYMOND, the most Popular Machine in the market.

Second-Hand MACHINES Taken in Exchange as part payment for new ones. THE REPAIRING of all SEWING MACHINES will be attended to. ALL Sewing Machines WARRANTED. SEWING MACHINES! FROM \$5.00 TO \$100.00 Shuttles, Needles AND EXTRAS of all kinds in stock.

ORGANS, PIANOS, Mason and Hamlin, Weber, Steingway, Emerson & Co. OF BOTH AMERICAN AND CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS. Instruments guaranteed for five years and sold on easy terms. Liberal reduction to Clergymen, Churches and Sabbath Schools. Good Local Agents wanted in Towns, where not yet appointed. Middleton, Annapolis Co., N. S. MILLER BROTHERS.

DYE WORKS, GILBERT'S LANE, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

MEYER'S CLOTHES, of all kinds, CLEANSED or RE-DYED and Pressed, equal to new. LACE CURTAINS, BLANKETS, CARPETS, &c. Cleaned by a NEW PROCESS, every week day. SILKS, IRISH POPLINS, DRESS MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS DYED. FEATHERS, KID GLOVES, TIES, &c., &c., CLEANED OR DYED.

H. S. PIPER, AGENT, BRIDGETOWN. Favorite Literature, AT CONNOLLY'S, 35 PER CENT!

HE DOES NOT INTEND to raise the price of his FURNITURE, as he is seen in his list below; but intends making Still further Reduction, as he hopes his Sales will increase under the new tariff. He has a NEW FACTORY fitted up, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his new large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

JOHN B. REED, BRIDGETOWN, April 2nd, 1879. For Sale, or To Let. A SMALL PLACE CONTAINING FOUR ACRES OF LAND, with comfortable HOUSE AND BARN.

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE. So universally known for many years at 101 Granite Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Re-number, 124 Granite St., Halifax, N. S. July 17th, 1878.

CAUTION! EACH PLUG OF THE Myrtle Navy! IS MARKED T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE. \$1500 TO \$6000 A YEAR, or \$30 to \$200 A WEEK.

John H. Fisher, MERCHANT TAILOR, Side Door, Masonic Building, Bridgetown. Mr. COLBERT, my former coat-maker has lately returned from Boston, where he has been at work the present winter, and is again with me. His well-known proficiency as a workman, guarantees every satisfaction. J. H. FISHER, Bridgetown, Mar. 24, '80.

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

Summer Arrangement. Time Table, COMMENCING THE 14th DAY JUNE, 1880.

Table with columns: Station, Time, Direction (GOING WEST, GOING EAST). Stations include Halifax, Windsor, Annapolis, Kentville, Digby, Yarmouth, and Saint John.

Does it Pay to Hire Cheap School Teachers? A man tries to be a farmer and fails; tries to be a mechanic and fails; tries to be a lawyer and fails; tries to be a minister and is not even good enough for that; but one thing he can do—he can be a schoolmaster. And so you will find through the country, schoolmasters are selected because they are cheap. You can get him for \$10 a month found. Shame on the parsimony that would take a cent from the pay of the most meritorious employed as teachers. If there is any profession which should be made absolutely independent of all care as to the means of living it is that I do not understand.

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Joker's Corner.

There is a saloon-keeper in Baltimore who is considered by the boys pretty smart, and it takes a waking eye to catch him winking. The other evening he was standing behind his bar waiting for a customer, when three fellows walked in and took their stand in a row. They were all half-off, and had evidently spent the day on some excursion. The saloon-keeper waited patiently, and the first one of the row, after a pause, said demurely, "Three whiskeys, 'Deal," thought the bartender, and he put out three more glasses, when the third man simply said, "Three whiskeys." All this while no hand had gone near a pocket, and no clink of silver was heard. The bar man thought he was badly in for a 'beat, and the ninth glass slid leisurely and rather reluctantly over the marble counter. The three men then drank their three whiskeys each one after another, with solemnity, while the cute saloon-keeper tapped the table nervously with his knuckles. Suddenly the first customer pulled out a twenty-dollar note and threw it down on the counter. "Well, that's the last of it," said the bartender, "I have no change." The other remarked, "Neither have we," and reached for the money, but the smart saloon man was too quick. Whipping the note into two pieces and snatching it up, he took one half and I'll take the other, and you come around in the morning and pay me, and they came.

A country store-keeper failed in business. He offered to settle at fifty cents on the dollar, but the proposal was not accepted by some, but refused by one firm, who commenced legal proceedings against him to recover the full amount. At the trial the witness was one of the counsel in what manner he had kept his books, by single or double entry. He replied that they were not kept in any entry at all, but under the counter on the salt barrel.

Lord Dudley was one of the most absent minded of men. One day, says Sidney Smith, he met me in a street and invited me to meet myself. "Dine with me," said he, "I will dine with you." I admitted the temptation held out to me, but said he was engaged to meet me elsewhere. Another time in meeting me he put his arm through mine, muttering: "I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street." The very next evening my great-grandfather was sitting in a chair, and immediately under me, apparently very attentive when suddenly he took up his stick, as if he had been in the House of Commons, and tapping it on the floor, he cried out in a low, but very audible, whisper: "I hear, hear!"

A pretty actress settled her advertising bill with a Little Rock newspaper. She was sitting in a chair, and immediately under me, apparently very attentive when suddenly he took up his stick, as if he had been in the House of Commons, and tapping it on the floor, he cried out in a low, but very audible, whisper: "I hear, hear!"

When the whistle of the new Alamo Ice Company at San Antonio was first blown, it was a great success. "What's that?" Why, honny, don't you know what that is; why, bless your unfortunated soul, that's the workin' ob a new invention which the 'gits got at de gas works what let's 'out putted in de air. Turkey red parols with hand painted borders are excellent to take into the country. The kind of girls that are sent to school are not good for anything, even if a bull should bite them.

A small boy was sent to the country to board a short time ago. He promised his mother he would write a long letter, describing his trip, boarding place, &c. A week went by, and the mother was nearly distracted when she got the following interesting letter from him: "I am here, and I swapped my watch for a pup, and he is the boss pup; and I went in swimming four times yesterday, and a fellow stole my pocket book, and I want some money; and I'll bring the pup home."

It was so common for Freeman to whip his wife, Memphis, that the neighbors paid little attention to the bruises which she constantly bore. She never complained of them, and was seemingly resigned. But a few days ago a pistol shot was heard in her house and her husband was found with a bullet in his head. "I concluded that I'd stood it long enough," she said, "and Lord sakes, wasn't he surprised when I hauled out my pistol and popped at him!"

GRAND TRUNK HONOR.—A Fact.—Tall engineer enters Superintendent's office and enquires if it is true, as his Street has informed him, that the Company meant to dispense with his services? The Superintendent—I am not aware of it. (To Stoker.) Did you tell him so? Stoker—Well, sir; I told him the Company didn't want him any longer. The Superintendent—And what authority have you to tell him that? Stoker—Why, sir, good gracious, you don't want him any longer, do you?—he's nearly seven feet tall!

PROVERBIAL WISDOM.—Yesterday afternoon, a boy about eight years old was slowly walking down Cass Avenue. A boy about ten was hiding at the corner of Bag Street to catch and thump him. A third boy, two years older, was going up the street. "Revenge is sweet!" muttered the boy behind the fence, as he peered out. "Speed is a great desideratum," observed the small boy, as he saw the trap and started on a run. "To the victor belongs the spoils," chuckled the third, as he picked up a hat and a football and made for an alley. "Nothing succeeds like success," remarked the small boy as he gained his back door yard. "Put off till to-morrow what you cannot do to-day," reflected the second, as he slowly sauntered back. "No path can lead straight on," sighed the big boy, as he dropped the plumed and crawled through a fence at sight of a policeman coming up the alley.—Detroit Free Press.

An Irishman, watching a game of base ball, was sent to grass, by a which struck him under the fifth rib. "A fowl, was it? Dear me, I thought it was a mule!"

This was a lexicographer's reply to a lady who asked him to "take tea" with her. "Madam, but take strict notice, sometimes, I take medicine, but I drink tea."

Letter in Our Dumb Animals. Ragged, dirty, ugly. He had fallen in the gutter, his hands and face were black, his mouth wide open and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him against the wall. There he stood, his teeth making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment that he knew off, certainly he did not deserve one. Yet if none but the deserving had friends how many would be friends less!

A lady is passing. Her kindness of heart prompts her to stay and say a word to the boys who were joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looked fixly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall. "Why, John, is it you?" He removed one black fist from his eye and looked up. He recognized her. She has taught him at the Sunday School. "O ma'am! I'm so bad!" She has him examined and then she visits him kindly and frequently. A year passes by. There is a fire one night. A dwelling house is in flames. The engine is not yet arrived. The inmates cannot be rescued. A boy is looking on. Suddenly he shouts, "O! she lives there!" Then he climbs up the heated, falling stairs. He fights against the suffocating smoke. He hunts about until he finds what he sought. She had fainted—dying, perhaps. No! he will save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense and she is safe in the cool air. The bystanders are struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walks away muttering: "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt." "O friend, the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond."