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Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writer's name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.  
H. S. PIPEL,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor  
Advertising Rates.

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Yacht advertisements are charged at a rate of 50 cents per square for each additional insertion.

Ayer's  
Hair Vigor,  
FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS  
NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

It is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once hair-restoring and effectual for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use the hair is thickened, and baldness often cured, and the hair immediately, and checks falling out of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brassy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The Vigor cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff, and by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair  
The Vigor is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and is not soiled by water. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,  
Lowell, Mass.

HELLO!  
AGENTS can make more money selling our

TELEPHONES!  
than in any other business. Send \$4 for plan and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits.

U. S. TELEPHONE CO.,  
123 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscribe for

The Monitor  
KEEP YOUR MONEY AT HOME, BY PATRONIZING A LOCAL INDUSTRY, AND STOP TAKING DOLLAR WEEKLIES THAT CONTAIN ONLY GENERAL MATTER, WHILE THE MONITOR LABORS FOR YOUR BENEFIT IN EVERY WAY.

ONLY \$1.50 PER YEAR.

Ready - Made  
CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of  
Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters,  
Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

Splendid Assortment  
FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests, Also,  
Men's Very Fine Buffalo Robes.

All the above will be sold very  
LOW FOR CASH,  
BEALES & DODGE,  
Middleton, Nov. 78

MONCTON  
Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the  
LAST DAY OF MAY,  
will be delivered the  
FIRST WEEK IN JUNE.

W. B. TROOP,  
Granville, May 2nd 1881.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 25 King St., West Toronto, W. B. Buffum, Manager, is authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Respond, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the instruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.  
In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.  
Parties Desiring a FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT, will find it their advantage to correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,  
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

SEPTEMBER  
BULLETIN!

STEEL BOWED SPECTACLES,  
such as are sold by peddlars, for \$2.50, at the very low figure of \$1.00.

Can fit anybody—old or young.

J. E. Sancton  
BRIDGETOWN  
Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.  
THE subscribers are still importing and manufacturing

Monuments &  
Gravestones  
OF ITALIAN AND AMERICAN Marble.

Having erected Machinery  
in connection with J. B. Reed's  
Stone Factory, we are prepared to  
Polish Granite equal to that done abroad.

HOP BITTERS.  
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

HOP, RICHIE, MANDRAKE,  
DANDELION,  
AND OTHER PURELY VEGETABLE  
THERAPEUTIC CURE

ALL Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood,  
Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Tract, such as  
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache,  
Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy,  
and all other ailments arising from  
Impure Blood.

EDMUND BENT  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
Sales attended to promptly in any part of  
the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt  
return made.

BRIDGETOWN  
DRUG STORE!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown  
DRUG STORE to

QUEEN STREET,  
where you may find Drugs, Medicines and  
Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet articles, Spices,  
Essences and perfumery, Stationery, &c.  
Choice Tobacco, Cigars and Confectionery.  
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully com-  
pounded, and orders answered with care and  
dispatch. Terms Cash.

J. DENNISON.  
Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at  
this office. Payments are made  
very easy and extend over a  
period of five or six years, en-  
abling a person of very mod-  
est means to secure this in-  
valuable work.

\$66 a week in your own town. Harvest and 25  
cents profit free. Address: H. S. Pipel & Co.,  
Portland, Maine.

Poetry.

The Gathering of the Clouds.  
From many a strath and moor they come,  
That's fanned by Norland's breeze,  
From where the wild Atlantic breaks upon  
the Hebrides;

They gather at the Queen's command  
where Arthur's seat looks down,  
A couching lion keeping watch 'er all  
the ancient towers;

They show that Scottish fallow leaf,  
And Scottish hearts as bold,  
As wild beneath St. Andrew's Cross, they  
warred with us of old.

But! the ancient fiefs are o'er,  
The Scottish and English rife,  
Together, 'neath one bannerword, to battle  
side by side!

Select Literature.

Just for a Lark.

A LOVE STORY OF OLD ORCHARD BEACH.

A large, light, airy trimming hall in the  
straw works of Cushing & Co., Milford,  
Mass., where fifty nimble-fingered girls  
cut trimming halls in black, white and  
fancy straw, which are piled up before  
each on the long, low desks.

Half of the girls are natives of Milford.  
Pretty, ladylike and well dressed, they  
have little of the air or manner of the  
traditional shop girl. Most of them have  
pleasant homes, but prefer to earn their  
own spending money.

Lottie Richards, a high school graduate  
six months ago, pretty, plump and mis-  
chievous-looking, comes from the office with  
a dozen dainty white lace hats labeled  
'Artist,' and takes her seat amid the clasp  
of which she is an important factor.

'Aren't these lovely, nooby, some-  
thing like artist's hats? Those rough and  
ready ones in yellow and brown straw that  
we trimmed yesterday were horrid.'

'Oh, my! they are too sweet for any-  
thing!' exclaimed Eva Moore, peering  
one on her brown head. 'The artist who  
made them, who had such a good eye,  
with long, flowing hair, soft, dreamy eyes,  
a love of a mustache and white, slender  
hands.'

'If he's much of an artist he'll have  
hand work to keep them white,' laughed  
Julia Banks, who had dabbed some in  
cyan and water colors.

'Mr. Harley was just such a person,'  
said Lottie. 'You know I told you about  
him when I came back from Old Orchard  
last summer. I never could bear him,  
he was such a foppish, conceited thing.'

'Wouldn't it be funny if you should  
meet one of these hats down there this  
summer,' laughed Julia.

'You ought to put a private mark on  
some of them, so that if you ever saw one  
you could claim it,' suggested Ella.

'And his owner, too,' supplemented  
Julia.

'Tell me something to put on, and I  
declare I'll do it,' Lottie said, entering  
fairly into the spirit of the thing.

'Write something and put it inside the  
lining,' suggested Dora Swift.

'Yes, do, do!' chorused the rest.

'Splendid, girls! What shall it be? ex-  
claimed Lottie, as she adjusted the purple  
satin tip which bore 'Artist' in golden  
capitals, and commenced sewing down the  
soft silk lining.

'What shall I do?' asked Ella.

'Say that you want the owner of the hat  
for a husband, and sign your name to it,'  
said Dora Swift, with girlish audacity.

'Yes, do!' exclaimed the others. 'You  
may lay the foundation of a capital adven-  
ture.'

'I will,' said Lottie, the spirit of imi-  
tation taking possession of her. On a small  
piece of white paper she wrote in pen-  
cill:

'If the owner hereafter of this hat is  
good looking, sensible, intellectual and  
has small feet and hands, the trimmer of  
said hat, Lottie Richards, would like to  
have him for a husband.'

L. B. M., Mass.

I knew it was a girlish freak. I did  
not feel washed and the writer being  
identical until I asked your aunt if you  
framed hats in M. I. came here to study  
the ocean and its various moods, but the  
discovery of the note led me to study the  
face of the girl who had done such an au-  
dacious thing, he concluded, drawing her  
close to him.

'Well, how do you like them?'  
Lottie darted a startled, guilty glance  
at Carl Clayton as he softly up to the  
carpeted stairway and caught her stand-  
ing peeping through his half open door  
at the pictures placed around the room in  
different positions. Bold marks stretched  
most of them green, white capped waves,  
amid which fearless bathers plunged, dark  
impetuous and tossing ships, golden sun-  
sets over a mirror-like sea.

'You need not feel so shy,' he said,  
giving her a queer glance from beneath  
his hat that had been torn during her  
peepings for weeks. 'I like to have my sketches  
admired. Please step inside; I have a  
particular one to show you.'

Lottie followed him shyly as he threw  
the door wide open, but somehow she  
could not see the sketches. Her eyes were  
always made the heart flutter, why she  
did not understand. From a remote cor-  
ner he took a large mounted canvas and  
held it before her a moment, with his  
eyes fixed upon her face, then turned it  
round suddenly. There was her own face,  
sweet and lovely, with brown hair rip-  
pling over the low white neck a dainty  
dash upon the soft cheek.

The dainty dash deepened until a  
crimson tinge overspread her face. The  
first swift, pleasurable surprise that  
brightened her soft brown eyes made Carl  
Clayton's heart leap with delight. Her  
face was a study.

'Oh, Mr. Clayton! she faltered in  
astonish, girlish confusion. 'I—I did not  
think you—you had painted me.'

'But have you seen?' Then their eyes  
met, and Lottie saw something in his  
made her want to get away from him. She  
wondered something about her aunt  
murmuring and then stole off to her  
room.

'What a little fool I am! How my  
shouldn't think they would give an artist the  
nightmare to look at them, much less  
wear them.'

'Oh, my! they are too sweet for any-  
thing!' exclaimed Eva Moore, peering  
one on her brown head. 'The artist who  
made them, who had such a good eye,  
with long, flowing hair, soft, dreamy eyes,  
a love of a mustache and white, slender  
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L. B. M., Mass.

A Drink of Water.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY OLIVER THOMAS MILLER.

'Papa, I want a drink of water now,'  
said Maud. 'I can't wait and I am  
thirsty.'

'For answer, papa closed his book, and  
said quietly:

'Maudie, let us play 'supposing' a  
while.'

This was a favorite game, and Maud  
behoisted a moment, while the  
scooting winking went out of her  
head, when she said heartily, 'O yes!  
let's.'

'Well, supposing,' began papa as soon  
as Maud was comfortably seated on his  
knee, 'supposing we lived in Egypt,  
where palm trees grow and it seldom  
rains; and I were a turban, and a robe  
hanging down to my feet, and smoked a  
pipe with a long tube; and supposing  
that mamma sat on a cushion on the  
floor, and never went out of the house  
till she wrapped up in a thick veil so  
that you couldn't see anything of her but  
her eyes; and supposing you never went  
to school or learned to read, but ran  
around the house barefooted, and had half  
a dozen black slaves to fan you and wait on  
you;—then what would you do if you wanted  
a drink of water?'

'Oh, I should have to get it, I suppose,'  
said Maud.

'But supposing it wasn't time for the  
water-carrier to come—for you could only  
get it from a carrier, and after you had  
waited a long time, and he did come,  
and he had a long, narrow, shallow  
skin of a goat, and sewing up the legs,  
'Fangh! said Maud, 'water out of a  
bag would be horrid!'

'Well, then, you'd have to wait till  
another carrier came, who carried an  
earthen jar, with the water perfumed  
with orange flowers, and perhaps a sprig  
of orange sticking out of the mouth.'

'But I should think that would be  
most as bad as the other,' said Maud.

'It would not be very cold, certainly,  
and if you couldn't drink it you would  
try to do without,' said papa. 'The  
people of very hot countries where one can  
get fresh, sweet water by turning a screw.'

'But supposing,' said Maud, 'that we  
didn't live in dry old Egypt, but in—'

'In the island of Bermuda, for in-  
stance,' said papa, when she hesitated,  
'Where you would the other day you want  
to go; where the magnolias nearly  
cover the houses; where there is not a  
stream nor a well on the island, and  
every drop of water here to drink or  
use is caught on the roofs of the houses.'

'How funny to say a drink of water!'  
said Maud.

'Many people have to buy water,' said  
papa. 'In the Himalayas the carriers bring  
the precious stuff in joints of bamboo—  
great things nearly a foot long, and as  
tall as the man himself.'

'His hands are of these water buckets  
together and carries them on his back,  
and in Venice—the wonderful city in the  
sea, where the streets are canals, and he  
drops the water into a boat—in  
Venice, water is brought every day fresh  
in a vessel, and served out from a tank,  
and no one can get a drop except at certain  
hours of the day.'

'How queer!' said Maud. 'I thought  
there was plenty of water everywhere.'

'No, no, said papa, 'I haven't told you  
the worst. Supposing you were travelling  
in dry, parched-up Africa; then indeed  
you might have trouble to get a drink of  
water. But even there Nature has hidden  
away plenty of water by the capful; it is  
only that it is so hard to find it.'

'What do you mean, papa?' asked  
Maud, for she began to think papa was  
joking.

'I mean what I say. Suppose you were  
travelling in that hot country, and the  
water was all gone, your guide would be  
glad to go carefully about him, and when  
he found a hole in the ground, he would  
dig as a state pencil, he would throw  
everything and begin to dig. Perhaps you  
would laugh at him, but in a moment  
he would bring up a cup of delicious cool  
water, and you would drink and be thank-  
ful.'

'Now papa, I must know you're making  
fun of me.'

'Indeed, I am not. The cup is the root  
of the plant; it is as big as a baby's head,  
and full of water, and being under ground  
it is always cool and nice. Perhaps instead  
of this plant, he would find a small  
common-looking vine. He would first  
strike the ground around it, till it gave a

peculiar sound, and then he would dig a  
foot or two down, in a circle round the  
plant, and bring out several cups of water.  
Or, if you were among the Caffres of  
Africa you would get your water from a  
watermelon; not only you and all the peo-  
ple, but the very animals too.'

'I should like to see that,' said Maud.

'If all these ways failed,' papa contin-  
ued, 'Your guide would look about for a  
Vegetable Ivory tree, and if the nuts were  
green, everyone would be full of water,  
and you would pick your cup of water  
from a tree. If, however, they were half-  
ripe, the nuts would be thicker, and if  
fully ripe you would find it solid and  
white.'

'But suppose he couldn't find any of  
these plants, what then?' asked Maud.

'Well,' said papa, reflecting, 'he would  
look out for a great Baobab tree which  
grows sometimes to be thirty feet through  
the trunk. They often become hollow, by  
age and decay, and in the rainy season  
they are filled up with water. The shade  
of the tree alone keeps the water fresh  
and nice for a long time, as you might  
drink from water in Africa, and probably  
you would pay for it, too.'

'But how could we get it?'

'At some of these trees it is drawn out  
in leather buckets, and in some a hole is  
bored through from the outside, so that it  
will pour out when wanted.'

'Ugh! I shouldn't like that!' said  
Maud.

'You might think it delicious—if you  
were thirsty enough,' said papa. 'But  
let us leave Africa; suppose we were in  
Madagascar. There we should look about  
for a hole in the ground, and the water would  
flow out of it.'

'That's very queer,' said Maud.

'Queer, perhaps, but true,' said papa. 'The  
tree looks like a huge green fan  
stacked up in the ground. There are no  
branches, and the great leaves, ten or fifteen  
feet long, stand out around the trunk like  
the sticks of a palm leaf fan. Where each  
leaf joins the body of the tree is a sort  
of cup which catches the water when it  
rains, and holds it a long time. We  
should only have to pierce a hole through  
one of the leaf stalks, and the water would  
pour out. But if one could not find any  
"Traveler's Tree," one might look for a vine  
called the Water Withie. It looks some-  
thing like a grape-vine, and has a stem as  
big as my wrist, which hangs in festoons  
from one tree to another. To get a drink  
of water, one needs only to cut a hole  
in the stem; if it is a yard long it  
will yield two full goblets of water.'

'The prettiest water cups in the world;  
went on papa, 'grow in Borneo; the  
island I read you about, where the houses  
are not on stilts, and the bridges and  
walks made of slippery bamboo stems.'

'Oh yes! I remember,' said Maud, 'and  
where the Lark lives.'

'Yes; the water cups there are in the  
shape of elegant pitchers and vases, and  
they grow on stilts, and the leaves of the  
tree are very large. They are of all shapes  
and sizes, from some that hold only a  
pin, to others that require two quarts to  
fill them. Some festoon themselves over  
trees, and hang their beautiful cups from  
all sides; while others lie on the ground,  
and hold up their tiny little pitchers in a  
distant corner of the stem.'

'How odd they must look, papa! I broke  
in Maud; 'are they green, like the  
leaves?'

'No! they are of the gayest colors,  
like flowers. Some are pale green and  
purple, some are green and red, and others  
are fish colored. One kind is bright  
crimson, and another is deep purple. The  
smallest is about three inches high.'

'No cunning!' exclaimed Maud.

'And the largest more than twenty  
inches! added papa, 'and nearly every  
one has a pretty cover which closes it, it  
is said when the pitcher is full.'

'Do they hold good water?' asked  
Maud, 'I thought it would be warm.'

'It is warm, and insects get into it, but  
travelers say that the taste is not im-  
pleasant. But now supposing we take a  
big ship and sail away from this island,  
and we'll turn our prow to the rising sun,  
and we'll close the equator all the time.  
Let me come—where do you suppose we'll  
come out?'

'Maud tumbled down and ran to the big  
atlas, which she opened at the map of the  
world. Looking at the map was always  
part of the 'supposing' game.

'Here's Borneo,' she cried, putting her  
pencil forefinger on it, and newly cover-  
ing up the continents (she thought she  
'I found it yesterday, you know,  
and we can't sail east, papa, we'll run  
against our island.'

'Supposing we sail around that, and go  
dodging around among all these islands?'

'What a lot of them I said Maud. 'I  
shouldn't think we could help hitting some  
of them in our big ship.'

'They're not so near together as you  
make them out on the map,' said papa,  
smiling. 'But go on. Where do you  
strike land that isn't so easy to sail  
around?'

'South America! shouted Maud eagerly,  
'America exactly at Quito.'

'Well, supposing we leave our ship  
and go back into the country, where it is  
so rocky that hardly a green thing is seen,  
and not a stream or a spring to be found,  
what would you do for a drink of water?'

Job Work.

The Monitor office is filled out with one  
of the best presses in this province,  
and a large assortment of type in both  
plain and ornamental faces, together with  
every facility for doing all the printing  
of first-class work. We make a specialty  
of fine work—setting plates, in colors and,  
in this line we desire to say we can  
compete with any office in the Province.  
Orders for Posters, Brochures, Catalogues,  
Bill-heads, Circulars, Cards of all kinds,  
Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.  
We endeavor by closest attention and  
careful execution of all orders to ensure  
satisfaction to our patrons.  
Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept  
constantly on hand for sale.

'O yes! I should'nt answered Maud.  
'Well, then, we would have to hunt up  
a Cow-Tree.'

'A what?' cried Maud.

'A Cow-Tree, which gives milk, went  
on papa, while Maud's eyes grew bigger  
and bigger.

'You only need to stick a knife into the  
trunk, and you'll get a stream of beautiful  
white milk, almost exactly like that which  
you drink every day, only with a pleasant  
odor.'

'I should be afraid to drink it,' said  
Maud.

'You need have no fear,' said papa.  
'The natives drink it all the time, and it is  
entirely harmless. There are several  
water plants in this country. One is a  
vine something like the Water Withie,  
only it is like a running brook inside the  
stem, and you have to hury your drink, or  
it would all run out of the ground. An-  
other supply of water is to be found in the  
roots of a certain forest tree which grows  
there. In fact, Maudie, there's hardly a  
place in the world where the precious  
fluid is not to be found by those who know  
how to look for it, though  
you'll never be able to go and see for your-  
self, till you learn to wait half an hour  
for your drink of water.'—N. Y. Examiner.

Half Man, Half Devil.

THE PART FULL OF BLOOD, THE VICTOR OF  
LONG, REMAINS ANNOYED.

'This cell,' said the warden to a Detroit  
Free Press reporter in a visit to the Michi-  
gan State Prison, 'belongs to one of the  
oldest livers in the prison. I believe he  
has been here eight to thirty years, and  
he bids fair to last for twenty more. He is  
a very singular man.'

'His crime was murder, of course?'





Miscellaneous.

Do Herring Mirrors.

When they have reached the matting stage, the herrings, which are at all times gregarious, associate together in conspicuous assemblages, which are called shoals.

Less than a year ago England was startled by the discovery of the fact that a number of young English girls had been decaying to Belgium for immoral purposes.

Way down in rice fields of Louisiana lies the body of his old wife. The smile of joy was on his face as he thought of the day when he had married her at the gates of Heaven.

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WEEKLY MONITOR

Do Herring Mirrors.

When they have reached the matting stage, the herrings, which are at all times gregarious, associate together in conspicuous assemblages, which are called shoals.

Less than a year ago England was startled by the discovery of the fact that a number of young English girls had been decaying to Belgium for immoral purposes.

Way down in rice fields of Louisiana lies the body of his old wife. The smile of joy was on his face as he thought of the day when he had married her at the gates of Heaven.

When they have reached the matting stage, the herrings, which are at all times gregarious, associate together in conspicuous assemblages, which are called shoals.

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

MEN'S CLOTHES, of all kinds, CLEANED, RE-DYED and Pressed, equal to new every day. SILKS, IRISH POPLINS, DRESS MATERIALS of ALL KINDS DYED.

H. S. PIPER, AGENT, BRIDGE-TOWN.

J. G. H. PARKER, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER, AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.

35 PER CENT!

HE DOES NOT INTEND raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making Still further Reduction.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, has removed his Dental Office to his new commodious apartments in the JAMES MESSENGER HOUSE.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of BENJAMIN D. BROWN, late of Annapolis, N. S., are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of ABEL W. FOSTER, late of Annapolis, N. S., are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned.

Spring Stock for the Season of 1881 now Complete.

The Best Value in the Market Offered to Wholesale Buyers.

TEOS. P. CONOLLY, Central Bookstore.

Excutor's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of Hon. W. C. Whitman, late of Annapolis, N. S., are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned.

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STOVES AND TINWARE!

COX BROTHERS

A FULL LINE OF KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS, ZINC LEAD PIPE, SHEET LEAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

Card.

G. W. Gunter, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Insurance.

CITIZENS' FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT Insurance Company OF CANADA.

Wholesale and Retail.

BESSONNETT AND WILSON, Middletown, Annapolis Co., Md.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

Summer Arrangement. Time Table.

GOING WEST.

9 Halifax-leave 7:45 8:30 9:00

GOING EAST.

St. John-leave 8:00 8:30 9:00

NEW YORK ARTIFICIAL STONE WORKS.

Plain and Ornamental Stone Work.

Job Work.

One of the best Job Processes in the Province, and a large assortment of new type, affords a very facility for doing good work.

Full Count and Satisfaction guaranteed.

NEW CLOTHS!

JUST ARRIVED: John H. Fisher, MERCHANT TAILOR.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

Job Work.

One of the best Job Processes in the Province, and a large assortment of new type, affords a very facility for doing good work.

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AGRICULTURAL.

Packing Butter.

In packing butter for preservation three things are essential: First, to guard against foreign taste or taint imparted by the material of the package it is put into, second to exclude it entirely from the air; and lastly, to prevent bad results from unfavorable temperature and damage by soiling.

Another Offer.

We will send \$2.50 to anyone, (not residing in the above office) who will send the names of twenty-five subscribers accompanied with the Cash, a copy of

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Job's Corner.

Job Work.

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Full Count and Satisfaction guaranteed.

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