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H. E. GILLES, FRED W. HARRIS  
**GILLIS & HARRIS,**  
Barristers, - Solicitors,  
Notaries Public.  
Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick,  
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Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and  
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ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.  
**J. M. OWEN,**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.  
-WILL BE AT ME-  
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,  
(Next Door to J. P. Manson's Jewelry Store)  
Every Thursday.  
Consular Agent of the United States.  
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Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.  
Money to loan on Real Estate security.  
**MONEY TO LOAN.**

NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY  
AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.  
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY  
repayable by monthly payments over a term  
of 10 years and 12 months, with interest on  
the amount advanced at 4 per cent annum.  
Balance of loan repayable at any time at  
option of borrower, as long as the monthly  
payments are paid, the balance of loan cannot  
be called for.  
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms  
of application therefor, and full information  
furnished on application to agents.  
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
Agent at Annapolis.  
30 2m

**J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M.**  
Office over Medical Hall,  
Telephone No. 10.  
Doctors left at Medical Hall with Mr. S. J.  
We are receiving every attention.

**A. A. Schaffner, M. D.,**  
LAWRENCE TOWN, N. S.  
Office and residence at MRS. HALL'S,  
three doors east of Baptist church. 15 ly

**O. T. DANIELS,**  
BARRISTER,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.  
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)  
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class  
Real Estate. 44 ly  
**H. F. Williams & Co.,**  
Parker Market, Halifax, N.S.  
COMMISSION - MERCHANTS,  
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples  
Potatoes, Beef, Lamb Pork,  
and all kinds of Farm Products.  
Special Attention given to  
Handling of Live Stock.  
Returns made immediately after dis-  
posal of goods. 27 y

**J. B. WHITMAN,**  
Land Surveyor,  
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**G. O. GATES,**  
PLASTER STRENGTH, TILES, N. S.  
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Plaster of Paris, Portland Cement,  
Manufacturers' agents for leading American  
and Canadian Instruments. Tinning and  
repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in  
exchange for new. Over twenty years' ex-  
perience. 25 1/2

**W. G. Parsons, B. A.,**  
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.  
MIDDLETON, N. S.  
Office, "Dr. Gantner" building.

**A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.**  
EYE,  
EAR,  
THROAT.  
MIDDLETON.  
Telephone No. 16. 28 1/2

**DR. M. G. B. MARSHALL,**  
DENTIST,  
Offers his professional services to the public.  
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

**James Primrose, D. D. S.**  
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and  
Garrison streets, formerly occupied by Dr.  
Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its  
branches carefully and promptly attended.  
Office days at Bridgetown, Monday  
and Tuesday of each week.  
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1895. 25 1/2

**DENTISTRY.**  
**DR. T. A. CROAKER,**  
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,  
will be at his office in Middleton,  
he last and first weeks of each month.  
Middleton, Oct. 3rd, 1895.

**Optical Goods**  
-AND-  
**NEW JEWELRY.**  
**P. G. MELANSON,**  
of Middleton, has now the largest and  
most varied lines of Spectacles and Eye-  
glasses ever shown in Annapolis County.  
His stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and  
Silver-plated ware is second to none, and is  
marked at astonishingly low prices. Give him  
call and verify the truth of the above statement.  
Repairing a Specialty.

**O. S. MILLER,**  
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Real Estate Agent, etc.  
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,  
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.  
Prompt and satisfactory attention given  
the collection of claims, and all other  
professional business. 61 1/2

**HIDES AND PELTS WANTED**  
WANTED by the Bridgetown Larrigan Co.  
a large number of Hides and Pelts, for  
which the highest market rates will be  
paid. Place of delivery - the Murdoch Tannery.  
W. H. MACKENZIE, Manager.  
Bridgetown, Oct. 10th, 1895. 28 1/2

**Safe, Soothing, Satisfying**  
It positively cures croup, colds, coughs, colic, sore lungs, kidney troubles,  
lame back, chaps, chilblains, earache, headache, toothache, cuts, bites, burns,  
bruises, strains, sprains, stiff joints, sore muscles, stings, cramps and pains.  
It is the best.  
It is the oldest.  
It is the original.  
It is the most reliable.  
It is superior to all others.  
It is the great vital and muscle nerve.  
It is for internal as well as external use.  
It is used and fully endorsed by all athletes.  
It is a soothing, healing, penetrating Anodyne.  
It is what every mother should have in the house.  
It is loved by suffering children when dropped on sugar.  
It is used and recommended by many physicians everywhere.  
It is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age.  
It is made from the favorite prescription of a good old family physician.  
It is safe to trust that which has satisfied generations after generations.  
It is marvellous how many ailments it will quickly relieve, heal and cure.

**THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE COY., LIMITED.**  
We are now making soft mud, sand-moulded brick at the rate of twenty-five thousand per day.  
These Brick are 10 p.c. larger than any other made in Western Nova Scotia.  
They are Hard, Straight and Square. No better in Canada.  
We also have a stiff mud machine for making Wire Cut Brick, with a capacity of sixty thousand per day. These are smooth, hard and straight, and we make them this year half a pound heavier than usual. We have on hand five hundred thousand Wire Cut Brick left over from last autumn.  
Our Brick are absolutely free from "white wash."  
Come and see us and get prices, and before concluding a purchase take a look at the buildings made from our Brick and compare with those made from stock obtained elsewhere.  
The Main Building in Halifax, built three years ago, and the County Asylum here, built last summer for instance.  
Address: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

**Dr. J. Woodbury's HORSE LINIMENT**  
Is Infallibly the Cure for  
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind,  
Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,  
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY.  
IT HAS NO EQUAL.  
In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles.  
Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.

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**Poetry.**

**Her Year in Heaven.**  
It is a year to-day we said,  
Since she was numbered with the dead;  
A year that we have been alone,  
Remembering her slightest tone,  
And listening vainly for the fall  
Of her light feet along the hall;  
A year that we have daily seen  
Her vacant chair, and empty seat,  
The summer days move grandly by  
In pomp of royal pageantry,  
The morning with its set bars,  
The purple midnight gemmed with stars,  
The sunset with its glories bright,  
The lake beneath the moon's soft light;  
With all these charms around us spread,  
We pity her for being dead.

We laid the form we cherished so  
Out where the fair, meek maiden blow,  
And planted her name on her breast,  
The symbol of her peaceful rest;  
And weeping marbled at her head;  
And on and on and moon and star  
Alternately mourned and sang,  
And yet, we say, she is not there,  
So far remote from mortal eyes,  
We know not where her heaven lies,  
And, ah, the silence! echoing back  
The words we said, "We set her free  
To the far skies, no faintest trace  
That leads to her new dwelling place."

We ask each other day by day,  
How fares she since she passed away?  
What does she do at morn, at eve,  
To-day, to-morrow? Does she grieve  
That we are parted? Does she care  
For our pleasure or our pain?  
Or has she dearest comrades there?  
Or does she wait—seeing the end—  
With patience infinite and kind,  
Unloving thoughts across the space  
That divides us from her happy face,  
And, ah, the silence! echoing back  
The words we said, "We set her free  
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**Wounded.**  
Down to the banks of the Thames slopes  
The lawn at Woodland, the residence of Mrs.  
Christopher Lane, widow, and beneath the  
shady lime, on what is termed the "croquet  
ground," far enough away from the geranium  
and verbena beds to do no mischief to them,  
stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a  
certain summer evening not long ago.  
"Well," said Carry Lane, "I had better  
make haste, and choose sides, or we shall  
not have time for another game before we  
are benighted."  
With a clever stroke of her mallet, Carry  
sent her croquet ball bounding to the spot  
where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking  
with Major Warden of "the Blues," and  
Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests  
at Woodland for the evening.  
He gave a brisk jump as the ball came  
within full range, and he looked on, looking  
round hastily at the pretty curate, who  
laughed quietly beneath the shade of her  
dainty little hat and plume. Her bright  
young face radiant with bloom and happi-  
ness.  
"You're a hard enemy, Miss Carry," he  
said, coming toward her, "as if we are to  
choose sides I shall have you on mine."  
"Very well," said Carry, "no way dis-  
pleased," as he began at once. Come Carry  
and Major Warden.

So the battle began in real earnest—Clare  
Holroyd and the Major on one side, Carry  
Lane and the curate on the other. Report  
said this young curate from Thameston was  
winning pretty Carry Lane. Perhaps he  
was. At all events Carry knew best, and  
no one had any right to set reports going  
until they were confirmed. But if it was  
true, then the curate was a man of good taste,  
and he might have gone very far before he  
would have found a prettier wife, or a warmer  
heart than this little Carry Lane's.

The other girl formed quite a contrast to  
her. Carry was all brilliancy and color,  
with richly tinted cheeks, sparkling regular  
eyes, and jet black hair; but Clare Holroyd  
was fair, wonderfully pale and fair; it was  
only now and then that a faint, soft tinge of  
color would come into her cheeks and light-  
en up her deep grey eyes. Her hair was  
brilliantly beautiful, formed in ringlets  
around her pale face; such red, bright,  
waving, gold-colored hair. A little rare  
smile would sometimes part the delicate lips,  
and linger there awhile, and then it was  
you would call Clare Holroyd very lovely. She  
was tall and slender, and on this evening her  
dress was all white. Carry Lane had placed  
a bit of bright scarlet geranium in the  
bosom of her dress.

Carry Lane had been telling the curate all  
about Clare Holroyd for the last few days  
had only recently arrived on a visit to some  
friends at Thameston, and was not known  
in the neighborhood. She had just passed a  
season at London, where Carry said she was  
well acquainted. People called her a flirt, but  
Carry couldn't see it, unless that careless,  
half-bent way in which she allowed the as-  
sauding major to arrange her croquet ball,  
watching him with a look of calm indifference  
in her beautiful eyes, and sometimes  
smiling sweetly on her lips might be called  
flirting.

The Major was a sincere admirer of Miss  
Holroyd's, but Carry denied there being  
anything in it.  
The curate shook his head and was not so  
sure.  
The game proceeded very slowly owing to  
the repeated bad strokes on the part of the  
major, and a slight absence of mind on the  
part of the curate. Presently there came  
one of the parlor windows which  
opened upon the lawn, a tall, handsome old  
lady, to look at the players.

"I have just left my invalid to himself a  
little while. Poor fellow! I wish he were  
able to get out here," she said, scanning her  
self in a garden chair under the lime trees.  
"Invald—aw!" said the major, arranging  
his tawny moustache. "Who is he, aw,  
Mrs. Lane?"  
"He is a sort of connection of  
mine—Captain Chaloner, of the—ah, just  
home from India, where he was wounded in  
the arm during the mutiny. He is recovering  
from that, however, though the arm is  
still in a sling; but he is suffering from  
troublesome depression and weakness after a  
course of brain fever. I got him here as  
soon as I could for a change of air. His  
is rather a romantic story."

"Like to hear it, aw," murmured the ma-  
jor, indignantly stroking his moustache.  
"Before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane,  
"his mother told me, she met at a friend's  
house in London, a young lady—who did not  
mention the name—to whom he became at-  
tached, and in course of time engaged. The  
wedding day was fixed, and everything ar-  
ranged, when suddenly to the surprise of all,  
the engagement was broken off. The young  
lady went to Brighton, and Charlie Chaloner  
to India. No one knew exactly how it was,

but Mrs. Chaloner thinks it was because the  
girl flirted with other admirers, and Capt.  
Chaloner grew jealous; so they quarrelled,  
and however the girl may have felt about it,  
I think she would never forgive him. It is  
just what is keeping him weak and depressed,  
and I much fear he will never be any better.  
He has only been away from England a year,  
and here he is a perfect wreck. It is pitiful  
to see a fine, strong young fellow like that  
as weak as an infant, hardly able to move  
from the sofa, and so listless and indiffer-  
ent," sighed the kind-hearted Mrs. Lane.

"He is such a downright good fellow, I  
don't know how any girl could have quar-  
relled with him," exclaimed Carry enthusias-  
tically.  
The curate looked around somewhat quizz-  
ically. "Was he growing suspicious?" Carry  
tended not to see the look he bent upon her.  
"Perhaps," he said, "and she felt rather pleased  
that otherwise."  
"The girl must have been a heartless co-  
quette, for I do not believe he would have  
given her for an any slight provocation," and  
yet, I think she would never forgive him for  
herself for her conduct if she saw him now."  
"Aw," said the Major, "Quite romantic.  
Shall we, aw, see this hero—this, aw—"  
"Please, don't laugh at him, Major Warden,"  
cried Carry, "you would give your eyes  
to be half as handsome."  
Again the curate looked uncomfortable, but  
Carry relieved him somewhat when she said—  
"I have an idea he is still devoted to this  
girl, whoever she is. I have watched him  
gazing out of the window with such a  
far-away look in his eyes, as if he were  
thinking of her and better days."  
"Aw, shall we, aw, see him to-night?"  
asked the major again.  
"Perhaps," he may induce him to come  
into the drawing room after tea."  
"Don't you feel interested, aw, and cur-  
ious, Miss Holroyd," asked the major, going  
up to where she stood.  
"I can't say at all times, but at that mo-  
ment, Clare, Holroyd's face was ghastly."  
"My dear, you are cold," said Mrs. Lane.  
"Carry, you must leave the game and come  
into the dining-room; there is a small fire  
there, and we will have some tea. Come  
I can't allow you to catch cold on my  
lawn or you will not be allowed to come  
here again."  
Mrs. Lane arose, took the young girl's arm  
and led her to the house, the others follow-  
ing slowly.

At the moment, however, when the twilight  
mingled with the moonlight, and cast shad-  
ows upon the stone balcony outside the li-  
brary window, Captain Chaloner rose up  
from the sofa, where he had been lying, and  
he began to pace the room. He was growing  
weary of that tedious confinement, day by  
day, and he struggled hard against the weak-  
ness which overcame him. His left arm  
was bound up in a sling, with the right he  
steadily himself in his walk, holding on by  
the table, the bookcase and chairs.

Mrs. Lane had called Charles Chaloner a  
handsome man, but strictly speaking, he was  
not so—never handsome. It was a fine noble  
face, one you could trust in, one you might  
like to have near you in time of danger,  
doubt, difficulty, or trial. There was intel-  
lect in the broad high brow. There was  
tenderness and truthfulness in the large  
eyes, which at times seemed to be look-  
ing far away, as Carry Lane said,  
and there was a brave firmness in the mouth  
and massive chin.

Presently Captain Chaloner stopped in  
the middle of his walk. His ear caught the  
sound of music in the drawing-room across  
the hall. He stood a moment to listen.  
Young sweet voices sang "Annie Laurie."  
Slowly he staggered back to his sofa again,  
carrying a bundle of forgotten memories  
with him. It was a fine noble face, one  
you could trust in, one you might like to  
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Presently Captain Chaloner stopped in  
the middle of his walk. His ear caught the  
sound of music in the drawing-room across  
the hall. He stood a moment to listen.  
Young sweet voices sang "Annie Laurie."  
Slowly he staggered back to his sofa again,  
carrying a bundle of forgotten memories  
with him. It was a fine noble face, one  
you could trust in, one you might like to  
have near you in time of danger, doubt,  
difficulty, or trial. There was intellect in  
the broad high brow. There was tenderness  
and truthfulness in the large eyes, which  
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**The Demon Victim.**

Crazy Paolo they called him. Wins,  
a little food and a night's lodging,  
constituted his law as Paolo's to hang the  
miserable piano and play his violin—the  
violin so carefully looked in his case.  
He had finished a harrowing popular air  
at the piano for the twentieth consecutive  
time and stopped to take a drink from the  
tray of liquor and cigars. Three or four big,  
balding men near by stood looking at him stupe-  
fied from under their broad flat hats. The  
poker chips clicked at the gaming tables.  
Reagan, in response to an order, brought in  
a tray of liquor and cigars.  
Paolo reached for his case and almost re-  
verently took out his violin. A little prelimi-  
nary tuning, and it went to his shoulder.  
The bow was drawn over the strings, but so  
softly that none were himself heard the  
music. Again it glided over the instrument  
and then it began to wander back and forth  
—now slowly, now swiftly, now tremulously.  
As the truant bars of favorite operas,  
and nocturnes and gay gavottes poured into his  
gleaming ear, his face lit up with strange  
joy. The vacant stare of the men near him  
changed to a dull curiosity. But the music  
was all for himself. It was only a moment's  
delicious communion with his violin he was  
seeking, his face lit up with strange joy.  
The vacant stare of the men near him  
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With the music his thoughts unconscio-  
usly went back to Italy. He and the violin  
had never parted since leaving the little  
Palermo home. The old mother and father  
had gone long ago; the father had left him  
all he had—the wonderful violin.  
Ah, that was good of his old father, but  
Giovanni did not think so. Where was  
Giovanni? A wild boy was Giovanni. He  
did not like the father's violin. It was his  
like ever from a young boy, and he had  
brought and would bring nothing but mis-  
fortune to them. The old father had done  
nothing but play it, and he had lived in dis-  
tress, died in poverty. It would have been  
better had he left Paolo his curse than his  
violin.  
As for Giovanni, he would have none of  
music. He would go away, anywhere, and  
he would become rich somehow. Yes, that  
was what he said. But Giovanni was not a  
musician—and a common smile stole over  
the lips of the pitiful wretch. Demon! Mis-  
fortune! Slender on his dear violin! Had  
he not played to applauding thousands in  
Rome—in London—in New York? She had  
come to her home, it was true, but was it  
the dear violin's fault that the dark-eyed  
actress, whom he married, deceived him and  
ruined his life?  
"Here! Paolo, you dago! Wake up  
there and play us something lively," came a  
rough, good natured voice from behind the  
clouds of tobacco smoke.  
Just then a man came swaying into the  
room, a reckless, drunken determination on  
his face to assert himself in some boisterous  
way. He heard the command, looked sid-  
lingly toward the piano. Suddenly he seized  
the violin, tore it from the player's hands,  
and swinging it about his head brought it  
down upon the piano, smashing it to pieces.  
With a shriek like that of a will and wound-  
ed animal Paolo gave a bound and caught  
the man by the throat. It was all over in a  
moment. They were grappling on the floor  
together; the man, drunk though he was,  
felt the hands strangling him were those of  
a man. He tried to raise his head, but he  
was so exactly low it was done, but the  
pistol was discharged, and Paolo arose to his  
feet. The other was dead!

The pistol shot, not the struggle on the  
floor, instantly brought every eye in the  
room upon the scene. They gathered excitedly  
around, but Paolo, with a wall of grief,  
flung himself upon the piano and pressed the  
shattered violin to his heart. He kissed it  
and talked to it caressingly, pleadingly. It  
did not seem that he knew he had killed a  
man. He only knew that his violin was  
dead; that it would speak to him no more.  
Soon the room was crowded, for the news  
had spread quickly. The dead man lay  
stretched upon the floor, and the crowd  
gathered round him and then at Crazy  
Paolo hugging his violin. Presently the  
sheriff bustled in, and all made way for him.  
He picked up the pistol and laid it aside.  
Jim Reagan was the first to speak:  
"Crazy Paolo killed him, but in self de-  
fence."  
"That's what he did, sheriff," came the  
popular western phrase in unison from the  
crowd.  
"Who is he?" asked the sheriff, bending  
over the prone figure.  
"Stranger," some one volunteered.  
The sheriff threw back the dead man's  
coat and started to search his pockets. He  
found in the inner pocket a card which bore  
the name in the address:  
"Giovanni Legardi!"  
Paolo stood beside him and watched the  
envelope from his hand. One glance at the  
name and a wild glare at the crowd that  
seemed to last a minute, and he was gone.  
He was on his knees, holding the face of his  
brother close to his own and seeming to look  
through it. Slowly he rose to his feet with  
a despairing moan. Suddenly his eyes be-  
came riveted upon a spot. Before even it  
one of the spellbound crowd dived his hand  
into the forgotten pistol was in his hand,  
and another bullet had claimed a life. Crazy  
Paolo fell heavily to the floor, his arm  
thrown about his victim.  
The fall shook the fragile building. The  
ruined violin dropped from the piano and lay  
broken in the street.

**Save Your Child.**  
Do not let your child suffer with a severe  
cold or a crouping cough.  
Hawker's balsam will effect a complete  
cure. Children like it and will even ask for  
it. It is endorsed by physicians as a safe  
and reliable remedy. Heads of families  
should be sure that a supply is always in the  
house.  
It cures coughs and colds, and throat and  
lung troubles, arising therefrom. It soothes  
and breaks the irritating cough, and the child  
that has been racked by a severe cough is  
able to sleep peacefully. It is a quick and  
sure cure for hoarseness, and is therefore a  
necessity to public speakers and singers. It  
has stood the test of over thirty years, and  
has no rival in its field.  
Hawker's balsam of wild cherry and  
old-fashioned balsam of capivi, and is  
manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine  
Co. (Ld.), St. John, N. B., and New York  
City.

**Population of the United Kingdom.**  
In 1884 the population of the United  
Kingdom, according to the English Census,  
was 32,777,154. England and  
Wales had 29,000,783, Scotland 4,124,  
891, and Ireland 4,651,470. The birth-rate  
for the year in England and Wales was the  
smallest on record, 23.6 per 1000 less than  
the mean for the last ten years; the death-  
rate (18.6 per 1000) was also the lowest on  
record, being 1.6 per 1000 less than the pre-  
vious lowest rate, that for 1888, and 2.6  
lower than the ten-year average.

**Make Yourself Strong.**  
If you would reduce pneumonia, bronchitis,  
trypsin fever, and persistent coughs and  
colds. These ill attacks the weak and run  
down system; they eat and no food where  
the blood is kept pure, rich and full  
of vitality, the appetite good and digestion  
vigorous, with Hock's Serravallo's, the one  
true blood purifier.

**Hock's Serravallo's.**  
Hock



Lawrenceston. A small snow storm here on Monday last. Mr. T. H. Toole left Monday for his home at Kingston.

Dalhousie East. Mr. G. A. Taylor is very sick. Mrs. Martin Francy is reported seriously ill.

War Clouds in the East. Altogether too much prominence can be given to the movements in Europe connected with the forcing of Turkey to accept the ideas of the western nations in regard to the government of the Orient.

Revolutionary Stories of the "Trial" of the Murderers of the Chinese Missionaries. London, October 10.—The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a second instalment of its account in London of the trial of the Chinese missionaries.

Deaths. CHUTE.—At Hampton, Oct. 17th, to the wife of Harry A. Chute, a son.

Deaths. BRUNER.—At Dalhousie, Oct. 21st, the wife of William Bruner, a son.

Deaths. WHITMAN.—At Bridgetown, after a lingering illness, on Oct. 21st, Mrs. Sarah Whitman, a daughter of Mr. J. W. Whitman.

Beltsville. The first ferry of the "beautiful" reached here on Sunday night, but it all disappeared next day.

Clementsville Items. Snow has whitened the ground and made one think of getting sleigh ready.

Centreville. A heavy wind and storm visited our village Thursday and Friday, causing our farmers to sigh and to prepare for what is feared of them.

Parke's Cove. We regret to report no improvement in the health of Thomas Miller.

Granville Ferry. We had quite a snow fall on Monday, making most folks look around as if the ball stoves are in order.

Hampton. The first snow and hail of the season came on Monday.

Canadian Salmon in London. Ottawa, Oct. 15.—Just when the prospects were good for building an export trade to Britain of frozen salmon from British Columbia via Australia, word reaches the company that the Fishmongers' Company of London has interested and prevented the sale of a large consignment which arrived on Monday.

Margaretville. That venerable spinster and "tiring gossip," Dame Rumor, has it that several "weddings" are to be consummated in this place in the near future.

Paradise Gleams. The first snow of the season came on Thursday night.

Port Lorne. Miss Eda Mitchell, of Hampton, is the guest of Mrs. Ella Sabean.

Transit in Cape Breton. The Dominion Coal Company's railroad between Sydney and Louisbourg, C. B., is said to have the strongest rails of any road in America.

Paradise Gleams. The first snow of the season came on Thursday night.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd., Bridgetown, N. S. This is the genuine and original "Fautless" Hall Stove manufactured by the McClary Manufacturing Company, of London, Ont.

Frank Scott Fashionable Tailor Bridgetown N.S. Dressmaking. THE MISSES BAIRD'S having returned from Boston with all the latest styles in Dressmaking...

Lingard's Cough Balsam, THE CELEBRATED "TYKE" AND "BLENHEIM" SERGES, THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY CLOTHING, MERCHANT TAILOR, MIDDLETON, N. S.

The Corner Grocery A First-class Grocery! My aim is to keep a fresh supply of all the delicacies as well as Staple Goods...

MRS. WOODBURY Dress Goods. FANCY SUITINGS from 10c to 81c per yard. LADIES' COATS in Black and Colours from \$4.00 to \$12.00.

That Tired Feeling HOOD'S Sarsaparilla. Means danger. It is a serious complaint and will lead to disastrous results if it is not overcome at once.

MRS. MARSHALL'S Paradise Corner. Vaseline, 5-cent boxes, Bay Rum, Liquid Ammonia, Benzine, Pink Pills, Pulv. Saitpetre, Dressing Combs and Hair Curlers.

OUR SPRING OPENING BRINGS A COMPLETE RANGE OF Carpets, Mattings, Dress Goods, Table Linens, Prints, Gingham, Duck Suitings, Challie, Box Cloth, etc., etc.

Headquarters FOR Imported and Domestic DRY GOODS! WAREHOUSE: Head of Queen Street. Runciman, Randolph, & Co. AUTUMN, 1895.

WE keep all the Leading Lines of a First-Class Dry Goods Store, and are offering all goods at Very Lowest Bottom Prices.

NEILY & KINNEY wish to acquaint you of the fact that they have made every arrangement for your doing so in the way of COAL!

NEILY & KINNEY I HAVE The following goods manufactured by the CLAUSSE SHEAR CO., CONSISTING OF: Pocket Scissors, 4 and 4 1/2 in. Embroidery Scissors, 5, 5 1/2 & 4 in. Button-Hole Scissors, 4 1/2 in.

CLAUSSE SHEAR CO. A very Desirable Property for sale, consisting of Dwelling House, Store, Stable, and three building lots, situated in the business centre of Bridgetown.

W. D. SHEEHAN, BRIDGETOWN, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia. 18 131

Miscellaneous.

The School-Master's Boast. H. C. DOOLEY. I have a school...

Agricultural.

Farm Topics. The man who keeps a steer after he is ready for the market is wasting his substance.



Condition POWDER. Keeps Chickens Strong and healthy. It is a powerful Food Digestive.

Don't Buy CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, FURNISHINGS, ETC.

MY GROCERY DEPARTMENT. Light and Heavy Groceries. Agent for 'BLUE CROSS' TEA.

Do You Want Furniture? If you do, call at the old stand of J. B. REED & SONS.

Crocker's Pickles! MIXED PICKLES. Prepared and put up at the ANNAPOLIS VALLEY VINEGAR AND PICKLE FACTORY.

The Household.

No Joke After All. THOMAS B. WOOD. THEY SAID THOUGH IT WAS UNTIL THEY...

Pyrethrum Cinerariaefolium! B. W. B. & CO. 1863. - - Oldest Brand.

DEARBORN & CO. Agents - ST. JOHN, N. B. N. B. - Our Sifting Tins contain from 1 to 2...

Terra Cotta PIPE. 4-inch, 6-inch. Also Bends, Traps, Y's and Tees. GEO. E. CORBITT.

Liver Troubles Cured. The convalescent who has to depend largely on beef tea for food and drink grows very tired of his flavor.

A. BENSON, UNDERTAKER, BRIDGETOWN. FINE CLOTH-COVERED and HIGHLY-POLISHED Caskets and Coffins.

Coal! Coal! HARD COAL. SOFT COAL. OLD MINE SYDNEY. Get my prices before buying.

Canada Life Assurance COMPANY. All persons insuring before the 31st of Dec., 1895, will obtain a full year's profit.

A Great DISCOVERY! I have discovered that in order to sell right that goods must be purchased at close prices.

Low Prices! Ladies' Wrappers from 75c to \$1.50. White Laundry Shirts, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

Great Slaughter STOVES. R. ALLEN CROWE'S. Consisting of Ranges, Square Cooks, Elevated Ovens, Parlor, Bedroom, Hall and Shop Stoves.

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BRIDGETOWN MARBLE WORKS. THOMAS DEARNESS, Importer of Marble.

BRIDGETOWN LIVERY STABLES. N. E. CHUTE, Proprietor.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY! "Land of Evangeline" Route.

There's holes in lots of hen's nests, and you've got to keep them from getting any more.

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