

HOW THEY SAY GOODBYE

EXHIBITIONS OBSERVED AT A RAILROAD STATION.

SCHOOLGIRLS' FOND FAREWELLS.

"Goodby, dear! You will surely write tomorrow, won't you?" "Yes, of course I will, and you will come out on Tuesday?"

The two young girls kissed each other as effusively as though they did not expect to see each other again for months, and yet were making an engagement for only three days later.

"Tell Hattie what a good time we have had," said the brown haired girl, who wore a bunch of violets.

"You'd better hurry up," said the gate keeper. Then the girls made a wild dash at each other.

Now, those girls who were pressed together as though the coming meeting Tuesday was centuries, hence, and then the pretty blue eyed girl ran down the platform and was quickly helped upon the moving train.

"That's the way it is all the time," said the uniformed gatekeeper. "Kissing, kissing. I get so tired of it."

Over near the baggage window stood a well dressed man and his wife. The woman had a tired, worn expression, as though weary with the exertion of getting ready for the journey she was about to undertake.

After he had settled the baggage on the floor he leaned toward, gave her a peck upon the lips swallowed as though taking a pill and then went out of the car.

She looked wistfully after him, but he did not glance back, for he was already before the hour for the departure of the train, yet he did not wait after he had seated her in one of the compartments.

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LUNENBURG PROGRESS

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of Belfast has at length been destroyed by the ruthless hand of the builder. The last of the thatched cottages which were the distinguishing feature of the picturesque, then a century ago have just been demolished in accordance with the progressive ideas of the time, and in their stead will be reared a structure which, if not so interesting in appearance, will certainly be more in accordance with up to date ideas of comfort and sanitary efficiency, though half a century hence these ideas may be quite as effete as we are now pleased to regard those of the "good old days."

The two thatched cottages to which we refer were situated at the upper end of Frederick street, close to North Queen street, within two doors of the Nurses' home. When, about a century ago, most of the houses in Belfast were thatched, special provision had to be made by the civic fathers to prevent the frequent recurrence of the fires which played such havoc in the small town.

The upper portion of Frederick street was an old lane leading from Carrickfergus road, now North Queen street, for in the last century and early in the present the road to Carrick was along North street, and thence along Carrick hill (hence the name) and to the Shore road, running into it at Lilliput. The old name of Frederick street was Brewery lane, and it was a locality of not much repute.

Near to the house now being removed stood another cabin, known as the Thatched tavern, which was the haunt of many of the disaffected of the town and often the scene of much disorder and strife. On the other side of the street, where the Friends' meeting house now stands, was another row of thatched cabins, with little gardens in front. Here a notorious character, called the Friar, lived for some time. He was sunk to the lips in all "treason, conspiracy and rebellion" and was versed beyond all others in the secret haunts and customs of the town. Nothing of a dangerous nature was hidden from him, and nothing was too daring for him to attempt to carry out. His funeral at midnight in Shanahill graveyard, when torches were used, was long a theme among the masses, somewhat similar to the "night before Larry" that stretched in Dublin. It was here that the ill fated young Lord Fitzgerald found a concealed shelter on the occasion of his short visit to the north prior to the rising in 1848, and here many others of a less prominent position found shelter from the weather and concealment from the eyes of the law.

In later years these houses were removed one by one, their declining years being closed by huckstering in a small way, the trading within their walls never extending beyond a few potatoes and a pile of dirty cabbage, with the inevitable on a nail, by the door, the number of which decreased each returning Friday, to satisfy the wants of the district, whose consumption seemed to consist largely in selling to each other fish and vegetables. While we may regret, because of its antiquarian interest, the removal of an ancient landmark, which, by the way, seemed strangely incongruous amid its more substantial surroundings, we can at least congratulate ourselves on the progress of which we are reminded by the comparison of the past with the present, and on the fact that the discreditable associations of the neighborhood in question are now a matter only of history.—Belfast Weekly News.

NEW USE FOR A BICYCLE
SHERIFF SHERIFF MAKES A TEXAS "RIDE BEHIND HIM" HIS PRISONER.

Josh Messenger, a county sheriff of Grayson county, Tex., has a brand new device for bringing prisoners whom he has arrested. He is probably the first peace officer in the United States to adopt it. The device is nothing more nor less than that of bringing them on the rear step of his bicycle.

"I should think you'd be afraid to risk yourself in your prisoner's power to that extent," suggested one of an interested circle of auditors as Mr. Messenger had been explaining how it is done.

"Well, that was what that fellow thought the other night when I brought him in from Southmayd," was the reply. "But I don't have a bit of difficulty in explaining to him how matters stood. As a matter of fact it is every bit as safe to bring a prisoner in standing on the rear step of your wheel as any other way and possibly safer. If the fellow is on one horse and you on another he may make some motion and get the advantage of you before you can help yourself, but if he's standing on the step of your bicycle he's got to hold on to your shoulders. It don't make a bit of difference how dark a night it is, if he goes to make the least unusual motion, you can feel him, and you can throw him off the wheel before he can wink an eye. Before he can get up again you can cover him with your gun, and there he is."

"How about that fellow you brought in from Southmayd?" "Oh, I almost forgot to tell about him. He was a fellow charged with murder. After some little argument I persuaded him to get up behind me on the steps of my bicycle."

Here Mr. Messenger paused a moment and smiled rather sardonically. "What arguments did you use?" asked one of the crowd. "Oh, I just persuaded him," was the reply, with a significant emphasis. "Of course I took his gun away from him, and then he got up behind me all right enough. After he had gone some little distance he seemed to take a notion to talk."

"You seem to be a sort of expert with a bicycle," he said. "But how do you know I may not be just as good myself? I can feel my thigh pressing against your six shooter, but what is there to prevent me from taking it away from you, shooting you and then riding off your wheel?" "I just sorter laughed and said, 'Oh, I don't reckon you'll do any thing as bad as that.'"

days of the week, but she is promptly frowned down. She has no followers. It is only logical that ironing day should follow wash day and that baking should follow ironing. And, although certain iconoclastic members of my sex disagree with me, there is no authority upon which to base their misguided methods of housewifery.

Sunday as the first day of the week is a very trying time. It rarely starts in quite right. The morning nap is a luxury you are credited with, and it has to be paid for later with some confusion, more or less loss of temper, a good deal of misunderstanding—incidents not at all congenial with the day of rest. Before 11 o'clock in the morning any number of things have happened. A headache has materialized, a collar button has disappeared, two people have found holes in their stockings, one pair of gloves has turned up, misprints and a spanking or two have become tangled up in each other, and the cook has looked up a new place in the columns of the Sunday paper. Some one has said that Sunday is the clew that binds together the volume of the week. That is well said. Everybody needs Sunday. It proves the value of labor as compared with rest and is a thing to be grateful for.

Monday is a stupid, dismal day. It has little to recommend it. "Blue Monday" it is the world over. The children hasten tardily to school and fall in their lessons. The housewife again begins the domestic routine. The holiday attire and the Sunday literature are alike put away. The dust and the cigar ashes are wiped up, and there is a suggestion of steam and suds in the air and dinner becomes an affair of secondary importance. The daughter of the house rearranges the chairs in the parlor, puts away the music and the photograph album, picks up a few stray hairpins in the vicinity of the sofa, dresses a little, puts fresh water on the flowers and watches for the postman. As Monday begins the busy week it is fraught with good resolutions, with intentions of thrift and energy.

The bears hard upon the good resolutions of yesterday. The domestic machinery is now in capital running order; there is an odor of fresh bread in the culinary department; the kitchen floor has no blot upon its character; the clothes bars are draped in glossy linen; the housemaid looks contented and happy; time and activity have made smooth the wheels. Tuesday is a good day. The housewife depends upon Tuesday. The wife is still in her infancy, and the future lends an inspiration. Wednesday is the day of days. It sheds a luster over the days that are past and the days yet to come. About it lingers the chime of wedding bells. The week is in its prime, in the bloom of its maturity. Wednesday suggests clean table linen, fresh cut flowers, listless contentment and clubs. The church aid society, the social and literary and foreign mission clubs convene. The week is well on its way.

Thursday follows so closely upon the heels of Wednesday as to be clad in some of its waning glory. The wedding is over; the flowers are faded; some of the stitches in the web of good resolutions have been dropped; the cook has an afternoon out. The week is far advanced.

Odious, doleful Friday! Hangman's day! Sweeping day! With grim reality, a dismal necessity, a harrowing of ill luck! Without Friday civilization would come to a standstill, cobwebs and criminals would multiply and increase and there would be dust, riot and chaos. Resolutions of earlier days relax and disappear. Friday brings its own inventory of energy, and it is one of the pillars of the domestic week.

Saturday is a busy, encouraging time. It anticipates a day of feasting and prayer. It promises rest to the Christian and the sinner and brings it indeed to the Israelite. The minister adds the finishing touches to his sermon, the choir meets to rehearse and disgrace, the wage earner receives his hire and a half holiday, the family larder is replenished, the children wrestle with their Sunday school lessons and the week closes with soap and water comforts.

HARRYOT HOLT CHAON HUNTING SAVAGE GAME SHOOTING TIGERS IN INDIA IS EXCITING SPORT.

ENCOUNTERS WITH A BUFFALO Relating some anecdotes of experiences while shooting in India.

Colonel H. Ward says in the Badmington Magazine: I found the footprints—perfectly fresh—of a large tiger, which had evidently been only just disturbed, probably by us. Following very cautiously, I presently saw the tiger, about 50 yards in from me walking slowly along among the bamboo. He neither saw nor heard me, and seemed to be nothing. I followed silently until I saw him dip into another ravine. Then I ran back and sent the men round to drive him toward me. There was no large tree available; so I lay down on a flat rock, with a sloping bank to my left, and eight yards wide to the side of the hill, which rose in a perfectly straight escarp. I hoped the tiger would come to the left below me. He did not, and I watched him from 80 yards off walk calmly toward me on my right.

He would have passed within six feet of me had I left him alone. But every moment I thought he would bear the beating of my heart. So, when eight or ten yards off, I fired, and the smoke cleared, saw the brute's jaws apparently close to the muzzle of my rifle. To pull the trigger, drop the rifle, turn heels over head down the bank and spring up the nearest small tree was the work of a few seconds and there I clung on, recovering my breath and wondering whether I was alive, until the tiger was above shoute, until the tiger was dead. He was half on the rock, where I had been, shot through the heart, and the hair on his face burned with the flash of the second barrel. He was a magnificent old killed, one of the largest I have killed.

I met a charging panther late one evening when returning to camp. Walking through low scrub jungle, I suddenly realized that in a fork of a tree about ten feet from the ground a panther was crouched looking at me. As his eyes caught mine he bounded down before I could raise the rifle, and I only got a swan shot as he went off, hitting him, but it was too dark to see to follow. In the fork of the tree were the remains of a young nykphag, which evidently the panther had killed early in the day, eaten what he could and then dragged the rest up the tree, so as to be out of the way of vultures and jackals.

The next morning I took up the blood trail, and about 30 yards off found the panther under a bush not big enough to hide a hare, yet neither I nor my men had seen him until we were all but on him. One step more, and he must have sprung on one of us, when my lucky shot caught him between the eyes.

Panthers are nasty, uncertain brutes and can hide in any cover. As a rule, they will attack you, but, very I have seen some charge home without provocation. I have seen an occasional one run like a beaten dog. Nothing would make him fight. Twice I have seen them when wounded, charge almost within springing distance and then stop. One of these two sat down on his haunches within 5 yards of me and roared while I reloaded. He had been seen in a cave at the top of a small hill, and the men said he could be shot as he lay. Colonel C. watched the entrance of the cave while I climbed the hill and then saw the panther through a cleft shelving in the center, so that I could not fire without hitting the rock. We tried to tempt the beast out by shaking a turban in front of the mouth of the cave. All he would do was to put out one fore leg. I sent a bullet through this, hoping to stop him with the second barrel as he went off, but the pace was too good, and I missed him, so did Colonel C. from below. I was not quite sure which was the most dangerous, for the colonel's bullets whizzed about pretty freely among the rocks, but after emptying my two rifles the panther suddenly appeared on the top of the rock, 20 yards off, and came straight for me. I hurried up my reloading. Fortunately no one moved, and when some four or five yards distant the panther sat down and roared until I shot him dead.

On the other occasion, when the panther charged, the cartridge jammed, and I could neither get it in or out. He did not, however, come home or wait till I could get another rifle, but made off with a broken snuffler, and I never saw him again. Panthers attack away and hide so easily that many accidents without being fired out. I have killed many more tigers than panthers, though the latter are certainly the more numerous of the two.

One morning a cow was killed close by. Beaters were collected and the guns were posted, most of us in trees. Colonel B. said it was too much trouble to climb a tree, so he seated himself in an ordinary chair on the ground with a spy by him. The day was hot. There was some little delay. But directly the beat began I heard the footsteps of a heavy animal between myself and Colonel B., and then a jump.

I waited for the shot, but none came, and in a few minutes a voice called out: "Stop the beat! The tiger has gone!" I soon found that the tiger had walked past, about 15 yards from my friend's chair, and then jumped a small water course behind. Both he and his orderly were quietly asleep. We changed our position and beat the hill the tiger had gone into. This time he came to me and was killed.

Once while tracking alone near the Jonk River I was met by an old Gond shikari who had been out a good deal with me in better times. He pointed silently to the footprint of a huge bull buffalo in the middle of my path, evidently quite fresh. The track led parallel to my road. So I dismounted, took the lead on, and signed to the old man to lead on. After following for half a mile we saw a large bull buffalo with only one horn. He, too, saw and heard us, and began pawing and tossing up the ground, uttering a low, deep bellow. The old Gond was by this time groveling at my feet, and he said that the bull had killed three men within the last month or two. I could not get a broadside shot, and the distance was two great for certainty. Time passed, as I had still many miles to go. So I suggested to my old friend that he should draw the bull by running across the small glade where we were standing and climbing up a tree on the other side, which had branches hanging conveniently low down.

He said it was quite impossible and meant certain death to him. I then said that we must both retire together; that, too, was certain death—for one, or both. However, he presently saw that to climb the tree was the lesser of two evils, as I should check the bull's charge. So, mustering his courage and, telling me with his last words that he was going to his death, he ran across yelling. He had not 20 yards to go, while the bull had at least 80. But the brute had evidently been waiting for some one to run, and came out with a rush at the first shot. The old man was up his tree like a monkey well before the bull pulled me at the gallop, about eight yards off. I shot him clean through the heart, but the impulse of his rush carried him on for about 100 yards, crashing through the jungle like a traction engine let loose, till he fell dead against a tall tree, which quivered to the very top. We were both glad to be over that business. An old solitary bull is a nasty beast. Most buffaloes run away if hit. A solitary animal is not to be trusted and occasionally attacks any one he meets.

PULVERIZING ORES Two ingenious improvements have recently been brought to notice for pulverizing ores. The peculiarity in this case consists in having two pulverizing cylinders arranged concentrically, one within the other, capable of being revolved rapidly in opposite directions, the rate of speed of the inner cylinder exceeding that of the outer. The latter is also provided with a series of inwardly extending teeth, the inner cylinder having an outwardly projecting series capable of passing between the teeth of the other cylinder, the ends of these teeth extending close to the walls of the cylinders, thus forming an annular space between the walls. A slowly revolving feeding device conducts the ore from a stationary hopper into the front end portion acted upon by the rapidly moving teeth, subjecting the ore to a continuous series of hammerlike blows which break it up. It is still further reduced by the next succeeding teeth until the product discharged by the machine is in fine atoms or dust. This mechanism is the ingenuity of George A. Cleveland of Providence—New York Sun.

Tom—Are you going to visit that hearse to-day? Jack—No, my boy, not with this terrible cold. Tom—Why, what difference does that make? Jack—Why, my boy, in these days an hearse isn't to be sneezed at. Tom—Quite right. I never thought of that.—Larks.

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COME HERE ONCE

And buy the latest novelty

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Cornmeal \$2.15

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The crockery trade is booming and we want you to boom it further by placing your orders for dinner ware with me

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P. H. ROSS

LONDON'S POPULATION

London's population continues to increase rapidly, but recent census figures reveal a change in the character of this growth which has both surprised and puzzled the English statisticians. Up to times comparatively recent the city's increase was chiefly at the expense of the country districts and of other lands, the number of births within the metropolitan limits, when not less than the number of deaths, being not nearly enough in excess of it to account for the annual increment. Thus, in the period of 1871-80, the increase in population was more than 100,000 in excess of the births over the deaths. In the years 1881-90, however, the balance was the other way, the addition to the population being nearly 118,000 less than the natural increase. In the period 1891-5 the excess of births over deaths was 230,000, but the actual increase in the population was slightly less than 200,000. From these figures it appears either that London born children are the victims of an excessive death rate or else that the opportunities to be found in the great capital are no longer attractive enough to satisfy its native inhabitants, large numbers of whom, therefore, have been led to seek their fortunes elsewhere.

The problem is a rather obscure one, and the new social current has not yet been flowing long enough to make easy a determination of its direction, extent and cause.—New York Times.

AN ALL AROUND EDITOR

The editor of the Concordia (Kan.) Blade says that he can not only go to the case and "set up" editors out of his head, but that he can do so while carrying on an animated conversation at the same time. Moreover, he expresses a desire to wager \$100 on this proposition: "We will compose and set an article on any subject to be chosen and at the same time beat the best player in Wichita at a game of checkers and worry any man in the state at a game of chess all the performance to be going at the same moment." He also declares that he can use more professional in a brief space of time than any other editor in the state, and in this he is ready to meet all comers. "We will wager \$100 with any preacher in the state," says he, "that we can outpray him and will leave it to his congregation to decide."

A CLEVER IMPOSTOR

"Some time ago," says a Philadelphia Record, "a well dressed young woman was taken ill in the street and removed in a supposing dying condition to a hospital shortly after admission, and it was then that a peculiar bleeding of her gums was noticed. As the doctors at the hospital had never seen a similar case, the woman was requested to remain that it might be examined. After several weeks they gave up in disgust, and the woman was discharged. This programme had been carried out time and time again by the woman until she had visited nearly every hospital in town. Several physicians became suspicious and laid a plot which the unsuspecting woman walked into. Strict watch was kept from over a transaction and just before time for the doctor's visit she was noticed sticking a large needle in various parts of her gums. By the time the doctor arrived her mouth was in a frightful condition."

TOWN AND COUNTY

Mr. F. W. Clark, manager of Fairview Hotel, Bridgewater, has been appointed manager of the Grand Hotel, Yarmouth, and will take charge the first of April.

The schooner Pinta, Capt. James Hayes, arrived at Lunenburg from Banquereau Saturday with a big trip, over 50,000 pounds of fresh halibut, stocking \$405, each of the crew sharing \$103.84.

Thousands of seals are reported in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Four steamers and a fleet of sailing craft are busily engaged in killing and loading them.

Mayor Purdy, of Amherst, is taking steps to recover the sum of \$100 each from ex-Mayor Lead and ex-Coun. J. L. Fillmore, taken as salary for their services as councillors, which it appears the town corporation act will not admit of.

Whilst the steamer Ulstermore was towing the disabled steamer Templerore at sea on the 17th inst., and a heavy sea was running, the steel hawser between the ships parted.

Judge Taschereau, of the Supreme Court of Canada, aged 60 years, was married at Ottawa, on Monday last to Miss Maria Panet, of the latter city, who is 18 years old.

Miss Winnie Armstrong of Port Medway is the guest of Miss Imelda Acker.

The New Germany correspondent of the Gold Hunter says: New Germany promises to be an important centre in the near future.

Mr. S. D. James says the Gold Hunter has shipped 1403 barrels of apples to the London market this season for Queen's and Lunenburg counties.

Spring stock now complete, with every line a leader, at Daniel J. Rudolph's.

Now is your chance to get bargains in carpets at Daniel J. Rudolph's, who is selling at cost to clear.

Fashion sheets and Catalogues of Spring fashions at J. Jos. Rudolf's.

Mr. P. H. Ross, Fishery Officer, will deliver bounty checks, in the following places at the under-mentioned dates: Tuesday April 6, at John Gault's, Gusty's Cove, in the forenoon from 8 to 12.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church held their annual Thank-offering meeting on the evening of Tuesday the 23rd.

The Postmaster General has authorized a change in the rates of commission on all money orders of domestic issue, that is, all orders issued by and payable at an office in Canada said change to go into effect on and after April 1st.

Over 250 and up to \$5. 4 cents
" 50 " " " 10. 10
" 100 " " " 20. 20

This is a great improvement on the old tariff, being much cheaper, and, no doubt, will be instrumental in swelling the revenues of the department. The old tariff was: Orders up to \$4.00 5 cents

Mr. G. Sawilis is the guest of C. Patterson.

TOWN AND COUNTY

Mr. Weston of the Eastern Loan Trust Co., was in town last week. Miss Ethel Parker has gone to Halifax to hear the Chicago Marine Band.

E. Bally, blacksmith, lost a valuable colt Lillian, last week. Colic was the cause of his death.

On Monday evening the Epworth League of the Presbyterian church revelled in its first social.

The Mahone correspondent of the Bulletin writes: Gaynard Kizer, a native of Galt River, now living at Indian Point, was drawing water from one of the money pits on Oak Island when the buckets became entangled and he went down to clear them.

Mr. Henry Naas has been appointed to the office of Light Keeper at Battery Point and is now moving to his new quarters.

Last Sunday the mortal remains of Mrs. Emily Manning, widow of the late B. W. C. Manning, were consigned to the grave.

Election comes on the day appointed for the opening of the Municipal Council spring session in this country.

Mr. Ewing, of Boston, president of the Ovens Gold Mining Co., has been here for some days.

W. T. Lindsay left by train of this morning for Springfield, Mass., where he will hereafter reside.

Messrs. S. W. Orner, W. A. Letson, J. E. Eisenbauer, and Edward Anderson are at Halifax attending the performance of the Chicago Marine Band.

Hon. C. E. Church has been in the country for some days.

Professor Brown, Halifax's chief chimney artist, is among the officers and men of the ship.

Schr. Citizen of LaHave is discharging dry fish at wharf of Eisenbauer & Co.

Schr. Meel Parks of LaHave is discharging dry fish at wharf of Eisenbauer & Co.

Schr. Leopold arrived this morning from LaHave with a load of dry fish for Anderson & Co.

Schr. Nova Zembla of Mahone is discharging dry fish, barrels, lumber, etc., at Eisenbauer's.

The schooner now being built at Young's for Capt. B. Smith will be launched in a few days.

The Fish of the Glad Tidings has been sold at Halifax and will be taken thither in a few days.

The offices of the Halifax Banking Co. have been removed to the new building next door east of Frank Powers stove store.

DEATHS
Died, March 28, at Lunenburg, Ellen May, daughter of L. E. Wamboldt, aged 2 years, 4 months and 16 days, of croup.

Liberal Convention

AT MAHONE BAY ON SATURDAY APRIL 3

A special train will leave Bridgewater at 12.30 and Lunenburg at 1.15. Return ticket for one first class fare.

MR RUSSELL'S CONCERT
On Tuesday evening of next week a high class concert, by local talent, will be given in the basement of the Methodist church here.

PART I
1. March for cornet and violin
2. Piano and violin "Bolero"
3. Song "Answered" Robar
4. Violin solo "Petit Air" Ch Dancla

PART II
1. Song "The Brave Sentinel" Paul Rodney
2. Piano Solo Miss Eva Pelton
3. Song "The Sargent's Wedding" Mr. Arenburg

4. Reading Miss Mira Smith
5. Song "Flower Song" Miss Hirtle
6. Violin solo "Nocturne" Harold Russell

Tickets can be purchased at Mrs. Gilliland's.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS
Montreal, March 28.—The Star-London cable says: It is understood that the official organizers of the jubilee celebration will be instructed to give special distinction to Hon. Wilfred Laurier as the premier of England's only confederated colony.

Montreal, March 28.—For some time past it has been rumored that a large number of civil servants employed at the different departments in Montreal would be dismissed, and yesterday the report was shown to be true.

Montreal, March 27.—Montreal seems to be entering into the record breaking business as far as seismic disturbances are concerned. Two within three days is certainly a good start in this direction.

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quick time, and those whose duty compels them to work during the hours of the night rushed into the street as fast as their feet could carry them.

St. John's, Newfld., March 28.—The British government had decided to fortify St. John's, and make a naval station.

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STOCKBRIDGE MANURES

Contains on the average twice as much plant food as the ordinary fertilizers, so that one ton of Stockbridge will go further and cost less than two tons of other kinds.

Notice
All persons having legal demands against the Estate of James William Walters late of Lunenburg in the County of Lunenburg Master Mariner deceased, are requested to tender their accounts duly attested to within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to HELEN C. WALTERS—Extra

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FOR YOUR GOOD AND OURS

We repeatedly tell you through these columns what we have to sell and how we want to sell it.

New Spring Stock

is now daily arriving.

WE CAN SAFELY SAY

our spring purchases excel all previous efforts in each department.

And With New Stock—New Prices we expect to catch the trade.

Printed Cottons

we will show the largest and most complete range of new patterns—very little old stock on hand. Prices 6, 8, 10, 12, 13, 14 cents.

Printed Organdy Muslins

Zephyrs, grass linens, spot muslins, printed ducks, fine ginghams, batiste mull, dimities, etc.

ALSO THE CELEBRATED CRUMBS PRINTS NEW BLOUSE WAISTS

never before have we shown such a range. Styles and prices are right, OUR LEADER at 69 cts is a "LEADER." All prices 69, 75, 95 cents, \$1.15, 1.25, 1.50 and 2.10.

New Spring Capes

just opened, and such capes—the low prices, and handsome designs—will simply make you wonder.

Men's Nobby Neck Ties

new braces, new hats, new caps, new underwear TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK

from Messrs. Bartrum Harvey & Co., London, our new Scotch suitings, fancy trouserings and tailors trimmings. Try us for a New Spring Suit. Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. & W. WHITNEY

Arriving weekly at the Bargain Store OF Daniel J. Rudolph

NEW SPRING GOODS

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S. A. CHESLEY.
BARRISTER,

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC &
OFFICES: Corner of King and
Montague Streets, Lunenburg,
N.S. Agent of Imperial Fire In-
surance.

JAMES A. McLEAN, Q. C.
(Sole of Owen & McLean)
JUNBO BUILDING, BRIDGES
WATER, N. S.

JAS. H. BROWN.
STONE MASON, PLASTERER.
Bricklayer, Stucco Worker
LIME, PLASTER & CEMENT, always in
stock at lowest market prices. Address:
JAMES H. BROWN, Lunenburg, N. S.

DR. C. C. AITKEN,
M. D. C. M.
Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE—Residence of his father
late Dr. Aitken.

PELHAM STREET,
LUNENBURG, N.S.

COFFINS AND CASKETS.

DESIRE to inform the public that
I constantly keep in stock a full line
COFFINS, CASKETS, and SHROUDS in
all other materials used in burying the
DECEASED, and SHAVING executed
short notice. Goods and prices to suit
the circumstances and wants of all favoring me
with orders.

ELI HOPPS,
Undertaker.

ALBION HOTEL.

22 Sackville St.,—Halifax, N. S.
James Grant, Proprietor.
The Albion is large and airy and the
most central hotel in the city, near the
Post Office, Custom House and principle
banks.

TERMS MODERATE

OWEN & RUGGLES.

BARRISTERS SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS,
ETC. REAL ESTATE AGENTS, UNITED
STATES CONSULAR AGENCY, IMPERIAL
CONSULAR AGENCY.
Agents of the N. S. Building Society
FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS, LIFE INSURANCE
AGENTS, COLLECTIONS MADE
THROUGHOUT CANADA AND U.S.
LUNENBURG, —NOVA SCOTIA

E. H. LOWERISON, M. D.
[Late Assistant Moorfield's Ophthalmic
and Golden Square Throat Hos-
pital, England]

SPECIALIST

**EYE, EAR, THROAT
AND NOSE.**

OFFICE 86 Hollis Street, Halifax
Office Hours—10 12. 2 to

C. W. LANE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.,
Lunenburg, N. S.

OFFICE:—Over Merchant's Bank
Wilson's Building.

TELEPHONE, No. 20.

MacLAN & ANDERSON

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
LUNENBURG, N.S.

OFFICES:—HIRTLE'S BLOCK,
LINCOLN STREET

A. K. MACLEAN, LL. B.
A. H. ANDERSON, B.A., LL. B.

I. A. POLLEY, SURGEON-DENTIST

Office over Whitney's store Lincoln Street

Teeth filled with all kinds of metal,
also carefully extracted. The manu-
facture of artificial teeth will receive particu-
lar attention. Lunenburg, N. S.

RHODES, CURRY & CO.

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS, MOULDINGS,
and all kinds of BUILDING MATERIALS.

CHURCH WORK A SPECIALTY

Write for prices to RHODES, CURRY
& CO., Amherst, N. S.

Some good things

For

xMAS

RAISINS
All kinds, from 7 cents to
15 cents a pound.

CURRENTS
New and clean, on xylin
cents a pound.

Confectionery, nuts, oranges,
dates, figs, grapes, etc.

Poultry of all kinds. It
will be sold very cheap.

COOKS BRANCH

NOTICE

The rate, toll for 1897 is now in the post
office open for inspection.

G. H. LOVE
Town Clerk

W. C. T. U.

Come, children, and listen: I'll tell you in rhyme.
A story of something that happened one time.
There was war in the land, and each brave heart beat
high:
And many went forth for their country to die.
But words fail to tell of the fear and dismay
Which swept the small village of W—one day.
When the enemy's army marched into the street,
And their own valiant soldiers were forced to retreat.
Such hiding, surrendering, and trembling with fear!
When what in the midst of it all should appear
But Grandmother Gregory, feeble and old,
Coming out from her cottage, courageous and bold,
She faced the intruders who marched through the land,
Shaking at them the poker she held in her hand.
"How foolish!" her friends cried, provoked, it is true:
"Why grandmother, what did you think you could do?"
"Not much," answered grandma; "but ere they were gone
I wanted to show them which side I was on."
Now, children, I've told this queer story to you
To remind you of something the weakest can do;
There is always a fight 'twixt the right and the wrong,
And the heat of the battle is borne by the strong.
But no matter how small, or unfit for the field,
Or how feeble or graceless the weapon you wield,
O fail not, until the last enemy's gone,
To stand up and show them which side you are on—
Anna R. Henderson, in Little Folk's Paper.

A PLEA FOR THE PLEBISCITE

At the evening service yesterday in Calvary Congrega-
tional Church the pastor, the Rev. E. M. Hill, gave a strong
prohibition sermon from the text Ex. xxxii., 26, "Who is on
the Lord's side?" The great question before the country, Mr.
Hill said, was whether the liquor traffic was right or wrong,
and it was of the greatest importance that no side issue
should be allowed to attract our attention from the main
point. The forming of public opinion to-day is in the hands
of the Christian churches, and each individual church member
must be outspoken on the subject. Those who have not
votes may influence voters and train the children to be true
members of the church militant.
The enormous cost of the liquor traffic to Canada was
pinned millions each year—thirty spent directly over the bar
and sixty in the loss of property and the cost of keeping up
all the jails and asylums necessary to hold the victims of
drunk! Some maintained that the country could not afford
to do without the taxes paid by the traffic yet the taxes paid
by the traffic only amounted to seven millions in the year,
while it cost the country ninety. That was the estimate made
by the Hon. George F. Foster when he was an active temper-
ance worker.

This year is to mark a crisis in the history of Canada. A
great opportunity is presented and it is the prayer of Chris-
tians that in this great reform Canada may lead the work.
In every province, except Quebec, a large majority had al-
ready decided against the liquor traffic and we had little fear
but that Quebec would do the same. The temperance senti-
ment among citizens of the Roman Catholic faith is very
strong, and if the question is not made here a
party or race issue the principle of prohibition would carry
the day. But enemies are trying with might and main to
divide temperance people on side issues and they must stand
shoulder to shoulder and fight for the one thing.

Within the past century the liquor traffic had assumed
proportions of which nations in the past had never dreamed.
We had the testimony of the greatest living English statesman
that it wrought more mischief for mankind than war, famine
and pestilence combined and three-fourths of all crime were
directly or indirectly traceable to it. In Canada three thousand
human beings went down to a drunkard's grave every year,
and who could count the children born into the world cursed
from their birth with the physical, mental and moral disease of
their drinking parents? The liquor traffic was a demon that
bound men hand and foot in his coils. For it voters perjured
themselves and politicians sold their manhood. He closed
with a word about the prohibition convention in the Fraser
Institute on Thursday next, urging all present to attend.

It is a mistake to suppose that the liquor business ever
pays for itself, so far as society at large is concerned. Boston,
for instance, receives annually half a million dollars in license
fees from liquor dealers; but it pays out for the police, criminal
court, almshouse, and hospital expenditures, \$2,334,866—
which last sum is, of course, in large, very large part, expended
for the restraint of criminals and support of paupers, ren-
dered such by the liquor habit. In every city where licenses
are issued, the proportion is similar.

"It shall be my ambition, father," said the young man
who had finished his education, "to keep the family name
free from stain."
"All right," said the old man. "Tell Mike to give you
the whitening and ammonia, and then you go out and polish up
the sign."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Gentlemen From Kentucky—Is this a good article of
writing papah, suh?

The Salesman—You can judge by the watermark.

The Kentuckian—Watermark, suh? No, suh! Show me
something else, suh.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Yes, George," she said, with a fond smile, "Our engage-
ment must be kept a secret."
"But why, dear?" he asked.
"Because, silly boy, if it were made public, people would
think I really intended to marry you."—Philadelphia North
American.

"We have," said the purveyor, "a missionary, rather
tough, and a nice young sailor."
"I suppose," said the potentate of Pbloo, "that there is
nothing to do but serve the missionary. I am dead tired of sea
food."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"And you have the impudence to say that the Jimmy
found on you was not intended to be used in breaking into
houses?" said the judge.
"Of course it ain't," said the wanderer. "It is fer brea in
out o' freight cars."—Indianapolis Journal.

Pay For Progress

S. A. Rounsefell,
Lincoln street.

PHILANTHROPY IN MEXICO

The Royal Hospital of Mexico (for Indians) was founded 1553. It
covered 32 acres—good elbow room
for its normal 220 patients. In the
great epidemic of 1762, by crowding,
it cared for 3,301, and is still opera-
tive. This is but a beginning in
the list. The Beneficencia Publica
also has charge of ten institutions
in the city, on which it expends
\$25,000 a month—like the industrial
school, the school of correction,
also industrial; the asylum of the
poor, whose plain exterior hides a
truly beautiful home for the 900
inmates, mostly children, who are
educated and given useful trades
in an atmosphere of flowers and
a maternity hospital, a school for
the blind, an insane asylum for
men, another for women, and so on.
It feeds 3,400 people and supervises
the public sale of drink and food.
When the great new hospital on
the French detached plan, with 35
buildings, 50 feet apart, at a cost
of \$300,000—is completed, the present
hospitals, all of which are
very valuable properties, will be
sold.—Charles F. Lummis in Har-
per's Magazine.

THREE SPECIAL BARGAINS

FOR

PROCHASERS

A Lot of Mens Lace Calf
Boots

Heretofore sold at \$3.75.
As Bargains and Bargain Day
Offers are in fashion among
our merchants, we drop into
line and mark down the above
boots from \$3.75 to \$3.00

A Lot of Mens Lace Cordayen
marked down from \$3.50 to

2.60

100 Pairs Childrens Woolen
Hose

Mared down from 22 to 13c.
a pair. This is the offer of
the week. These hose are all
wool and what children need
for winter wear. Buy them,
They will keep away coughs
and colds. They are cheaper
and better than liniment.

Print Cotton in all Designs.

Marked down from 10 to 6cts
a yard. Ladies will surely see
a bargain in this print cotton

Winter Skirting

12 Patterns; Stylish, Heavy
Weight, marked down from
22 to 14 cents. Buy now.
These figures will not last long.
Each article here offered is
offered less than cost.

If you want a picture for
your album, hire Hirtle to
photograph our Rubber Show
in western window.

J. J. McLACHLAN

"The best type of man always
concedes that woman is the noblest
created being."
"Yes?"
"And then he gets mad because
the first baby isn't a boy."—Chi-
cago Record.

"When we are married, you will
give me everything I ask?"
"Everything, sweetheart, every-
thing."
"And then he walked home to
save car fare.—Truth.

"Will you have a little whipped
cream?" asked the hostess
"No, I thank you," he answered.
"—or—I prefer my cream un-
punished."—Chicago Post.

"Where is your father?"
"He's down to the Corners, talk-
ing about hard times."
"And your mother, where is she?"
"She's having one out at the
wood pile, I guess.—New York
Sunday Journal.

"Newlywed (proudly)—I always
make it a point to tell my wife
everything that happens."
"Old Sport—Pooh! That's nothing
I tell my wife lots of things that
never happen.—Tid-Bits.

"His aim in life seems to be a
poor one."
"Yes; he inherits that from his
mother. I once saw her throw a
stone at a dog in the street and hit
her husband in the backyard."—
Belfast News.

**XMAS
GOODS**

AT

**Rounsefell's
Drug Store**

Stock new and well select-
ed. It includes Xmas and
New Year Cards, dolls, photo
frames, albums, jewelry boxes,
cuff and collar boxes, games,
work boxes, glove and hand-
kerchief boxes, fancy cups and
saucers, etc., etc.

Six days of the week are
show days. Early callers have
first choice.

Green and dry fruits, con-
fectionery, pulverized sugar,
candied citron peel, spices,
essences, etc., etc.

Tobacco, pipes and cigars
Wishing all the compliments
of the season.

S. A. Rounsefell,
Lincoln street.

THREE SPECIAL BARGAINS

FOR

PROCHASERS

A Lot of Mens Lace Calf
Boots

Heretofore sold at \$3.75.
As Bargains and Bargain Day
Offers are in fashion among
our merchants, we drop into
line and mark down the above
boots from \$3.75 to \$3.00

A Lot of Mens Lace Cordayen
marked down from \$3.50 to

2.60

100 Pairs Childrens Woolen
Hose

Mared down from 22 to 13c.
a pair. This is the offer of
the week. These hose are all
wool and what children need
for winter wear. Buy them,
They will keep away coughs
and colds. They are cheaper
and better than liniment.

Print Cotton in all Designs.

Marked down from 10 to 6cts
a yard. Ladies will surely see
a bargain in this print cotton

Winter Skirting

12 Patterns; Stylish, Heavy
Weight, marked down from
22 to 14 cents. Buy now.
These figures will not last long.
Each article here offered is
offered less than cost.

If you want a picture for
your album, hire Hirtle to
photograph our Rubber Show
in western window.

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Belfast News.

CEMETERY NOTICE

The plan of the new cemetery as ap-
proved by the Town Council, showing 602 lots,
and a space reserved for single graves, may
be seen at the town offices, together with
the schedule of prices, fixed by the Town
Council. Any person wishing to purchase
a family lot, can choose among all lots not
previously taken up. No interments in
the New Cemetery will be allowed, except
on application, at the town offices.

GEO. H. LOVE
Town Clerk.

SLEIGHS

I have just received One
Car Load of the famous Mc-
Lachlan Carriage Co. Sleighs,
embracing

**EIGHT DIFFERENT
STYLES**

These Sleighs will be sold
at a slight advance on cost
and any person requiring a
new sleigh will save money by
either calling or communi-
cating by letter with me

A. Claremont Zwicker
Mahone Bay.

**LUNENBURG & HALIFAX
STEAM PACKET CO. LTD.**

The fast steamer LUNENBURG
leaves Black's wharf, Halifax
on Wednesday and Saturday
mornings at 9 o'clock for Lun-
enburg.

Returning leaves Lunen-
burg on Monday and Thurs-
day mornings for Halifax.

Passengers and freight
booked through to Mahone
Bay, Bridgewater and points
on the Nova Scotia Central
Railway.

BLACK BROS. & Co.,
Agents, Halifax.

J. J. McLACHLAN,
Agent, Lunenburg.

NOTICE

All persons having legal demands against
the estate of James Daniel Eisenhauer, late
of Lunenburg in the County of Lunenburg,
merchant, deceased, are requested to render
their accounts duly attested to within
twelve months from the date hereof, and all
persons indebted to said Estate are required
to make immediate payment to

Mary Elizabeth Eisenhauer, Extra
Jessie A. Anderson
Allen R. Morash
Lunenburg, Nov. 30th 1896

Extra
30-94

NOTICE

All persons having legal demands against
the estate of Levi Omer late of Chester
Basin in the County of Lunenburg, mer-
chant, deceased, are requested to render
their accounts duly attested to within twelve
months from the date hereof, and all per-
sons indebted to said Estate are required to
make immediate payment to

MARCUS E. OXNER
Admr.
Chester Basin, Nov. 28th 1896, 30-94

NOTICE

All persons having legal demands against
the estate of William H. ... late of
Lunenburg in the County of Lunenburg,
merchant, deceased, are requested to render
their accounts duly attested to within twelve
months from the date hereof, and all per-
sons indebted to said Estate are required to
make immediate payment to

Harding Gerhardt, Extra
James A. Anderson
Lunenburg, Oct. 27th 1896, 45-19

NOTICE

All persons having legal demands against
the estate of Jehtha G. Ross, late of Lunen-
burg in the County of Lunenburg, phys-
ician, deceased, are requested to render
their accounts duly attested to within
twelve months from the date hereof, and all
persons indebted to said Estate are required
to make immediate payment to

Peter H. Ross
A. K. McLean
Lunenburg, Oct. 27th 1896 44

**QUEBEC FIRE ASSURANCE
CO.**

Established 1818

This old and reliable company insures all
property against fire.

FIRE AT THE OLD RATE

For particulars and rates apply to
JOHN S. YOUNG
Agent for Lunenburg
11-37

C. C. Ernst

OPTICIAN
BRIDGEWATER, N.S.

Will be at Simeon Ernst's
jewelry store during the
month of March.

CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Time table No. 4 (Daily service, Sunday
excepted) Commencing Monday Sept. 28th,
1896.

Miles Trains going north Train

0 Lunenburg depart 9 45
7 Mahone arrive 7 02
18 Bridgewater arrive 7 35
29 Riverview depart 7 45
34 New Germany 8 20
41 Cherryfield 8 25
42 Sprungfield 9 00
45 Alpena 10 08
74 Nictaux 10 23
74 Middleton arrive 10 35

Miles Trains going south Train

0 Middleton depart 11 25
4 Nictaux 11 37
10 Alpena 11 55
29 Sprungfield 12 02
34 Cherryfield 12 08
41 New Germany 12 20
45 Riverview 12 25
56 Bridgewater arrive 12 39
67 Bridgewater depart 12 47
74 Mahone 1 00
74 Lunenburg arrive 10 35

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time
One hour added gives Halifax Time.

Dominion Atlantic Railway. Trains leave
Middleton Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
—Going West 10:55 a.m. ...
—Returning East 7:00 p.m. ...

Canadian Pacific Railway Trains leave St
John N.B. every Thursday 8 a. m. for
Portland and Boston.

Canadian Pacific Railway Trains leave St
John N.B. for Bangor, Portland and Boston at
9:20 a.m. and 4:10 p.m.; for Montreal at 4:10
p.m.

Steamers of the Yarmouth S. S. Co. leave
Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday, and
Saturday Evenings.

Balcom's Stage Line for Liverpool connects
with trains at Bridgewater.

Through tickets for sale at all principal
Stations.

J. BRIGNEILL,
General Manager,
Bridgewater, Sept. 22nd 1896.

GRIFFIN & KELLIE,

MONUMENTAL SCULPTORS,
244 BARRINGTON STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.

AND IMPORTERS OF
ENGLISH TILE HEARTHES AND
TILE AND MARBLE FLOORS

W. A. Gaetz, Lunenburg; Mont
Zwicker, Mahone Bay; Jas. H. Wentze
sirey's Cove; A. G. Gardner, New Ger
many

R. B. MULLONEY

OPERATIVE AND
DENTIST

TEETH FILLED, CLEANED AND RE-
GULATED

VULCANITE PLATES IN FULL AND
PARTIAL SETS.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN