

THE DIGBY COURIER

CENTENNIAL EDITION

SEPTEMBER 18, 1974

Welcome to the Digital DIGBY COURIER

1877-1978

100th Birthday

The hundredth anniversary of the Digby Weekly Courier has brought to mind some fond memories as contained in the following historical chapter of the writer. But first, I wish to congratulate the current editor of the Courier, Mrs. J.M. (Edith) Wallis, for a job well done over the years and still being well done, good service rendered with great fortitude.

According to any record, I have at hand, the Digby Courier, in one hundred years of publication, was controlled under the same family management for 42 years, 1931 to 1973, under the control of Wallis Print Limited. The late J.J. Wallis became editor of the Courier the second time, in 1929, and at the same time of the business, which he had been running for some time previously and which became Wallis Print Limited sometime between 1929 and 1931.

I well remember the last year of the twenties when I worked in the office of the son with the husband and father of the late J.J. Wallis, the Courier. Sometime in 1928 or early 1929, the late J.M. Wallis (Mac), son of "J.J." engaged me to work every day after school hours, Saturdays, and for some months after full time. The place of work was in the building of the present Digby town hall on First Avenue. J.J. Wallis then worked occasionally at the print shop but mostly across the street at the Courier office which was then located on land in the general area where The Royal Bank of Canada is now.

Wallis Job Print operated in 1929 with a staff of four consisting of J.J. Wallis, J.M. Wallis, Miss Eva Haynes, who later became Mrs. George Kicup, and myself. I was in the staff in early 1929.

Eva's job was in the left up-stairs, "J.J." occasionally printing plant but mostly at the Courier office. "Mac" worked nearly full time at all the different jobs at the Job Print, and I worked at various duties, most of the time being spent at operating printing presses.

We worked ten-hour days, six days a week. "J.J." and "Mac" sometimes worked overtime. I worked only the regular hours being paid a weekly wage which was comparatively good for those times and my lack of experience. I received four or five dollars a week for working after school hours to six o'clock and on Saturday all day, and nine dollars a week for full weeks after finishing school. A two or three dollar a week raise was offered to me in the fall of 1929 for me to stay on at printing, but I had made up my mind to enter a branch of the Royal Bank of Canada, starting salary of \$300. The bank salary figured out about the same per hour as for the printing job. Nevertheless, the congenial atmosphere of the printing plant those days, and, experience however short, were helpful and appreciated by me.

"J.J." was very jovial in his occasional trip to the Job Print and did considerable kidding all in good fun. "Mac" was a witty person who mixed in a good natured sarcasm now and then for one reason or another. Eva most always had good answers to all the kidding she was called upon to take, and, generally held her own in a quiet sort of way, always busy setting type. We four all got along very well indeed. However, I do remember that some days did seem long and weary because of the monotony of some repetitious jobs.

In spite of the great demand for printing those last boom days of the twenties, business generally being brisk, it looked to me that people had to work long and hard to make any decent profit. There was

including treatment of the hands. However, nails and finger ends were used and I was soon back to work.

Now and then a printing job had a dose on parchment paper which required a special kind of printers' ink which smelled very bad those days. I always dreaded it when "Mac" would do that job on the largest press, in spite of the fact that we always opened an outside door to lessen the effects on the constitution.

One of the jobs I had to do, being the junior and printers' devil on the staff, was to clean up now and then. One day not long after I started my job at the printing plant, I decided to clean the floor that apparently hadn't been cleaned in some considerable time.

"J.J." came along and said, "how are you making out Vince?" I assured him that I thought I was beginning to see the floor. "J.J." laughed very heartily, he thought the remark pretty good and suitable.

Sometimes the gasoline engine or a piece of machinery would refuse to work, and after "Mac" the fix-it man had patiently worked for a certain length of time to get it going again, without results, "Mac" would then stand back and cuss quite strenuously, then he would immediately start working. "See," he would say, "all it needed was a bit of cussing."

On other occasions when some gadget refused duty for me and, seemed to be broken, "Mac" would say, "use a little oil," and sure enough, often that is all it took. How often since, have I thought of the value of that remark and the actual need of "oil" in many life situations, applied at the right time, right place and, in the right way.

Other things that sort of stick in my memory and come to mind now and then are, like the time I told "Mac" of four teenage boys who in the spring season of 1929 got together just before dark one evening and decided to initiate the newly built outdoor Pines Hotel swimming pool which had just been filled with water. Clothes were taken off near the road just east of the pool; nobody else seemed to be around except the four boys; no thought or time for bathing suits up to the pool they went. They stood on the edge of the pool and looked at the chilly water, one soon jumped in, the rest quickly followed and across the pool they swam. "Mac" listened to the story and hardly said anything, but the next "Digby Courier" had a good story on the episode. The heading of the story went something like, "Four Boy Scouts Officially Open Pines Hotel Swimming Pool." Who were the four? Many years later they are known as: the late Dr. Earl H. Anderson, veteran of two wars (second world and Korean), was awarded the Victoria Cross; Sidney L. Smith, now prominent druggist for many years in Digby; Clayton D. Snow, Digby wholesale lobster king merchant; and myself.

As a young teenager I used to like doing some writing about different events interesting to myself and mostly for myself. One day "Mac" said to me "how about writing your version of the story told about 'The Marooning of Jerome'." I had heard and read at least two somewhat different stories about the man who was found marooned on a beach at some point on the French Shore of St. Mary's Bay, Digby County. When found this man's tongue had been cut out and his legs quite freshly amputated, were surgically well dressed and bound. He was presumably left by some vessel before dawn one morning, all for some mysterious reason.

"Jerome" appeared to have been a man of some considerable social standing and possibly of some considerable wealth. However the only thing the man could or would ever say after being found and cared for by some family in the French shore was, something that sounded like the word "Jerome". He either could not, or, would not, write anything about who he was or why he was left the way he was. Well, it was, and is, one of Digby County's mystery stories, and, different ideas have been expressed over the years concerning this man. However my response to "Mac" was, I felt no urge to write anything more or different about this man. The mystery seemed to have been very well explored in the mind of many people, and, he was a sort of curiosity for many people who visited where he lived for many years.

Three years later I was quite a bit older and was in the street that I lived back and forth, I had a boat clanking noise, powered by a small engine, and I was a "plur", and as I remember it, I was a "plur". "J.J." was noted for his sense of humor and his sense of humor.



Digby in the early days. Date on picture 1774.

Digby 172 Years Ago

Compiled by David Sanford

From the files of the Courier of January 23, 1867, the following account has been copied concerning Digby in 1800.

"Among a number of old newspapers kindly sent to us by friends is a copy of the Saint John Gazette of May, 1802, says the Telegraph and among other advertisements contained in the issue before us is one describing the town and township of Digby, and offering for sale certain lots in the town. In this area we are told the township of Digby extends from the Gulf of Annapolis westward to the extremity of the province of Nova Scotia, and contains about 130,000 acres." The town plot is thus described:

"The Town Plot is situated at the east of the township just within the entrance to Annapolis Basin, and twenty miles from Annapolis Town, and six miles across land from the head of St. Mary's Bay. This laid out from the water's edge, partly on level ground and partly on the declivity of a modern hill, dry and pleasant, and having with an eastern aspect, a view of the Annapolis Basin and its cultivated shores for twenty miles in where it terminates with the Fort and River's mouth of that name. It was settled by Loyalists from New York in 1783, the most of whom went early to farms, or, moving to older countries, left the whole

side to be bought proved by about who now reside detached, built dwellings with orchards, and some fishery and. It has communal parts of the communal provisions in a cheap, built readily to be from many circumstances, probability of place of some shipbuilding, the West India a cheap and of residence.

This advertisement, dated at Digby, December, 1800, were to be a No. 100.

free trade with the U.S.A., especially with the New England States. The question was then debated by some Digby High School students one of which was some Digby's daughter, Florence (now Mrs. Melvin O. Tibert, Freeport, Digby Co.) Some days after the debate a man from some part of Nova Scotia came to the printing shop looking for Florence, one of the successful debaters; I had the impression that this man was interested politically but, maybe I was wrong.

Well, I felt that I had learned considerable from my short experience at "The Wallis Job Print". I was learning to do beginner jobs, receiving some knowledge about things like: embossing, stapling, perforating, counting, cutting and trimming paper stock, mixing inks for certain desired colors, and so forth, but, the only experience I had at setting type was just enough to make a "pi", the printers name for a confused mess.

There was a taste of trying to sell job printing outside the plant. Work was a little slack one early fall day and so "Mac" said to me, "how about trying your hand at taking orders for printed personalized Christmas cards?" I tried it, made several calls around town, spent most of the time at one particular house, and got an order, but, it was much time and got an order, but,

Years and experiments with. The last time I saw of personal interest, after one day when he sent and talked with him was, after one day when he had a week he wanted me to visit him at his home. He had recently returned from the Bonaventure after a long absence. I made the visit and stayed for a week and a half, and got an order, but, it was much time and got an order, but,

NOVA SCOTIA

Tourism, Culture
and Heritage

Funding for this
project was
provided by:

Municipality
OF Digby

Credits

This project was made possible with assistance from the Nova Scotia Department of Tourism, Culture and Heritage through its Strategic Development Initiative. This initiative supports projects aimed at enhancing the self-sufficiency of the heritage sector throughout the province.

The Municipality of the District of Digby is the lead organization to spearhead this project. The Digital Courier is part of the municipal initiative to preserve the past and develop the future; Council is honoured to be part of the preservation of these significant historical documents.



1800's

- (1810) the first elections were held in the County.
- (1837) the County of Annapolis was divided to include the County of Digby.
- Old Post Road and rural school system improved.
- Weymouth Trading Post established.
- Ship Building is a major industry in the area.
- (1879) the District of Digby was incorporated.
- (1891) the railway (the missing link) between Annapolis and Digby was completed.
- Joshua Slocum sails around the world alone.
- Temperance Movement.
- Summer Tourism Industry develops.
- I.M. Singer invents the sewing machine.
- Canadian Confederation (1867)
- Klondike Gold Rush
- The Supreme Court of Canada is established
- Florence Nightingale takes London nurses to the battlefields of the Crimean War

1900's

- Poor Farm in operation
- Isaiah Wilson's Geography and History of the County of Digby Published.
- Prime Minister Sir Wilfred Laurier visits Digby.
- Marconi transmits wireless message across the Atlantic
- Queen Victoria dies
- The Boxer Rebellion breaks out in China.
- The Boer War in Southern Africa ends

1910's

- (1912) last race of the Brattain Cup in the Annapolis Basin.
- First motorized vehicle in the area.
- Communities collect cloths and money for the war effort.
- Spanish Flue kills many in the area.
- First Calgary Stampede
- Women in Canada get the vote
- Halifax explosion
- WW1
- The Titanic Disaster
- Norwegian Roald Amundsen becomes the first to reach the South Pole.

1920's

- Motorized vehicles becoming more common.
- Last wooden ship built in Bear River.
- Electric lights installed in villages.
- Motorized vehicles becoming more common
- Canadian Schooner "Bluenose" wins the International Fisherman's Trophy
- Agatha Christie launches her career as a mystery writer.
- George Carnarvon and Howard Carter unearth King Tutankhamen's tomb

1930's

- Economic Depression.
- Rural electric lines being installed.
- Electric lights installed in villages.
- Highway paving projects underway.
- First crossing of the Princess Helene Ferry.
- Rum running along the coast.
- Rum running in its heyday
- Dionne quintts born in Ontario
- Movie "King Kong" released starring Canadian Fay Wray
- WW II begins

1940's

- Digby home to WWII submarine base.
- CFB Cornwallis largest training base in the Commonwealth.
- Scallop Industry expands.
- Hog farming expands.
- Population decline in rural communities.
- Newfoundland enters confederation
- UN Formed
- U.S. planes drop atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki
- Orson Welles' film Citizen Kane, premieres

1950's

- Bus service along the Digby Neck.
- Population in villages continue to decline. NORAD formed with USA
- National Ballet of Canada founded
- Bear River Power Plant built
- Korean War
- Smoking linked to lung cancer
- Sputnik launched
- Castro takes over power in Cuba
- Elizabeth II coronation - Queen of England

1960's

- Sissiboo Power Plant built.
- Kejimikujik Park established.
- Conners Brothers Fish Cannery Plant closes in Freeport.
- Fish Meal Plant opens in Mink Cove.
- Weymouth Industries closure.
- Bear River Village Fire.
- Canada celebrates 100th birthday
- Pierre Trudeau sworn in as Prime Minister
- Bay of Pigs invasion
- Thalidomide deformities revealed
- Cuban Missile Crisis
- John F. Kennedy assassinated
- Demonstrations against Vietnam War

1970's

- Evangeline Mall built.
- New CN Ferry Terminal built.
- Ground Hog Day Storm.
- Municipal Airport opens.
- Hwy 101 completed to Digby.
- First Computer used.
- Jones Bottling Plant burns in Weymouth
- War Measures Act invoked
- Pierre Laporte murdered
- Canada-Soviet Summit Series in hockey begins
- Quebec language legislation (Bill 101) passes
- Munich massacre at the Olympics
- Rock stars Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin die.
- At Kent State University in Ohio, protesting students are killed by National Guardsmen

Links

[Nova Scotia Museum](#)
[Nova Scotia Archives](#)
[Canada Archives](#)
[Admiral Digby Museum](#)
[Islands Historical Society](#)

General Links

[Digby County Genweb](#)
[The Acadian Odyssey](#)
[Digby Neck in Stories](#)
[The Elder Transcripts: History You Can't Get from a Book](#)
[Isaiah W. Wilson: The Digby County Historian](#)
[Maud Lewis](#)
[La Nouvelle France "Electric City"](#)
[Rootsweb.com](#)
[Genealogy](#)
[Family Search](#)
[Municipality of the District of Digby](#)
[Western Counties Regional Library](#)

Contact

- heritage@municipality.digby.ns.ca
- www.digbydistrict.ca
- Municipality of Digby
- P.O. Box 429
- 12548 Highway 217, Seabrook
- Digby, NS, BOV 1A0
- Telephone: 902-245-4777
- Fax: 902-245-5748

Disclaimer

The stories and opinions expressed in this document are not necessarily the opinion of the Municipal Council or staff. Terms used and descriptions expressed in the Digby Courier may not be the opinion of Council and staff.

Digby Weekly Courier.

C. E. Farnham, Publisher and Proprietor.

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST AND WELFARE OF THE COUNTY.

Terms:—\$1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. XI.

DIGBY, N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1886.

No. 29

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.
PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK.
CHICKEN CHOLERA.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.
It is a well known fact that most of the
B. Lawrence's Spectacles & Eye-Glasses
are the only genuine
English Articles
in the Canadian Market.

Real Pebbles are kept in Stock.
For Sale by JAS. M. KEEN, Agent, Watchmaker & Jeweller,
DIGBY, N. S.

CHUTE, HALL & CO.

DEALERS IN
PIANOS,
Music STOOLS
AND
Music BOOKS.

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.
I. D. HARRIS, Agent for Digby County.
P. O. Address: ROYAL HOTEL, DIGBY.

BUSINESS CARDS.
JOSEPH A. SMITH,
MINISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c.
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
WYOMOUTH BRIDGE, N. S.

T. C. SHREVE, Q. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
WATER STREET, DIGBY, N. S.

J. M. GOWAN,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
UNRAPOSS, NOVA SCOTIA.
Office opposite the Garrison. 7515

R. G. MONROE, A. B.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
DIGBY, N. S.
Prompt attention given to all legal
business.

WADE & WADE,
BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Offices—Water Street, Digby, N. S.
JOHN M. VIETS,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY & TABLETTER
PUBLIC, &c.

Agent for Liverpool, London & Globe
Fire Insurance Co.
Office—On Water Street, Digby, opposite
the Royal Hotel.

Royal Hotel.

DIGBY, N. S., PROPRIETOR
JOHN DALEY,
Barber Shop, Bath and Sample Room.
mar

FARM FOR SALE!

A. L. that pleasantly situated Property
at Marshfield, County of Digby,
N. S., known as the Telo Farm, contains
172 acres of good farming land, and
outbuildings, in a good neighborhood,
with church, school and post-office near.
Robert Marshall, in charge of property, or
to the subscriber.

ALBERT MORSE,
Solicitor, &c.,
Bridgetown, N. S.

The above Farm will be sold at
PUBLIC AUCTION, on the premises,
on the 2nd day of APRIL, 1886, at
2 o'clock, p. m.; if not sold will be
then rented.

TIED OUT

The distressing
feeling of
being
tied out
is a feeling
which no
person
should
experience.
It is a feeling
which no
person
should
experience.
It is a feeling
which no
person
should
experience.

SELECT TALE.

LOVE IN A LIFT.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

One evening, nearly two months
after the meeting in the park, Mrs.
Ormskirk was present at a fancy
dress ball given by Lady Ethelinda
Rosier, a sister of the most distin-
guished of the fair widow's suitors.
It was the first entertainment of the
kind at which the latter had appeared
since her husband's death. Lady
Ethelinda made so great a point of
the matter that she wrote a charming
little note begging dear Mrs.
Ormskirk to break through her rule.
Her ladyship, it may be hinted, was
extremely anxious to bring about a
reconciliation between her brother and
Joshua Ormskirk's widow and Joshua
Ormskirk's thousands, the Rock-
minister revenues not being exactly
in a flourishing condition.

THE DIGBY Weekly Courier,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
Published at
DIGBY, DIGBY CO., N. S.
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

CHAS. E. FARNHAM,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms: \$1.00 per annum in Advance
Otherwise \$1.50 will be charged.

Correspondence to the Courier will not
appear unless accompanied by the
name of the writer.
Contributions are respectfully solicited
from all parts of Digby County, the Province
and elsewhere.

Agents for the Courier.
V. T. Hardwick, Esq., River
Jones Morhouse, Esq., Brighton
John Kinney, Esq., Gilbert's Cove,
Edw. Hogan, Esq., Weymouth Bridge
D. D. Jones, Esq., Weymouth
Frederick Belliveau, Esq., Port Adelaide
John G. Nowlan, Esq., New Tusket
St. H. Burdick, Esq., Westport
J. W. Eldridge, Esq., Prospect
St. John Luzzes, Esq., Triverton
Collins Johnston, Esq., Sandy Cove
Capt. Geo. Gwynn, Metcalf
Vincent P. Sauter, Sault Ste. Marie
Peter Frost, Esq., Little River
R. Sanford, Esq., Hessian Line.

Advertising Rates:

One inch, one insertion..... \$0.50
Two inches, one insertion..... \$1.00
Each additional line, one insertion..... 0.50

Each continuation one-fourth of first in-
sertion.
Special arrangements made with parties
wishing to occupy more than half a column
space. Liberal terms made with yearly ad-
vertisers.

Special notices, in local column, 15 cents
per line; in special notice column, 10 cents
per line.

In order to insure insertion, advertise-
ments should be in the office not later than
Thursday noon.

POETRY.

THE JOLLY FARMER.

"A farmer's life is mine by choice,"
Said Jolly Farmer Gay,
As he bled his lungs and nasal voice
That chased my blues away.

"Far from the noisy marts of trade,
The crowded city's hungry words to feed—
The Old as well as the New
Look at my meadow-land rich with gold,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,

July? Well, July I am, indeed,
And you'd be jolly too,
Watching the sowing and sowing of seed
That will help two hungry words to feed—
The Old as well as the New
Look at my meadow-land rich with gold,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,

A broad smile lightened the farmer's face,
It rippled from cheek to chin,
As he stood hands spread aloft in space
As he took all the landscape in.

"You city folks never can feel at ease;
You're always finding the wrong to be;
While I am tending my cattle and bees,
And corn, and wheat, and beans, and peas,
You're neglecting your P's and Q's,
My gold is very sweet to me,
In quarrelling spend the day,
The better about the mine's affairs,
My only anxiety
Are touching the crops I raise;
Your constant task it is to quote
The stock-ticker's shifting rates,
While I—have no change to note,
And, save at intervals remote,
Have hardly a note to change,
My gold is very sweet to me,
In quarrelling spend the day,
The better about the mine's affairs,
My only anxiety
Are touching the crops I raise;

"And why are they here?" I questioned;
"Are they in such distress?
The shuffling form in the faded gown
And that in the silk and lace?"

"They're here," said the grim policeman,
And a frown his visage wore,
"For stealing where they got a chance,
In a fancy dress-gown story."

THE DIFFERENCE.
They stood at the bar of justice—
Two women with heads bowed down,
And one in dress in rustling silk
And one in a tattered gown.

SELECT TALE.

LOVE IN A LIFT.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

One evening, nearly two months
after the meeting in the park, Mrs.
Ormskirk was present at a fancy
dress ball given by Lady Ethelinda
Rosier, a sister of the most distin-
guished of the fair widow's suitors.
It was the first entertainment of the
kind at which the latter had appeared
since her husband's death. Lady
Ethelinda made so great a point of
the matter that she wrote a charming
little note begging dear Mrs.
Ormskirk to break through her rule.
Her ladyship, it may be hinted, was
extremely anxious to bring about a
reconciliation between her brother and
Joshua Ormskirk's widow and Joshua
Ormskirk's thousands, the Rock-
minister revenues not being exactly
in a flourishing condition.

THE DIGBY Weekly Courier,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
Published at
DIGBY, DIGBY CO., N. S.
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

CHAS. E. FARNHAM,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms: \$1.00 per annum in Advance
Otherwise \$1.50 will be charged.

Correspondence to the Courier will not
appear unless accompanied by the
name of the writer.
Contributions are respectfully solicited
from all parts of Digby County, the Province
and elsewhere.

Agents for the Courier.
V. T. Hardwick, Esq., River
Jones Morhouse, Esq., Brighton
John Kinney, Esq., Gilbert's Cove,
Edw. Hogan, Esq., Weymouth Bridge
D. D. Jones, Esq., Weymouth
Frederick Belliveau, Esq., Port Adelaide
John G. Nowlan, Esq., New Tusket
St. H. Burdick, Esq., Westport
J. W. Eldridge, Esq., Prospect
St. John Luzzes, Esq., Triverton
Collins Johnston, Esq., Sandy Cove
Capt. Geo. Gwynn, Metcalf
Vincent P. Sauter, Sault Ste. Marie
Peter Frost, Esq., Little River
R. Sanford, Esq., Hessian Line.

Advertising Rates:

One inch, one insertion..... \$0.50
Two inches, one insertion..... \$1.00
Each additional line, one insertion..... 0.50

Each continuation one-fourth of first in-
sertion.
Special arrangements made with parties
wishing to occupy more than half a column
space. Liberal terms made with yearly ad-
vertisers.

Special notices, in local column, 15 cents
per line; in special notice column, 10 cents
per line.

In order to insure insertion, advertise-
ments should be in the office not later than
Thursday noon.

POETRY.

THE JOLLY FARMER.

"A farmer's life is mine by choice,"
Said Jolly Farmer Gay,
As he bled his lungs and nasal voice
That chased my blues away.

"Far from the noisy marts of trade,
The crowded city's hungry words to feed—
The Old as well as the New
Look at my meadow-land rich with gold,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,

July? Well, July I am, indeed,
And you'd be jolly too,
Watching the sowing and sowing of seed
That will help two hungry words to feed—
The Old as well as the New
Look at my meadow-land rich with gold,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,

A broad smile lightened the farmer's face,
It rippled from cheek to chin,
As he stood hands spread aloft in space
As he took all the landscape in.

"You city folks never can feel at ease;
You're always finding the wrong to be;
While I am tending my cattle and bees,
And corn, and wheat, and beans, and peas,
You're neglecting your P's and Q's,
My gold is very sweet to me,
In quarrelling spend the day,
The better about the mine's affairs,
My only anxiety
Are touching the crops I raise;
Your constant task it is to quote
The stock-ticker's shifting rates,
While I—have no change to note,
And, save at intervals remote,
Have hardly a note to change,
My gold is very sweet to me,
In quarrelling spend the day,
The better about the mine's affairs,
My only anxiety
Are touching the crops I raise;

"And why are they here?" I questioned;
"Are they in such distress?
The shuffling form in the faded gown
And that in the silk and lace?"

"They're here," said the grim policeman,
And a frown his visage wore,
"For stealing where they got a chance,
In a fancy dress-gown story."

THE DIFFERENCE.
They stood at the bar of justice—
Two women with heads bowed down,
And one in dress in rustling silk
And one in a tattered gown.

One clad in the faded fashion,
The other one ragged and torn,
The latter inspiring sympathy,
The latter contempt and scorn.

"And why are they here?" I questioned;
"Are they in such distress?
The shuffling form in the faded gown
And that in the silk and lace?"

"They're here," said the grim policeman,
And a frown his visage wore,
"For stealing where they got a chance,
In a fancy dress-gown story."

THE DIFFERENCE.
They stood at the bar of justice—
Two women with heads bowed down,
And one in dress in rustling silk
And one in a tattered gown.

One clad in the faded fashion,
The other one ragged and torn,
The latter inspiring sympathy,
The latter contempt and scorn.

SELECT TALE.

LOVE IN A LIFT.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

One evening, nearly two months
after the meeting in the park, Mrs.
Ormskirk was present at a fancy
dress ball given by Lady Ethelinda
Rosier, a sister of the most distin-
guished of the fair widow's suitors.
It was the first entertainment of the
kind at which the latter had appeared
since her husband's death. Lady
Ethelinda made so great a point of
the matter that she wrote a charming
little note begging dear Mrs.
Ormskirk to break through her rule.
Her ladyship, it may be hinted, was
extremely anxious to bring about a
reconciliation between her brother and
Joshua Ormskirk's widow and Joshua
Ormskirk's thousands, the Rock-
minister revenues not being exactly
in a flourishing condition.

THE DIGBY Weekly Courier,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
Published at
DIGBY, DIGBY CO., N. S.
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

CHAS. E. FARNHAM,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms: \$1.00 per annum in Advance
Otherwise \$1.50 will be charged.

Correspondence to the Courier will not
appear unless accompanied by the
name of the writer.
Contributions are respectfully solicited
from all parts of Digby County, the Province
and elsewhere.

Agents for the Courier.
V. T. Hardwick, Esq., River
Jones Morhouse, Esq., Brighton
John Kinney, Esq., Gilbert's Cove,
Edw. Hogan, Esq., Weymouth Bridge
D. D. Jones, Esq., Weymouth
Frederick Belliveau, Esq., Port Adelaide
John G. Nowlan, Esq., New Tusket
St. H. Burdick, Esq., Westport
J. W. Eldridge, Esq., Prospect
St. John Luzzes, Esq., Triverton
Collins Johnston, Esq., Sandy Cove
Capt. Geo. Gwynn, Metcalf
Vincent P. Sauter, Sault Ste. Marie
Peter Frost, Esq., Little River
R. Sanford, Esq., Hessian Line.

Advertising Rates:

One inch, one insertion..... \$0.50
Two inches, one insertion..... \$1.00
Each additional line, one insertion..... 0.50

Each continuation one-fourth of first in-
sertion.
Special arrangements made with parties
wishing to occupy more than half a column
space. Liberal terms made with yearly ad-
vertisers.

Special notices, in local column, 15 cents
per line; in special notice column, 10 cents
per line.

In order to insure insertion, advertise-
ments should be in the office not later than
Thursday noon.

POETRY.

THE JOLLY FARMER.

"A farmer's life is mine by choice,"
Said Jolly Farmer Gay,
As he bled his lungs and nasal voice
That chased my blues away.

"Far from the noisy marts of trade,
The crowded city's hungry words to feed—
The Old as well as the New
Look at my meadow-land rich with gold,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,

July? Well, July I am, indeed,
And you'd be jolly too,
Watching the sowing and sowing of seed
That will help two hungry words to feed—
The Old as well as the New
Look at my meadow-land rich with gold,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,

A broad smile lightened the farmer's face,
It rippled from cheek to chin,
As he stood hands spread aloft in space
As he took all the landscape in.

"You city folks never can feel at ease;
You're always finding the wrong to be;
While I am tending my cattle and bees,
And corn, and wheat, and beans, and peas,
You're neglecting your P's and Q's,
My gold is very sweet to me,
In quarrelling spend the day,
The better about the mine's affairs,
My only anxiety
Are touching the crops I raise;
Your constant task it is to quote
The stock-ticker's shifting rates,
While I—have no change to note,
And, save at intervals remote,
Have hardly a note to change,
My gold is very sweet to me,
In quarrelling spend the day,
The better about the mine's affairs,
My only anxiety
Are touching the crops I raise;

"And why are they here?" I questioned;
"Are they in such distress?
The shuffling form in the faded gown
And that in the silk and lace?"

"They're here," said the grim policeman,
And a frown his visage wore,
"For stealing where they got a chance,
In a fancy dress-gown story."

THE DIFFERENCE.
They stood at the bar of justice—
Two women with heads bowed down,
And one in dress in rustling silk
And one in a tattered gown.

One clad in the faded fashion,
The other one ragged and torn,
The latter inspiring sympathy,
The latter contempt and scorn.

"And why are they here?" I questioned;
"Are they in such distress?
The shuffling form in the faded gown
And that in the silk and lace?"

"They're here," said the grim policeman,
And a frown his visage wore,
"For stealing where they got a chance,
In a fancy dress-gown story."

THE DIFFERENCE.
They stood at the bar of justice—
Two women with heads bowed down,
And one in dress in rustling silk
And one in a tattered gown.

One clad in the faded fashion,
The other one ragged and torn,
The latter inspiring sympathy,
The latter contempt and scorn.

SELECT TALE.

LOVE IN A LIFT.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

One evening, nearly two months
after the meeting in the park, Mrs.
Ormskirk was present at a fancy
dress ball given by Lady Ethelinda
Rosier, a sister of the most distin-
guished of the fair widow's suitors.
It was the first entertainment of the
kind at which the latter had appeared
since her husband's death. Lady
Ethelinda made so great a point of
the matter that she wrote a charming
little note begging dear Mrs.
Ormskirk to break through her rule.
Her ladyship, it may be hinted, was
extremely anxious to bring about a
reconciliation between her brother and
Joshua Ormskirk's widow and Joshua
Ormskirk's thousands, the Rock-
minister revenues not being exactly
in a flourishing condition.

THE DIGBY Weekly Courier,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
Published at
DIGBY, DIGBY CO., N. S.
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

CHAS. E. FARNHAM,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms: \$1.00 per annum in Advance
Otherwise \$1.50 will be charged.

Correspondence to the Courier will not
appear unless accompanied by the
name of the writer.
Contributions are respectfully solicited
from all parts of Digby County, the Province
and elsewhere.

Agents for the Courier.
V. T. Hardwick, Esq., River
Jones Morhouse, Esq., Brighton
John Kinney, Esq., Gilbert's Cove,
Edw. Hogan, Esq., Weymouth Bridge
D. D. Jones, Esq., Weymouth
Frederick Belliveau, Esq., Port Adelaide
John G. Nowlan, Esq., New Tusket
St. H. Burdick, Esq., Westport
J. W. Eldridge, Esq., Prospect
St. John Luzzes, Esq., Triverton
Collins Johnston, Esq., Sandy Cove
Capt. Geo. Gwynn, Metcalf
Vincent P. Sauter, Sault Ste. Marie
Peter Frost, Esq., Little River
R. Sanford, Esq., Hessian Line.

Advertising Rates:

One inch, one insertion..... \$0.50
Two inches, one insertion..... \$1.00
Each additional line, one insertion..... 0.50

Each continuation one-fourth of first in-
sertion.
Special arrangements made with parties
wishing to occupy more than half a column
space. Liberal terms made with yearly ad-
vertisers.

Special notices, in local column, 15 cents
per line; in special notice column, 10 cents
per line.

In order to insure insertion, advertise-
ments should be in the office not later than
Thursday noon.

POETRY.

THE JOLLY FARMER.

"A farmer's life is mine by choice,"
Said Jolly Farmer Gay,
As he bled his lungs and nasal voice
That chased my blues away.

"Far from the noisy marts of trade,
The crowded city's hungry words to feed—
The Old as well as the New
Look at my meadow-land rich with gold,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,

July? Well, July I am, indeed,
And you'd be jolly too,
Watching the sowing and sowing of seed
That will help two hungry words to feed—
The Old as well as the New
Look at my meadow-land rich with gold,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,
Which I have sown with husbandry,
Until the light begins to fall,

A broad smile lightened the farmer's face,
It rippled from cheek to chin,
As he stood hands spread aloft in space
As he took all the landscape in.

"You city folks never can feel at ease;
You're always finding the wrong to be;
While I am tending my cattle and bees,
And corn, and wheat, and beans, and peas,
You're neglecting your P's and Q's,
My gold is very sweet to me,
In quarrelling spend the day,
The better about the mine's affairs,
My only anxiety
Are touching the crops I raise;
Your constant task it is to quote
The stock-ticker's shifting rates,
While I—have no change to note,
And, save at intervals remote,
Have hardly a note to change,
My gold is very sweet to me,
In quarrelling spend the day,
The better about the mine's affairs,
My only anxiety
Are touching the crops I raise;

"And why are they here?" I questioned;
"Are they in such distress?
The shuffling form in the faded gown
And that in the silk and lace?"

"They're here," said the grim policeman,
And a frown his visage wore,
"For stealing where they got a chance,
In a fancy dress-gown story."

THE DIFFERENCE.
They stood at the bar of justice—
Two women with heads bowed down,
And one in dress in rustling silk
And one in a tattered gown.

One clad in the faded fashion,
The other one ragged and torn,
The latter inspiring sympathy,
The latter contempt and scorn.

"And why are they here?" I questioned;
"Are they in such distress?
The shuffling form in the faded gown
And that in the silk and lace?"

"They're here," said the grim policeman,
And a frown his visage wore,
"For stealing where they got a chance,
In a fancy dress-gown story."

THE DIFFERENCE.
They stood at the bar of justice—
Two women with heads bowed down,
And one in dress in rustling silk
And one in a tattered gown.

One clad in the faded fashion,
The other one ragged and torn,
The latter inspiring sympathy,
The latter contempt and scorn.

Weights and Measures.

By an Act passed last session, and
now in operation, several changes
are made in the standard weights
and measures of which our people
should make a note. In contracts
for the sale and delivery of any of
the undetermined articles, the
bushel must now be determined by
weight—unless a bushel measure
is specially agreed upon—the weight
of a bushel being as follows:—

Wheat, sixty pounds.
Indian corn, fifty-six pounds.
Rye, fifty-six pounds.
Barley, forty-eight pounds.
Malt, thirty-six pounds.
Clover seed, sixty pounds.
Timothy seed, forty-eight pounds.
Buckwheat, forty-eight pounds.
Flax seed, fifty pounds.
Hemp seed, forty-four pounds.
Blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Castor beans, forty pounds.
Potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips, beets
and onions, thirty-four pounds.
Broom corn, twenty pounds.
Bituminous coal, twenty pounds.

No provision is made for the pur-
chase for sale of potatoes, etc., by
the barrel; and it is enacted that
apples packed in Canada shall be
put up in good strong barrels of
seasoned wood, made as nearly
cylindrical as may be; the stave of
such barrels shall be twenty-seven
inches in length, from croze to croze,
and half to seven-eighths in diameter.
Violations of this act are punishable
by a fine of twenty-five dollars for
the first offence, and not more than
fifty dollars for each subsequent
offence; for every barrel of apples
which does not come up to the
standard, a penalty of twenty-five
cents may be exacted.

Time was when we raved at a
glimpse of the old-fashioned white
curtains, and their flappings
and puffs; but we have long since
given it our conge and gone for
these only of satin, silk or China
silk, in shades from the palest
mauve to the deepest yellow, the
latter being the whim of the season.
This petticoat may also be pure
white if of silk, and the flannel skirt
should then be white, trimmed with
lace or embroidered in white or
colored silks. Mauve is the daintiest
shade for these petticoats, and scarlet
is the fastest looking and least re-
fined. A dash of red in the lace
broderie of stays, and the feather
stitching on ruffles and the uppers
on hosiery, gives sufficient of this
shade. Most people do not realize
makes a female figure resemble a
freeman on duty. Pale blue is soft
looking and becoming; but no color
looks more pitiful when slightly
faded. It is like one of those radiant
ones. Those pink dresses that have
gone, it cleans well in flannel
China silk, and is becoming to most
faces. A greater number of women
look well in pink and a less number
in blue. It is like one of those radiant
ones. Those pink dresses that have
gone, it cleans well in flannel
China silk, and is becoming to most
faces. A greater number of women
look well in pink and a less number
in blue. It is like one of those radiant
ones. Those pink dresses that have
gone, it cleans well in flannel
China silk, and is becoming to most
faces. A greater number of women
look well in pink and a less number
in blue. It is like one of those

Digby Weekly Courier.

C. E. Farnham, Publisher and Proprietor

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST AND WELFARE OF THE COUNTY.

Terms:—\$1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. XI.

DIGBY, N. S., FRIDAY APRIL 9, 1886.

No. 30.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

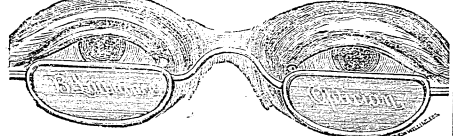
FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

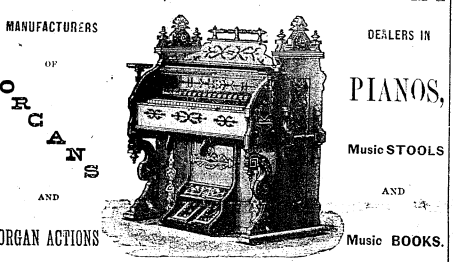
MAKE HENS LAY

CHICKEN CHOLERA.



B. Laurance's SPECTACLES & EYE-GLASSES
ARE THE ONLY GENUINE
ENGLISH ARTICLES
IN THE CANADIAN MARKET.
Real Pebbles are kept in Stock.
For Sale by JAS. M. KEEN, Agent, Watchmaker & Jeweller,
DIGBY, N. S.

CHUTE, HALL & CO.



Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

I. D. HARRIS, Agent for Digby County.
P. O. Address: ROYAL HOTEL, DIGBY.

BUSINESS CARDS.
JOSEPH A. SMITH,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
WEYMOUTH BRIDGE, N. S.
T. C. SHREVE, Q. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,
WATER STREET, DIGBY, N. S.
J. M. OWEN,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,
ANNAPOLIS, N. S.
Office opposite the Garrison.
R. G. MONROE, A. B.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
DIGBY, N. S.
Prompt attention given to all legal business.
WADE & WADE,
BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Offices—Water Street, Digby, N. S.
J. C. WADE, Q. C. A. V. WADE.
JOHN M. VIETS,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY & TABLELLION
PUBLIC, &c.
Agent for Liverpool, London & Globe
Fire Insurance Co.
Office—On Water Street, Digby, opposite
the Royal Hotel.

Dr. O. W. Norton's
BURDOCK
BLOOD PURIFIER!
Purely Vegetable! A Valuable Compound for Restoring Health. Hundreds have been cured by using it for Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Impure Blood, Loss of Appetite, Kidney Disease and General Debility.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS.
Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885.—Dr. Norton, Dear Sir,—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband, employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August, 1881, I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, an entirely cured, as I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt. Brooks of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.
Yours truly, Mrs. John Grant.
John Layton, of Mount Desert, was sick with Scizion for five weeks, when his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.
There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many of Liver, Kidney Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.
Sold by most of the dealers in medicine throughout the county, and by J. Chaloner and Turnbull & Welch, Digby.
Nov. 2nd, 1885.

Royal Hotel.
DIGBY, N. S.
JOHN DALEY, PROPRIETOR
Barber Shop, Bath and Sample Room, next door.

FARM FOR SALE!
A LL that pleasantly situated property at Marshalltown, County of Digby, N. S., known as the Tebo Farm, consisting of 175 acres of good farming land, and first rate Dwelling of 8 rooms, and good outbuildings, in a good neighborhood, with church, school and post-office near. Intending purchasers may apply to Robert Marshall, in charge of property, or to the subscriber.
ALBERT MORSE,
Solicitor, &c.,
Bridgetown, N. S.

THE above Farm will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on the 21st day of APRIL, 1886, at 1 o'clock p. m.; if not sold will be then re-rented.

Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you a free a royal, valuable receipt for five weeks, which will put you in the way of making money at once, than anything else in America. Both ends of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. License pay sure for those who start at once. STROUSE & CO., Portland, Maine.

Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you a free a royal, valuable receipt for five weeks, which will put you in the way of making money at once, than anything else in America. Both ends of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. License pay sure for those who start at once. STROUSE & CO., Portland, Maine.

If you are growing Gray or Bald;
If your Hair is Thin, Brassy, Dry, Itchy, or Weak;
If you are troubled with Dandruff, Itching, or any Humor or Disease of the Scalp,
USE
Ayer's Hair Vigor.

It heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp, checks the falling out of the Hair and prevents it from turning gray, and is an unequalled dressing and toilet article.
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

The Digby Weekly Courier,
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
Published at
DIGBY, DIGBY CO., N. S.
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

CHAS. E. FARNHAM,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms: \$1.00 per annum in Advance
Otherwise \$1.50 will be charged.

Correspondence to the COURIER will not appear in its columns unless accompanied by the name of the writer.
Contributions are respectfully solicited from all parts of Digby County, the Province and elsewhere.

Agents for the Courier.
V. T. Hardwick, Esq., Dear River
Jones Monroch, Esq., Brighton
John Knapes, Esq., Gilbert's Cove
Edw'd Hogan, Esq., Weymouth Bridge
C. D. Jones, Esq., Weymouth
Frederick Belliveau, Esq., Port Adelaide
John B. Nowlan, Esq., New Brunswick
B. H. Buzgales, Esq., Westport
St. Clair Buzgales, Esq., Freeport
Collins Johnston, Esq., Sandy Cove
Capt. Geo. German, Meteghan
Vincent T. Sautier, Saint-Johnville
Peter Ford, Esq., Little River
R. Sanford, Esq., Hessian Line.

Advertising Rates:
One inch, one insertion.....\$0.50
Two inches, one insertion.....\$0.75
Each additional inch, one insertion.....\$0.50
Each continuation one-fourth of first insertion.
Special arrangements made with parties wishing to occupy more than half a column space. Liberal terms made with yearly advertisements.
Special notices, in local column, 15 cents per line; in special notice column, 10 cents per line.
In order to insure insertion, advertisements should be in the office not later than Thursday noon.

SOMETHING NEW!

Lamberton's Safety Lamp Burner!

No Lamp is safe without them. No family is secure without them. They are the only lamps that give a large light; has nickel cone reflector; never puts it out; no blowing, or explosions, or turning down the wick; puts itself out; can fill the lamp with oil; removing the burner or chimney; no wearing out screws or collars.
The only perfect, cheap and durable burner ever made.
For sale by
WM. H. CROSBY,
Gen. Agent, Marshalltown.
Also by
C. E. FARNHAM,
Corr. Office, Digby.

NOTICE!

THE subscriber desires to announce to his friends and the general public, that he is prepared to furnish
CASKETS AND COFFINS,
of any style and finish, for from \$4.00 to \$75.00.
Hearse and horse, with driver, from any residence within the limits of the county, for from \$2.00; any distance outside of said limits, 10cts. mile, as to be added.
Shrouds, an all kinds of Mountings constantly on hand, and supplied at the shortest possible notice.
JOHN G. RICE
Digby, July 30th, 1885.

HARNESS. HARNE

**THE subscriber again wishes to bring to the notice of his friends, that he has on hand the following articles, viz: Silver, Brass, Nickel, Japanese &c.
Harnasses, also,
Harness Oil, Neatsfoot Oil,
Axle Oil, Axle Grease,
Harness Mountings & Trimmings of all kinds, and many other articles too numerous to mention, all of which he would be pleased to sell to any wanting the same.
JOHN A. RUSSELL.
Digby, Sept. 24th, '85.**

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THE Subscribers are still importing and manufacturing
Monuments, Head-Stones, Table Tops, &c.,
Of Italian and American Marble, Also Red and Blue Granite, and Freestone Monuments.
OLDHAM WHITMAN,
Granville Street, Bridgetown, N. S.
May 11th, 1887.

POETRY.

EVERY DAY WORK.

Great deeds are trumpeted; loud bells are rung
And men turn round to see
The high peaks echo to the psalm song
O'er some great victory.
And yet great deeds are few. The mightiest men
Find opportunity but now and then.
Shall one sit idle through long days of peace,
Waiting for waits to reach?
Urele in set until some "Golden Fleece"
Lures him to face the gle?
There's work enough; why idly, then, delay?
His work counts most who labors every day!

A torrent sweeps down the mountain's dash
With foam and flash and roar.
Aston its strength is spent, where is it now?
Is our short day is not a lightning flash
But the clear summer on the meadow flows
All the long stream on its mission goes.

Better the steady flow; the torrent's dash
Leaves its track in ruin.
The light we love is not a lightning flash
From out a midnight sky.
But the sweet sunshine, whose unfading ray
From its calm throne of blue, lights every day.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of one unbroken web.
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

SELECT TALE.

IRISH SHOOTINGS.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

In the month of November, 1883, I was on a visit to a relative who lived in a remote district in the southwest of Ireland, and as my host was an invalid and his two sons were at school, I was thrown pretty much on my own resources for amusement. One morning I started after breakfast with a couple of dogs to explore a distant coom, or mountain valley, where I was promised the chance of five or six brace of woodcock, and the certainty of a fine view of the surrounding hills and districts.

The morning was dark and threatening, but the barometer stood high, and there did not seem to be any danger of rain. I found the coom more distant than I had expected, and also lost a good deal of time in looking for snipe in a promising bog which lay a little off my road. The birds were wild, and the bogs so full of water after recent rains that I was obliged to get near them, as a countryman would say, "in the water."

"You won't get within the screech of a jackass of them, for ye makes as much noise as a steamer paddling through all that water!" so I abandoned the chase after securing three or four couple. The man was friendly, and seemed inclined for a talk.

"Where are ye goin' now, yer honor? If I might make so bold," he asked me, "I turned away."

"I'm goin' out to Coomanna," I replied. "Why then? What do you there, yer honor, might I ask, if it's plazin' to ye?"

"To look for a cock. Are there any about?"

"Cocks is it, why wouldn't they? Begor, it do crawlin' wid them sometimes. Ye wouldn't have the last taste of tibbany about ye, yer honor? I hadn't a shough (pull) of the pipe wid me, and I'm just starved for the want of it."

"All right," said I. "Here you are," and I pulled out my tobacco pouch and gave him a couple of ounces of cavendish. He bit with the pipe in a contented, and his not very attractive countenance brightened.

"Oh, glory!" said he, "why thin long life to you!" and he "let" as he would have expressed it, "a leap out himself" and sitting down on a stone he proceeded to charge an almost stemless shudheen without loss of time. I wished him good morning, whistled to the dogs and went my way.

Presently I heard the steps of one running behind me, and turning back was aware of my friend pursuing. When he overtook me, he civilly removed his pipe, which was now all aglow, and after eying it lovingly, said—

"Whisper, yer honor. Yell be the strange gentleman that's stoppin' wid Mister Bourke over yonder?"

"Yes," I replied. "What of that?"

"Oh, nothin' at all, sir. I thought so myself. The byes (boys) were tellin' me that ye was the civil gentleman to the poor people, and that ye has great nature, and so I finds ye, Job. And—after a pause, 'ye're goin' up Coomanna after the cock?' Well, good sport to yer honor!" another pause. "Don't ye be out too late. Them mountains is lonesome about nightfall," he added musingly.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of the faeries," I replied.

"Whisht, sir," said he, this time with real concern. "Tisn't looky (lucky) to be talkin' of the good people," touching his hat, "out in these bogs. Tisn't thin I means at

all, only ye know," said he insinuatingly, "the little mountain paths are cross (cross, difficult) to a stranger, and ye might lose yer way or fall into a boghole. That's a purty gun ye has," said he admiringly, "does she scatter well now?"

"No, I should hope not," said I. "Oh, that's a pity," he replied; for an Irish peasant not to generally a good shot, except as landlodge policemen and such big game, his ideal of a shotgun is a weapon which will scatter well and give him most chance.

"Well, good evenin' to yer honor, and good look anyways," and as I was turning away he added carelessly, "Don't ye be out too late."

I thought his manner strange, but did not attach any significance to his warning. Mr. Bourke was on fair terms with his tenants, and though the times were troublous he had never even received a threatening letter; besides I was known to be a stranger, with no stake in the country, and was always my friend said, a favorite with the boys.

It was a weary way up the mountain-side and the afternoon was well advanced before I reached my destination. The view down the mountain gorge was very fine, and under a fair sky, with the hillsides in alternate light and shadow, must have been magnificent. But as I saw it then, range after range stretched away in lonely loneliness to the ocean, which lay dark and leaden some miles away with a hooker or consting craft, dark and solitary, lying becalmed or at anchor in the shore. I did not, however, waste time in studying the view, for I soon came upon the birds, though, this was certainly not one of the days quoted by my friend below, when the place was "crawlin' with them." They lay close to me; and as Irish dogs are generally very keen on snipe than cock, and there was no wind, they often got up behind me, making me lose much time in following them; so that the evening was ending in before I had shot more than two couple, and as my host had told me not to show my face with less than six, I determined to bestir myself, and calling the dogs I started for a little valley about half a mile away into which I had marked several birds, and which was a little told before starting was the street find on the mountain.

This valley was not more than half a mile away, as the crow flies; but there was a narrow path, and I had to go up one little hill and down another, and to make a long circuit round a shaking bog, so that by the time I had got to my hunting-ground, and had shot one bird, the night was upon me, and I had to make matters worse; a mist came sweeping up from the sea, which grew thicker every instant, so that when I at last made up my mind to turn back, I was at a loss where to go, and I was hidden in mist, so that in the fading light I could make out no landmarks. I knew that the wind had sprung up from seaward, but it was very light, and so I was in a great uncertainty. I hit at last upon a path, which seemed like that by which I had come up; but after following it for some more than a mile, it led me to a bewitching stream, which I had not met before, and I began to suspect that I had been following it away from home instead of homewards.

I then tried back for a mile and a half or more, by which time it was nearly dark, and then I lost the path, and I took a pull at my flint and steel, and the remains of a piece of oat-cake which I had brought with me in the morning. I called the dogs and spoke to them, and encouraged them to make a show of their wretched instinct and led me home; but they only sat on the tails, and whimpered and shivered, looking at me sadly, as though to ask why I had got them into such a mess.

I shouted and shouted but no answer came back upon the wind. I was tired and wet and wretched; so I lit my pipe, which gave me some little comfort, and made up my mind to walk on till I came somewhere, or till I found a convenient resting place, which could give me some shelter from the wind, and now thickly falling rain, till morning.

The moon would not rise for some hours, so there was no use in waiting for her. I therefore plodded on slowly, and as I went I gave up the thought that things could not be worse, as I brought to mind the good poet's words, "The worst is not, as long as we can say, This is the worst." But soon I found my very long, for I was going about another mile I put my foot in a hole and fell and wrenched my ankle, so that walking, which was before only tiring, now became painful, and having come to a good high cairn of those great, low, rounded boulders so common in the south and west, I crept into a hollow between two of them, and, with the dogs lying close beside me for warmth and company, soon dozed off to sleep, being very weary.

I may have slept for an hour or more, when I was awakened by the barking of one of the dogs. He was seated on a hillock outside, barking, and looking into the distance, where I could see nothing, though the rain had ceased and the stars were now shining. But I soon discovered that he was answering another dog, for after listening intently, I heard in the distance, far below me, that measured *top, top, top*, followed by intervals of silence, which is so hard to hear when one wants to sleep, and the watch-dog's dishonest bark, which, "says the whistling wind," or holds distant converse with a neighbor. So I got up, and though my ankle was swollen and painful, I guided myself and went my way, guided by the sound. After stumbling wearily along, and falling many times I at last arrived at what seemed to be a farm-house of the better sort, through the window of which I saw with great joy a cheerful fire blazing.

The dog which had led me thither was seated on a dunghill outside the door, and was soon waging fierce battle with both my dogs, and the noise which they made, and my instinct striving to part them, soon roused me to my feet. The door was opened, and a girl's voice was heard calling, "Taproot, Taproot, ye blaggard, come in out of that!" Whilst a deeper voice in the background said, "Come in, ye dog!"

"Who's there? Come in whoever ye are, in the name of God!" The girl who was standing at the door started back on seeing the gun, but being aware of the "small-dogs," she did not draw, and, not knowing my name, she said in a pleasant voice, "Come in out of the cold, sir, sure it's late ye're out. Ooh! The destroyed with the wet ye are. He's lame too, she exclaimed," she added kindly, "Is it the way ye hurted yerself, sir?"

"Put a chair for the gentleman, Mary. Have ye no manners?" said an old man who was crouching on the doorstep, and he added, "I can't stir myself, sir, he added; 'I'm fairly late wid the rheumatism. Maybe 'tis the way ye got lost on the mountain, sir? I seen the fog comin' up and 'tisn't the first time I seen that same thing to happen to a gentleman in that very shopt. That mountain is very vicious to them that isn't well acquainted wid it."

So I to do that and asked him if he could stop for the night, for he let me know that Mr. Bourke was away, "a mather of seven Irish mist was away," and he replied—

"Why then to be sure! and welcome come to a poor place for the likes of ye, and if ye've any relation to Mister Burke ye can help bein' a rare gentleman, and ye mind it. 'Tis only them half Irish and the likes that's contrary in themselves as that the devil himself couldn't place; and Mary and I honor will be hungry, small blame to him! We'll have the prates boiled in a braze of shanks, and a rasher of bacon, and a basin of milk; sure the likes of ye won't be the hunger any ways, though 'tisn't what ye're used to."

Here I may remark that the Irish peasant is essentially a well-bred person, and might set an example of good manners to many who look upon themselves as his social superiors. All Irishmen, even of the poorest will give you the shelter of his roof and all that his poor house contains with perfect hospitality, and with a true welcome, and having done so, all apologize for the short-comings of his modest fare, and as he considers it insult your good feeling by further excuses; but will take it for granted that you will accept the best which he can give you, be it good or bad, in the same kindly spirit which he offers it.

It was not very long before I was sitting down to a smoking dish of excellent potatoes, and an appetizing rasher, which Mary delfly cooked, and which she informed me was cooking and other Irish dishes at the convent school. Now that I had time to look at her, I discovered that she was an uncommonly handsome and attractive girl, about nineteen years of age, dark-haired, with large, merry blue eyes, "give in with a dirty finger"—a distinctly Spanish type of face and figure, such as you meet now and then in the west and south, in remarkable contrast to the aboriginal type, which it must be confessed, is the reverse of attractive. It is strange how traces of the old Spanish connection crop up, and how the young people sometimes "throw in" to the southern ancestor. One also likes to note the links of the broken chain now and then, in out-of-the-way places. Thus to my great surprise I happened on a little boy not long ago in a southern town, for I was a Christian name was Alfonso, though his surname was only Egan. His parents told me that he was called after his great-grandfather, but they had no tradition of any Spanish connection, and they were no oneward token of any such strain of foreign blood.

Mary's father, too, was to all appearance a Celt. He was a big black-bearded man, well past middle age. He must have been a strong, able bowered down by pain and sickness. The family consisted of an addition to these two of an active, big-headed boy about thirteen years of age, two

young children, and a stout, red-legged servant maid.

After I had finished a hearty meal, seasoned with the best of sauces, I produced my flask, into which I had dipped but modestly, and Mary had brought glasses and the "materials" I proceeded to mix a couple of stiff tumblers for her father and myself; and having persuaded him after the apology to join me in a pipe, we drew around the blazing fire of turf and log-wood on the cosy ingle nook, and laid ourselves out for a chat.

The old man seemed delighted to break the monotony of his life by conversation with a stranger, and I interested them all by giving them an account of the United States, where I had been travelling a short time before, and to which many of their relatives and friends had emigrated. Then we began to talk about the state of the country, concerning which they were very much more reticent.

It was pretty quiet in these parts, glory be to God!" said the old man, "though I'm told there's bad work elsewhere."

He said his own farm was a good one, with the grass of fifteen cows, "for the extent of farms in the wild west is measured by their grazing capabilities, not by the acreage. His rent was fair, and the times he admitted were pretty good.

"Were there any bad characters about?" I asked.

"Well, no, not many; barrin' wan, and he was on the run (flying from justice), and a good job too."

"Who was he, and what had he done?"

"He was wan Murty O'Hea, a broken farmer, and a bad mumber everyways, and there was a warrant agin him, along of a decent boy of the O'Connors that he kilt, and that swore informations agin him accordingly."

"Yes, and there's no fair he'd let him—no, nor two like him—only he'd got a vacancy on him (got inside his guard) by chance, and gave him a contrary (boul) stroke, wan day at night," said Mary.

"Ooh!" said I, "you seem to know all about it. It wasn't about that they were fighting, was it?"

"Yes, which Mary blushed and hung her head and showed her long eyelashes, and looked quite pretty enough to have been the cause of one of these dreadful was which we are told did not begin with her."

"But was that the only reason he had for running away?" I asked.

"Ooh, no," replied the father. "He owed five years' rent to the master, and his credit was bote wid all the shopkeepers, and what he owed for whiskey is unknown; and the master ejected him a year ago, and nobody would take the farm for fear of him and his faction, that's strong, in these parts, till meself took the place, and in six months, for I had more cattle than I can feed; but nobody will go to live there."

"Yes, and sorry I am ye ever had anything to say to it, and I would be glad to hear of a man of ye tak my advice and let it alone. Tisn't looky," said Mary.

"Why thin, maybe ye're right, and I'm thinkin' I'll be said by ye, Mary, and give it up next week, for I'll be glad to hear of a man of ye tak my advice and let it alone. Tisn't looky," said Mary.

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Lively Little Alligator in the Mail.

A lively alligator sixteen inches long was received in the newspaper mail at the Post Office building New York, recently. It was in a paste-board box strengthened on the top and bottom with slabs of wood, and wrapped about with strings and rubber bands. Two holes put in one end of the box supplied air to the reptile.

The Assistant Superintendent of Mails assisted the wrappings with his scissors. Through one of the air holes he stuck the lead pencil which he took from behind his ear, and in this way the point was seized and cut and chewed to a brush. Then the Assistant Superintendent, c/o the opposite end of the package for further investigation. He raised the lid of the box slightly and saw the reptile, and the package was sent to the inquiry department. There it was dumped into a pan of water and the Washington authorities were asked if they wanted an alligator, for the beast is forfeited. The law forbids sending, except queen bees, any live freight through the mail.

There is a woman in the Chicago post office whose employment is to direct misdirected letters. Her brain is a business directory of the United States, and she knows where to locate every firm of any sort or prominence. If a clerk calls out a misdirected letter as "Smith, Jones & Co., Chicago," she will very often furnish the correct address, as Louisville, Milwaukee or Springfield, Mass., without taking on the attention from the work she is engaged in. During her terms of service, 200,000 misdirected letters have been saved from the dead letter office.

Digby Weekly Courier.

Digby, N. S., April 16th, 1886.

County Incorporation.

The subject of Municipal Incorporation has been receiving the attention of the House of Assembly, where a small number are desirous of having the act repealed. Although a good deal of dissatisfaction is expressed in some counties, we are inclined to think it is more at the way in which the councils discharge their functions than with the act itself.

The principle on which Municipal Incorporation is based, is much more in accordance with the spirit of the age, than was the old Court of Sessions, and it is doubtful if, after all, there are many who would wish to return to it. The "Sessions" were very useful in their day, but we do not now want an irresponsible body to direct the affairs of the county, even though the cost should be considerably less.

County Incorporation works well in the great majority of counties, much better than it does in the municipality of Digby, where there are frequent complaints, and much unnecessary litigation, which materially increases our expenses and produces a corresponding dissatisfaction. Twice as much time is taken in transacting the business as there is any necessity for, as a result of bad management and want of business tact. Two or three members are at work while the rest are doing next to nothing, consequently business that might easily be done in a week, or less, is spread out over ten days or a fortnight.

Municipal matters in Clare are managed much better, so far as we can learn; there is less talk and more work. This incorporation act is just what you make it, a sensible and satisfactory way of conducting the business of the county, when it is well carried out, and a prolific source of grumbling and discontent when this is not done. By it responsible government is carried out to its legitimate issue, and taxpayers have a voice in the expenditure of their money. The duties and responsibilities of the council are being constantly increased, and its functions are now so important, that the best men in the county should be solicited to become councillors. We have only half a county to manage, and it might be done better than it is, and at half the present cost.

On Sunday afternoon the Rev. J. S. Brown held a memorial service in connection with the death of the celebrated temperance orator John B. Gough, in the old Baptist meeting house, which was well filled on the occasion. An appropriate sermon was preached from a text taken from the 4th chapter of Genesis, 9th verse:

"And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother?"

Mr. Brown's remarks were on the subject of temperance reform, in connection with the life of Gough. It was a well arranged and eloquent plea for the temperance cause, and the highest stand point, that of christian duty. The speaker showed, clearly, that it was incumbent upon every christian, to give all possible aid and assistance in accomplishing that reform to which he devoted his life.

Mr. Tyler C. Wagsatt, an experienced and popular steamboat excursion agent, of Boston, is in the Province for a few days, investigating the feasibility of establishing a series of five days excursions, to be made weekly from Boston to various points on the coast of Maine and Bay of Fundy.

Among others he proposes one to the vicinity of Bear River, in the cherry season, lying in the Basin three days, one of which will be Sunday. Another later to that Digby and Annapolis, connecting with the early special trains to attend the Saturday morning. Making a pleasant programme for Saturday, Sunday and Monday, for those who prefer to stop on board during that time, and leaving direct for Boston on Monday night.

The series will also include excursions to the Basin of Minas the route of "Longfellow's Excursion" to the Summer, P. E. I., and other points. Undoubtedly such excursions, under the personal management of Mr. W., will prove immensely popular as he has the happy faculty of anticipating the wants of his patrons. He has many favorable notices from the American Press.

The Local Government invite tenders for \$100,000 provincial debt, bearing interest at 4 1/2 per cent, and all in excess of \$23,000, on debentures bearing interest at the same rate.

The height of coolness has been reached, that General Bennett has written the Minister of the Interior asking that his scrip for land on the Saskatchewan be forwarded to him in Montreal.

The Bermuda Colonist says: "We are informed on good authority, that the royal mail steamer plying between Halifax, Bermuda and Jamaica will not cease running on the 10th June, as before reported."

Home and Abroad.

The str. Secret now leaves St. John at 7.45, instead of 8 o'clock, as formerly.

The trustees of Upper Rowsey School Section are advertising for a lady teacher. See advt.

Mrs. J. F. Saunders is in the American markets selecting millinery for the spring and summer trade.

James Kitchen, a prominent shipowner, farmer and stock breeder of Pictou, failed last week for \$100,000.

Masters Lloyd Goplin and Scott Farham adorned our editorial desk yesterday with the first crop of Mayflowers.

Gadby, the American forger, whose arrest and subsequent adventures were so much talked of, is still waiting extradition.

R. S. Fitzrandolph, Esq., intends giving five handsome bound books as prizes at the approaching School examinations, in fulfillment of a promise made last year.

PERSONAL.—The Rev. Edw. G. H. of Salmon River, Digby Co., passed through Moncton last night for New Brunswick, and returned on Wednesday. The Rev. J. H. Saunders, of Westport, is in town spending a few days.

A party of sixty children were sent out from England by Miss McCheson, on the Steamer "Glasgow," by Mr. McQuarrie, and Dr. Bernard has sent out two hundred more. It is to be hoped they will turn out well. We believe that so far this movement has been a success.

As an illustration of the fact that school attendance during epidemics largely contributes to the spread of infectious diseases, it is stated that during the late serious outbreak of diphtheria in the iron stone villages of England, the closing of a school proved in every instance an effective means of bringing each local epidemic to an end.

A distressing accident took place at Malone Bay on Friday last. A child, two and half years old, son of Abel and Mary Lobbes, was playing near a well short distance from the house. It was missed by the mother, and she on going out to the well found it floating on the water—drowned. It was thought the child attempted to reach the water with the well pole and in doing so slipped and fell in.

His Honor Judge Savary, the Revising Barrister for the County, held his first meeting of his court for electoral revision on Tuesday, when a number of names were added. Meetings of the court will be held twice a week until the work is completed. We think that both political parties in this County must be pleased with the impartial and satisfactory manner in which Judge Savary is discharging the duties of his office as Revising Barrister.

A fine toned organ of James T. Patterson & Co., Augusta, Maine, was placed in the choir of St. Patrick's Chapel, on Saturday last. Mr. J. J. McNeil, who has been in the assistance of the congregation and other kind friends. Mr. McNeil also organized the choir, and the Rev. T. J. Grace, has been a complete success. Although Mr. M. is certainly deserving of great praise, it was personally that he was but one with them all, who were desirous of having music for the chapel, where it has been so long lacking. It is but just to add that Messrs. J. F. Hill & Co. fulfilled their promise most satisfactorily in every particular.

Obsequies.—The funeral of Miss Estella C. Gough, of Trinity Church, Haverhill, Mass. The beautiful and impressive burial service of the Episcopal church was conducted by the Rev. J. A. Berry, rector, the responses being sung by Miss Kitty Knight. At the close of the service the remains were removed from the front of the altar to the vestibule, where friends had the opportunity to look at the last time on the face of the departed. The body was then borne to the cemetery and placed in the receiving tomb. Fred. Davis, Fred. Garland, J. Hammond, Geo. Wood, and others were present.

The deceased was the youngest daughter of the late Dr. George B. Dexter who, many years ago, was an esteemed and respected practitioner in this town.

SHIPPING AND FISHING NOTES.—The str. Adah, Allen, arrived on Sunday last from Rockland, Me., and was towed to the Joggin on Tuesday, to load wool for the same port.

There is quite a movement among our lobster fishermen. Their traps are being set as fast as the weather will permit.

The str. Geo. Kilian and E. A. Horton, arrived during the week with fresh halibut and codfish.

Schrs. P. H. Reed, Anthony, arrived on Saturday last from Boston, with flour and meal. On Tuesday morning she was towed to the River by the str. "Huron."

Schr. Hugh M. Berry, arrived on Sunday from Boston. After discharging part of her cargo here, she proceeded to Annapolis.

EXAMINATIONS.—The public examinations in the various departments of the Academy, will be held as follows:—

Primary Department, Miss Gates, teacher, Monday, April 19th, beginning at 1.15 p. m.

Elementary Department, Miss Parker, teacher—Tuesday, April 20th, at 1.15 p. m.

Intermediate Department, Miss Smallie, teacher, Wednesday, April 21st, at 1.15 p. m.

Penmanship Department, Mr. McMahon, teacher—Thursday, April 22nd, at 1.15 p. m.

High School—Thursday, April 27th, at 1.15 p. m.

All interested are respectfully requested to attend. The prizes offered by R. S. Fitzrandolph, Esq., will be presented at the close of the examinations, each in the department in which offered.

Wm. H. Magee, Prin. Academy.

Tiverton Notes.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

We have enjoyed a nice temperature here the last few days, and now the sun is shining brightly by day and the mud is being washed away by the wind.

The Portland Tacking Co. have erected a large factory here in a few days will be in operation commencing labor. We are sorry to learn that the Thistle Hotel Co. have been ordered to leave the town in a few days.

Some of the boats have already made quite a catch of halibut and cod.—The Zeno, Capt. Salomon, has been here for some time, and has been thoroughly repaired and painted, preparing to leave. We wish Capt. S. success.

Schrs. Dave, Capt. O'Sullivan, are at present being under repairs; will be ready by 1st of May.

An ad to say that the Sons of Temperance are still holding the fort here.

On Sunday last we were favored with a sermon by Rev. G. G. Gaudy, of Westport.

Home and Abroad.

Superphosphates at Letteney's, Garden and Field Seeds at Letteney's.

Potatoes wanted at Letteney's, in barrels. Table Linens at Letteney's, 25 cents yard.

J. F. Saunders is getting in his stock of New Goods.

Gentlemen's summer hats at Letteney's for 80c.

One case American Hair received by J. F. Saunders.

By taking 3 bars Soap, Letteney's give 1 Sheet Music.

Letteney's have just imported from England another lot of those cheap Persian Corsets, suitable for a large vessel. Apply to G. L. Letteney & Bro.

Print Catches, 15 cents; Pickles 17 cents; Hemp Carpet 14 cents per yard; 2 Towels for 8 cents at Letteney's.

25 per cent reduction on Ladies' Gossamer at Letteney's, which brings them down to all can buy. Just look at them.

Don't forget that old Newspapers, for wrapping purposes, can be had at CORRIEN Office for 25 cts. per hundred.

The only complete stock of Fishing Gear in the County is to be found at Letteney's. Magnificent terms to good customers.

The judgment of the Privy Council awarded to G. C. Gregory, C. E., who was here last fall, the sum of \$30,000. This little sum the local government has to pay.

There is nothing in the market that is making such wonderful gains as Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Bitters. See advt. on first page.

Boston is considered one of the cheapest places in the world to buy shirts. You can buy a white shirt as low as 50c. Now, Letteney's guarantee to sell one equally as good for 55 cents, linen front and cuffs.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF AMERICAN FISHERMEN.

Wanton Destruction of Property.

NEWELLTON, Cape Island, April 12.—Quacke fishermen are beginning to show a bolder front here, and will probably lead the way in lawless conduct. Commander Scott to keep clear. Two schooners, one from Booth Bay, the other from Harpswell, Maine, bound for the Banks, came into the harbor yesterday morning, ostensibly for the purpose of filling water, though only two days from home. Both are lying at the wharves, and the crew, without the least fear of cruisers being their eyes. The skippers talk with a great deal of assurance, and say they intend to call for Mr. Harpswell, and whenever they please, and seem to think there will be no trouble about it. One said it was too early to start for the fishing grounds now, and he was going to remain for a few more days. If the Dominion cruisers would not interfere with them, come along, as he was carrying out instructions of his owners, who were willing to risk seizure under such circumstances.

A Gloucester schooner for the Grand Banks anchored off the west head, at the entrance to Clark's Harbor, on Sunday morning. During the day some of the crew rowed ashore, bringing water casks for protest, but made no use of them. They were seen by the fishery men, who were hauling lobster traps in the bay belonging to fishermen here. They were suspected for the harbor, but no mischief was suspected. The vessel, whose name is the Josie M. Caldwell, of Cape Cod, was seen by the fishery men. When men from the shore visited their trawls to view, they found numbers of them and rumors were spread that they were up in a most wanton manner. This was the day of destruction at which the fishery men were so long engaged. They had their boats cleared out, and the men would doubtless have been interviewed by the fishery men, who were so long engaged in the destruction of the boats. At this rate it would be well for Captain Scott to look out this way occasionally.

INFANT LOBSTERS.

Fishermen and Cannery Boys Anxious to Have the Law Enforced.

It appears from recent communications to Deputy Commissioner Shattuck that a great deal of interest is being taken in the enforcement of the law protecting lobsters under a certain size. Even the lobster fishermen say that they do not for a long time requested that small lobsters were being taken and not allowed to grow, and these same fishermen promise to aid in enforcing the law by providing all their number can be brought to obedience. They can see the advantages to themselves under such a law, and they are fully convinced that the law is in their own interest, and that it is valuable, in enforcing the law. They even propose to form societies of their own for the keeping of the law. This is especially true in one or two towns on Cape Cod, which were formerly noted for sending their lobsters to New York by smacks.

In Maine the cannery are sending congratulatory letters to the authorities upon their success in enforcing the law against the "slaughtering of infant lobsters." They say that they have been successful in their efforts, and "we must be able to desire the trouble of opening small lobsters—two or three times as many as before."

In an interview with a prominent Maine cannery yesterday, he promised Deputy Shattuck all the aid in his power toward the enforcement of the law. He said that he should see that lobsters of good size at the wharves. He also complained of the injustice of that form of the Maine statute which makes the cannery responsible for short lobsters left on his wharf. He says that the lobster being left on the wharf, and they are dumped, with those of lawful length, on the cannery's wharf? that he has invariably caused the short ones to be thrown overboard, as soon as they come to his notice, but that, under the law, he is liable for lobsters he does not see in such cases, the cannery "owns the fisherman," as it were. He furnishes his money before the season begins, and takes his cash in payment as he does not desire unlawful lobsters. It might be a question for the courts which was the law at any stage—the fisherman or the cannery.

DIDN'T KNOW THEIR FATE.

Arrival of the Schooner Cecil M. Low at Gloucester.

GLoucester, April 11, 1886.—The str. Cecil M. Low arrived from New York last morning, with her cargo at half-past for the loss of four of her crew. She reports that on March 29, James McDonald, Angus McDonald, John Chisholm and Angus McEachern left the vessel to attend their trawls in the harbor, and were never seen again. The sufferings of the men, which had already been published, was not known by Captain McDonald, as he was not on board when they were taken. He was overcome with grief when he heard of their sufferings and the death of the McDonalds, and he was so overcome that he was unable to do anything for them. He was so overcome that he was unable to do anything for them. He was so overcome that he was unable to do anything for them.

When found by the light-house keeper at Gloucester, C. C. McDonald was lying on a plank, and he was so overcome that he was unable to do anything for them. He was so overcome that he was unable to do anything for them. He was so overcome that he was unable to do anything for them.

The four seamen were Americans. The latter expressed themselves as satisfied that the dead had been conducted fairly, and that France's boats had been avenged.

A remarkable tale was fought on the field of Waterloo, the contestants being Miss Valayre, a native of France, and Miss Shelby, an American. The fight was a French and American female duel. After French and American female duels. After French and American female duels. After French and American female duels.

Shelby's face and hand were forthwith arranged. C. C. McDonald was lying on a plank, and he was so overcome that he was unable to do anything for them. He was so overcome that he was unable to do anything for them. He was so overcome that he was unable to do anything for them.

The weapons were swords. Mass arrived home. The Low has been absent about three weeks. She brings a face of about 120,000 pounds of codfish.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER.

Sir,—It will be remembered that during the past winter, a few Lady members of the Catholic community proposed to raise funds for Letteney's Hospital, for the purchase of an organ for the church. The result of which, under the special management of Mr. John McNeil, has proved an entire success.

Mr. John McNeil has secured of great credit for the indefatigable zeal with which he labored in this undertaking, which, notwithstanding the hostile criticism of some, and the ill-luck and want of success, he conducted to an honorable and successful termination. The organ has arrived and is placed in St. Patrick's Church, where its pealing notes will be a great acquisition to our little choir in sounding the praises of the Great Beneficent Creator of all things.

To the Editor of the COURIER.

Sir,—In my capacity of collector in your issue of the 10th inst., I have to say that the effort for his District must be one of those ignorant and incapable ones, to say nothing of the malice, who have by their folly, brought so much of the expense on the Municipality that Mr. D. J. Morse is trying to expose.

Mr. Morse, although he does not belong to this county, deserves our thanks for these exposures. Some of the Councilors seems to have a mania for carrying on law suits and appeals at the expense of the people, about petty street cleaning matters, and they are the cause of the people's expense, by abolishing the duties of the Councilors, who are appointed by the Council, and who are good for a year, or until the successor is appointed, and the Council is not to be disturbed, and the Council is not to be disturbed, and the Council is not to be disturbed.

The claims which seem to disqualify the Treasurer, was one of those errors in the new Statutes, that so much complaint has been heard about, as it is not in the present Act, and these errors are not before a committee of the House for correction. So there will be no need of any new amendments. But I hope Mr. Morse and others will persevere till they convince the people of the expense fully smiling incompetent men to the Council. Or if they will not be convinced, I hope they will agitate to move the Council, by abolishing the duties of the Councilors, who are appointed by the Council, and who are good for a year, or until the successor is appointed, and the Council is not to be disturbed, and the Council is not to be disturbed, and the Council is not to be disturbed.

Yours, &c., R. F. PATEY.

Correspondence.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not responsible for opinions expressed under this heading.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

RIDGE ROAD, DIGBY CO., April 15th, 1886.

To the Editor of the COURIER.

Sir,—The "Link" seems to be "missing" still; however, the party who are the investigators of occasioning the mis will find themselves missing, as we intend to have a little to say about it at the polls.

It is pitiable for a country, or a County in a country, to be permitted to languish and go to the dogs because of a little feeling of "party" in politics. This ignoble disposition crops out frequently on both sides, to the detriment of some locality or constituency. It is certainly deplorable. "Political Economy" (D) is almost talked about by politicians in the minor degree.

Of the major claim it is their aim and study. Well-purged reach for it, and petty politicians of country polling districts, or a two-penny economy, but they are not to be deceived. They feel sure that they can teach it. They have heard and read about "Political Economy," but when economy comes, they get a place to lay his head in politics of today, is a conundrum. I have searched the "blue books" and all the records of parliament, and I have found that in fact, I have overhauled the budget of every Christian country, at home and abroad, and the only one given is "waste, waste, waste."

When any man commences to jangle on "political economy," you may bet your boots he has his head under the axe, and all his lying around in the wood-shed. There is no economy in politics of today. I never yet heard a man talk loud on "political economy," but that he had the numbers of the combination lock of the "cheat" in his left breast pocket. "Political Economy" and "Patriotism" are the same words, translated into the Chinese language, and became broken china several years ago. "Patriotism" was the father of "Political Economy." The old giant died and his widow, "Party," married a fellow called "Self Interest" (a silly chap). The orphan of old "Patriotism" was driven, by the merciless party, from the homestead, and he starved to death on the partisan prairie.

The main claim of the last year, was between "Political Economy" of old and the present cause, that a mountain heathen

Politics, with rank partisan spirit, will shiver up any country, and the little fish in the party almost always get the best of it. Some to look under the rays of civil service, but they shrink up and die the same, while the people by hand toll grow languid, and manage to get in debt of jail for taxes. If any person can invent an apparatus or machine to take the place of the "Political Economy" of today, it would be a great boon to the country. We are, however, a people who are adding and abetting these political economists (I) that are killing on the government scale. It is not that they don't get there unless we consent. What, then, must we do? We must be in the matter that the dew of comfort may be dried up by not too taxes and waste and neglect of our Country? It is this: proclaim aloud that we must have our rights, at once, from those who have the power, either in Local or Dominion government, regardless of party, or we shall make a change at the polls.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other.

It is a miserable subterfuge for either party to make a change at the polls, because of a few one-half, happened to think a little different about a man than the other. It is a miserable subterfuge

Wit and Humor.

A lovely Nashville girl has eloped with an editor. He can keep her in bustles but that's all.

"I say, papa, he didn't do it," said the boy, who is little. "Why not?" "He wouldn't have to have lamp posted any longer!" "I am surprised."

"What is the reason?" "Why? There long enough now."

A Boston lady last summer attended a funeral in a country church where, after the singing of a hymn a man who was sitting beside her remarked to her neighbor, "Isaiah, ma'am! The corpse wrote."

"What's your business?" asked the lady, who was a sister at the bier.

"Well, s'pose you might call me a locksmith." "When did you work last at your trade?" "Last night when I heard a call for the police made a bolt for the door."

"How many girls are there here to-day," asked Sam Jones of his Chicago audience a year or so ago.

"There were never sadder to their mothers? Stand up." "A woman," notes the reporter, "who was a girl 60 years ago, arose in one of the front seats and looked admiringly at the evangelist."

Punch seldom publishes anything so neat nowadays as its famous old editorial on the "Woman of the Year." "Spoon—A thing that touches Muff—a thing without kissing them—A lady that holds a lady's hands without squeezing them."

She and the captain sat in a charmingly decorated recess with little Alice on her lap. Suddenly that little one called out in a tone loud enough to be heard by the company.

"Please, uncle, kiss me too."

"You should say twice, my dear—two is not good grammar." Cleverest girl that.

Looking out of the window on

evening, a little girl saw the bright, full moon in the eastern sky, and apparently only a few inches from it, the beautiful planet Jupiter, shining almost as brightly as the moon itself. Gazing intently on them a moment, she exclaimed: "O, papa, mama! see!" The moon has laid a "egg!"

It is said by reliable persons that *Sharia*, an *Century* Condition Powers fed sparingly by laying heels will increase the quantity of eggs two-fold. Try it. It won't cost you a cent to throw away your money on the large packs.

Be honest in all things.

More than three-quarters of a century has passed since *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* was invented, and it is today the most widely known as well as the most valuable internal and external remedy in the world. No family should be without it a day.

Do today thy dearest duty.

Rev. J. McLaughlin, Canadian Baptist Missionary to India, writes, During our stay in Canada, we have used Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti.

Some people are better in slow than in fast substance.

A SUCCESSFUL RESULT.—Mr. Frank Heger, dry writing from Seaford, says: "I purchased one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitter to purify my blood. It did purify it, and I am now able to do my work as a blood-purifying tonic, and system regulator the result of taking B.B.B. is always successful."

A FINE DRESS.—There are no good dresses as so many colored.

A VALUABLE FEATURE.—One of the most valuable features of Hagar's Yellow Ointment is its use in the treatment of rheumatism, safely and effectively taken internally as well as applied in cases of pains, inflammation, sore throat, rheumatism, and all painful diseases and injuries.

Read yours.—If an apprentice to the trade of doing good—

CONVERTED TO YOUNG MEN.

Franktown, Ontario, was, for four long years, afflicted with a fever sore that bled all around the neck of the patient. It was a terrible affliction. Four bottles cured her. AH chronic sores, and humors of the blood stand yield to the use of this medicine.

There is always joy in the evening when the day has been well spent.

JACK FLEET CONQUEROR.—Although due to the fact that "Fleet" gets his living by his wits, yet Haggard's Victory beats him every time, curing chilblains, rheumatism, and all the ailments of the cold season, also cures croup, sore throat, throatburn, and most painful affections.

Promises made in the time of affliction are the best-remembered when people compare their present to their past.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Geo. W. Platt, of Platon, says he can confidentially recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for all persons who suffer from loss of appetite, constipation, indigestion, and all the ailments of the stomach. He says that he has cured him, and that he gets as good a benefit from the same complaints.

"When I am tired to think, his head is the best tonic for me. I can not, in the least, refrain to think of him."

What Toronto's well-known Good Samaritan says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over years, and I have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me

[illegible]

In the Probate Court, 1886.

NOVA SCOTIA, }
County of Digby, S.S. }

To Morgan Thurber, Administrator in the
estate of Charles Thurber, late of Free-
port, in the said County, deceased :

and FREDERICK on the petition of Morgan

WHEREAS on the petition of
Thurber, Administrator of the es-
tate of the late Charles Thurber, asking
that such administration be revoked :
It is hereby ordered that such letters of
Administration be revoked and the Bonds
cancelled on the said Morgan Thurber, ac-
counting to Thomas C. Shreve, Proctor
for Mary E. Thurber, widow of the late
Charles Thurber, for all money, estate and
effects of the late Charles Thurber, which
have come into his hands or under his
control as such Administrator; and or-
dering that he pay over to the said Proctor the
sum of \$1000.00, his hands.

money that have come into and out of the hands of less all Probate fees or other just amount, and the balance paid by him—to the satisfaction of this Court.

You are therefore required to appear before me, at a Court of Probate to be held at my office, in Digby, in and for the said County, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon, on Friday the 30th day of April next, to shew cause, if any you have, why said administration should not be revoked, and Mary E. Thurber, widow of the late Charles Thurber, appointed Administratrix of said estate.

Given under my hand and the Seal of

the said Court, this twenty-ninth day
of March, A. D. 1886.
(Sgd) JOHN HOLDSWORTH,
Judge of Probate.

FRANCIS HUTCHINSON, Registrar.
apr 9 30 4in


WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY
WINTER ARRANGEMENT

TIME TABLE, NO. 22.
Commencing MONDAY, NOV. 16th, '8

No 1	No
------	----

STATION.	Da
----------	----

[illegible]

A. M.	Leave.	Arrive,	P. M.
7 15	Yarmouth		70
7 30	Hebron		64
7 36	Ohio		69
*	Green Cove		*

7 50	Brazil Lake	61
•	Lake Jessie	•
•	Norwood	•
8 23	Hectanooga	55
8 48	Meteghan	62
•	Sanbornville	•

8 59	Saundersville	5 1
9 05	Little Brook	5 0
•	Church Point	•
9 23	Belliveau	4 6
9 38	Weymouth	4 9
•	Port Gilbert	•

•	Plympton	•
10 12	North Range	4 0
•	Bloomfield	•
•	Jordan Town	•
10 45	Arrive Digby Leave	3 3

P. M.	Arrive St. John	Leave	
8 00	Mo. Wd. Sat	Mo. We. Sat.	A. M.
			7 2
8 05	Arrive Halifax	Leave	7 0

N. B.—Trains are run by the Standard

• **Flag Stations:** Trains stop only when signalled.
Str. "Secret" leaves St. John for

The Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Digby for Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, and returns to Digby on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, and returns to St. John same days.

Steamer "Alpha" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday evening, after arrival of train from Digby.

Windsor & Annapolis Express Train
leave Annapolis daily, at 1.30 p. m. Pas-
sengers and Freight every Tuesday, Thurs-
day and Saturday, at 6.15 a. m.
International Steamers leave St. John

New Brunswick Railway Trains leave St. John at 10.00 a. m., daily (Sunday excepted), and 8.30 p. m. daily (Saturday excepted), for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and

Davison's Mail Coaches leave York daily (Sunday excepted) for London, of train from Dighly, for Barrington, Salisbury and Liverpool.

Through tickets can be obtained at Yarmouth, Meteghan, Weymouth and Digby, for St. John, Portland, Boston, Halifax and the principal stations on Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

THROUGH FARE TO	From D'g'y	From Weym'th.	From Meigs
Annapolis,		\$1 50	\$1 75
Bentville.		3 20	2 40

Windsor,	3 00
Halifax,	5 00
St. John,	2 30
Boston (rail from St. John	11 80
" (" Limited.)	10 30
" " " "	5 20

" Str from St. John, 5 00 5 00
 " via Yarmouth, 5 00 5 00
 " " " (return) 9 00 9 00
J. BRICNELL,
 General Superintendent
 Yarmouth, N.S., 14th May 1887

TO LET!
POSSESSION GIVEN 1st MAY.

THAT Fine Property known as
"Major Caswell Property," situ-
ed in Digby, containing two acres of
land, with fine fruit trees thereon. Use
sup: y of water on the premises.

For further particulars apply to
JOHN DALEY,
mar 5, 25th Royal Hotel, Dlgwy.
FOR SALE!

THE
Methodist Parsonage
BIRMINGHAM

Is offered for Sale. Apply to
HENRY TITUS.
Digby, March 25th, 1886. 2841

FOR Five years or less, that well known
House situate at Weymouth, Elgin
Co., N. S., owned by the subscriber, and

For further particulars apply to CHAS
BERRILL, Esq., Weymouth.
March 10th. 1896. STERNS JONES.
20 1m

Digby Weekly Courier.

C. E. Farnham, Publisher and Proprietor

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST AND WELFARE OF THE COUNTY.

Terms:—\$1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. XI.

DIGBY, N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 30th, 1886.

No. 33.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.
PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

CHICKEN CHOLERA,
MAKES HENS LAY

IMPROVED LIGHT.

If you want Cheap Lamps, giving a larger Light than any other Lamp made, buy a

"Hickok Calcium Burner,"

Put it on one of the Lamps in your house, and you will have a Lamp Giving a Light of more Brilliancy than any other you can buy for twice the money.

The wick being Circular, the expansion and contraction of glass in Chimney is equal; therefore will not break from heat.

For sale by **J. M. KEEN, Digby,**
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles, &c.

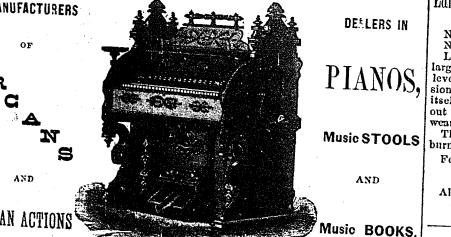


B. Laurance's SPECTACLES & EYE-GLASSES
ARE THE ONLY GENUINE
ENGLISH ARTICLES
IN THE CANADIAN MARKET.

Real Pebbles are kept in Stock.
For Sale by **JAS. M. KEEN, Agent, Watchmaker & Jeweller,**
DIGBY, N. S.

CHUTE, HALL & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF
ORGANS AND PIANOS.
DEALERS IN
MUSIC STOOLS AND MUSIC BOOKS.



Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

I. D. HARRIS, Agent for Digby County.
P. O. Address: **ROYAL HOTEL, DIGBY.**

BUSINESS CARDS.

T. C. SHREVE, Q. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
WATER STREET, DIGBY, N. S.

J. M. OWEN,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
ANAPOLIS, NOVA SCOTIA.
Office opposite the Garrison, 7515

R. G. MONROE, A. B.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
DIGBY, N. S.
Prompt attention given to all legal business.

WADE & WADE,
BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Offices—Water Street, Digby, N. S.
J. C. WADE, Q. C. A. V. WADE.

JOHN M. VIBTS,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY & TABELLION
PUBLIC, &c.
Agent for Liverpool, London & Globe
Fire Insurance Co.
Office—On Water Street, Digby, oppo-
site the Royal Hotel.

Royal Hotel.

JOHN DALEY, PROPRIETOR
Largest Shop, Bath and Sample Room.
For and for Duty blanks (new form
for all other Customs blanks
for sale at this office.

The Digby Weekly Courier,
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
Published at
DIGBY, DIGBY CO., N. S.

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

CHAS. E. FARNHAM,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms: \$1.00 per annum in Advance
Otherwise \$1.50 will be charged.

Correspondence to the COURIER will not appear in its columns unless accompanied by the name of the writer.

Contributions are respectfully solicited from all parts of Digby County, the Province and elsewhere.

Agents for the Courier.
V. T. Hume, Esq., Bear River
James Moushous, Esq., Brighton
John Kinney, Esq., Gilbert's Cove.
Edw. Hogan, Esq., Weymouth Bridge
Frederick Bell, Esq., Port Acadia.
John G. Nowlan, Esq., New Tusket.
J. W. Ruggles, Esq., Westport.
J. W. Eldridge, Esq., Freeport.
John Ruggles, Esq., Tiverton.
Collins Johnston, Esq., Sandy Cove
W. H. Metcalf, Esq., Metcalf.
Vincent T. Saulnier, Esq., Saint-Elliott.
Peter Frost, Esq., Little River.
B. Sanford, Esq., Hessian Line.

Advertising Rates:
One inch, one insertion.....\$0.50
Two inches, one insertion.....1.00
Each additional inch, one insertion.....0.50
Each continuation one-fourth of first in-
sertion.

Special arrangements made with parties wishing to occupy more than half a column space. Liberal terms made with yearly ad-
vertisers.

Special notices, in local column, 15 cents per line; in special notice column, 10 cents per line.

In order to insure insertion, advertisements should be in the office not later than Thursday noon.

ST. MARY'S BAY PACKET!

THE well known schooner, "EDITH,"
Capt. Charles Leary, is now running
as usual, as Packet from St. Mary's
Bay to St. John, and the subscriber so-
licits the patronage of those who give
freight delivered promptly and in good
order. Tacking down the coast, and
to be made. Capt. Leary is well known
as a careful and obliging packet master.
JAMES MITCHELL,
apr. 3, 86. 3021

SOMETHING NEW!

Lamberton's Safety Lamp Burner!
No Lamp is safe without them.
No family is secure without them.
Lasts ten years; fits all lamps; gives
large light; has nickel cone reflector;
never puts out; no blowing, or explosion,
or turning down the flame; sets
itself out if upset; can fill the lamp with
oil without entering the collar;
no removing the burner or chimney; no
wringing out the collar;
The only perfect, cheap and durable
burner ever made.
For sale by **WM. H. CROSBY,**
Gen. Agent, Marshalltown.
Also by
C. E. FARNHAM,
Courier Office, Digby.

NOTICE!

THE subscriber desires to announce
to his friends and the general public,
that he is prepared to furnish
CASKETS AND COFFINS,
of any style and finish, for from \$4.00 to
\$10.00.

Horse and horse, with driver, from
any residence within the limits of the
town to the Cemetery, \$2.00; any dis-
tance outside of said limits, 10cts. mile;
to be added.
Shrouds, and all kinds of Mountings
constantly on hand, and supplied at the
shortest possible notice.
JOHN G. RICE,
Digby, July 30th, 1885.

BRIDGETOWN MARBLE WORKS

THE Subscribers are still importing
and manufacturing
Monuments, Head-Stones,
Table-Tops, &c.,
of Italian and American Marble &
granite, and all kinds of Freestone
Monuments.
OLDHAM WHITMAN,
Granville Street, Bridgetown, N. S.,
May 11, 1887. 37

IN THE COURT OF PROBATE.

NOVA SCOTIA.
CO. OF DIGBY, S. S.
To creditors, legatees, next of kin, and
parties any way interested in the es-
tate of Frederick Briggs, deceased of
the said County of Digby, John A. W.
Russell, and H. W. Dakin, have filed
their accounts as executors of the will
of said Frederick Briggs, and ask that
they may be named for the hearing said
accounts, and for the final settlement of
said estate.
You are therefore required to appear
before me, at a Court of Probate, to be
held at my office in Digby, N. S., on the
said County, at ten o'clock in the fore-
noon, on Wednesday the 10th day of May
next, to show cause, if any you have, why
said accounts should not pass and the said
estate be finally settled.
Given under my hand and the seal of
said Court, this sixteenth day of
March, A. D. 1886.
JOHN HOLDSWORTH,
Judge of Probate.
FRANCIS HUTCHINGS, Registrar. 27 31

POETRY.

For the Courier.
MY CASTLE.

Through the tress of the fir trees,
Skirting near the water's edge,
Just across the winding river,
I can see a rocky ledge:
Straight down columns square and even,
With their faces centuries old,
Standing in their might and grandeur,
Like a band of warriors bold.

From the rocks all winter, bladed,
Porphyry and crystal hung,
Clear, yet sparkling when the sun's rays
Indecent radiance flung
And anon, a magic castle
From the pillars grew.

In its depths the sun was prisoned,
From the pillars grew.
Oft, I longed to view it nearer,
View this fairy castle,
Had built for port, I knew, was real
Near to the northern shore,
Rose the great sun day by day,
Clear, yet sparkling when the sun's rays
Indecent radiance flung,
All around new beauty lay.

So one eve in idle dreaming,
Building other castles fair,
Wearing ring, and shining fanes,
Out of threads of shining air,
"Well, little, I had wandered
Through the castle walls,
With its ice-bound columns glistened,
And its crystal pillars tall.

Lo! I found its beauty vanished;
All its sparkling columns lay
Broken, strewn, and slowly melting,
Passing from my vision,
And the glorious rainbow splendour,
That had dwelt within its heart,
Perhaps, had passed in the sunshine,
Forming of the air a part.

But I could not mourn the ruin,
Of my castle white and fair,
For the "South wind," with its music,
Filled with melody the air:
Thither and thence, all my being,
To its sweetness and its love,
And upon my castle's ruin,
Walls of hope now tower above.

Sandy Cove, April 20th, 1886.

SELECT TALE.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

I had been settled in Rochester
some years as a merchant when,
as I sat one morning quietly reading
the paper in my office the following
advertisement met my eye:—

**ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS RE-
WARD** will be paid to any person
who can give precise information as to
the late James Smithson, who died
on board the William Curtis on the
23rd of August, 1854. Address
JACOB SHARP, Esq., No. 248
Fulton street, New York.

You will wonder why this made
me turn pale and sick, but it did,
and for this reason; I knew the
late James Smithson. I was his
fellow-passenger on board the
William Curtis, and I was one of the
persons who last saw him alive.
We were coming from England. I
to make my fortune, he to return to
his native land; and I had felt for
him an insatiable repugnance that
I took little pains to conceal. He
was a big, burly fellow, who had
made a fortune and was now spend-
ing it, and was boasting of it as such
people will. He disliked me, and
cordially as I detested him, and
being the only cabin passenger, we
necessarily rubbed against one
another to an extent almost un-
bearable. I remember one day after
dinner we were sitting in sulky sil-
ence over the vessel, when a sudden
lurch of the vessel sent the scalding
fluid out of my glass all over his
clothes.

"Curse you," he exclaimed, "you
answered me—what are you doing?
Can't you get out of the way like a
man, and let me pass?" and he
threw boiling water over me like a
dangerous idiot?

I had already begun to explain,
but he was silent for a little while after
this attack, and then merely said:
"There was no intention of insult or
contumacious; the occurrence was
merely accidental."

"Hang accidents! I've found acci-
dents happen very conveniently
sometimes; and you shall pay for
this as soon as ever we're out of this
accursed tub. If you shall give me
a meeting for this, I promise you;
I'll try whether you can handle a
pistol as well as you can throw
glasses, you cowardly Britisher."

"If you use such language to me,
I'll—"

"Throw another word? you? you
puppy-bantam?"

I was maddened beyond all endur-
ance, and I rushed at him and struck
him full in the face as he stood up.
He fell, and as he rose drew out his
revolver and shot at me. I stooped,
and the ball shattered the swing
compartment again; but the steward
and Captain had by this time
arrived, the pistol was taken from
him.

I explained the circumstances,
and the Captain at once said that
unless we could give our word not
to renew the dispute in any way, we
would put us both under lock and
key. After some little demur we
agreed to this.

I went to my stateroom and turned
in, and determined that I would
not again speak to him. In the
morning I met the Captain at
breakfast, and he cautioned me in a
friendly way against Smithson.

POETRY.

For the Courier.
MY CASTLE.

Through the tress of the fir trees,
Skirting near the water's edge,
Just across the winding river,
I can see a rocky ledge:
Straight down columns square and even,
With their faces centuries old,
Standing in their might and grandeur,
Like a band of warriors bold.

From the rocks all winter, bladed,
Porphyry and crystal hung,
Clear, yet sparkling when the sun's rays
Indecent radiance flung
And anon, a magic castle
From the pillars grew.

In its depths the sun was prisoned,
From the pillars grew.
Oft, I longed to view it nearer,
View this fairy castle,
Had built for port, I knew, was real
Near to the northern shore,
Rose the great sun day by day,
Clear, yet sparkling when the sun's rays
Indecent radiance flung,
All around new beauty lay.

So one eve in idle dreaming,
Building other castles fair,
Wearing ring, and shining fanes,
Out of threads of shining air,
"Well, little, I had wandered
Through the castle walls,
With its ice-bound columns glistened,
And its crystal pillars tall.

Lo! I found its beauty vanished;
All its sparkling columns lay
Broken, strewn, and slowly melting,
Passing from my vision,
And the glorious rainbow splendour,
That had dwelt within its heart,
Perhaps, had passed in the sunshine,
Forming of the air a part.

But I could not mourn the ruin,
Of my castle white and fair,
For the "South wind," with its music,
Filled with melody the air:
Thither and thence, all my being,
To its sweetness and its love,
And upon my castle's ruin,
Walls of hope now tower above.

Sandy Cove, April 20th, 1886.

SELECT TALE.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

I had been settled in Rochester
some years as a merchant when,
as I sat one morning quietly reading
the paper in my office the following
advertisement met my eye:—

**ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS RE-
WARD** will be paid to any person
who can give precise information as to
the late James Smithson, who died
on board the William Curtis on the
23rd of August, 1854. Address
JACOB SHARP, Esq., No. 248
Fulton street, New York.

You will wonder why this made
me turn pale and sick, but it did,
and for this reason; I knew the
late James Smithson. I was his
fellow-passenger on board the
William Curtis, and I was one of the
persons who last saw him alive.
We were coming from England. I
to make my fortune, he to return to
his native land; and I had felt for
him an insatiable repugnance that
I took little pains to conceal. He
was a big, burly fellow, who had
made a fortune and was now spend-
ing it, and was boasting of it as such
people will. He disliked me, and
cordially as I detested him, and
being the only cabin passenger, we
necessarily rubbed against one
another to an extent almost un-
bearable. I remember one day after
dinner we were sitting in sulky sil-
ence over the vessel, when a sudden
lurch of the vessel sent the scalding
fluid out of my glass all over his
clothes.

"Curse you," he exclaimed, "you
answered me—what are you doing?
Can't you get out of the way like a
man, and let me pass?" and he
threw boiling water over me like a
dangerous idiot?

I had already begun to explain,
but he was silent for a little while after
this attack, and then merely said:
"There was no intention of insult or
contumacious; the occurrence was
merely accidental."

"Hang accidents! I've found acci-
dents happen very conveniently
sometimes; and you shall pay for
this as soon as ever we're out of this
accursed tub. If you shall give me
a meeting for this, I promise you;
I'll try whether you can handle a
pistol as well as you can throw
glasses, you cowardly Britisher."

"If you use such language to me,
I'll—"

"Throw another word? you? you
puppy-bantam?"

I was maddened beyond all endur-
ance, and I rushed at him and struck
him full in the face as he stood up.
He fell, and as he rose drew out his
revolver and shot at me. I stooped,
and the ball shattered the swing
compartment again; but the steward
and Captain had by this time
arrived, the pistol was taken from
him.

I explained the circumstances,
and the Captain at once said that
unless we could give our word not
to renew the dispute in any way, we
would put us both under lock and
key. After some little demur we
agreed to this.

I went to my stateroom and turned
in, and determined that I would
not again speak to him. In the
morning I met the Captain at
breakfast, and he cautioned me in a
friendly way against Smithson.

POETRY.

For the Courier.
MY CASTLE.

Through the tress of the fir trees,
Skirting near the water's edge,
Just across the winding river,
I can see a rocky ledge:
Straight down columns square and even,
With their faces centuries old,
Standing in their might and grandeur,
Like a band of warriors bold.

From the rocks all winter, bladed,
Porphyry and crystal hung,
Clear, yet sparkling when the sun's rays
Indecent radiance flung
And anon, a magic castle
From the pillars grew.

In its depths the sun was prisoned,
From the pillars grew.
Oft, I longed to view it nearer,
View this fairy castle,
Had built for port, I knew, was real
Near to the northern shore,
Rose the great sun day by day,
Clear, yet sparkling when the sun's rays
Indecent radiance flung,
All around new beauty lay.

So one eve in idle dreaming,
Building other castles fair,
Wearing ring, and shining fanes,
Out of threads of shining air,
"Well, little, I had wandered
Through the castle walls,
With its ice-bound columns glistened,
And its crystal pillars tall.

Lo! I found its beauty vanished;
All its sparkling columns lay
Broken, strewn, and slowly melting,
Passing from my vision,
And the glorious rainbow splendour,
That had dwelt within its heart,
Perhaps, had passed in the sunshine,
Forming of the air a part.

But I could not mourn the ruin,
Of my castle white and fair,
For the "South wind," with its music,
Filled with melody the air:
Thither and thence, all my being,
To its sweetness and its love,
And upon my castle's ruin,
Walls of hope now tower above.

Sandy Cove, April 20th, 1886.

SELECT TALE.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

I had been settled in Rochester
some years as a merchant when,
as I sat one morning quietly reading
the paper in my office the following
advertisement met my eye:—

**ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS RE-
WARD** will be paid to any person
who can give precise information as to
the late James Smithson, who died
on board the William Curtis on the
23rd of August, 1854. Address
JACOB SHARP, Esq., No. 248
Fulton street, New York.

You will wonder why this made
me turn pale and sick, but it did,
and for this reason; I knew the
late James Smithson. I was his
fellow-passenger on board the
William Curtis, and I was one of the
persons who last saw him alive.
We were coming from England. I
to make my fortune, he to return to
his native land; and I had felt for
him an insatiable repugnance that
I took little pains to conceal. He
was a big, burly fellow, who had
made a fortune and was now spend-
ing it, and was boasting of it as such
people will. He disliked me, and
cordially as I detested him, and
being the only cabin passenger, we
necessarily rubbed against one
another to an extent almost un-
bearable. I remember one day after
dinner we were sitting in sulky sil-
ence over the vessel, when a sudden
lurch of the vessel sent the scalding
fluid out of my glass all over his
clothes.

"Curse you," he exclaimed, "you
answered me—what are you doing?
Can't you get out of the way like a
man, and let me pass?" and he
threw boiling water over me like a
dangerous idiot?

I had already begun to explain,
but he was silent for a little while after
this attack, and then merely said:
"There was no intention of insult or
contumacious; the occurrence was
merely accidental."

"Hang accidents! I've found acci-
dents happen very conveniently
sometimes; and you shall pay for
this as soon as ever we're out of this
accursed tub. If you shall give me
a meeting for this, I promise you;
I'll try whether you can handle a
pistol as well as you can throw
glasses, you cowardly Britisher."

"If you use such language to me,
I'll—"

"Throw another word? you? you
puppy-bantam?"

I was maddened beyond all endur-
ance, and I rushed at him and struck
him full in the face as he stood up.
He fell, and as he rose drew out his
revolver and shot at me. I stooped,
and the ball shattered the swing
compartment again; but the steward
and Captain had by this time
arrived, the pistol was taken from
him.

I explained the circumstances,
and the Captain at once said that
unless we could give our word not
to renew the dispute in any way, we
would put us both under lock and
key. After some little demur we
agreed to this.

I went to my stateroom and turned
in, and determined that I would
not again speak to him. In the
morning I met the Captain at
breakfast, and he cautioned me in a
friendly way against Smithson.

POETRY.

For the Courier.
MY CASTLE.

Through the tress of the fir trees,
Skirting near the water's edge,
Just across the winding river,
I can see a rocky ledge:
Straight down columns square and even,
With their faces centuries old,
Standing in their might and grandeur,
Like a band of warriors bold.

From the rocks all winter, bladed,
Porphyry and crystal hung,
Clear, yet sparkling when the sun's rays
Indecent radiance flung
And anon, a magic castle
From the pillars grew.

In its depths the sun was prisoned,
From the pillars grew.
Oft, I longed to view it nearer,
View this fairy castle,
Had built for port, I knew, was real
Near to the northern shore,
Rose the great sun day by day,
Clear, yet sparkling when the sun's rays
Indecent radiance flung,
All around new beauty lay.

So one eve in idle dreaming,
Building other castles fair,
Wearing ring, and shining fanes,
Out of threads of shining air,
"Well, little, I had wandered
Through the castle walls,
With its ice-bound columns glistened,
And its crystal pillars tall.

Lo! I found its beauty vanished;
All its sparkling columns lay
Broken, strewn, and slowly melting,
Passing from my vision,
And the glorious rainbow splendour,
That had dwelt within its heart,
Perhaps, had passed in the sunshine,
Forming of the air a part.

But I could not mourn the ruin,
Of my castle white and fair,
For the "South wind," with its music,
Filled with melody the air:
Thither and thence, all my being,
To its sweetness and its love,
And upon my castle's ruin,
Walls of hope now tower above.

Sandy Cove, April 20th, 1886.

SELECT TALE.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

I had been settled in Rochester
some years as a merchant when,
as I sat one morning quietly reading
the paper in my office the following
advertisement met my eye:—

**ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS RE-
WARD** will be paid to any person
who can give precise information as to
the late James Smithson, who died
on board the William Curtis on the
23rd of August, 1854. Address
JACOB SHARP, Esq., No. 248
Fulton street, New York.

You will wonder why this made
me turn pale and sick, but it did,
and for this reason; I knew the
late James Smithson. I was his
fellow-passenger on board the
William Curtis, and I was one of the
persons who last saw him alive.
We were coming from England. I
to make my fortune, he to return to
his native land; and I had felt for
him an insatiable repugnance that
I took little pains to conceal. He
was a big, burly fellow, who had
made a fortune and was now spend-
ing it, and was boasting of it as such
people will. He disliked me, and
cordially as I detested him, and
being the only cabin passenger, we
necessarily rubbed against one
another to an extent almost un-
bearable. I remember one day after
dinner we were sitting in sulky sil-
ence over the vessel, when a sudden
lurch of the vessel sent the scalding
fluid out of my glass all over his
clothes.

"Curse you," he exclaimed, "you
answered me—what are you doing?
Can't you get out of the way like a
man, and let me pass?" and he
threw boiling water over me like a
dangerous idiot?

I had already begun to explain,
but he was silent for a little while after
this attack, and then merely said:
"There was no intention of insult or
contumacious; the occurrence was
merely accidental."

"Hang accidents! I've found acci-
dents happen very conveniently
sometimes; and you shall pay for
this as soon as ever we're out of this
accursed tub. If you shall give me
a meeting for this, I promise you;
I'll try whether you can handle a
pistol as well as you can throw
glasses, you cowardly Britisher."

"If you use such language to me,
I'll—"

"Throw another word? you? you
puppy-bantam?"

I was maddened beyond all endur-
ance, and I rushed at him and struck
him full in the face as he stood up.
He fell, and as he rose drew out his
revolver and shot at me. I stooped,
and the ball shattered the swing
compartment again; but the steward
and Captain had by this time
arrived, the pistol was taken from
him.

I explained the circumstances,
and the Captain at once said that
unless we could give our word not
to renew the dispute in any way, we
would put us both under lock and
key. After some little demur we
agreed to this.

I went to my stateroom and turned
in, and determined that I would
not again speak to him. In the
morning I met the Captain at
breakfast, and he cautioned me in a
friendly way against Smithson.

POETRY.

For the Courier.
MY CASTLE.

Through the tress of the fir trees,
Skirting near the water's edge,
Just across the winding river,
I can see a rocky ledge:
Straight down columns square and even,
With their faces centuries old,
Standing in their might and grandeur,
Like a band of warriors bold.

From the rocks all winter, bladed,
Porphy

"So, so—Never mind, I give you somedings to dook all dot."

Orchard and Fruit Garden for May

An Electrical Submarine Vessel

central telephone on the continent fails to support the claim that no very remote period has been in telephonic communication with Paris for so long a time, and it is now in contention to connect Lille with the capital in the same way. The postal authorities have open negotiations with the Belgian government with respect to extending the northern telegraphic network as far as the towns and cities of Belgium. These propositions have been warmly entertained in Brussels, and there is every probability that Belgium will soon be brought within speaking distance of

Fence Posts that Will Last

PLANTS ON TREES.—Many a
of a vigorous tree, and even
trees have been killed or lad-
dered from strangulation by a
vine coming from the ground
a year after they were without
the vines. Trees grow in the
parts enlarge while the lab-
rers, necessarily twisted tight
branches when trees leave
the vines, and the vines grow
the one way to prevent
is to replace all such old
with new ones, fastened with
so large that years of growth
the vines will not be coming
the job is easily neglected.
excuse for allowing it to re-
tendone, when a little labor
in mid days in winter can
night. As for labels we pre-
fer the No. 16 copper wire for perma-
nent labels are also excellent.

Temperance.

ture, effect a change in the condition of the soul. It is as logical a proceeding to try to make christians of men as it is to make men sober by giving them army doctors demand our attention and Godspeed in their attempt to heal a moral disease by means, and the success has been that at a conference in Westville and New Glasgow a guarantee that the means offered are exactly fitted to bring about such blessed results. Says a

believe no one could listen to the testimonies of the twenty saved souls that night without coming to the conclusion that the best of the drunkard was that of a high

AN MIRACLE.—In a recent letter ing

herbs, which exert a most
influence in curing consumption
er diseases of the lungs and chest.

at Hillside Farm. To

ons requiring Dental operations,
tain the same by enquiring at E. E.
a's Tailoring establishment. N. 1.

be sold at Public Auction, in front of

also offer our celebrated BONE at
rates,
and for circular.

The Stmr. "Dominion" leaves York

NOTICE!

Steghan, Feb 18th, 1876.

Digby Weekly Courier.

C. E. Farnham, Publisher and Proprietor

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST AND WELFARE OF THE COUNTY.

Terms:—\$1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. XI.

DIGBY, N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 14th, 1886.

No. 35.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

CHICKEN CHOLERA

MADE HENS LAY

IMPROVED LIGHT

If you want Cheap Lamps, giving a larger Light than any other Lamp made, buy a

"Hickok Calcium Burner,"

Put it on one of the Lamps in your house, and you will have a Lamp Giving a Light of more Brilliance than any other you can buy for twice the money.

The wick being Circular, the expansion and contraction of glass in Chimney is equal; therefore will not break from heat.

For sale by **J. M. KEEN, Digby,**
Deals in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles, &c.

B. Laurance's SPECTACLES & EYE-GLASSES

ARE THE ONLY GENUINE

ENGLISH ARTICLES

IN THE CANADIAN MARKET.

Real Pebbles are kept in Stock.

For Sale by **JAS. M. KEEN, Agent, Watchmaker & Jeweller,**
DIGBY, N. S.

CHUTE, HALL & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF



DEALERS IN

PIANOS,
Music STOOLS,
AND
Music BOOKS.

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

Constipation

Symptoms: Inactive or irregular action of the bowels; Pain across the bowels or in the back; Accumulation of wind; Straining at stool; Indigestion; Headache; Eruptions of the skin; Irritation of the throat; and the entire organism is the result of neglected Constipation.

Cause: Neglect of Regular Habits; Food hard to Digest; Torpid Liver; Spices, Stimulants and Astringents; Too free use of Cathartics, &c., of a harsh nature, which destroy the tone of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Cure: Eat ripe Fruit and Vegetables, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Bread, Mush and Malasses, Broths, &c. Shun harsh purgatives. Be strictly regular in efforts to evacuate the bowels. Correct the inactive Liver and Biliary Organs with the best of all regulators

Burdock Blood Bitters

Which tones and regulates the bowels, promotes the flow of bile, keeps blood pure and healthy, and secures a natural action of the bowels, without weakness in any manner.

Burdock Blood Bitters
CURES CONSTIPATION

Royal Hotel.

DIGBY, N. S.

For Duty blankets (new form) and all other Customs blankets for sale at this office.

The Digby Weekly Courier,
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
Published at
DIGBY, DIGBY CO. N. S.
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.
CHAS. E. FARNHAM,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms: \$1.00 per annum in Advance.
Otherwise \$1.50 will be charged.

Contributions to the Courier will appear in its columns unless accompanied by the name of the writer.
Contributors are respectfully solicited from all parts of Digby County, the Province and elsewhere.

Agents for the Courier.
V. T. Hardwick, Esq., Bear River
John Kinney, Esq., Digby
Edw. Hogan, Esq., Weymouth
C. D. Jones, Esq., Weymouth
Frederick Belliveau, Esq., Port Acadie
John G. Nowlan, Esq., New Brunswick
B. H. Ruggles, Esq., Westport
J. W. Ridgway, Esq., Freeport
St. Clair Fingler, Esq., Digby
Collins Johnston, Esq., Sandy Cove
Capt. Geo. Gorman, Meteghan
Vincent F. Smail, Saint-John
Peter Frost, Esq., Little River
R. Sanford, Esq., Hessian Line.

Advertising Rates:
One inch, one insertion, \$0.50
Two inches, one insertion, \$1.00
Each additional inch, one insertion, \$0.50
Each continuation one-fourth of first insertion.
Special arrangements made with parties wishing to occupy more than half a column space. Liberal terms made with yearly advertisers.
Special notices, in local column, 15 cents per line; in special notice column, 10 cents per line.
In order to insure insertion, advertisements should be in the office not later than Thursday noon.

Dr. O. W. Norton's BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER!

Purely Vegetable! A Valuable Compound for Restoring Health. Hundreds have been cured by using it for Liver Complaint, Constipation, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Impure Blood, Loss of Appetite, Kidney Disease and General Debility.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS.
Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885.—Dr. Norton, Dear Sir:—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with this disease, which has made my head and part of my body was one continual sore. My husband, employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August, 1884, I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, an entire cure was effected. I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Burdock Purifier has also cured Capt. Brooks of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.
Yours truly,
Mrs. John Grant.
John Layton of Moncton, New Brunswick, was sick with scurvy for five weeks, which his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.
There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many cases of Liver, Kidney and Nervous Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.
Sold by most of the dealers in medicines throughout the county, and by J. Chalmers and Turnbull & Welch, Digby, N. S., Nov. 2nd, 1885.

SOMETHING NEW!

Lambert's Safety Lamp Burner!

No Lamp is safe without them. No family is secure without them. Lasts ten years; its all lamps; gives large light; has a small reflector; never puts it out; no blowing, or explosions, or turning down the wick; puts itself out if tipped; can fill the lamp without removing the burner or chimney; no wearing out screws or collars.
The only perfect, cheap and durable burner ever made.
For sale by
WM. H. CROSSBY,
Gen. Agent, Marshalltown.
C. E. FARNHAM,
Courier Office, Digby.

NOTICE!

THE subscriber desires to announce that he is prepared to furnish

CASKETS AND COFFINS,

of any style and finish, for from \$4.00 to \$75.00.

Hearse and horse, with driver, from any residence within the limits of the town to the Cemetery, for \$2.00; any distance outside of said limits, 10c per mile, to be added.
Shrouds, an all kinds of Mountings constantly on hand, and supplied at the shortest possible notice.

JOHN G. RICE.
Digby, July 30th, 1885.

BRIDGETOWN MARBLE WORKS

THE Subscribers are still importing and manufacturing

Monuments, Head-Stones, Table Tops, &c.,

Italian and American Marble, Red and Blue Granite, and Freestone Monuments.

OLDHAM WHITMAN.
Granville Street, Bridgetown, N. S.
May 11th, 1877.

POETRY.

UNDER THE CHESTNUTS.

We stood beneath the chestnuts, beside the river bank,
So still the swallows swooped and poised, and from the streamlet drank:
The sun beyond the purple moors was setting in the west,
With the clouds like vessels round him in gold and crimson dress.
You said the words that made life full of hope and joy to me,
And at our feet I rose and glided, on rushing to the sea.

I stood beneath the chestnuts, beside the river bank,
And from the robin's vesper song, as it hurried, I drank:
The sun beyond the purple moors was setting in the west,
I thought, so set my happiness, with all that life loves best.
And no one whispered "Be of cheer," no hand held help to me,
And at my feet I rose and glided, on rushing to the sea.

All, still beneath the chestnuts, beside the river bank,
Will other glad young lovers the golden evening hark:
The sun beyond the purple moors sinks gloriously to rest,
And hear the pleading promise made, the trusting love confessed:
And that we meet the late that wreck of my life and me,
While in the while the Ur shines and gleams, and rushes to the sea.

SELECT TALE.

CAPTURING A STILL.

The other night, Major Griddlewood, who long ago won his spurs as an efficient revenue officer, related the following story:

At one time we had a great deal of trouble with illicit distillers in the neighborhood. There was one neighbor, especially where it seemed impossible to discover the outlaws. This community was away up on the river. Officer after officer had been sent, and quite a number of them were there yet, although the department did not receive notification that they intended to leave the service. One day the news had just been killed at Dripping Springs, by which name the dangerous neighborhood was known. I was sent for by the marshal, who said:

"Major, you have had considerable success in hunting for distillers. Now we want you to find those fellows and bring them to justice. As you know, none of our men has been able to catch them and—"
"They've been found a trifle too often," I suggested.
"That's a fact," the marshal agreed, "but not by the right man. Now I want you to take as many soldiers as you want, go to the place and break up the business."

I reflected for a moment and replied: "I think our mistake has been in taking too many men. It is impossible for a party of men to find a wild cat distillery. Their approach is soon heralded and disaster is certain to follow. I will go alone and discover the nest. Then I can return and capture the entire outfit."

"Rather hazardous," the marshal said, thoughtfully scratching his head.
"Not so dangerous as the course hitherto adopted."
"All right, use your own judgment."

The next day I started on my perilous expedition. I went horseback, and my progress was very slow. When at last I reached the place, with great hills and deep valleys luxuriantly carpeted with ferns, I could see no signs of lawlessness, but on the other hand I was kindly treated. I stopped at the house of a place called Willow, with some education and a well-to-do daughter, who seemed to be devoted to her father. I saw at once that Anderson was an honest man, and when I learned that he had been in the Federal army I felt secure under his roof. Still I did not care to tell him my real business, but in answer to a question, stated that I was looking for land in a leisurely sort of way, having just been discharged from the regular army and especially desiring a rest from that dangerous activity which all army officers incurred.

"Well, sir, you are welcome at my house, and I hope you will find it a pleasant one," said the daughter. My daughter, who can row a boat to perfection, will cheerfully contribute to your enjoyment."
"I understand," looking at him, "that several government officers have been killed by wild distillers in this neighborhood."
"Yes," he replied; "shamefully murdered. Well, I won't say murdered, for the distillers no doubt considered it self-defense. Up in the hills, here somewhere, there is a long time, I think, before the government breaks it up. It is almost impossible to conduct a party of men through the hills, and it is almost certain death, for the distillers can see almost every turn. My advice would be to watch for the whiskey that's sent away, capture the men handling it and compel them to show the exact location of the distillery."

Several days passed and still I made no progress. I was not regarded with that light of suspicion which I thought would characterize my appearance among the people, and I was soon convinced that the farmers around were not in sympathy with the distillers. Finally I told Anderson my business.

"Well," he said, "if I do anything for you I'll do it cheerfully, and let me advise you not to go to the hills. Watch the river, as the only way they can possibly ship the stuff. I am going up the river to-day after some walnut lumber, and if you will accompany me we may make a discovery. As you have no doubt noticed I make a great many coffins. Not for government officers, but for the people, and I'll show you my place of business."

The shop stood near the river bank. Several workmen were employed in dressing wood for coffins. Coffins were stacked up all around, and a flat boat was being loaded with the deadly furniture. I did not go up the river with Anderson, but took a boat ride with his daughter. She was not devoid of her charms, and she chatted gaily as she rowed.

"I want to leave this place," she said. "Mother pined away and died from sheer loneliness, and if I should go to night here, I think I should go that way too."
"Do you ever see any of the illicit distillers?" I asked.

I expect I see them, but I don't know them of course. They are terrible when they get mad, but as long as they are not disturbed, you wouldn't know that they were in the neighborhood. When we moved here they regarded me with lingering suspicion, but finally finding that we were connected with the government, they damaged their apprehensions and have ever since treated him with the utmost courtesy. Pa is making money out of the coffin business, but it is such a grim trade that I cannot half enjoy any financial benefit from it. Say, you're hunting for the wild cats, ain't you?"

"Nob, don't talk so loud," she said.
"Nob, can hear us, but you are, ain't you?"
"Suppose I were, do you think I would tell any-one?"
"I heard you tell father, but its all right. I won't say anything about it. My friends are among the wild cats, and for my part I wouldn't care if they were all in prison."

I remained several days longer, and decided to return to the city, report unfavorably on the measures, and again take up the entire enterprise. Anderson advised me to sell the horse and go down with a flat boat load of coffins. I did not wave my hand at the suggestion, but was safer, I disposed of my horse, and was soon ready for the voyage.

I had my friends an affectionate farewell, and stood on a coffin big enough for the Cardiff giant, and waved my hand at the men who were on the boat round the bend. We had started early, and by the time the shadows began to lengthen, we were a long way from Dripping Springs. I told the men that the boat was to be used for the purpose of carrying coffins, and for every time I walked around it appeared that one of them followed me. My suspicions increased as evening came on and when I saw men engaged in whispering conversation, I was convinced that violence was meditated. Happening to notice a coffin on which several others were piled, I saw something dripping from it. Just then I looked up and saw a gun leveled at me. In the instant a bullet whizzed close to my head, so close that I fell backward into the water. I did not lose my presence of mind and remained under water as long as possible. When I arose to the surface, several other shots were fired, and sinking again I remained under water until I reached the shore, which fortunately was not far away, when I arose and walked a thick clump of willows. Through the gathering darkness I could dimly see the men, and could hear the splashing of an oar which I knew was manipulated to keep the boat from floating down.

"reckin, he's all right," said one of the men.
"I know he is," a gruff voice replied. "For I drew a bead on his head, an, a man what kin hit a half-dollar sixty yards ain't no slouch at a shootin', lemme tell yer. But he's got a bullet through his brain, of he's got any brain."

"I'd rather bet on the bullet than the brain," the first speaker rejoined.
"We've got to be certain about these fellows," said a man who seemed to be in authority. "You know what Anderson's orders are. Get a boat that Jack, an Tom paddle out there awhile. Go out there to them willows."

The boat was lowered and the splashing of the oars came nearer and nearer. My heart beat violently. Great God, the moon came out

and shone full on my face. I eased myself down until only the tip of my nose was above the surface. "Thank heaven," I breathed as the boat brushed the willows. They struck me once, and just as I was about to seize the boat and take my chances of turning it over and escaping, one of them said:

"It's all right, I tell you. Think I can't hit a man's head. Shove her off, and I breathed a prayer as the dip of oars grew fainter and my reply came.

I remained in this uncomfortable position about a half hour longer, then drew myself out and was soon travelling through the woods. After a terrible journey of hunger and fatigue I reached Little Rock and made my report on the matter.

Several days afterward I was again en route for Dripping Springs, this time with a strong posse of men. Touching White river near board, we dismounted to rest. We had not been there very long until we saw the coffin boat returning. I secreted myself and ordered my men to compel the boat to land and bring the men to our resting place, instructing them as to a form of interrogation.

When hailed they readily complied and approached the bank. They did not seem to like so good attention, for they did not move up the bank with any degree of alacrity.

"Do you know," said one of my States, "what became of a United States officer named Griddlewood, who came up here some time ago?"
"No sir," replied the captain of the coffin boat, "but I heard he had bought a piece of land over the mountains and has opened a farm."

"Believe I did meet him once at Mr. Anderson's house. Peered to me like he was sorter in love with the Anderson gal."
"Don't suppose that I could find him do you?"
"Mout find him if you waster go over the hills."

"That's necessary," I remarked stepping from behind a tree and looking at the captain. "He threw up his hands and said that their lives might be spared. We did not intend to give them the pleasure of escape and secretly planning their death, we took them down to the boat, where I gained all possible information. I left them under strong guard. We were not long in gaining the neighborhood of the States residence. It was a late hour at night, and we surrounded the house without alarming anyone. I instructed one of my officers to call Anderson, and again I secreted myself.

"All right," came from within the house, and pretty soon Anderson appeared.
"Mr. Anderson, I believe," said the officer.
"Good evening, sir. You come in?"
"No, hardly got the time. I've come to this neighborhood in search of Major Griddlewood. Are you acquainted with him?"

"Oh, yes, should say I am for he and my daughter are to be married soon. I'll show her to you. Here Soph, and the girl came out. "Here is a gentleman who is looking for your intended husband."

"The major, eh? How I wish I could see him."
"Here I am," I said, emerging from my hiding place and confronting him "rounded" and her father. Anderson actually fell to the ground and his daughter uttered a shriek that made the woods ring. They were soon made prisoners and taken to the boat. Next day the distillery was easily found and destroyed. The coffins were found to be lined with tin, and although ominous looking cases, were not bad as vessels of shipment.

The prisoners were tried and punished to the full extent of the law, and ever since then the Dripping Springs neighborhood has been one of the most orderly and law-abiding communities in the State.

Mr. Barnum says that he has wasted \$5,000 on booming brass bands. "You've heard of Australian bushmen," he said, "who have a weapon made of a bent stick that they favor with their wonderful skill hitting the prey unerringly, and booming returning of itself to fall at the feet of the marksmen? I had an agent go from London to the two-thirds lies, and the accounts are true. It is not worth bringing away. The booming is a fact, and the native Australian savages find it at game—missing about as often as hitting. You know what I mean, nothing, to something near a starting point but with no sort of certainty. My man searched thoroughly, and witnessed the feats of the best experts to be found, but they amount to nothing in particular. The famous booming is practically a myth."

Guarded Against Cranks.

SECRET SERVICE FOR THE PROTECTION OF NEW YORK MILLIONAIRES.

New York, April 14.—The residences of the Vanderbilts, the Astors and Jay Goulds are constantly guarded against cranks by private detectives. This private service was organized three years ago, and is ostensibly separate for each family, though the men who defend the Vanderbilts and Astors are provided by the same establishment and practically work together. Regular patrol duty is done, night and day, two security detectives are exclusively employed for the purpose. There are four Astor residences, five belonging to the Vanderbilts, all in or close to Fifth avenue, between 23rd and 52nd streets. The spies against the watch eight hours each per day, and the cats are arranged that the nine houses can not be approached unseen by one or more of the guardsmen. William H. Vanderbilt was the originator of this system, and he was incited to it by a large number of cranks who wrote him letters. He professed to have no fear of rational evil-doers, but was apprehensive that maniacs might attack him. Since his death the mails have been laden with all sorts of appeals, demands and threats directed to his sons, Jay Gould's self-protection is more complete and characteristic. He does not intend to let the detective agency, but hires his own body guard. For years he has been always accompanied by a stalwart guard against the street enemies. Cranks who might cut up capers in or around his home are under the view of spies, whose quarters are in a room of the Windsor Hotel, and who are paid by a separate set of men. These companions of the millionaire families whose names are poor people's synonyms for wealth, are kept informed as to any demonstration by a crank, and they are ready to drive off the monomaniacs, and attempt any exploits. During the Western strikes Jay Gould has made the trip between his home and office in a car, instead of an elevated car, as formerly; and it is believed that a ring at his bell brings a snuffing watchman to the foot of the stairs as quickly as it does the servant to the top.

One of the defenses in Gould's case is against those who would write antagonistic sentiments with ink on his sidewalk and steps. Men and boys are frequently caught at it and compelled to deliver a specimen of that class of revolutionists seemed to be a poet, and a wild one, judging by the description of him. His chalk was bright red, and he rapidly wrote:

The rich man shirk,
The poor man work,
before he was collared; and then, as though determined that at least the terrible rhymes of his verse should be obliterated, he added at the end of the end of what would have been the end of the third line, "Labor," and right underneath, "Neighbor." The rest remains unknown.

In a Prohibition Town.
A friend who recently passed through Iowa on his way here told the Iowa temperance guard with new variations. An acquaintance stopped at a Dubuque hotel put up a long face and said to the clerk: "I want a drink. Do you know where I can get it?" The clerk looked at him and said in a whisper: "I'm sorry for you; not a drink in the house, and then sinking his voice still lower: "You see that lively stable across the street? Well, step over and tackle the proprietor." The thirsty man acquiesced and said: "My friend, I have been taken suddenly ill. Can you tell me where I can buy a little whiskey?" The lively man turned pale, and looking suspiciously at the stranger, said: "Not so loud. Do you see that man with the cane leaning against the buggy in the yard? He's the man." Again the plaintiff went up. The man with the cane looked at him and said: "You are looking suspiciously at me, and I am looking suspiciously at you. Do you see that man with the cane leaning against the buggy in the yard? He's the man." Again the plaintiff went up. The man with the cane looked at him and said: "You are looking suspiciously at me, and I am looking suspiciously at you. Do you see that man with the cane leaning against the buggy in the yard? He's the man."

He said: "Gentlemen of the jury, charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence, as well as myself; you have also heard the testimony of the witnesses. If you believe what the evidence has said, the plaintiff has told you, you would be for the plaintiff; but if on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. If you are like me, and don't believe what the evidence has said, then I'll be blown off. I know what you will do. Constable, take charge of the jury."—Medical and Surgical Reporter.

Remember the Digby Boot & Shoe Store.

ONE ISSUE
MISSING

Digby Weekly Courier.

C. E. Farnham, Publisher and Proprietor

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST AND WELFARE OF THE COUNTY.

Terms:—\$1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. XI.

DIGBY, N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 28th, 1886.

No. 37.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.
PARSONS' PURCATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

MAKE HENS LAY
CHICKEN CHOLERA.

IMPROVED LIGHT.

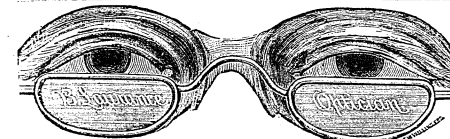
If you want Cheap Lamps, giving a larger Light than any other Lamp made, buy a

"Hickok Calcium Burner,"

Put it on one of the Lamps in your house, and you will have a Lamp Giving a Light of more Brilliance than any other you can buy for twice the money.

The Wick, being Circular, the expansion and contraction of glass in Chimney is equal; therefore will not break from heat.

For sale by **J. M. KEEN, Digby,**
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles, &c.

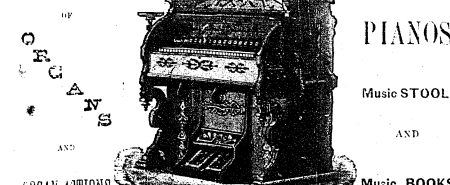


B. Laurance's SPECTACLES & EYE-GLASSES

ARE THE ONLY GENUINE
ENGLISH ARTICLES
IN THE CANADIAN MARKET.

Real Pebbles are kept in Stock.
For Sale by **JAS. M. KEEN, Agent, Watchmaker & Jeweller,**
DIGBY, N. S.

CHUTE, HALL & CO.



MANUFACTURERS
OF
Pianos,
Music Stools,
AND
Music Books.

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.
FACTORY, Water Street; OFFICE and WAREHOUSES, under Hotel
Lorne, Main Street.

BUSINESS CARDS.

T. C. SHREVE, Q. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
WATER STREET, DIGBY, N. S.

J. M. OWEN, Q. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
WATER STREET, DIGBY, N. S.

R. G. MONROE, A. B.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
DIGBY, N. S.

WADE & WADE,
BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Offices—Water Street, Digby, N. S.

JOHN M. VIETS,
OLICITOR, NOTARY & TABELLION
PUBLIC.
Agent for Liverpool, London & Globe
Fire Insurance Co.
Office—On Water Street, Digby, opposite
the Royal Hotel.

Royal Hotel.

DIGBY, N. S.
JOHN DALEY, PROPRIETOR
Barber Shop, Bath and Sample Room.

For Duty blanks (new form
and all other Customs blanks
or sent at this office.

The Digby Weekly Courier,
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Published at
DIGBY, DIGBY CO., N. S.

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

CHAS. E. FARNHAM,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms: \$1.00 per annum in Advance.
Otherwise \$1.50 will be charged.

Correspondence to the COURIER will not
appear in its columns unless accompanied by
the name of the writer.
Contributions are respectfully solicited
from all parts of Digby County, the Province
and elsewhere.

Agents for the Courier
V. T. Hardwick, Esq., Bar River
James Morehouse, Esq., Brighton
John Kinney, Esq., Gilbert's Cove,
Edw. D. Hogan, Esq., Weymouth Bridge
C. D. Jones, Esq., Weymouth
Frederick Belliveau, Esq., Port Acadie
John G. Nowlan, Esq., New Tusket
B. H. Bingham, Esq., Westport
J. W. Eldridge, Esq., Freeport
St. Clair Burgess, Esq., Tiverton
Collins Johnston, Esq., Sandy Cove
Capt. Geo. German, Meteghan
Vincent T. Sanborn, Saintville
Peter Frost, Esq., Little River
B. Sanford, Esq., Hessian Line.

Advertising Rates:

One inch, one insertion.....\$0.50
Two inches, one insertion..... 1.00
Each additional inch, one insertion..... 0.50
Each continuation one-fourth of first in-
sertion.
Special arrangements made with parties
wishing to occupy more than half a column
space. Liberal terms made with yearly ad-
vertisers.
Special notices, in local column, 15 cents
per line; in special notice column, 10 cents
per line.
In order to insure insertion, advertisements
should be in the office not later than
Thursday noon.

Dr. O. W. Norton's

BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER!

Purely Vegetable! A Valuable
Compound for Restoring Health. Hundreds
have been cured by using it for Liver
Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Salt
Rheum, Catarrh, &c. It is a powerful
Blood, Loss of Appetite, Kidney Disease
and General Debility.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS:

Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885.—Dr. Norton,
Dear Sir,—For twenty-five years I have
been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last
Summer, my health being very poor, I
was a fearful case. My husband, em-
ployed at different times three doctors,
which failed to do me any good. In August,
1884, I commenced taking your Dr.
O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier,
and after taking three bottles, an entire
cure was effected. I have not the least sym-
ptom of it since. The Blood Purifier has
also cured Capt. Brooks of Dyspepsia and
Liver Complaint.
Yours truly, Mrs. John Grant,
John Taylor of Mount Denison, was
sick with *Sciurus* for five weeks, when
his doctor gave him up. He is now quite
well by using Norton's Magic Liniment
and Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood
Purifier.
There is no medicine known to the
medical fraternity that has cured so many
of Liver, Kidney and Nerve Dis-
eases as the medicine that composes
Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.
Sold by most of the dealers in medi-
cines throughout the country, and by J.
Clanahan and Furnell, and Wicks, Digby.
Nov. 2nd, 1885.

SOMETHING NEW!

Lambertson's Safety Lamp Burner!

No Lamp is safe without them.
No family is secure without them.
Last ten years; its all lamps; gives
large light; has nickel cone reflector;
never puts it out; no blowing, or ex-
plosion; turns down the flame; puts
itself out if upset; can fill the lamp with-
out removing the burner or chimney; no
wearing out of the burner or chimney.

The only perfect, cheap and durable
burner ever made.

For sale by
W. H. CROSBY,
Gen. Agent, Marshalltown.

Also by
C. E. FARNHAM,
Courier Office, Digby.

NOTICE!

THE subscriber desires to announce
to his friends and the general pub-
lic, that he is prepared to furnish

CASKETS and COFFINS.

of any style and finish, for from \$4.00 to
\$75.00.

Hearse and horse, with driver, from
any residence within the limits of the
town to the Cemetery, \$2.00; any dis-
tance outside of said limits, 10cts mile
to be added.

Shrouds, and all kinds of Mountings
constantly on hand, and supplied at the
shortest possible notice.

JOHN G. RICE.
Digby, July 30th, 1885.

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THE Subscribers are still importing
and manufacturing
Monuments, Head-Stones,
Table Tops, &c., &c.
Of Italian and American Marble Also
Gravestones, and Free-stone
Monuments.

OLDHAM WHITMAN,
Granville Street, Bridgetown, N. S.
May 11th, 1877.

POETRY.

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

In the meadows grey they're blooming,
Where the merry larks play,
And the ancient air perfuming
Where the lowing cattle stray,
They're blooming softly flowing,
In their sweetness they're blowing,
Beauty to the heart bestowing,
Fair and fragrant flowers of May.

Winter scarce life have taken
Ere we saw the forest green,
Smiling to life awaken,
The returning spring to greet.
To the air perfume lending,
Diamonds to their petals girding,
Prelude of the summer bringings,
In their beauty all complete.

Where it seems but yesterday
Glimmering life and snow-drift lay,
Ye are blooming in your pride,
Gleaming yale and mountain side,
To the whispering zephyr bending,
To the air perfume lending,
While the joyous feathered throng
Welcome you with bursts of song,
And poets, too, true to the lay,
To hail you beautiful flowers of May.

SELECT TALE.

A MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

One April morning, while the sun
was shining down in Silver City,
Seleni and her father came slowly
into town. There was snow still
in the mountains—many feet of
snow—but it had melted in the val-
ley, and the wooden pavements of
the little mining camp were as dry
as though it were June.

Over in Hallelujah Gulch a great
strike had been made, numbers of
prospectors thronged the streets,
and stood in groups at every corner.
One rough miner turned and
looked after Seleni and her father
and the old hand organ.

"This 'ere's a city now, boys!" he
cried, "just look at the organ-grin-
der come 'ere town."

"Give us a tune old man!" called
out a second miner.

"Let him alone, boys, he is blind!"
said a third.

Seleni led her father down the
narrow street, and piloted him safely
through the noisy crowd. As she
turned a corner, a slip of an un-
premeditated restaurant.

"Dinner fifty cents, the sign read,
and she paused before the open door.

"We'll go in and get some dinner,
I'm fearful hungry."

She led her father to one of the
tables, and slipped the organ from
his back. Then she drew an old
bandana handkerchief from her
pocket and mopped a corner. A
little roll of nickels dropped out of
the table.

"Got enough, Seleni?" asked her
father anxiously. His quick ear
had caught the click of the coins.

"Lots," said Seleni, shortly.

She hastily tied up the money,
and going to the counter, ordered
dinner for her father, and for her-
self—only a bowl of mush and milk.

"I was pretty near starved," said
the old organ-grinder, as he ate his
mush with a good relish. "Hain't
the meat real good, Seleni?"

"Beet your life!" answered Seleni,
calmly taking a sip of milk.

"And the tomatoes and the rice
pudding," added her father.

"Yes, dad, but don't stop to talk,"
said Seleni.

Seleni soon finished her own simple
dinner and leaned back in the stiff
wooden chair. Two miners
near by looked up admiringly.

Seleni's eyes were very blue and
black as had been those of her Italian
mother, who had died when she was
born. Heavy braids of blue-black
hair were wound around her head
and her cheeks and lips were crimson.

Her old straw hat was tied down
with a faded ribbon; her dark blue
dress was stained and shabby. She
wore a blanket shawl around her
slender shoulders.

"We've had a splendid dinner,
hain't you?" said her father, raising
and taking the organ on his back.

Seleni paid the restaurant keeper,
and tied up a few nickles that he
remained. Then she took her father's
arm and led him to the corner of
the street.

"We'll stop and play here, dad,"
her father patiently began to
turn the crank of the old organ.

Seleni stood beside him and eagerly
scanned the faces of the passers by.
Few seemed to think the music
was worth paying for. A lady
gave Seleni a ten-cent piece, and a
miner carelessly tossed a quarter
toward them.

But their supper and a night's
lodging were to be paid for, and
very few nickles were left in the
bandana handkerchief.

"I've got late at last. The organ-
grinder had played through all his
tunes."

"You are tired dad," said Seleni as
her father placed. "We'll go and
find a place to sleep."

"We don't need no supper, do we,
Seleni?" We had such a hearty dinner."

"Yes, dad," said Seleni, faintly.

"And it was late, too," added the
old man. "It must have been 'most
one o'clock."

"Be you hungry, dad?" asked Seleni,
anxiously looking into his face.

"Not a mite," answered her father
very cheerfully. "And spoke I play
a little longer. 'Tain't dark yet, is
it? Let's walk along."

"They walked along, and found
themselves on a side street in a
quiet neighborhood. The were
lace curtains at the windows of
some of the small cabins.

An open door gave a glimpse of a
bright Brussels carpet. Suddenly a
young girl appeared at a window,
and raising the sash, very carelessly
tossed out into the street a beau-
tiful, well watered bouquet of hot-
house flowers.

Seleni quickly glanced up at the
lady, who was young and had fair hair.
This much she remembered
always.

The bouquet rolled to the young
girl's feet, then stopped. She stoop-
ed and picked up the flowers. They
were only a little faded; some of
the roses were quite fresh and fragrant.
It must have been a beautiful bouquet
once. Why did the young lady
throw it away so soon?

"I was near seven o'clock," Seleni
and her father had paused be-
fore a large hotel, the piazza in
front was crowded with men. Some
of them gazed at the girl who stood
so patiently beside the old organ.

Her hat had slipped back, and her
black hair lay in rings on her
smooth, white forehead. Seleni did
not know how pretty she was, and
wondered why the men stared at
her so. She knew she was tired
and hungry. She wished some one
would toss them some money.

A young man came down the
steps. He wore a blue flannel shirt,
and his coat was quite as shabby as
the old Seleni's. He stepped
in front of the organ with his
hands in his pockets. For a few
moments he did not speak, but seem-
ed to be listening to the music.

And then his eye fell on the flowers,
"When did you get 'em?" he asked
Seleni.

"Found 'em," answered Seleni
quite shortly.

He came a step nearer and held
out his hand.

"Give 'em," said Seleni.

"Seleni drew back hastily.

"Pay for 'em first, I'll sell 'em
cheap," she said.

He thrust his hand deeper into his
pocket, and handed a silver dollar
to the old organ.

Then he took the flowers, and studied
them intently as he turned the bon-
net around.

"Tell me where you got 'em," he
asked Seleni.

"Found 'em," Seleni said again. "A
lady threw 'em out the window."

The young man said something
under his breath, then turned and
walked away.

"He had given the coin to come to
his face, and a hurt look in his
eyes. As she looked after him he
gave the bouquet a toss, and it fell
in the muddy street, only to be
caught and held by the wheels of a
passing wagon."

"Hain't there enough money yet?"
asked her father, touching her arm.

"Yes, dad," she said. "We'll go
and get some supper, and then we'll
find a place to sleep."

The little parlor of Mrs. Mur-
phy's lodging house was crowded
with miners that evening. Seleni
left her father seated contentedly in
a corner, and stole quietly out of
the front door. She was so used to
an open door life, that she felt suffo-
cated in a small and close room.

Some one sat on the lower step,
with his head resting on his hands.
He looked up and saw Seleni, as she
stepped out into the doorway.

"Don't be afraid, he said kindly.
It was the young man who had
bought the flowers.

Seleni sank down on the steps,
and drew her old blanket shawl still
closer around her.

"It's cold out here," said the young
man, "mebbe you'd better go in."

"I hain't cold," answered Seleni.
"I'm 'most always outdoors."

"Where'd you say you found the
posies?" he asked, suddenly raising
his head.

"A young lady threw 'em out,"
she said, looking into his eyes.

"I didn't see her," said Seleni.
"I didn't see no price on the
flowers," she added hastily.

"You needn't have paid so much for
'em."

"I hain't complain of the price,"
said the young fellow. "They cost
me a pile to begin with."

"Did you give 'em to her," asked
Seleni, curiously.

"Yes," he answered, shortly, "more
fool, too!"

"They were faded," remarked Seleni,
consoling.

"Yes, he said bitterly. 'She had
'em twelve hours.'

His head dropped on his hands
again.

"I wouldn't care," said Seleni soft-
ly.

The young man glanced at her.
Seleni's eyes were soft with sym-
pathy, she looked so fair in the
moonlight.

"Old are you?" he asked
abruptly.

"Seventeen," she replied, wonder-
ingly.

"And you travel around with your
father?"

"Yes, said Seleni.

"Dad likes to travel. He won't

let me do nothing," she replied,
proudly. "He says he reckons he
can support me."

"Can you write?" looking eagerly
into her pretty face.

"Considerable," answered Seleni.
"I was to a public school once."

"I hain't got no education," said
the young man sadly; and I want
to get a letter with."

"I'll do it," offered Seleni, eagerly.
"Will you, now?" and the young
fellow sprang up. "Come on into
the kitchen. There's never nobody
there."

In a few minutes he had brought
Seleni a sheet of paper and pen and
ink. They were alone in the little
kitchen that was scarcely more than
a shed, and the girl seated at the
piano table.

"Begin 'Darlin' Lizzy,'" said the
young man, leaning anxiously over
her shoulder.

In a cramped hand, and very slowly,
Seleni wrote the following lines:
"Tell her I love her!" he burst out.
"Tell her I'm going over to Red
Mountain to-morrow, but she can
write to me. Jim Conroy'll read
her letter to me. She needn't say
nothing! But Yes or No. Got it all
down?"

"Pretty near," said Seleni. "You
told me such an awful lot."

She was handling the pen awk-
wardly.

A bright color had come to the
young man's cheeks. His hair was
light almost golden, just the color
of the young lady, Seleni thought.
She glanced down at the letter.
Would 'Darlin' Lizzy' say Yes or
No?

"Got done?" he said new friend.
"I'll take it over to the post office."

He sealed the envelope carefully
and put it tenderly in his pocket.
"Good by," he said, looking at
her. "I'll see you again, I
wish you good luck."

As he passed Seleni's chair a sil-
ver dollar dropped into her lap.

The old organ-grinder and her
father found themselves once more
crossing Red Mountain on their way
to Silver City. Seleni had grown a
little taller, but she looked much
the same. Her dress was still shabby,
and her hair was still black, but her
eyes and cheeks were crimson with
exercise and health. As they came
into view of the town they passed a
group of miners out prospecting.
One of them shaded his eyes with
his hands and then looked long at
Seleni.

"Give us a tune!" he called out to
the organ-grinder, and the old man
obediently turned the crank and
began to turn the crank.

Then the young miner came slowly
toward Seleni and held out his hand.
The girl knew him at a glance,
and her black eyes grew
bright with pleasure.

"I didn't get no answer," he whis-
pered.

Seleni looked sorry; then a curi-
ous gladness came to her eyes.

"Hain't you seen her?" he asked.

"No," answered the young man;
she didn't live here no more."

"I am sorry," said the girl, "I write
it plain."

"Twasn't your fault,"
Then he looked at her admiring-
ly.

"Spose I come to see you to-
night."

The old organ-grinder took up
his burden again, and as they moved
away Seleni waved her hand.
Under at the young man with fair hair
who looked after her as he leaned
lightly on his pick.

A month later a priest at Silver
City married them.

Seleni was very happy in her new
home. There were no face curtains
at the cabin windows, for her hus-
band was but a poor prospector,
with only his youth and hope.

Her father still played the old or-
gan in the corner of her home. Seleni
might see him as he glanced
up from her work. One evening
during the winter, Seleni's husband
came home and as he seated him-
self by the stove, drew a yellow en-
velope from his pocket. It was
old and worn by much handling,
and bore numerous postmarks.

"What is it?" said Seleni, quickly.

"An old letter for me," answered
her husband. "They said it had bin
in the mail for a long time, and
hain't been in one place long the
past year. I guess it ain't much
good now. Spose you read it."

Seleni took the letter and tore
open the envelope. They were
only a few lines.

It began "Darling Jim," and was
signed "Your old Lizzy." It stated
that the writer would marry him
at any time.

"Don't look so!" cried her husband,
and he kept her head white.

He did not speak, but stood perfectly
still, with the letter clutched in her
hand.

But her husband held his strong
arms around her.

"I didn't get it!" he cried.
"Don't you know I love you best?"
Nobody can take your place now."

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh
has "very considerable doubts
whether the public houses are suf-
fering from the depression of trade."

It is said that there is a general
lock-out of the Scotch capital every Saturday on
strong drink no less than \$20,000

the rain.

the rain.

the rain.

the rain.

the rain.

the rain.

Diving for \$500,000.

The English divers, and Capt. R.
F. Stephens, surveyor, have just re-
turned from the Island of Grand
Canary after raising the sum of no
less than \$200,000. This amount
was lying submerged 155 feet, about
a mile from the southernmost limit
of the Island of Grand Canary.

General News.

Patches are plentiful in New York at 25 cents each.

The Chicago and West Michigan railway has adopted paper car wheels.

The English government has decided to annex the Kurad islands, in the South Pacific.

Frederick Tilley has returned to Providence from Boston, greatly improved in health.

In Canada one person in fifty has his life insured while only one in sixty-nine in the United States is insured.

Mr. Gladstone's mail has so greatly increased the duties of Mr. Robert's post-office of the village of Hawarden that he has raised her salary \$100 a year.

An Irish farmer put \$100 into an old top-sail to keep it from blowing away, and it paid for a cake-cutter. The dust was so thick that for twenty years to come.

The Chicago police department has made an official report of the bomb-throwing attack. Sixty-six were wounded, thirty died, and ten have returned to their homes, leaving fifty-one who are still laid up by their wounds.

Maud Cook, aged nine, has been found upon the French coast, near Nantes, after a long and arduous journey, and playing the piano with wonderful taste. Her father has offered \$15,000 for her.

Prof. W. D. Whitney is editing a new dictionary for the Century company, which will cost \$250,000, and be finished in 1890. Radical changes will be made in the spelling of many words.

Lord Wolverson, the English postmaster-general, has prepared a scheme, which came into force on the 1st inst. whereby a letter may be insured for a small fee, which will entitle the sender to compensation in the event of the letter being lost or stolen.

The little two-year-old daughter of August Kitcher, of New Haven, played about the room on Tuesday with a sharp-edged slate pencil in her mouth. She fell and the pencil was driven into her throat, piercing the jugular vein. She died almost immediately.

George R. Hight, of Simsbury, Conn., recently lost his pocket book, and looked in vain for it. That night he dreamed that he found it, and on the next morning he did find it, and consequently is pleased. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extract now for sale by medicine-dealers everywhere.

Newfoundland is the only British Empire colony remaining outside of the Dominion, and likewise the only colony in the British Empire not represented in the great London Convention. This isolation is inexplicable.

A lively stable keeper in Baltimore has a strange animal, which he says he has caught by Indians in Dakota three or four years ago. The head, body and hair are like a lion's, but the legs are like a horse's. It is like a lion and a horse and a bear.

On Thursday morning the Gloucester schooner, Sylvester, obtained a supply of fuel from one of the trawlers at the bar, after which she came to anchor and was engaged in packing the fuel in ice when the Lansdowne passed the harbor with the schooner, Terror, in tow from St. John's.

On Monday morning the schooner, Paragon, of Gloucester, obtained a supply of fuel from one of the trawlers at the bar, after which she came to anchor and was engaged in packing the fuel in ice when the Lansdowne passed the harbor with the schooner, Terror, in tow from St. John's.

A private despatch, received at Washington, from William H. Russell, states that the president's wedding, according to the present intention, will occur in Buffalo, June 13. The latest advice from Europe are to the effect that Miss Folsom was suffering from a cold, and the wedding would be postponed. It is also said that she will be no delay in the date of the wedding. On the other hand, it is also said that she will be no delay in the date of the wedding.

The body of a small child, with a grey head, was found in the woods near Vandevoort on Sunday last. The body was found in a hole, and it was found a gold watch, a small silver dollar, and a number of papers and letters, which would indicate that the child was from the city of New York, and had been in the city for some time.

Beach, the Australian champion, who recently arrived in London, is in robust health. He is accompanied by Kempe and Dollo, his valets, and he has been in the city for some time. He is in the city for some time.

Wm. J. Rice died at the hospital at Chicago on Wednesday. In the opinion of competent physicians, his death was hastened, and he died directly caused by the right he received while undergoing mock imitation ceremonies on entrance to a local court of Fort St. Vrain. He was in the city for some time.

On the 26th day of next June our noble Queen will enter on the 56th year of her reign, and preparations are being made for the celebration of the event. But three years ago the Queen of England had reached the year of jubilee, and she was in the city for some time.

On the 26th day of next June our noble Queen will enter on the 56th year of her reign, and preparations are being made for the celebration of the event. But three years ago the Queen of England had reached the year of jubilee, and she was in the city for some time.

On the 26th day of next June our noble Queen will enter on the 56th year of her reign, and preparations are being made for the celebration of the event. But three years ago the Queen of England had reached the year of jubilee, and she was in the city for some time.

On the 26th day of next June our noble Queen will enter on the 56th year of her reign, and preparations are being made for the celebration of the event. But three years ago the Queen of England had reached the year of jubilee, and she was in the city for some time.

On the 26th day of next June our noble Queen will enter on the 56th year of her reign, and preparations are being made for the celebration of the event. But three years ago the Queen of England had reached the year of jubilee, and she was in the city for some time.

On the 26th day of next June our noble Queen will enter on the 56th year of her reign, and preparations are being made for the celebration of the event. But three years ago the Queen of England had reached the year of jubilee, and she was in the city for some time.

POLLING STATIONS.

The elections for local representatives will take place on the 15th day of June next.

Word No. 1, Millborough--Near McLaughlin Hotel.

Word No. 2, Marshalltown--Near Stephen Marshall's.

Word No. 3, Digby--At the Court House.

Word No. 4, Sandy Cove--Near Edward McKeay's.

Word No. 5, Freeport--Near Eaton's store.

Word No. 6, Westport--Near Court House.

Word No. 7, Plymouth--Near Dr. Brown's residence.

Word No. 8, Weymouth--Near Risto's store.

Word No. 9, St. Bernard's--Near Railroad.

Word No. 10, Church Point--At the Court House.

Word No. 11, Meteghan--Near Sheehan's Hotel.

Word No. 12, Salmon River--Near Devere's Bridge.

Word No. 13, Triveton--Near the Bridge.

Word No. 14, New Trask or Colborne--Near the Sabien School-house.

Word No. 15, Highway--Near School-house at Gully's.

Word No. 16, Smith's Cove--Near Edward Partridge's.

Word No. 17, Culliton--Near the head of the Raccette.

Word No. 18, Grosses Copies--Near Phillip Bourne's.

Word No. 19, Conneville--Near Peter's Hotel.

Word No. 20, Meteghan River--Near Estabro's.

Word No. 21, Cheticamp--Near William LeBlanc's.

The house of lords, by 149 to 127, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

The House of Commons, by 200 to 190, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

The House of Commons, by 200 to 190, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

The House of Commons, by 200 to 190, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

The House of Commons, by 200 to 190, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

The House of Commons, by 200 to 190, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

The House of Commons, by 200 to 190, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

The House of Commons, by 200 to 190, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

The House of Commons, by 200 to 190, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

The House of Commons, by 200 to 190, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

The House of Commons, by 200 to 190, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

The House of Commons, by 200 to 190, rejected the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the bill.

Revisors' Lists.

OTTAWA, May 18.--In the house of commons today.

Mr. Thompson introduced a bill to amend the assessment roll should be the basis only for the first list.

It was unnecessary to make it the basis of a future list, as each list under the law would be a basis for a list in the following year.

The change would save expenses and make the working of the act easier. Further, the bill would make it clear that in all portions of the Dominion, as no one in the province, the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The amendment proposed without any objection, and the bill was passed.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

The bill was passed, and the revising officer need not hold a court for revision in every polling sub-division, and that there can be no sitting for revision in districts of less than three polling sub-divisions.

Stranger than Fiction.

A LADY GOES BOATING WITH A GENTLEMAN IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, AND LANDS IN NEWFOUNDLAND, WHILE HER COMPANION IS INDICTED FOR HER MURDER.

St. George's Bay, west coast of Newfoundland, telegraphs under date of the 20th, the following extraordinary and exciting episode: "A French vessel arrived yesterday from St. Malo, bound for Port-au-Choix. She came for the purpose of landing Miss Louise Journeaux, who was picked up from an open boat at sea some 20 miles from the island of Jersey. The lady, with a gentleman companion named Farnie, went boating on Sunday evening, the 18th of April, after leaving church. While rowing, the gentleman let one oar slip, and in attempting to recover it lost his footing, and fell overboard. He instantly jumped overboard to recover the oars. The wind meantime was freshening, and there was a strong current setting from the land, and the boat fast drifted from his reach, and he was compelled to swim either for the land or sink. Miss Journeaux, alone in the little cockle shell boat, drifted rapidly away to sea. The boat almost filled with water, and the lady, for nearly 40 hours, lived in solitary and excruciating agony. At length she was fortunately rescued by the French lanker, on board of which she received great kindness from the captain and officers. The violent storm which prevented the Frenchman from reaching Jersey, and the lady was carried across the Atlantic and landed on the shores of Newfoundland. Farnie reached St. Hilares harbor safely, but his story was disbelieved. People from the shore heard of the capture of "murder" from the sea. Farnie was arrested and indicted for homicide. Miss Journeaux cabled yesterday about her miraculous escape, and Farnie will be released.

Look Out for Them.

The Fredericton Capital records the movement of two watch swindlers whose names it gives as Quinn and "Royce." They are now operating in York County. "In many cases they excite the sympathy of the family with whom they are staying with a sad shipwrecked sailor story which they tell, and by which they shake their lost everything except probably a valuable gold watch which was given to them by their parents in England before they left there, and which they are obliged to pawn off for their board and keep some money loaned. They told just such a painful story to Mr. Long, who keeps a hotel near Burgoine's ferry. They had nothing to pay for their board, but expected in a few days to receive a piece of money from home. They borrowed \$10 from their landlord and left with him one of their valuable gold watches. They travelled on up through Queensbury, practicing several little confidence games, and wherever they met a fellow who thought he knew how to play cards they trapped him with the three card monte trick. On several occasions they have been known to find a gold ring or some rich jewelry on the road, and have taken possession of it and on every occasion they were too honest to keep the article, and would want the person to whom they gave the jewelry to pay them a little for their trouble. In this manner, in many other ways they are disposing of the cheap brass jewelry, and thus swindling hard working people. When last seen they were on the lake road in Bear Island making their way to Scotch Settlement and Springfield, the latter part of last week.

SCARCITY OF BUTTER.--There is a regular dearth in the butter line in Moncton. A downtown grocer was yesterday selling only a few pounds for a customer, though every grocer in the town was ransacked in search of it. A few enterprising merchants, however, are about importing the article from the United States.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

At Meteghan, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. J. A. VanTassel, of a daughter.

LOST!

ON the 4th inst., a pair of silver bound Gold-Clashes. The finder of such will be amply rewarded by leaving them at the Corner Office.

Digby May 12th, '86. 36 lmo

Cattle NOTICE.

ALL parties having Horses, Cows, Oxen or Calves, running at large in the Town of Digby, are requested to take care of them from this date henceforth, (as the Law directs) thereby saving the undersigned the trouble of so doing.

J. A. CLINTON, E. STALLING, C. E. TURNBULL, W. M. WATT.

Digby, May 20th, '86.

JOHN S. SEATON.

MANUFACTURER OF Monuments, Tablets, Gravestones, Mantels, Table Tops, &c.

Charlotte St., near Princess, St. John, N.B.

Call and examine my Stock and Designs before purchasing elsewhere.

All work Guaranteed. Prices Low.

E. BIDEN, Agent, Digby.

CARDING MILL.

The subscriber will be prepared, on the 21st of the present month (May), to Pick, Grease, and Card Wool, at the very low price of 10c. per lb. viz: Picking 1c., Greasing 1c., and Carding 8c.

ELEKHAH TRASK, Digby Joggins, May 20th, '86. 2mo

DAKIN'S DRUG STORE.

DIGBY, N. S.

Call and examine for yourselves the stock of

Drugs, Chemicals, and Patent Medicines.

Our prices are reasonable, and we will not be undersold.

We have no stale Flower and Garden Seeds left over from last year.

Seeds in packages and bulk at the lowest prices, from reliable Seedsmen, just received.

ARCHIBALD DAKIN & CO.

THE BURRILL-JOHNSON IRON CO., (LIMITED).

YARMOUTH, N. S.

TAKE THIS METHOD OF CALLING SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE

"ISLAND CROWN" COOKING STOVE.

Manufactured in Great Britain, which they make in Three Sizes--No's. 3, 3 1/2 and 4.

They are Manufacturing a full line of the old and favorably known Stoves, such as the "Victory," "Yarmouth," "Emu," "Gold Medal," "Hull," "Home," "Boston Cooks," "Farmers Cooks," "Niagara" and "Waterloo." Vessels Stoves in great variety.

Also Rotary Mills and general Machinery, in great variety. Vessels Cast, Pumps, Windlass Gears, Plow Castings, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.

DAKIN BROS., Sole Agents for Digby.

BURRILL-JOHNSON IRON CO. (Limited), Water St., Yarmouth.

DIGBY--1886!

New Groceries Just Received!

A Choice Lot of Sugar-cured Hams, small size.

Split Peas, Buckwheat Meal, Choice Morton's Pickles.

Macaroni, Tapioca, Macaroni's Sauce, Evaporated Apples, Dried Apples, Colman's No. 1 Mustard.

Best American Kerosene Oil, Five Gallons for \$1.25 cash.

Remember--Our Tea and Coffee acknowledged the best.

All at Lowest Cash Price. TURNBULL & WELSH.

At Meteghan Station, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

At Meteghan, on the 25th May, Joseph Mallat, aged 84 years.

Dr. F. GAUDET.
Meteghan, Feb 18th, 1886.

George Gould's allowance before he attained the dignity of partner with his father was \$10,000 a year. His young brothers have \$5 a piece for pocket money.

8. person is not necessarily good
he another. Here appears the value
ship a family physician, one who knows
ear. the family history of his patients
week and the latter's physical individuality.—*Youth's Companion*,

John Hays, Credit, P. Q., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months had elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES
cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees furnished by Archibald Dakin, Digby, N. S.

all by registered letter to the person
 objected to, at his last known address,
 copy of the notice of objection.

A. W. SAVARY.
 Revising Officer
 for the Electoral District of Digby.
 Digby, May 20th, '86.

to offer our celebrated BONE at
ates.
for circular.

JACK & BELL,
Halifax, N. S.

Agents wanted in unoccupied terri-
Feb 5

Persons
can ob
Come
throug
ham, o
April

Dental Notice.
requiring Dental operations
the same by enquiring at
Tailoring establishment, De
from the services of Dr.
aulnierville, can be obtain
and, '86.

ONE ISSUE
MISSING

ONE ISSUE
MISSING