Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1893. NO. 8.

Professional Cards.

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

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - - N. S.
Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

G. O. GATES,
PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pianos & Organs.
Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

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

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

DENTISTRY.
DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

EDWIN L. FISHER,
Real Estate & Insurance Agent.
Exclusive attention paid to the sale and purchase as well as the rental of
Houses, Stores, Farms & Furniture.
INSURANCE AGENT FOR
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, MARINE and PLATE GLASS at lowest possible rates compatible with security.
Correspondence solicited.
29 1y P. O. Box 16, Bridgetown.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate gent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

W. A. CHUTE,
BUILDING MOVER,
BEAR RIVER, N. S.
Buildings of all descriptions raised and moved without taking down chimneys or disturbing occupants.
Correspondence promptly attended to.
Bear River, March 28th, 1893. 52 9i

SCHOONER
"CRUSADE,"
CAPT. W. Y. GESNER,
WILL PLY BETWEEN
Bridgetown and St. John,
touching at all intermediate ports, during the coming season.
For particulars enquire of Neily & Crowe, Bridgetown, or those on board.
May 10th, 1893. 6 13i

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late ROBERT H. TROOP, of Granville, farmer, deceased, are requested to render their accounts, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof; and all parties indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
HENRY F. TROOP,
WILLIAM W. TROOP,
Executors.
Granville, March 20th, 1893. 51 13i

Executors' Notice.

All persons having any claims against the estate of HUGH FRASER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
ELIZA FRASER, *Executrix,*
ROBT. E. F. RANDOLPH, *Executor.*
Bridgetown, N.S., Feb. 25th, 18 48m

Nova Scotia Wins.
A Tiverton Miracle.
Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by
DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
THE KING OF REMEDIES.
From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N.S.:—
"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 25 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all afflicted with sores of any kind.

FARMERS!
We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season
At Best Possible Advantage.
Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co,
HALIFAX, N. S. 1997

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
HORSE LINIMENT
IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,
—AND FOR—
SPLINTS, CURBS, BOG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.
Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.
HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF
Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick,
which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and
ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.
Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE*, which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.
Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.
For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.
YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 1891.
The International Brick and Tile Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the surface. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,
J. B. KINNEY, *Architect.*
Correspondence solicited.
HECTOR MACLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
ARE A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION, in all its forms.
For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are
EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

HAVING purchased the Stock in Trade and Book Accounts of Runciman, Randolph & Co. and T. Shaw, in the

FURNITURE BUSINESS

lately conducted by them, under the management of J. B. Reed, Esq., I intend to continue the same business at the old stand.

I have employed the services of Mr. Reed as salesman, and think I can guarantee *good satisfaction* to those wishing to purchase.

UNDERTAKING
carried on as usual on the premises.

All those indebted to the old firm will kindly call and settle up as soon as possible.
W. M. FORSYTH.
Bridgetown, January 18th, 1893. 43

JUST ARRIVED!
—A Fine Line of—
BOOTS AND SHOES
OF ALL KINDS.
—A Fine Line of—
DRY GOODS
Choice and Complete Lines of
GROCERIES
—INCLUDING—
Molasses, Tea, Sugar, Tobaccos,
and all other goods usually to be found in
A FIRST-CLASS GENERAL STORE.
Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Etc.
B. E. CHUTE.
Bridgetown, March 1st, 1893.

SURELY IF WE ACCEPT THE TRUTH
FROM ANYONE
It Must be the Clergy!
The Rev. J. E. Warner, Rector, of Middleton, says:—
"For more than twenty years I have been afflicted with Chronic Constipation. Have been treated by several physicians here and in the States, and have tried many of the *cures* advertised through the press without receiving any permanent benefit.
In consequence of the complications arising from this disease I have been obliged to undergo a painful surgical operation, and was compelled last year to give up work. About six months ago I consulted Dr. Miller, who gave me a box of his DINNER PILLS, and I can cheerfully testify that their effect in my case has been little less than magical. Since then I have recommended them to some of my friends, who have experienced like good results from their use and returned me their warmest thanks, and I confidently give them a public recommendation, as I have found them, by far, the best medicine I have ever used."
(Signed.) REV. J. E. WARNER,
The Rectory, Middleton.
Use Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and all diseases of Mucous Membranes throughout the body.
Rev. John L. Sponagle, Methodist Clergyman, Middleton, says:—
"Suffering from Bronchial affection—aggravated by cold—and having heard of the healing properties of your 'Tar Cough Mixture' I was induced to make trial of it, and I am glad to inform you that I received much benefit from its use. In my case it soothed and allayed irritation, and aided expectoration. I keep it constantly at my home."
☞For Sale by all Druggists and Respectable Dealers.

NOTICE!
THE subscriber will continue the business formerly conducted by the late Hugh Fraser in its various branches, including Hard and Soft Coal.
ELIZA FRASER.
Bridgetown, Feb. 8th, 1893. 44

HAVE YOU BACK-ACHE
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
WILL CURE YOU
"Backache means the kidneys are in trouble. Dodd's Kidney Pills give prompt relief."
"75 per cent. of disease is first caused by disordered kidneys."
"Might as well try to have a healthy city without sewerage, as good health when the kidneys are clogged, they are the scavengers of the system.
"Delay is dangerous. Neglected kidney troubles result in Bad Blood, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and the most dangerous of all, Brights Disease, Diabetes and Dropsy."
"The above diseases cannot exist where Dodd's Kidney Pills are used."
Sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price 50 cents. per box or six for $2.50. Dr. L. A. Smith & Co. Toronto. Write for book called Kidney Talk.

St. Macey, 10,033.
5 Years Old, 16 Hands, 1100 lbs.
THIS SPLENDIDLY BRED STALLION WILL TRAVEL BETWEEN BRIDGETOWN AND LUNENBURG DURING THE SEASON OF 1893.
St. Macey is the best bred stallion that will stand for public service in Annapolis County this year. It will pay those who intend to breed their mares to wait and see and examine him.
He has already proved himself able to sire large, handsome, good-gaited, fast and sound foals.
His breeding can hardly be better. Twenty of the greatest brood mares are represented close up in his pedigree.
Be sure and not breed to any stallion till you see St. Macey and be convinced that what I say is correct.
No trouble to show him, whether you breed or not. He can stand the most critical examination.
For tabulated pedigree and further information send post card to
HORACE H. FEINDEL,
Elm House, Lawrencetown.
March, 1893. 52 tf

Complete Manhood
AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT.
A Medical Work that Tells the Causes, Describes the Effects, Points the Remedy.
Scientifically the most valuable, artistically the most beautiful medical book ever published; 96 pages, every page bearing a half-tone illustration in tints. Subjects treated:—
Nervous Debility, Impotency, Sterility, Development, Varicocele, The Husband, Those Intending Marriage, etc.
Every man who would know the Grand Truths, the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, who would atone for past follies and avoid future pitfalls, should write for this WONDERFUL LITTLE BOOK.
It will be sent free, under seal, when the edition lasts. Address the publishers,
ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

NOTICE!
The Packet Schooner
TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N.B., during the season of 1893.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly Lime and Salt.
J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master.*
When Schooner is not in port apply to Capt. P. Nicholson, Bridgetown.
St. John address: SOUTH WHARF, care of A. A. Dervinal & Sons.
Bridgetown, March 8th, 1893. 50 tf

Ayer's Pills
the best remedy for Constipation, Jaundice, Headache, Biliousness, and Dyspepsia,
Easy to Take
sure to cure all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.
Every Dose Effective

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
HALIFAX, N. S.
Established 1878.
'CERES SUPERPHOSPHATE
(The Complete Fertilizer.)
POPULAR PHOSPHATE,
APPLE-TREE PHOSPHATE,
POTATO PHOSPHATE,
STRAWBERRY PHOSPHATE.
Our fertilizers are now being offered to the farmers for the 15th season. As these fertilizers have been used to such a great extent and for so many years the farmer knows that he is buying something that is no longer an experiment, but an established factor in the growth of all crops.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territories.
48 1m JACK & BELL.

TO THE PUBLIC!
LAWRENCETOWN, MARCH 20th, 1893.
Please take notice that the agency held by R. D. Durling, of Lawrencetown, for Jack & Bell's Fertilizers in the past has now been transferred to Dr. L. R. Morse, who will be prepared to supply the farmers in the future with our fertilizers at prices and time that will suit all.
JACK & BELL.

WONDER IN WELLAND!
A Representative Farmer Speaks.

MR. C. C. HAUN.
The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.
As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:
DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.
C. C. HAUN,
Welland P.O.
In this connection the following letter from T. Cumines, Esq., a leading druggist of Welland, Ont., speaks for itself:
MESSRS. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.
GENTLEMEN,—I have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. C. Haun for the last 20 years, and have always found him a very reliable man. You may place the utmost confidence in anything he says with regard to your medicine. He has on many occasions within the last four years told me that it was marvellous the way the Burdock Blood Bitters had cured him, and that he now felt as able to do a day's work as he ever felt in his life. Although quite well he still takes some B. B. B. occasionally, as he says, to keep him in perfect health.
Yours truly,
THOMAS CUMINES,
Welland, Ont.
The steadily increasing sale of B. B. B., the length of time it has been before the people, and the fact that it cures to stay cured, attest the sterling merit of this monarch of medicines, the people's favorite blood purifier, tonic and regulator.

WEARING APPAREL.
In view of the early approach of Spring, I have just had arrive, large, beautiful, and
Complete Lines of
HATS and CAPS
in the very latest English and American styles.
READY-MADE CLOTHING
from the leading Canadian houses, in many patterns, thoroughly made, and in such variety and sizes as to meet the requirements of all ages.
BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS and SLIPPERS,
Latest Styles for Spring and Summer Wear *AT EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES.*
FULL AND FRESH LINES OF
GROCERIES
may also be found at my store, an inspection of which will convince all that they are placed at right prices.
Provisions, Etc.
T. A. FOSTER

Poetry.

Between the Lights.

A little pause in life—while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,
When daily labour slips from weary fingers,
And calm, gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,
Seen in the light of stars that long have set:
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,
Draw near as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me—through the dusk returning
I hear the echo of departing feet:
And then I ask with vain and troubled yearning,
"What is the charm which makes old things so sweet?"

"Must the old joys be evermore withholden?
Even their memory keeps me pure and true;
And yet from our Jerusalem the golden
God speaketh, saying, "I make things new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer.
Stille my love or give me back the past;
Give me the fair old fields, whose paths are dearer
Than all Thy shining streets and mansions vast."

Peace! peace! the Lord of earth and Heaven knoweth
The human soul in all its heat and strife;
Out of His throne no stream of Death floweth,
But the pure river of eternal life.

He giveth life, aye, life in all its sweetness;
Old loves, old sunny scenes will he restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
Shall vex thy soul and taint thine earth no more.

Serve Him in daily toil and holy living,
And Faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

—*Author Unknown.*

Select Literature.

What One Girl Did.

The greatest case of female bravery and devotion that ever came under my notice, said my friend, who had been a prominent detective in his day, was that of Margaret Whitney, the daughter of the doorkeeper of Messrs. Bangshaw Brothers, bankers.

On the eventful night in question Margaret's father had been sent out of town on business for the firm, and she was the sole occupant of the rooms in which they dwelt, directly over the bank.

She had fallen asleep on a lounge, and was aroused by a sound of stealthy approaching feet over the carpeted stairway, just outside her door.

She arose hurriedly and with a sudden impulse she drew the door wide open.

She had no sooner done so than two masked men suddenly sprang upon her. The light was dashed from her hand, their strong arms held her in a vice-like grip, and before she could utter a cry a voice whispered:

"Make the slightest noise and you are a dead woman! Do as you are told and no harm shall befall you."

Margaret Whitney was as brave as steel. She felt the cold muzzle of a pistol pressed against her forehead, but she accepted the situation at once, and retaining perfect self-control, she replied in a low voice:

"Only release me, and tell me what it is I must do."

They released her after a moment's consultation, and relighted the candle, by which she could see that their faces were [illegible] with black crape veils in which holes were cut for the eyes and mouth, and they seemed shod with some felt-like material that deadened the sound of their footsteps considerably.

One of the men quickly and silently searched the room, while the other stood guard over her. The former presently returned, dangling a bunch of keys.

"Whose keys are these, what do they open?" was asked the girl, in a low, commanding voice.

"They are my father's keys," said Margaret, and they open the different rooms and places downstairs."

"Do they open the cellar and the strong box in which the money is kept?"

"No; one passkey is in the possession of the elder Mr. Hosea, the cashier. No one can obtain admission to the cellar during their absence."

"Come down stairs with us," said the man holding immediate guard over her.

As they went down the lower flight Margaret was surprised to see another figure—that of a woman, who was clothed in a dark mantle from head to foot—who further lighted their progress down with the slender ray of a lantern in her hand.

"Is it not possible," said Margaret's chief captor, when they had reached the foot of stairs, "that one or other of the passkeys may be locked in the desk of their private office?"

"It is possible, but not likely," was the calm reply.

At the leader's command Margaret pointed out the key that opened the door of the private office, and the desk at which the Bangshaw Brothers generally sat, one facing the other.

A small jet of gas, commonly used for melting sealing-wax, was then lighted; a bag, containing a number of housebreaking implements, swathed in thick folds of flannel, was next produced; and the desk drawers were speedily forced open and searched. But no key was to be found.

He consulted in whispers with his companions a moment, and then requested Margaret to point out the key that opened the top cellar door, saying that they would have to burst open the lower one. She indicated the proper key, when he resumed:

"I must compliment you on your sensible conduct in this affair. Now, however, you must excuse me if I am compelled to make you a prisoner for awhile. Dear friend, the cord."

The last words were addressed to the masked woman, who up to this time had been a mere looker on, but who now started into sudden activity.

She placed Margaret with her back to a large iron pillar, which supported the ceiling, and then, producing from some hidden pocket a coil of long, thin cord, she proceeded to tie Margaret firmly to the pillar.

Her arms were left at liberty till the last, when they were bound together at the wrists with a band of some strong woven stuff, which held them as securely as if they had been riveted there.

"You see, I would not cause you unnecessary pain," said the courteous burglar, when all was made fast; "and to have fastened your arms down to your sides for a couple of hours would have been the refinement of cruelty.

"But one point still remains. You must give me your word of honor that you will not cry out, nor in any way call for assistance while here; otherwise I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of having you gagged."

"I give you my word," assented the doorkeeper's daughter, after a moment of silent thought, "not to cry out while I remain here."

She began to breathe more freely when they left her to herself, as they now at once did, with no other company than the tiny, faintly burning gas jet already mentioned by which she could just make out the familiar features of the old-fashioned, but richly-furnished private office of the banker brothers.

A few desperate efforts to free herself only served to convince her of their futility. Then she resigned herself to her bonds and began to think.

She knew that before a single sovereign in the Bangshaw Brothers' strong box could be touched, the burglars would have to force open two iron doors of immense strength, and knowing but little of the modern improvements in the science of housebreaking, she made no doubt that those doors would prove impregnable to all attempts.

Many dreary minutes passed and her cramped attitude and the tightness of the cords that bound her gradually caused her such intense pain that she could scarcely refrain from crying.

Suddenly, in the midst of her torture, a thought flashed into her brain that left no room for anything else but suprise and delight. There right before her eyes was suddenly revealead to her at one glance a sure and speedy mode of escape.

The pillar to which Margaret was tied was within a short yard of the desk that had been broken open: and right upon the edge of this desk was the upright gas pipe from which sprang the small jet, still burning, of which mention has already been made.

By stretching out her arms Margaret could hold her wrists directly over the desk, and let the flame burn away the band by which they were bound together.

She knew the terrible scorching that it would inevitably cost her, but she did not hesitate an instant.

She at once thrust out her hands with a swift movement, and so held them extended, while the jet of bluish flame played on her wrists and the bands that secured them.

She shut her eyes, held her breath, locked her teeth, and her eyebrows came together in a wreathing frown of supreme anguish.

Over and round the delicate skin and beating pulse the scorching fire-snake wound and wound, with its searing bite, its excruciating embrace and presently the encompassing band burst into flame. Even then she did not falter, though it seemed that her very soul would shriek forth from its tenement.

In a few moments—moments that seemed hours—the blazing ligature gave way. Her hands were free, but blackened, blistered, almost cindered, they fell helpless to her sides. Then she gave a great sob, and almost fainted. But the returning knowledge of her peril, and of the great work she had set out to do (her father's situation in the bank might depend upon it), reserved her, and with a great effort she began to pull herself together.

In spite of the pain in her wrist, she began with nimble fingers to loosen one of the knots in the cord by which she was fastened to the post. This offered no great opposition to her efforts: and the first knot loosened, the rest quickly followed.

The next thing to do was evidentally to make her escape from the bank without alarming the thieves in the treasure cellar, if that were possible, and then raise such an alarm as would cause their arrest before they could make off with their booty.

Taking off her shoes, she stole out of the office to the head of the cellar stairs, up which a faint ray of light was shining, and peeped down. [illegible] ching this point she heard voices—broken faint and hollow—issuing from below, with now and then a dull, solid thud, like the muffled blow of some heavy implement.

Now, as she looked down she saw that the door at the foot of the stairs had been forced open, and that the burglars were working upon the great safe itself.

One of the men was busy with a flannel-swathed crowbar, which he was using as a lever to pry open one of the safe doors; the second man was drilling holes in the other door with a very strange-looking implement the like of which Margaret had never seen before, while the woman was lighting these operations with a lamp, held aloft in the hand. These had their backs to the staircase.

This entire picture Margaret's eyes took in at a glance. They took in one thing more—the bunch of keys with which they had opened the door at the head of the stairs.

This bunch of keys was lying on the lower landing, close to the cellar door that had been forced open. Could she but obtain possession of it, she saw not only a way of escape for herself, but a way by which the theives might be caught in their own trap.

The peril was tremendous! The chance apparently but one in a hundred, of her being able to creep down so softly as not even to cause them to turn a glance in her direction (which, of course, would seal her fate), and then creep back with the keys and close the trap upon them by means of the heavy spring-lock door at the top.

But it was the only course open to to her, desperate as it was, and she adopted it with characteristic boldness and fearlessness.

Slowly, inch by inch, and with no more sound than a shadow, she stole into the doorway, and then down the staircase, step by step, counting them one by one by the palpitation of her own heart as she proceeded.

She reached the bottom of the steps, 15 in all, without causing them to turn a look.

The next difficulty was to pick up the keys, which were threaded on a steel ring, without detection.

Even this difficulty was conquered at last. She took the keys up from the floor without so much as a rustle, and had proceeded three steps on her perilous upward journey, when there was a sharp report of a pistol and, as Margaret set foot on the topmost step, she felt something strike her near the shoulder-blade.

But she staggered forward into the corridor, wheeled quickly around, and flung herself—head, arms, body—against the oaken door, which, yielding to her strength, turned on its well-oiled hinges and, with a little triumphant click, shut up, as in a trap, the three thieves below.

Without the key, this door, which locked of itself when pushed to, could neither be opened from one side or the other; with the key it could be opened on either side.

She had hardly closed it securely before she heard the two men inside tearing and beating at it like madmen in their desperate efforts to get out.

Still holding her bunch of keys, she ran out of the office and down a passage that led to the side entrance of the bank. She was trembling all over now, and had hardly strength enough remaining to unfasten the heavy outer door.

At last she sped down the silent street in search of assistance.

Fortunately, upon reaching the first corner she nearly tumbled into the arms of a policeman, who was coming from the opposite direction.

What sort of incoherent story she told him she could never afterwards quite remember; but it must have been to the purpose. The policeman at once summoned some comrades to his assistance, and a strong posse of officers reached the bank and took them in custody.

It turned out that the rascals were none others than a certain so-called Maj. Woolford, his wife, and his servant, who had some four months previously become the tenants of an empty house that stood next door to the bank. Of course they were subsequently tried, convicted and sentenced.

As for brave Margaret Whitney, she not only became the heroine of the hour, but more substantial advantages accrued to her and hers through her heroism and devotion.

"I saw Margaret about about two years after that adventure," said my friend, the detective, in concluding his narrative.

"Her husband was doing thrivingly as a small shopkeeper, and she was a happy wife and mother, though her wrists still bore the scorching scars of that terrible ordeal of fire, to which she so unhesitatingly submitted herself in the cause of honor and duty.

"The wound in her shoulder had quickly healed, and I am sure that were a record kept of the brave and self-sacrificing deeds of young women, her name would stand high upon the list."—*Boston Globe.*

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

White-Washing.

There is a custom which prevails among housekeepers during the springtime of the year denominated by them as the "house-cleaning season," but may very properly be designated by another term, "white-washing;" and as it has often interested the writer very much while observing its progress, I have thought that a description of it might interest at least some of your readers. It would appear at first view to be a sort of local disease, affecting only a small locality, but a further examination of the subject proves it to be a more general epidemic that seizes upon the female portion of the families, commencing quite early on the breaking up of winter, and comes on a little and goes off again for a time, leaving the inmates of the family who are affected by it in a somewhat fretful mood, usually much disposed to find fault and complain of the filthiness of every thing about them, and apparently indisposed to see any thing but dirt and dust and smoke wherever they may be situated. But the disease once inhaled is sure to show itself again in a more violent and effectual manner on its return, and no amount of sedatives, however well applied, seems to have any effect in hindering the brooding storm; so that the husband, however much he may be respected or beloved at ordinary times, becomes only a nuisance in the family's estimation during the prevalence of this house-cleaning fever: and should he, on rising in the morning, happen to look out of the window and observe a wheelbarrow standing in the yard, having a quantity of lime in it and certain buckets near by with whitewash brushes in them, he has no time to lose or parly to make, and his only safety lies in betaking himself to flight, and to escape from a scourge that he can neither mollify nor subdue. But, if he has a private apartment to himself, where he keeps his books and papers, he must at once turn the key, and putting that in his pocket get himself off out of the reach of the storm that is brewing.

Then the process begins: the curtains are torn from the windows, the carpets are ripped up from the floors, and all carried to the back yard and hung out upon lines or strung upon the fences until they are made to bend [illegible] the weight of these accumulations. The furniture has all to be turned out of doors, the beds and pillows are stuffed in windows, the closets and cupboards have to be all emptied of their contents, and everything within doors must be hauled out of place—from the rag-hole in the garret to the rat-hole in the cellar—not a place escapes unrummaged. Here a closet has thoroughly disgorged itself and scattered its contents promiscuously on the floor in broken teacups, bottomless tumblers, vials of forgotten physic, bits of chinaware, empty bottles and stoppers of departed decanters, cast-off socks well marked at the heels and the toes, bottomless rubbers, old manuscripts, rags, tags, books, pamphlets and papers,—why, bless me, I am almost out of breath, and yet I have not enumerated half the articles. Then the shelves have to be torn out and thoroughly scoured and the closets subjected to a thorough dose of lime whitewash. It would seem in this melee that the day of general doom was come and the contents of the house had been summoned forth to judgment. Then the mirrors and pictures on the walls have to be pulled down and piled in heaps upon a bench or pedestal, and much damage to these sometimes is the result, for a fine mirror is laid on its back in this way, other things are piled upon it until the superincumbent weight breaks the glass and the article is ruined. Then a fine picture is so placed as to lean against the corner of a table or other sharp projection, other things are made to lean against this until the glass of the under tier is cracked and the picture spoiled; but no matter, the object is to make everything clean; so this picture, or its frame, is subjected to a dose of spirits of terpentine and oil, and in the operation the terpentine is suffered to leak through the cracked glass and spoil the picture; but this is of no importance so long as the glass is clean and the frame shines. It has been estimated that the damage to furniture and loss of property resulting from two of these whitewashings is equal to that caused by one removal, and that three removals are equal to one destructive fire.

There is one place in the house, however, that has escaped this general upheaval, and stands like the land of Goshen amid the plagues of Egypt; it is the private apartment of the husband, where he keeps his private papers; but should he at any time inadvertently forget to lock the door, it is soon perceived by the servant or housekeeper, who are always on the alert, and who enters forthwith in triumph with buckets, brooms and brushes, and commences to put things to rights. The papers that may have dropped upon the floor are with other debris hastily huddled into a dust-pan and carried to the ash-heap in the back yard; and in a short time everything is so completely disarranged and misplaced that a Philadelphia lawyer would probably be puzzled to find the whereabouts of anything.

I have heard of some very great losses having occurred by the fact of certain essential papers being lost in this way. A man having paid a large sum of money and took a receipt therefor, which he left on his table, the creditor forgot to enter the payment on his books, and having died, his executors of course demanded a settlement; but the receipt not being found, judgment was entered against him for the debt and costs. A while after the money was paid and the whole matter settled by the courts, the receipt was found among other rubbish in the back yard.

The general destruction of the furniture and fittings of the apartments being completed, the scrubbing and white washing begins. Every floor and bit of woodwork has to be subjected to a deluge of water and soap-suds, without regard to the delicate paint or varnishes that may be on them, and usually leaving them with as many spots of different shades of color as usually characterizes the leopard. These scrubbings and scourings, washings and dashings having been got through with, the lime and brushes are brought into requisition, and the ceilings and walls are duly smeared and brushed throughout with this material, while the whole atmosphere is redolent with its caustic odor. Usually the family are afflicted for some weeks after a fracas of this kind with coughs and sore throat, caused by the exhalations of damp walls and the irritating effects of breathing so much lime in the air of their apartments.

An ingenious method has been devised by the paper-makers to at least ameliorate, to some extent, the fury of this disease, and lessen the time of its operations, if such a thing were possible. They instituted the practise of covering the walls of the various rooms in a house with paper patterns, which they have made of such pretty design and beautified with such a variety of colors as to make them seem to the uninitiated as "just lovely"; so much so that the women have admitted the fashion without perceiving the design.

Then, after the frenzy for washing and sweeping, the scouring and scrubbing within doors has exhausted itself, the residue of the malady is worked off outside of the premises, a servant scrambles out upon the veranda or other protuberance on the outside of the dwelling,—at the risk of her neck,—and with a dipper in hand and a bucket within reach, dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the everlasting discomfiture of the poor spiders and their webs, which they have so industriously elaborated for the purpose of gaining for themselves an honest living, and to the great annoyance of the pedestrians on the sidewalks. I have heard of a suit at law being brought against one of these water nymphs, by a gentleman who had a suit of clothes spoiled by one of these operations; but the case would not lie, because it was held that the party was in possession of an inalienable right to wash, scrub and scour, turn everything upside down, drive the husband in dismay from the house, and make not only him, but every other person within hailing distance utterly miserable, and take the reins of government into their own hands for at least one week in the year. And so the poor man was doubly non-suited, for he lost not only his suit of clothes, but his suit at law.

The deluging process having been accomplished, and the furniture restored to the different apartments, matters begin again to resume their pristine appearance; and the dejected and humiliated husband having taken note of this last operation begins to think of returning to his once distracted domicile; and so with cautious steps and stealthy carefulness, he wends his way to his home and his freinds again, always remembering to keep perfectly quite in reference to the catastrophe of the last few days which has occurred, especially to in regard his papers and the paraphernalia of his private apartments.

But allow me to say in conclusion, that notwithstanding these annual upheavals in the home associations, and the animated excitement of the feminine mind during this temporary fever, the women of our country make the most excellent wives, the most indulgent mothers, and the most industrious and persistent economists of the expenses and affairs in the family to be found anywhere.

Rich, Red Blood
As naturally results from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as personal cleanliness results from free use of soap and water. This great purifier thoroughly expels scrofula, salt rheum and all other impurities and builds up every organ of the body. Now is the time to take it.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy yet perfect efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

—Rebecca Wilkinson, of Bronsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy; I consider it the grandest medicine in the world." A trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by DeBlois and Primrose.

Scraped With a Rasp.
SIRS,—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me. Miss A. A. Downey, Manotic, Ont.

—"Some newspaper man started the report that a Brookfield girl kneads bread with her gloves on. An exchange answers: "We also need bread with our shoes on, with our pants on and with all our clothes on. We need it badly, too, and if our delinquents do not soon pay up we will need it without any pants at all."

—Mont. McDonald, the well-known St. John barrister, was advised to seek a change of climate for the cure of acute bronchitis. He took Hawker's Tolu and was cured by two bottles. He considers it a remarkable remedy, and strongly recommends its use to all so afflicted.

My Little Boy.
GENTLEMEN,—My little boy had a severe hacking cough an I could not sleep at night. I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and it cured him very quickly. Mrs. J. Hackett, Linwood, Ont.

APPLE-FOAM.—Pare and core six common sized apples; steam them soft and cool. Beat the whites of three eggs and one cupful of sugar with the apple nearly an hour till as light as possible, stir into the yolks one half cup of sugar and add to one-half pint of scalding milk. Put the foam in a dish and pour the custard on it.

—Buy an appetite. You will find it in a package sold by all druggists and marked K. D. C. Free sample. K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass. 8 2i

Wife—Why, Charles, what do you mean by burning our old love letters?

Husband—I have been reading them, my dear. After I die some one who wished to break my will might get hold of them and use them to prove I was insane.

—Dr. J. Wier, Dorchester, says: "Have prescribed Puttner's Emulsion with good results in pulmonary, scrofulous and wasting diseases. Especially applicable to children, being so easily ta