ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1883. NO. 52.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches)—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

A Proposal.

All those owning a horse should be thoroughly posted in the different diseases this noble animal is liable to be attacked with, and the different remedies for the same. A horse that is worth having at all is worth being taken care of. The better the care the better the horse. In order that all interested may become possessed of the above information, we will send to each and every present subscriber of the MONITOR who will pay up all arrearages and a year in advance a copy of DR. KENDALL'S TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES, post free. Every NEW SUBSCRIBER who will send in a subscription for the ensuing year shall receive this book of 96 pages free.

The most successful Remedy ever discovered as it is certain in its effect and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. Read proof below.

From

COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, Ohio, May 15th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co, Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt that I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons which failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago Express. I determined at once to try it and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial, I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the state. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

Very respectfully, L. T. FOSTER

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Fremont, Ohio, Jan. 25th, 1881.

DR B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for benefits and profits which I have derived from your invaluable and far famed Spavin Cure. My cousin and I had a valuable stallion worth $4000 which had a very bad spavin, and was pronounced by four eminent Veterinary Surgeons beyond any cure, and that the horse was done for ever. As a last resort I advised my cousin to try a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. It had a magical effect, the third bottle cured it and the horse is as well as ever. Dr. Dick of Edinburgh, the eminent veterinary surgeon was an uncle of mine, and I take great interest in assisting his profession. Yours truly, JAMES A. WILSON, Civil Engineer.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Wilton, Minn., Jan. 11th, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind leg of one of my horses which was badly swollen and could not be reduced by any other remedy, I got two bottles of Kendall's Spavin Cure of Preston & Ludduth, Druggists of Waseca, which completely cured my horse. About five years ago I had a three year old colt sweenied very badly. I used your remedy as given in your book without rowelling, and I must say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured, which is a surprise not only to myself but also to my neighbors. You sent me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and if I could not get another alike it I would not take twenty-five dollars for it. Yours truly, GEO. MATHEWS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

West Enosburgh, Vt., Feb. 15th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., *Gents*:—Several months ago I injured my knee joint which caused an enlargement to grow the size of a large walnut and caused me very severe pain all the time for four or five weeks, when I began to use Kendall's Spavin Cure with the most satisfactory results. It has completely removed the enlargement and stopped the lameness and pain. I have long known it to be excellent for horses but now I know it to be the best liniment for human flesh that I am acquainted with.

Yours truly, T. P. LAWRENCE.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings and any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or for rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unmalied success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

feb 21

Middleton Hotel,

MIDDLETON, ANNAPOLIS CO., N. S.

C. C. DODGE, Proprietor.

THE Subscriber wishes respectfully to say to the general public that the old well known Middleton Hotel still stands on the old site, and its proprietor is still on the acting side, "hale and hearty."

He thanks the public (travelling and local) for past patronage, and with confidence solicits a continuance of their favors.

No exertion shall be spared (in the future as in the past) by the Proprietor, to make his house a pleasant and agreeable home for all who may take up their abode at his house, permanently or temporally.

A COMFORTABLE CONVEYANCE will attend all trains to convey passengers to and fro.

Good Stabling,

and a respectful, attentive hostler always at call.

☞ Charges Very Moderate.

C. C. DODGE.

Middleton, March 28th, 1883. 1y

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.

Post Office Box, 450.

New Store,

New Goods.

MIDDLETON STATION.

THE subscriber having just completed the enlargement of his premises respectfully invites the inspection of his new and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes.

Especial attention is invited to one of the LARGEST STOCKS of Boots and Shoes to be found outside of the Cities, and at prices that defy competition. Ladies' and Misses' Fine KID BOOTS and SLIPPERS a specialty.

Ladies' and Mens' Overshoes and Rubbers.

Also, Crockery, Tinware, and everything found in a well stocked country store.

Always on hand, Flour, Meal, Lime, Salt, etc., at prices as Low as the Lowest.

It is not my intention to advertise impossible prices, but a comparison of prices is cordially invited. Close cash buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

WANTED—100 doz. Good Home-knit Socks, at 25c. per pair; good double and twisted Yarn, at 60c. per lb; Cloth, butter, eggs, at the highest market rate — also, Lumber, Shingles, cordwood, etc,

J. H. CHUTE.

Jany. 16th, 1882. n40tf

JAMES H. ANDREWS

Willow Park

NURSERIES!

HALIFAX, N. S.,

—OFFERS—

$50.00

IN

PRIZES

ON

VEGETABLES & FLOWERS.

Send for Catalogues of Seeds and Plants containing Prize List. SEND AT ONCE.

We sell seeds

BY THE OZ. AT LB. RATES

☞ OTHER FIRMS ADD TWENTY TO THIRTY PER CENT.

Flour and Meal.

THE Subscriber has a large consignment of FLOUR, CORN MEAL and OAT MEAL which he offers for sale at

LOW RATES,

EITHER

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, SUCH AS WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, RYE-STRW, BEANS, POTATOES, ETC.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, January 5th, 1882.

Notice.

TAKE notice that I hereby forbid any, or all persons negotiating a certain promissory note, made by me in person, of Melbourne Marshall, dated Feb. 15th, '83, for value received, for $43.00, and interest at six per cent., and drawn on eight mos. and one day.

GEORGE L. COLBRAN

mch 20th, tf.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DEICRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

—(0:0)—

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

A careful examination of the insuruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are **AS LOW IN PRICE** as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'nful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 3 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

PUMPS, PUMPS!

A FULL STOCK ON HAND

ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN. A. C.

PLOUGHS. PLOUGHS.

THOSE IN WANT OF

First-Class PLOUGHS

of different patterns, should call at once on

JOHN HALL,

LAWRENCETOWN.

TERMS, SIGHT. tfn40

FARMERS, Attention!

FARMERS or others wishing

CELLAR ROOM

—FOR—

APPLE STORAGE,

Can be accommodated on application to the undersigned. Cellar built purposely for this object.

CAPACITY, 800 Bbls.

JOHN H. FISHER.

Bridgetown, Sept. 27th, '82 tfn24

ENTERPRISE.

STEAM TUG

Eva Johnson.

HAVING purchased the above TUG BOAT, I intend putting her on the Annapolis River about the 25th of the present month, for the purpose of

Towing Ships, Rafts, Scows, &c.

Apply to

Geo. E. CORBITT
Annapolis, or to

Capt. James A. Hughes, Agent, Digby.
G. F. Miller, Agent, Bear River.
Samuel Potter, Agent, Clementsport.
R. FitzRandolph, Agent, Bridgetown.

Annapolis, July 11th, 1881.

MACHINERY

RARE CHANCE!

SEALED tenders will be received up to

September the 10th,

for the entire Plant, Machinery, &c., of the

Truro Boot & Shoe Company!

Tenders may be for the whole or in parts.

Apply for Catalogue to

GATES' ORGAN & PIANO CO.
Truro, N. S.

Sep., 5th 1882.—tf

Photograph Gallery

THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice.

VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a specialty, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

Enlarging.

Portraits copied, enlarged, framed and finished, either in oil or colors. The portrait to be copied must be either a good tintype or photograph.

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

☞ Charges reasonable.

Please call and inspect samples of his work at his rooms,

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.

Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

The Subscriber

HAS REPLENISHED

—HIS—

HARDWARE

DEPARTMENT,

in which will be found:—

Nails, Spikes, Screws, White Lead, Glas Putty, Machine and Burning Oil, Cow and Ox Bells, Monkey Wrenches, Lanterns, Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Iron and Steel, Shovels and Spades, round pointed and Square Sickles, Gong Bells for Sleigh Shafts, Hames, Horse Blankets, Halters and Sircingles, Curry Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail, Shaving, White Wash, Paint, Scrub, Shoe, Horse, and Dandy BRUSHES, Brooms, Whisks, and Pails, Axle Grease, Rope, Mill Saw Files, Axes, Emery Cloth and Sand Paper, Carpenter's Bitts, Chalk & Lines, Shoemaker's Knife Sharpeners, Knives and Forks, and Spoons, Spectacles, Pocket and Butcher Knives, Razors, Straps, Apple Parers, Whips and Whip Lashes, Horse Nails, Brass Rivets and Burrs, Tin Ware, Breech Loading Guns, strong, safe and good Shooters, only $5.00 Powder, Shot, Caps, Shells and Cartridges, &c., all of which will be sold at REASONABLE PRICES.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, Aug. 30th, 1882.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE

FOR

R-H-E-U-M-A-T-I-S-M

As it is for all the painful diseases of the **KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.** It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE $1, LIQUID or DRY, SOLD by DRUGGISTS. (G) Dry can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

Kidney-Wort Regulates the Bowels. Kidney-Wort Regulates the Liver. Kidney-Wort Regulates the Kidneys.

KIDNEY-WORT

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron,—all powerful, blood-making, blood-cleansing and life-sustaining—and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of waning vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick.

For sale by all druggists.

AT PRIMROSE'S

Drug Store

ANNAPOLIS,

Will be found the best assortment of

FANCY GOODS!

PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and all TOILET ARTICLES, EVER OFFERED IN THE COUNTY.

tf36 F. PRIMROSE.

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

NOTICE!

I Hereby forbid anyone purchasing two Notes of Hand given by me to Charles Phinney; one, eight dollars, on demand, and one, twenty dollars, on five months. As no value for the same was received, payment will be resisted. ISAAC A BENNET.

Wilmot, N. S., Oct. 20th, 1882.—n28 tf

Poetry.

The Front Gate.

An old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was swung up high and dry
Betwixt those posts so fast;
But now I've grown so powerful weak
Despised by man and beast—
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Enos White
Came kind of hanging 'round my way
Most every other night.
He hung upon my starboard side
And she u on the t'other,
Till Susan Smith became his bride,
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My chum breathed in a single word;
Their baby was a girl!
And she grew and grew and grew,
I laid bemoaned my fate;
For [illegible] was very fair to view,
And I—I was the gate!

Then, in due time, a lover came,
Betokening my ruin,
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
The grown up baby wooin'!
They sprang upon me in the gloam,
And talked of moon and star;
They are married now and live at home
Along with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year,
No courting night or day—
I had no thought, I had no fear
Bad luck would come my way,
But oh! this morning, save the mark!
There came a wild surprise,
A shadow fitted grim and dark
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor with a knowing smile,
A nurse with face serene,
A bustle in the house awhile,
Great Scott! what can it mean?
My hinges ache; the lock is weak;
My pickets in a whirl;
I hear that awful doctor speak;
It is another girl!

Select Literature.

What Katie Did.

A TRUE STORY.

BY HELEN HENCOURT.

'O mother!' exclaimed Katie, rushing into the room, an open letter in her hand, 'Jack is coming home to night! He says one of the locomotives needs repairs, and he is to bring it over to the machine shop this afternoon. He's going to ride over on the engine with just a fireman, and he'll be home to supper. Isn't that grand?'

Jack was Katie's brother, and he was an engineer in the employ of a railroad company. Proud enough he was when he got his first engine; ay, and happy too, for his mother was a widow and far from rich, and now his earnings would smooth away [illegible] hill and hollow in her daily path.

The line of road he belonged to ran along not far from his mother's house, after crossing on a high trestle bridge the broad river on whose banks the little cottage nestled.

It was one of Katie's delights to go up the shore to the bridge, and watch the trains coming across; and this afternoon, though the road was so wet and muddy, she begged so hard to go and see Jack come across with his locomotive, that her mother finally consented to her going.

There had been a great deal of bad weather ever since spring had set in; the ice had broken up suddenly, and the heavy rugged cakes, had come down the river all together, piling up on the shores, and backing the water over the land; then the river had frozen again, and after that the ice and snow melted rapidly, the mountain torrents came rushing down to the river and the current became so swollen that it was now several feet higher than usual, and several of the frailer bridges had been swept away.

Even during the last three days there had been such heavy continuous rains as were seldom seen, but now the storm was over, and the sky bright and clear.

'Jack said he would be over about five o'clock and it is nearly that now,' thought Katie, as she settled herself down under a tree close to the great bridge. 'I hope he will, for it will be dark soon, and mother will worry if I'm not back in time, it gets dark so quick this time of year.'

She sat there looking at the swollen river finding a strange fascination in watching the angry, turbid current rushing under the arches and dashing up against the piers as if determined to batter them down, only Katie laughed at that idea, it seemed so ridiculous.

She did not known that it was one that had occurred to others more experienced in such matters, nor that some were even now urging an examination of the old, and the construction of a new bridge to replace it, for it was very old, and had not been well built in the first place.

The sun sank low in the horizon, and Katie began to grow uneasy, for the twilight would be so short, and darkness quickly follow. She was making up her mind to wait for Jack's coming no longer when she saw the locomotive speeding down far away, then it reached the bridge, slowed down, and began to creep along over the huge structure. Nearer and nearer and nearer it came, and Katie jumped up and waved her handkerchief, delighted to see that Jack answered the well-known signal by his little fifteen-year old sister was wobbling wave to him from her favorite spot under the big tree

On and on, nearer and nearer, crept the monster mass of iron and steel, like some giant animal of olden times. Katie always liked to watch the locomotives, they looked so strange moving along without any visible power to propel them, just like a living, breathing creature, and this particular one—why, it was Jack's hand that was guiding the huge creature, so no wonder that she watched its slow approach so eagerly.

Nearer and nearer, until it entered on the last span that led to the solid ground; and then—O! What was it? What, what had happened?

Katie heard a crash of falling timbers and masonry, the great throbbing mass of iron and steel plunged head foremost down, down into the shallow water near the shore, and then, then an utter blank and silence.

Katie rubbed her eyes and started as if she thought she was dreaming, as she did think, in truth, for the reality was too sudden and too horrible to credit.

And then with a wild cry of 'Jack! Jack!' she darted down the steep bank, and reached the spot where the proud locomotive lay prostrate amid the mud and slime and fallen timbers and stones.

Before she reached it she tripped over something, and recoiled from it with a cry of horror as she saw it was the body of the fireman, who had been instantly killed by the falling masonry of the arch.

Quivering from head to foot, and fearing to advance lest she should find her dear brother lying as was this poor man, Katie yet forced herself to hurry on until she reached the wrecked engine.

'Jack, Jack, where are you?' she cried, and her heart gave a great leap of joy as the well-beloved voice answered her, although it was weak and shaken by pain.

'I am here, Katie, inside the engine, pinned down by some of these heavy stones. You can't lift them; no use to try. Where is Williams?'

'Killed Jack!' sobbed Katie. 'I'll run and find some one to help you out.'

'Yes do, like a dear girl, these weights on my legs are fearful. But—good heavens, Katie! come here. Look at me, child. Are you brave? Are you steady? Yes you are. You used to walk a rail where my head would spin round. Katie,' he cried, with wild energy, raising his poor bruised elbow, 'is it in you to save three hundred lives? In half an hour there is an excursion train due here, and if it is not warned back it will plunge through this fatal breach. It's too far to the telegraph station near town, are you brave enough to climb up on the bridge, and creep across the ties to the other side? There will be time enough to reach the station near the bridge, and the train can be stopped there. O these awful stones that chain me down here! Dare you do it Katie? Never mind me, I can wait till afterwards.'

Poor Katie! She looked up at the broken arch. She could reach the bridge, she saw, by climbing up on the engine, but then to cross that quarter of a mile of water, deep, turbid, swift, on those open ties, creeping from one to the other! Why, it would have been a hard task for a steady head even in the broad daylight; and now in the night, with the darkness all around, the stars twinkling overhead, and the gleaming water below, it required a stout heart to contemplate the feat without a shudder.

'My God! moaned Jack, 'three hundred people doomed to death, and no one to save them!'

'I will! I'll go, I'll go, Jack!' cried Katie with a gasp.

'Dear sister! brave sister! Go, then; go at once. Don't think of me, think of all the lives you are going to save—all the sorrow you are going to spare those who love them. And don't be afraid dear; don't think of the water below. Go now. God will take care of you. I feel no fear for your safety—none.'

And it was true. Jack's faith in his Father's love and care was earnest, living faith, and so he felt no uneasiness about the noble girl clambering up the rugged, broken arch, and then steadying herself on the heavy cross-ties of the bridge.

He followed her little figure with his eyes as long as he could see it outlined against the dark sky, and then followed her still with his heart, heeding little the pain that racked every nerve in his body, as he lay there alone and helpless, with the corpse of his unfortunate companion close by.

Once her mind was made up, she braced herself for the work she had to do. She kept her eyes fixed steadily on the great beam beneath her feet, stepping carefully along from one tie to another so long as the faint gleams of light remaining allowed her to see them.

But all at once, as she neared the centre of the bridge, the last glimmer went out, like the extinguishing of a candle, and then at the next step, she tripped, and just saved herself from falling down into the deep, swift river yawning beneath her.

And then poor Katie was smitten with a panic, such a panic as seizes upon a soldier in battle, when neither pride, nor honor, nor persuasions, nor threats can restrain him from running away from the field. The poor child grasped the great beam tightly, and laid her head down on the cold beam, sobbing with terror.

But then Jack's moan came echoing to her ears: 'My God! three hundred people doomed to death and no one to save them!'

It roused her up at once to do and to dare, to keep on as bravely as she begun; and now on her hands and knees, feeling for the cross-ties as she crept along in the utter darkness, the noble girl resumed her perilous advance. No more panics now, no more faltering; right on she went, and at length, after a space that seemed hours to her, but was really only twenty minutes from the time she had left Jack, she crept over the last span of the bridge, and stood up safe on the solid ground.

Truly God had taken care of her.

She drew a long breath of relief, and then with all the speed she was capable of—and she was a swift runner—she rushed along the line of road to the little station just back of the river. The trains did not often stop there, she knew that, for she had seen them whirl by at full speed many a time, but this train must be made to stop.

She was not one moment too soon. Down the road, only a little way off, a gleaming red spot appeared, and a heavy rumbling sound was heard rapidly coming nearer and nearer.

'Stop the train! stop it!' she gasped 'The bridge is broken! Stop it! stop it!"

The station-master started at her, too bewildered to catch the idea on the instant; and seeing this, she snatched up the danger-lantern, and running out on the track, swung it to and fro.

A sharp whistle answered the signal and the train came to a full stop at the station, where it had not intended to stop at all.

'What's this for? asked the conductor who knew Katie. 'What is the matter?'

'The bridge is broken! A locomotive has just gone through at the other end. Jack was on it, and he is there now held down by the stones from the bridge. And he's there all alone! Oh, please, please send some one over in a boat to help him out!'

'And how, in the name of heaven, did you get here, child?'

'I came over the bridge on the crossties creeping on my hands and knees most of the way. But oh, please send help to Jack!'

By the time the passengers had been made to understand how they had been rescued from certain death by the bravery of a little girl, she was far out on the water in a boat, propelled by strong arms, ready and eager to extricate poor, unselfish Jack from the ruins of his engine.

One of his legs was broken, they found, and he was suffering intense pain, but his joy that the train with its precious freight of three hundred human lives, was safe, deadened the pain to a great degree.

There was a heavy purse made up among the passengers for Katie and for Jack, although, as they said, they felt that this was a very small return for the service they had done them.

Nor was this all the good that came to them because of the devoted heroism they had shown, the one in unselfish endurance, the other in active bravery. The railroad company, finding that Jack was capable of becoming something better than a simple locomotive engineer, sent him to college, where he was taught a higher branch of knowledge; and now Jack is a rich man, a builder of railroads and bridges.

Nor was Katie forgotten. A cheque for one thousand dollars was paid into the bank in her name, to be added to the five hundred the passengers had bestowed upon her.

And oh, how proud the mother of these two was of her children, and how in after years she loved to tell the story of Jack's lying patiently, held down by the cruel, heavy stones, while he sent help to others, and how lovingly she dwelt on the brave, wonderful thing that her Katie did!

And surely she had a right to be proud if ever a mother had.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Diphtheria.

HOW TO TREAT PATIENTS AFFICTED WITH THIS DISEASE.

The great degree of fatality attending sickness from diptheria, particularly children, makes it important that every precaution be taken against the spread of the disease, and that treatment of those taken down with it be prompt and intelligent. In view of the general lack of information with regard to the proper treatment of diphtheria patients, the resolutions just adopted by the Philadelphia Board of Health, are interesting and valuable. These resolutions have been printed and given to the teachers for the public and private schools for distribution among their pupils. The report is as follows:

Recent investigations having proved that the poison of diphtheria is portable, communicable by infection, and capable of reproducing itself outside of the human body, diphtheria must now be ranked as both a contagious and infectious disease. The following rules are, therefore, more imperative than ever before.

1. When a child or young person has a sore throat, a bad odor to its breath, and especially if it has a fever, it should immediately be separated and secluded and kept secluded from all other persons except necessary attendants, until it be ascertained whether or not it has diphtheria, or some other communicable disease.

Every person known to be sick with diphtheria should be promptly and effectually isolated from the public. Only those persons who are actually necessary should have charge of or visit the patient, and those visitors should be restricted in their intercourse with other individuals. Children residing in a house where there is a case of diphtheria, should not be permitted to attend school.

3. When a case of diphtheria is developed, the same precautions in regard to free ventilation, disposal and disinfection of discharges, bed or body linen, etc., isolated during convalescence (or management of the corpse should death unfortunately occur) etc., ought to be enforced, which have already been recommended in regard to small-pox.

4. It is particularly important that persons whose throats are tender or sore from any cause should avoid possible exposure from the contagion of diphtheria. Children under ten years of age are in much greater danger of taking the disease, and after they do take it of dying from it, than grown persons. But adults are not exempt, and mild cases in them may cause whole series of fatal attacks among children.

5. Numerous instances are recorded where the contagion has retained its virulence for weeks or months, in cesspools, heaps of decaying vegetable matter, damp wall, etc., and have been carried for long distances in clothing, in sewers, in waste pipes of stationary washstands, and other conduits. Hence all sewer connections and other carriers of filth should be well ventilated and disinfected, and children particularly should not be allowed to breathe the air of any water closet, cesspool or sewer into which discharges from patients sick with diphtheria have entered, nor to drink water or milk which has been exposed to such air.

6. Beware of any person who has a sore throat; do not kiss such person, or take his or her breath; do not drink from the same cup, blow the same whistle, nor put his pencil or pen into your mouth.

7 Do not wear nor handle clothing which has been worn by a person during sickness or convalescence from diphtheria.

Job Work!

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a speciality of line work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

The Old Wife.

A HOME STORY—'OUR FIRST PARTING IN OVER SEVENTY YEARS.'

She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily laden breath, but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shades, she awoke and called feebly to her partner, who sat motionless by her bedside. He bent over his dying wife, and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his. 'Is it night?' she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not. 'Yes' he answered softly 'it is growing dark.' 'Where are the children? she queried; 'are they all in?' Poor old man! How could he answer her? The children who had slept for long years in the old church-yard, who had borne the burden and heat of the day, and, growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown before the father and mother had finished their sojourn. 'The children are all safe,' answered the old man tremulously; 'don't think of them, Janet; think of yourself. Does the way seem dark?'

'My trust is in Thee; let me never be confounded.' What does it matter if the way is dark? I'd rather walk with God in the dark than walk alone in the light. I'd rather walk with Him in faith than walk alone by sight. John, where's little Charlie?' she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave dust of twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him. The old man patted her cold hands—hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and callouseed with years of toil, and the wedding-ring was worn to a thread of gold—and then he pressed his thin lips to them and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every toil of life. Why, what a woman she had been! What a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death bed together—closed the eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promises.

Now she was able to cross the dark river alone. And it was strange and sad to the old man, and the yellow-haired granddaughter left them, to hear her babble of walks in the woods; of gathering May flowers and strolling with John of pretty household cares that she had always put down with a strong, resolute hand; of wedding feasts and deathbed triumphs, groom's voice, and the old man, bending over her, cried fearfully, and the young grand daughter k[illegible] her pale brow there was a soler[illegible] her voice as she spoke the emn [illegible] children, one by one, as it names of [illegible] with immortal eyes, and she saw the [illegible] mile put on immortality with one glad [illegible] mass sobbing away, and They led the o[illegible] again the glad sun was when he saw her [illegible] as jubilant with the shining, the air w[illegible] e Pay asleep on the songs of birds, and sh[illegible] window, where he couch under the north [illegible] e down to rest had seen her so often [illegible] ath ball. And while waiting for the Sabb[illegible] k silk, and the she wore the same best blac[illegible] chain neck, string of gold beads about he[illegible] y now the and the folds of white tulle, on [illegible] wasting, brooch with its miniature was [illegible] and a and in its place was a white rose [illegible] —she spray of cedar—she had loved cedar had loved to sing over her work:

Oh may I in His courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

But what a strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone; the traces of of age and pain and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was on the pale lips. The old man was awed by the likeness of the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly: 'You've found heaven, Janet, but you'll come for me soon. It's our first parting in over seventy years, but it won't be for long—it won't be for long!' And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding. We planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

A Freak of the Flood.

A FARMER LOSES FORTY ACRES OF LAND AND A NEIGHBOR IS TEN ACRES AHEAD.

Cincinnati Enquirer, March 9.]

One of the strange freaks of the flood is reported from Whitewater River, a few miles above Lawrenceburg, where Farmer Hunt lost 40 acres of land and his neighbor, Fred Newhouse, had a barren and rock mill site converted into ten acres of as rich land as the valley affords. The land along the Whitewater is as rich as any in the west. An acre of ground here is an independence for a gardener, and ten acres are little less than a bonanza. During the flood the Whitewater bottoms were overflowed for miles along the stream, and the extraordinary height of the water created currents that had never been known before. Since the subsidence of the flood it has been found that 40 acres of Farmer Hunt's richest soil had been carried away, leaving that portion of his farm practically worthless until restored by as system of tillage and fertilizing. Fred Newhouse, who recently removed to the Whitewater bottoms from Aurora, owned a mill site just below Hunt's farm. Newhouse's property consisted of 10 acres of rocky and barren land unfit for farming purposes. A portion of this was a large mill pond. The mill pond is now filled to the level of the breast of the dam with the richest soil in the valley, and Mr. Newhouse's remaining acres of unproductive rocks are covered to the depth of several feet with the same rich deposit. Instead of being a loser by the flood he is ahead the value of 10 acres of Whitewater Valley land, which, when there is any of it in the market, commands from $200 to $500 an acre. Mr. Newhouse is a fine practical miller and the whole neighborhood just now is put to great inconvenience by the temporary shutting down of his mill. 'If it were not for the annoyance and delay of changing my mill from water power to steam power—for I am left without a dam'—said M