Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 20. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1892. NO. 24.

J.H. CHUTE.

I would beg to announce that my importations for Spring are now complete, and customers will find my stock

WELL SELECTED.

We spare no pains in our selection of Goods, as to Style and Quality, and we pay especial attention to

LADIES FURNISHING,

Dress Goods, Trimmings,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

This season these lines are unusually fine

—o—

IN OUR MILLINERY DEP'T,

we claim to lead ALL COMPETITION.

☞ Our goods are bought in the best markets and on the most favorable terms.

—o—

An inspection of my stock is most cordially invited.

J. H. CHUTE

MIDDLETON.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of Stephen Edward Bent, late of Bentville, in the County of Annapolis farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

HERBERT BENT,
HOWARD BENT,
JOHN BENT,
Administrators.

Dated Bentville, May 19th, 1892. 8 6m

Executors' Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN O. PINEO, late of Wolfville, in the County of Kings, Esq., are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from this date: and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to WILLIAM S. PINEO, Wilmot, N. S.

ROBERT V. JONES, Wolfville, N. S., *Executors*,

Or to E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY, Proctor for the Estate.

Wolfville, March 31st, 1892. 1 6m

NOTICE!

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late GEORGE W. HUDSON, of Phinney Cove, in the Township of Granville, County of Annapolis, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

EMMERETTA A. HUDSON,
Administrarix.

Phinney Cove, April 30th, 1892. 6 1y

Administrators Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN W. ACKER, late of Nictaux Falls, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to

Wm. J. H. BALCOM,
Administrator.

Nictaux Falls, August 1st, 1892. 18 6m

Wood Mantle-Pieces

and

OVER MANTLES

made to order. ALSO:

Side-boards, Desks, Sheffoniers, Newel Posts, Art Furniture, Easels, Fire Screens, Fancy Tables, Picture Frames and Mirrors.

All kinds of **REPAIRING** promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

ALBERT BENSON,

DENNISON BUILDING.

Bridgetown, Sept 2nd, 1891 22 6m

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE

A COMBINATION OF

Cod Liver Oil Cream

WITH

HYPOPHOSPHITES

FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION,

PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,

Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

ECONOMICAL IN USE.

One teaspoonful of *Phospholeine* being equal in nutritive and blood-making value to ten times its bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the *Cheapest* preparation in use.

Phospholeine is THE ONLY PREPARATION that we know of which has effected actual cures in *bona fide* cases of Consumption, Scrofula and other Wasting Diseases.

IT IS SO PLEASANT that some mothers have to put it out of the reach of their children to prevent them from drinking a whole bottle.

☞ See last and next issues for Certificate.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT 50C. PER BOTTLE OF 60 DOSES.

UNDERTAKING.

Messrs. ROOP & SHAW

MIDDLETON, N. S.

Beg to announce to the public that they intend carrying on the Undertaking Business at Middleton, and have now in stock a varied and comprehensive line of

Caskets, Coffins, Trimmings,

AND ALL OTHER FURNISHINGS.

Parties requiring their services can rest assured of prompt and satisfactory attention, at most reasonable charges.

ROOP & SHAW.

Middleton, June 16th, 1891. 11 tf

R. D. TAYLOR!

Toilet Articles,
Patent Medicines,
Perfumes,
Fancy Ware,
Etc., Etc.

ICE CREAM

AND

Soda Water, daily,

During the Season.

SHAFFNER BUILDING,
QUEEN STREET, - - BRIDGETOWN.

Professional Cards.

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

DR. M. E. G. MARSHALL,

DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the public. Every branch of Dental Science executed with skill, according to the latest and most approved methods.

Nitrous Oxide Gas and Other Anæsthetics used for

PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:

Queen Street, - Bridgetown.

NOTICE!

LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON

WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON

THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY

and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by

ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.

Office open at 9 a.m.

49 tf J. M. OWEN.

Annapolis, March 7th, 1892, 49 tf

O. T. DANIELS. O. S. MILLER

DANIELS & MILLER,

BARRISTERS,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, Etc.

(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

Office :—MEDICAL HALL,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

G. BARNABY, M.D.

(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)

Physician and Surgeon.

Office and residence in the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. L. G. deBlois.

Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.

Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

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.

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.

PALFREY'S CARRIAGE SHOP

—AND—

REPAIR ROOMS.

Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.

Best of Stock used in all classes of work.

Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.

ARTHUR PALFREY.

Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 1y

THE KING OF REMEDIES!

DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER.

Victory after victory is the record of Dock Blood Purifier, which never fails to do good. Read what Mrs. Outhouse says about it:

FROM MRS. HENRY OUTHOUSE,

OF TIVERTON, NOVA SCOTIA.

About three years ago I was sick with consumption, which was brought on by a heavy cold. I employed a doctor who advised me to use emulsions. I did so but they did me no good. I was growing weaker fast—my cough was very bad—with night sweats; in fact my parents had given me up, as I belong to a consumptive family. Two of my sisters and one brother have already died with that dread disease. As my appetite was very poor a friend advised me to use DR. NORTON'S DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER. I got six bottles, the use of which soon gave me a craving for food. Soon my cough was better and I began to gain in strength. I used twelve bottles of the medicine and by that time had gained forty-four pounds in flesh with good health. Have had no symptoms of any lung trouble since and believe that

Dr. NORTON'S

DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER

SAVED MY LIFE.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

512 Dillwyn St.
Phila. Pa:

I have taken a great deal of medicine in my life but no remedy ever helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best blood purifier in the world.

E. Walz

CURES OTHERS, WILL CURE YOU.

FARM FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers his valuable farm for sale.

For particulars apply to

IRA B. NEILY, Middleton.

42

FOR SALE!

THE property now owned and occupied by the subscriber, at Granville Ferry, consisting of a House of ten rooms, a Grocery-store and Barn, a good Garden set with Fruit Trees, and two never-failing wells of water.

For terms apply to

ROBT. W. INGLIS, On the Premises.

Granville Ferry, August 3rd, 1891. 18 tf

FOR SALE.

That beautiful place, "THORN COTTAGE," situate at

Middleton Corner,

formerly owned by Fowler and Chipman, containing 4 acres of good land, and also Orchard, all in good state of cultivation.

Also, good comfortable House and other Outbuildings, all in first-class state of repair. If not sold will be rented Nov. 10th.

Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

MILLER BROS.,
116 and 118 Granville St.,
Halifax.

24 tf

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

A GREAT CHANCE TO BUY FURNITURE

The subscriber acting as agent for Messrs. Runciman, Randolph, and Shaw, now offers the public

Extra Value

in all the Furniture to be found in the Warerooms. It embraces Parlor and Bedroom Suites and a General Assortment of Household Articles usually found requisite for the Trade.

Among the special bargains may be found

Parlor Suites, in plush, from $40 to $75.00
Ash Bedroom Setts, from $10 to $40.00
Walnut Setts, with Develle Glass Mirrors, complete, $65.00
Antique Oak Dining-room setts, $45 to $80
Side Boards, from $18 to $30.00

UNDERTAKING.

As has been the custom of the subscriber for years past, he begs to state that he is now in a better position than ever before, to give his personal attention to the Undertaking business, and is able to furnish all kinds of Coffins, Caskets and Trimmings.

J. B. REED, *Agent.*

September 7th, 1891. 23tf

IMPERIAL

Fire Insurance Company,

OF LONDON, ENGLAND,

ESTABLISHED 1803.

CAPITAL, - - - £1,200,000.
ASSETS, - - - £1,631,015.

AGENTS:

EDW. RUGGLES, at Bridgetown, N. S.
T. A. PEARSON, at South Farmington, N.S.
J. M. OWEN, at Annapolis, N. S.

June 21st, 1891.

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. ja92

Early Closing

The undersigned have agreed to close their places of business on

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY EVENINGS,

at SIX O'CLOCK, until further notice, commencing

Monday, June 20th:

Runciman, Randolph & Co.,
John P. Murdoch, J. W. Beckwith,
Strong & Whitman, G. H. Dixon,
Shafner & Neily, E. S. Piggott,
Burpee Chute, Hugh Fraser,
Brenda Lockett, Mrs. Ansley,
Capt. Nicholson, Richard Shipley,
John Lockett, Miss B. Elderkin,
A. J. Morrison.

Established 1873.

THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

ISSUED ON WEDNESDAY,

At Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S.

M. K. PIPER, Proprietor and Publisher.

TERMS $1.50 per annum, if paid within three months; if not, $2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, (1½ inches), one insertion.....$1.00
Twenty-five cents each continuation.
One square, one year,.....$10.00
Two squares, one year,.....15.00

A liberal discount to regular advertisers, and full information given on application.

Advertisers are respectfully requested to hand in their matter as early in the week as possible.

Copy for changes, to secure insertion, must be in our hands not later than TUESDAY NOON.

JOB PRINTING

of all kinds, plain and fancy, executed at short notice. Neat work, good paper, and reasonable prices. Pamphlets for lodges, societies, and catalogues, put up in any style required.

News items from all parts of the County respectfully solicited.

Births, deaths and marriages inserted free of charge.

Address all business letters or correspondence to "MONITOR" Office, or

R. S. McCORMICK, Manager.

Poetry.

The Nearest Duty.

My soul was stirred. I prayed: "Let me
 Do some great work so purely
To right life's wrongs, that I shall know
 That I have loved Thee surely."
My lips sent forth their eager cry,
 The while my heart beat faster,
"For some great deed to prove my love,
 Send me, send me, my Master!"

From out the silence came a voice
 Saying: "If God thou fearest,
Rise up and do, thy whole life through,
 The duty that lies nearest.
The friendly word, the kindly deed,
 Though small the act in seeming,
Shall in the end unto thy soul
 Prove mightier than thy dreaming.

"The cup of water to the faint,
 Or rest unto the weary,
The light thou givest another's life
 Shall make thine own less dreary.
And boundless realms of faith and love
 Will wait for thy possessing;
Not creeds, but deeds, if thou would'st win
 Unto thy soul a blessing."

And so I wait with peaceful heart,
 Content to do his pleasure,
Not caring if the world shall mock
 At smallness of the measure.
Of thoughts or deeds or daily life
 He knows the true endeavor
To do His will, to seek his face;
 And He will fail me never.

—*Sarah A. Gibbs.*

Lost.

What! lost your temper, did you say?
 Well, dear, I would'nt mind it.
It isn't such a dreadful loss—
 Pray do not try to find it.

'Twas not the gentlest, sweetest one,
 As all can well remember
Who have endured its every whim
 From New Year's till December.

It drove the dimples all away,
 And wrinkled up your forehead,
And changed a pretty, smiling face
 To one—well, simply horrid.
It put to flight the cheery words,
 The laughter and the singing;
And clouds upon a shining sky
 It would persist in bringing.
And it is gone! Then do, my dear,
 Make it your best endeavor
To quickly find a better one,
 And lose it—never, never!

—*Harper's Young People.*

Select Literature.

Lena's Citizens.

"I tell you, Hans, the best always pays the best. That's what we say in Minnesota, anyway; and out there, when we can't have the best, we go without, that's all."

The speaker was a handsome young fellow, evidently an American, who was taking a vacation tramp through Switzerland with his Berlin chum, Hans Dammer, a young German of his own age. The latter was stopping, with a rueful countenance, to remove the third pebble that had found its way within an hour through a broken place in the side of one of his heavy walking shoes. Although the shoes were heavy and looked strong, they were not made of the best leather, and had given out after three weeks of hard usage. Now Hans would be forced to purchase another pair, or else give up the last week of their trip; for it was certain that he could not walk with pebbles in his shoes, and the leather had proved too rotten to be repaired.

When the chums had bought their walking shoes, the young American selected the very best pair for tramping purposes that he could find; while his friend took an inferior pair, thinking they would answer for that one trip, and that the few thalers thus saved could be added to his pocket-money.

The young American's words were uttered in a laughing tone and without much thought. Hans Dammer only answered them with a grunt as he threw away the offending pebble. Then the two swung ahead and disappeared around a jutting point; but lightly as the words were spoken, they had sunk deep into the heart of one hearer for whom they were not in any way intended.

Twelve-year-old Lena Kinzel, rosy-cheeked and sunny-haired, with a very resolute expression on her bright little face, was sitting on the shady side of a great rock near the roadside, watching her mother's goats. She was sitting so that the young men did not see her. The sound of their approaching voices had caused her to peer shyly around a corner of the rock, and she listened eagerly to try and catch the meaning of what they were saying, for they were talking in English. Lena called it "American," and had been striving to master some of its easiest difficulties ever since her father left them, six months before, to seek a new home for his wife and children in the new lands across the great ocean.

He had said that while he loved their own land and knew it to be a good one, they must always be poor in it, as his father and grandfather had been before him. He believed there were better for such as they in America, and the very best in the world was none too good for such as his. So he went away to find it for them, and was to send back the money that would take them to him just as soon as he could earn and save it.

Lena was the eldest of the seven children; then came Gretchen, Fritz, Annchen, Hansel, Susette, and the baby Christian. When, just as he was leaving, the father bent down and whispered to her that she must take good care of the little ones, she choked back a sob and smiled bravely as she answered, "And I will bring them all to thee when thou sendest for us, father, never fear."

Then she set to work to study the strange American language, and with the help of old Margot, who had once traveled as maid with an American family, and was now employed in the great hotel at the foot of the Alps, she had already picked up a number of words. Thus she understood what the young American meant when he said that the best always paid the best, and her heart leaped at the word Minnesota. Was not that the canton of the New World in which her father was even then making a home for them? Eagerly she watched the pedestrians out of sight, and then again turned her attention to her goats, which were nibbling at rather scanty feed.

"Ze best pays ze best!" There was a much better bit of pasture up over that rocky ridge. She had thought of it before, but it was so hot up there. Now she arose with a very determined look on her face, and after a half-hour of hard work, her goats were enjoying the very best pasture the little girl knew of.

The goats, the pasture right, the two cows and the very cottage in which the Kinzels' lived were only theirs to hold until the end of that season. Then they must be turned over to Herr Strubach, who advanced Kinzel the money for his venture in the New World. By that time the father expected to be able to send for his dear ones to join him; but until then they must support themselves by the sale of their butter and cheese.

Twice each week Lena took the fresh white cheeses and rolls of golden butter to the big hotels, but there were so many others trying to sell the same things, that sometimes the steward did not want hers. Then she had to dispose of hers as best she could, at lower prices, elsewhere. The steward always selected the best, both in looks and quality.

"'Ze bester pays ze bester!' How very true!" though Lena, as she rested after the exertion of getting her goats to the best pasture; "and how much of wisdom has that Herr Baron Minnesota! If only we could make our butter just as bester as ever was, how well would it pay!"

So the little Swiss maid turned this thought over in her mind; and when the brothers and sisters were fast asleep that night, she talked of it to her mother. Poor, tired Mrs. Kinzel, whose hacking cough would not leave her, and who was growing thinner and paler every day, fully agreed with all that her little daughter said; but what could make their wares better or more attractive than they were?

"We might get old Franz to carve us a stamp."

"Carve a stamp, mein Liebchen! Do you know what old Franz charges for his carvings? They are the best and most beautiful in the canton."

"Ja, mutter mein, but ze bester pays; ze Herr Baron Minnesota said so."

Finally Mrs. Kinzel yielded, and the stamp was ordered and made. It was an exquisite bit of carving, for old Franz was so charmed by the winsome ways of his little customer, who ran every day to inspect the progress of his work, that he outdid himself to please her. It was the letter K, surrounded by a wreath of Alpine edelweiss, and he charged for it—well, the mere mention of the price caused poor Mrs. Kinzel to lift her hands and utter an exclamation of dismay. It was promptly paid, though it took every franc of their scanty savings.

When Lena next visited the great hotel the baskets that she bore were lined with fresh green leaves. The cheeses in one and the pats of butter in the other all bore the imprint of the new stamp, and were arranged in layers, with the sweet-scented leaves between each two, in addition to the strips of snowy muslin.

The steward having bought both butter and cheeses that morning, was just about to say that he did not want any more, when Lena deftly whipped off the cover from one of her baskets, and exposed its contents. A glance was sufficient; there was no need to test the products of the Kinzel dairy by tasting. Not only did the steward purchase all that Lena had brought, but promised to take the entire product of their dairy for that summer, providing it all looked as inviting as these samples, and if Lena did not offer any of it elsewhere.

So the edelweiss butter and cheeses became a feature of his table that season, and many were the compliments he received for them. Other butter-makers invested in edelweiss stamps; but old Franz never put his heart into the carvings of another as he did the first, and then, too, the steward would purchase that brand from none but Lena.

"I will have none but the best," he said even if I have to pay a little more for it."

To supply the demand for their butter, Mrs. Kinzel and the children worked harder than ever that summer; but while the latter seemed to thrive on the hard work and grow stronger and rosier each day, the dear mother grew thinner and paler, until, at the end of the season she was forced to take to her bed.

At length came the long-looked for letter from the father in distant Minnesota; but it was filled with tidings of ill-success and bitter disappointment. It enclosed money—every cent that he could send them—but this was not more than half enough to pay for the passage to the new home.

"I am sick with the Heimweh, for my dear ones," wrote the father, "I think of them and long for them so that I do not good work. But, alas! it must be another year before I can see them, for I have not the money to bring them to me."

Lena's face flushed, and the tears filled her bright eyes, as she spelled out this sad letter to her sick mother and the children clustered about the bed.

"Oh, cried the mother, "if he had only come back instead of sending the money; or if he had never gone! What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Let us now count the money in the Castle of Delft,'" said Lena.

Then she ran to fetch the little earthenware castle that was their bank and held all their savings. No one could see its contents without first breaking it, and so they had no idea how much it contained.

"It will be so little," murmured the sick woman.

Even hopeful Lena did not believe it would amount to much, so little had they put in at a time. But if they had only put in a little at a time they had done so very many times. Lena was surprised at the weight of the "castle" as she brought it from its hiding-place; and when, with a quick blow she shattered its roof, she uttered a cry of amazement at the quantity of copper pieces and silver pieces that rolled out on the table.

Breathlessly the money was counted, and when Lena at last made triumphant announcement that the "Castle of Delft" had held a few centimes more than the sum sent by their father, and that the total of the two amounts would be sufficient to send them to Minnesota, after all, there rose such a hubbub of excitement in that humble cottage as has rarely been seen in any chalet of the Swiss Alps. Even the sick woman was lent such strength by renewed hope that she arose from her bed, and at once began preparations for their departure.

The following day brought Herr Strubach to whom Mr. Kinzel had also written, begging that his family might be allowed to occupy the cottage for another year. He came to say that this would be impossible, as he had made other arrangements and they must move out at once.

He was amazed at the cheerful smiles with which his demand was received, nor did he comprehend when Mrs. Kinzel informed him, that as a new home was already awaiting them, this one should be turned over to him before the week's end.

So, when their scanty furniture was sold, and Lena had kissed the cows and every one of the goats good-by, the long, wonderful journey was begun. They took with them only the mother's little black Bible, the edelweiss stamp, their clothing and a supply of bedding for use on the ship. The good steward of the big hotel, who happened to be going to Bremen at the time, made the journey easy for them to that port, and did not leave them till he had seen them safely on board the great steamship that was to take them to the land of New York and Minnesota.

Upheld by excitement and her own determined will, the brave emigrant mother had borne the journey thus far without a murmur; when her little flock was at length safe on the ship, and there was no longer a necessity for immediate action, her slender stock of strength gave out.

For the first two days on the voyage she sat on deck, wrapped in blankets, with her little ones clustered about her. She talked to them feebly, but bravely, of "das beste land," to which they were going, and of the father to whom their coming would be such a joyful surprise; or Lena read to them from the mother's book; or Fritz told them what he meant to do when he became a man in the new land; or they all played with the baby, and made him scream with delight at their antics, until the saloon passengers on the promenade deck looked down and smiled in sympathy.

Only Lena was awake on the third night, and knew when the dear mother left them to go to "das beste land" of all and the new home in which was to be no more weariness nor sorrow nor toil. A few loving words, brokenly whispered, charging the eldest daughter to be a mother always to the others, to take them to the father, and comfort him: an answering promise that would never be broken, whispered in the solemn darkness; a long sigh, a lingering kiss, and the mother spoke no more. A few minutes later all that part of the steerage was awakened by a child's frightened cry, and passionate sobbings. Then came men with bright lanterns, tender-hearted steerage women took the bewildered children in their arms, and soothed them with gentle words.

When the daylight came the mother was gone, and the kind women said they must not look for her, for she was in "das beste land," toward which they were journeying, and the children wondered if she were already in Minnesota. Only Lena knew; and when she gathered them about her on deck and read to them from the mother's book of the wonderful city with streets of gold, and wall of precious stones, they were quite satisfied and content. They only wished the vessel would sail faster, that they, too, might get there the more quickly. All the saloon passengers walked to the forward end of the promenad deck that day to gaze on the pathetic little group. Most of the ladies turned away with tears in their eyes; while some of the men pulled down their caps to keep the sun from blinding them, and making the tears come into their eyes, too.

The sailors also watched the Kinzels, and brought them odd playthings, such as none but a sailor would ever have thought of. The grimy coal-heavers came up from the mysterious regions deep down in the ship to nod and smile at them. As for the steerage steward, he hovered about them constantly with bits of good things to eat so that you would have thought they were his own little boys and girls.

That evening there was an unusual gathering of passengers in the grand saloon; and for three days after that several of them met in one of the smaller saloons every morning while everybody seemed interested and expectant. Then, on the last night of the voyage, when the New York pilot was already on board, the grand saloon was turned into fairyland. The little Kinzels were carried aft to see it, and they wandered if the golden city in "das best lande" could be any more beautiful, or if the angels Lena read of could be any kinder than the people that thronged about them.

After they were asleep—all but Lena—such sweet strains of music floated through the great ship that the children heard them in their dreams and smiled.

It was a fine a concert as ever was given on shipboard —everybody said so—but one voice that was applauded above all others, and encored again and again, was the wonderful baritone of a young American, who was returning to his Western home after several years of musical study in Germany. So completely did he bear off the honors of the occasion that, by a unanimous vote, he was chosen to present to Lena Kinzel the well-filled purse that the concert given for the little flock of motherless emigrants had earned.

They were gathered in their accustomed place on deck—the place their dear mother had chosen for them—watching with curiosity the nearing land, when the singer and those who assisted him went forward to fulfil their mission.

The children drew closer to Lena when he spoke to them, and gazed at him in open eyed silence. Even Lena failed to comprehend what he was saying, for he spoke in the German of Berlin, which was almost as foreign to her as the American language that she was trying hard to learn Besides, she hardly knew he was speaking; and when he finished, she only said as if uttering her thoughts aloud, "Ze Herr Baron Minnesota."

"Minnesota!" he exclaimed, catching the word. "Are you going to Minnesota?"

When Lena in her most imperfect English and German patois, made it clear that she had seen him before in her own canton, and that they were now going to his in the New World, he became more interested than ever in the motherless flock. He declared that since their journey lay in the same direction as his own he would constitute himself their guardian, and not lose sight of them until they were safe in their father's arms.

Then a tender-hearted New York banker, who had also taken part in the concert, changed their money into a draft on a Minnesota bank, payable to Lena Kinzel, and the young man smiled when he saw how greatly the receipts from the concert had been swelled by being turned into a draft.

Nothing could be more fortunate for the little emigrants than his resolve to see them safely to their journey's end. But for his assurance that they were in his charge, and that he would be responsible for them, the Commissioner of Emigration might have sent them back as paupers on the ship that brought them.

"Why," exclaimed the young man, indignantly, when this was suggested, "not only have they got money, but they can have more if they need it. As for that child"—here he pointed to Lena,—"she is the pluckiest and most level-headed girl of her age I have ever met, and if she does'nt bring up those brothers of hers to be first-class citizens, then I'm mistaken, that's all. They are the kind we want in Minnesota, any way, and out there we are pretty particular about having the best, I can tell you."

So the little Kinzels were finally passed through the emigrant office, and on their long journey to Minnesota they were well cared for by their self-appointed guardian. According to promise, he delivered them safely to their father, who, with tears and smiles chasing each other over his face at the same time, was excitedly awaiting them at the railway station nearest the farm. The day before he had received the first telegram of his life. It told him of the coming of his children, and of the departure of the dear mother to the better land.

It is now two years since the young emigrants sat on the deck of the great ship, and already, thanks to good schools, they not only speak English, but all, except little Christian, can read and write it. The money raised at the concert on shipboard was put into a neat framed house and several cows. Now the Kinzel dairy farm is becoming widely known for its famous edelweiss butter, which is spoken of as being the very best made in that section of the country.

And Lena, still bright-eyed and sunny-faced, though a little graver than she was two years ago, is the life of the new home, as she was of the old one. She is mother as well as sister to the others, and is her father's little adviser, as well as his housekeeper. She is also developing a strong interest in the politics of her adopted country, for she feels the responsibility of having four citizens on her hands. As she quaintly expresses it:—

"I know alretty dose Republicans and dose Democrats; but it is only for ze bester mans dot my citizens shall vote. In zis country we will haf ze bester or not any at all. Dot's what say ze Herr Baron Minnesota and dot's what I say too."—*Harper's Young People.*

The World's Largest Olive Orchard.

The largest olive orchard in the world is said to be that belonging to Elwood Cooper of Barbara, California. It is a tract of 1700 acres and contains 10,000 olive trees, 8,100 in full bearing, the remainder being young trees set out during the past year and a half.

Besides the olive trees, there are 3,000 English walnut trees, 4,500 Japanese persimmon trees, 10,000 almond trees, and about 4,000 other fruit and nut trees.

The 10,000 olive trees yielded 40,000 qt. bottles of olive oil last year, which found a ready market at about $1.25 per bottle. The nut trees bore thousands of bushels of nuts, to say nothing of the Japanese persimmons.

Father and Daughter

Restored to health by the use of ST. LAWRENCE BITTERS. Mr. C. A. Easson, of Factorydale, Kings Co., writes: "A short time since I procured two packages of your Bitters and have used one and started on the other. Our daughter of fifteen years had been quite poorly for two years, so much so that she was not able to attend school. Since taking the Bitters, however, she is much better in every way, so that she is now able to go to school again. I myself was troubled with sleepiness so much so that it was hard to keep my eyes open while at work and I awoke mornings with a bad headache. These troubles have all left me since taking your Bitters. If this is of any use to you, you are welcome to use my name." For sale at DeBlois and Primrose's, Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse's, Lawrencetown.

Local Option.

This term should be applied to the choice every intelligent person has between Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural and certain remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache, and bad blood, and the various imitations offered by unscrupulous parties as being "just as good." There is nothing else as good as B. B. B. It is an honest medicine and has made remarkable cures right in our own town.

—Julian Ralph, in an important article which he will contribute to the next number of Harper's Bazar, will relate what women have done and are doing in the preparations for the great fair, and how their work will be represented there. In the same number of the Bazar, Helen Marshall North will begin a series of valuable papers entitled "My Lady Spinster," which will be of especial interest to unmarried ladies who have attained to the dignified title of "old maid."

Crippled with Rheumasism.

Ronald McKay, Murray Harbor Road, P.E.I., writes: "I was crippled with rheumatism and could get no relief until I used your Pink Pills. I am now well." Of all dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50. Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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A Nova Scotia Murderer.

East Pepperell, Mass., September 1.—Pepperell was startled to-day by a brutal murder and attempt at suicide. At 4.30 this morning William Lively, farmer at the north village, ran to the house of his neighbor, Baker, and told him to come to his house at once, as his wife was sick. Baker sent Evelyn Greenlaw, a girl stopping at his house. She went to the house before Lively got back and saw Mrs. Lively, the farmer's wife lying on the floor near the sink in the back kitchen. She went for help. When she came back she saw Lively laying in the doorway of the same room with a 32 caliber six shooter near by. Two chambers were empty. His wife had a bullet hole in the back of her head, from which her brains oozed. She died soon after. Lively had a ragged wound behind the right ear. Doctors pronounced the chances for Lively's recovery or death about even. Lively is 38 years old and his wife about 27. She is a native of Pepperell, daughter of Calvin Robbins. Lively is a Nova Scotian who has been in Pepperell about ten years. The couple were hard working people. Lively had the reputation of being close fisted. He was known to drink cider particularly hard. His wife had reproached him for it before. It's thought by the chief of police that Mrs. Lively reproached her husband for drinking, whereupon Lively shot her. She was evidently standing at the sink working when shot. Lively is unconscious. The couple had two children, a boy of five and a girl of three. The boy says he heard quarreling in the house in the morning before he got up.

THE MURDERER CONFESSES.

East Pepperel, Sept. 4.—William Lively, the farmer who shot and killed his wife and attempted to take his own life Wednesday, at North Pepperell, made a full confession of the crime, alleging the unfaithfulness of his wife as the cause, and giving the name of the man who had caused the domestic unhappiness that resulted in the tragedy. Circumstances and dates given to the officials in the confession have been sufficiently corroborated to satisfy the authorities of its truth. An autopsy on the body of the woman was held by Medical Examiner B. H. Hartwell, of Ayer, assisted by Doctors Lovejoy and Hazen. Lively is under arrest at his home, constantly in charge of an officer, and is in a fair way to recover. As soon as his condition will permit he will be removed to the Cambridge jail.

Older than Gladstone.

Among the members of Parliament elected we find the name of Mr. Villiers, who deserves more than a passing notice. He is always styled the "Father of the House of Commons." Mr Gladstone has sat for a greater number of years in Parliament, but his claim is barred by the fact that for a year he was without a seat, while Mr. Villiers since 1835, when he was returned for Wolverhampton, has represented that town without a break. Mr. Villiers was born in 1802, and thus is nearly eight years Mr. Gladstone's senior, and when the ex-Premier entered Christ Church he was a barrister.

Mr. Villiers came of a famous stock, whose fortunes date from the time when George Villiers attracted the notice of King James I. He has filled more than one Ministerial office, ending as a member of Lord Palmerston's second cabinet But his chief title to fame rests on the part he took in the Free Trade movement. Though connected with the landed interest, he was the earliest opponent of the Corn Laws. He paved the way for Cobden and Bright, whom Lord Randolph Churchill accused of conveying Mr. Villiers's ideas without acknowledgement. The pioneer of free trade had his reward when Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell adopted his policy, and in 1847 South Lancashire elected him as one of its members. But Mr. Villiers refused to abandon Wolverhampton. Mr. Gladstone offered him a peerage, but he would not leave the House of Commons, though of late years his age has prevented him from doing more than putting in an occasional appearance. In 1886 he became a Liberal Unionist.

Are Fast Trains The Safest?

Superintendent Darlington, of the Pennsylvania lines, according to the Indianapolis *News*, is of the opinion that fast trains are the safest, and unless there is a defect in the track an accident seldom happens to them. "Our No. 7," says he, "is known to be an exceedingly fast train, and every one keeps out of its way. At Kingstown, for instance, where our fast trains pass through nearly sixty miles an hour, no one has ever been hurt. The people know the trains cannot be stopped in a second, and govern themselves accordingly. It is in towns where there are slow ordinances that the people are hurt.

"They know the trains are compelled to run slow, and take their time about getting across the track. The experiences of railway men is that fast trains are the safest. In the event of cattle on the track it is better, too, to hit them hard than easy. I was on the engine of a freight train once when we ran into a flock of sheep. The animals were huddled together around the bell-wether, and my hair began to rise. I thought surely we would be thrown from the track.

"The engineer put on a full head of steam and struck the herd at great speed. The engine threw the sheep to one side like chaff. Had he tried to stop or run into them slowly the engine would have been derailed."

Every Testimonial

In behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly true and will bear the closest investigation. No matter where it may be from, it is as reliable and worthy your confidence as if it came from your most respected neighbor. Have you ever tried this excellent medicine?

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest.

—"An ounce of prevention, etc." Do not neglect that cough. One bottle of *Puttner's Emulsion* (the cough medicine par excellence) taken now, may save you weeks of illness, and a long doctor's bill. Large bottle, only 50 cents.

—Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by deBlois & Primrose. 24 1y

—The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is not accidental but is the result of careful study and experiment by educated pharmacists.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.