Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 24. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1896. NO. 23.

Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.

GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.

Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
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OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store)
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Consular Agent of Spain.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, *Agent at Annapolis.*
20 6m

L. R. MORSE, B.A., M.D., C.M.
OFFICE AT PRESENT:
RESIDENCE OF DR. MORSE,
LAWRENCETOWN.
Lawrencetown, April 26th, 1896. tf

F. L. MILNER,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE.
MONEY TO LOAN.
Office opposite Central Telephone Exchange, Queen Street, Bridgetown. 31 tf

J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M.
Office over Medical Hall.
Residence: Revere House. Telephone No. 10.
Orders left at Medical Hall with Mr. S. N. Weare will receive every attention. 3y

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

H. F. Williams & Co.,
Parker Market, Halifax, N.S.
COMMISSION - MERHANTS,
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples Potatoes, Beef, Lamb Pork.
and all kinds of Farm Products.
Special Attention given to Handling of Live Stock.
☞*Returns made immediately after disposal of goods.* 27 y

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.
MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38tf

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

A. A. Schaffner, M. D.,
LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.
Office and residence at MRS. HALL'S, three doors east of Baptist church.
TELEPHONE NO. 8E. 13 1y

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.

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

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

The Best Returns For the Least Money
ARE OBTAINED FROM THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR CANADIAN COMP'Y,
THE
Canada Assurance Life
COMPANY.
☞*All persons insuring before the 31st of Dec., 1894, will obtain a full year's profit.*
S. E. MARSHALL,
Nov. 28th, 1894. tf Agent, Middleton.

Direct Evidence
in favor of the BANKS OF RED GRAVENSTEIN, is they sold for $1 per bbl. more than the ordinary Gravenstein. My near neighbors who have carefully examined the fruit on the trees, and also my nursery stock, are now setting them by the fifties and hundreds. First-class trees, $30 per hundred, $5 per doz.
A. STANLEY BANKS.
Waterville, Kings Co., Nov. 13, 1895. 18 1y

Trust What Time Has Endorsed { Since A. D. 1810.

There is not a medicine in use today which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent as JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. For more than eighty years it has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it and transmitted the knowledge of its excellence to their children as a valuable inheritance. The best evidence of its value is the fact that in the state where it originated the sale of it is steadily increasing.

L. S. JOHNSON, ESQ. My Dear Sir—Fifty years ago this month your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to this. JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford, Maine, Jan., 1891.

I have used your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for more than fifty years in my family. Have used it for colds, coughs, sore throat, swellings, cramps, sore stomach, rheumatism, lameness, colic, toothache, neuralgia, etc., and found it a good every way. I would not let my house be without it. I am a man 71 years old. Johnson's Liniment is my family remedy. THOMAS CLELAND, So. Robbinston, Me.

This certifies that Dr. A. Johnson, whose name is signed to every genuine bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, in the month of Jan., 1840, first left at my store some of the same. I have supplied my customers with it ever since, (over fifty years) with increasing sales. I have used it in my family for sprains, coughs, colds, lame back, and consider it the best. JABEZ KNOWLTON, Newburg, Me.

The Doctor's Signature and directions are on every bottle.
If you can't get it send to us. Price 25 cents; six $2.00. Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., Sole Proprietors.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERVICE!

Daily Line **Digby —TO— Boston**
(EXCEPT SUNDAY.)
The former delay at St. John over night avoided.

TIME-TABLE!

Leave Digby daily (except Sunday), by the magnificent and palatial side-wheel
Steamer "PRINCE RUPERT,"
at 10.30 a.m., arrive at St. John at 1.00 p.m., where you can make connections with the steamers of the International Line until September 21st, as follows, avoiding all delays, and arriving in Boston the next day at 3 o'clock, p m:

MONDAY,	2 p.m.	For Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston.
TUESDAY,	6 p.m.	For Boston direct.
WEDNESDAY,	2 p.m.	For Eastport, Lubec and Boston.
THURSDAY,	2 p.m.	For Eastport, Lubec and Boston.
FRIDAY,	2 p.m.	For Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston.
SATURDAY,	2 p.m.	For Eastport, Lubec and Boston.

☞All agents in the east sell through tickets and check baggage through. Call on or address your nearest ticket agent.
C. E. LAECHLER, Agent, St. John, N. B.

A. E. CALKIN & Co.,
of KENTVILLE,
have purchased the FRANK SCOTT Tailor Stock, and opened up a
Tailoring Business
at the old stand in MEDICAL HALL.
☞ **Look Out for Bargains** ☜
as the present stock must be sold promptly to make ready for new Fall Stock.
Prices, $12.50 up. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.
☞Call and see us. G. A. CROZIER, Manager.

A LARGE ORDER OF
SILVERWARE

HAS JUST ARRIVED.
WEDDING PRESENTS
never so beautiful or so low before.

WATCHES! We are overstocked with Watches, so will make A BIG CUT ON THEM. Call, get prices and examine them, and if you want a good time keeper do not let this chance go by.

JOHN E. SANCTON & SON,
Watchmakers and Jewellers.

STARTLING INDUCEMENTS!

As the Spring Season is now rapidly approaching, doubtless there are many households in the town, county and elsewhere who have decided upon placing in their dwellings new appointments in

FURNITURE

and it is to those that the old and reliable Furnishing House, formerly J. B REED & SONS, and now under their management, wish to call attention by acquainting them with the fact that for the next few weeks

Bargains of an Exceptional Nature in Parlor Suits, Bedroom Suits, Side Boards, etc., will be offered.

All persons requiring anything in the line of HOUSE FURNITURE who will take the trouble to call, will find that our stock is thorough and complete, and that many of the articles are offered at PRICES THAT CANNOT PROVE OTHERWISE THAN SATISFACTORY. Call and inspect.

Undertaking! Besides the usual complete stock always to be found in store at the establishment on Granville Street, a branch has been opened **at Hampton,** under the management of **MR. JOHN E. FARNSWORTH,** who will give every attention to the requirements of the public.

SPRING IS HERE!
and with it comes the
QUESTION
Where will I get my Spring Suit and Spring Overcoat?
Get them where you can get the
Best Value for your Money.
BEFORE PURCHASING CALL AT
A. J. MORRISON'S,
who has the **largest stock in the County** to select from. Anything you want to wear at the lowest price.
A. J. MORRISON, Merchant Tailor, **Middleton, N. S.**
P. S.—The Latest Style Hats and Furnishings.

The Fear of Thunder.

"Electric storms are far less dangerous than the majority of people imagine," writes Edward W. Bok in June *Ladies' Home Journal.* "That a severe lightning storm is terrifying admits of no question, and will often bring uneasiness to the heart of the bravest. The chance of lightning striking a house, for example, is not one in a million. Particularly is this true in cities, strung as most of them are with electric wires. The greater danger from electric storms is in the country, and even there the danger may be lessened if the simplest and most commonsense precautions are exercised. The surest electric conductor is a draught, and if when a thunder storm approaches, it is seen that all the windows and doors liable to occasion a draught are kept closed, the danger is at once reduced to a minimum. If a woman is 'caught' out in a thunder storm the surest shelter is a house; the most dangerous a tree, particularly an oak tree. It is a peculiar, but nevertheless a proven fact, that the oak is most sufceptible of all trees to a current of electricity. Over fifty per cent. of trees struck by lightning storms during one summer, so the government tells us, were oaks, while the beach tree was the least harmed. Therefore, the worst possible place of shelter in an electric storm is under an oak tree, while by all odds, the safest place is in the house out of a draft. * * * The actual danger (from an electric storm) is, in truth, not from the lightning nor thunder, but from the nervous condition into which women allow themselves to fall. And this is a danger which they can avoid. A little calm thought and a few grains of commonsense will do it."

PUBLIC AUCTION!
SALE OF Valuable Property!

Take Notice that the property situate in Brooklyn, in the County of Annapolis, N. S. hereinafter described, will be sold at Public Auction, at
MIDDLETON,
—ON THE—
20th day of October, A.D. 1896,
AT THE HOUR OF TWO O'CLOCK, P.M.,
under mortgage given by Elenor Foster and Marsden Foster, granting the hereinafter described lands to James N. Clarke, of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, to secure payment of the sum of $400.00 and interest, dated May 1st, 1885, and duly registered in the registry office of the County of Annapolis, in book 84, pages 152-153, which said mortgage, lands and premises were duly transferred, assigned and set over by deed of assignment from said James N. Clarke to Edwin J. Miller at present of Halifax, N. S., dated the 19th day of March, A. D. 1887, which said assignment was duly recorded in book 86, page 652, in said registry.
Said sum of $400.00 still remaining due and unpaid and interest thereon from the 1st day of May, A.D. 1894, under and by virtue of possession taken by the said Edwin J. Miller, the mortgagee, and under and by virtue of the terms and provisions in said mortgage contained, duly transferred to Edwin J. Miller as above set out.
Public notice is hereby given that at the time and place aforesaid all the land and premises above set out will be sold as aforesaid, to wit, all that certain tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Wilmot aforesaid, being a part of lot No. 30, bounded as follows:
Beginning at a stake and stones on the south side of the road running under the mountain and thirty-four rods west of the north-west corner of land formerly owned by Caleb Morgan; from thence south ten degrees east of the true course of the lines until it comes to the north line of lands formerly owned by one Edward Armiston; from thence west along said Armiston's north line twenty rods; from thence north ten degrees west or the true course of the lines to the road before mentioned; from thence east along the south side of said road twenty rods to the place of beginning, being that lot of land described in deed from Peter Middleman to Elenor Gates, as aforesaid, now Elenor Foster, bearing date the 25th day of August, A.D. 1853, and recorded in the office of the Registry of Deeds for Annapolis County, in liber, 64, folio 26, together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging or appertaining.
Possession given immediately after sale.
TERMS:—One third cash or an approved joint note on twelve months with interest. The balance can be settled by mortgage if necessary.
Halifax, August 12th, A.D 1896.
(Signed), EDWIN J. MILLER, MORTGAGEE,
20 10t

1896. "A." No. 616.
IN THE SUPREME COURT,
—BETWEEN—
GEORGE MURDOCH, - *Plaintiff,*
—AND—
SIMON WILSON, *Defendant.*

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, at the Court House, in Bridgetown, in said County of Annapolis, on
THURSDAY, the 17th day of September, A.D. 1896,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON,
Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale herein, dated the 10th day of August, A.D. 1896, unless before the day of sale the defendant do pay to the plaintiff, or his solicitor, or into court, the amount due him for principal, interest and costs, all the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above named defendant and of all parties claiming by, through or under him, of, in and to all the following described piece or parcel of land situated and lying and being in Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, being a portion of the bush pasture, so-called, and bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of Mrs. Peter Farley, the Church of England Cemetery and lands reserved by the late James Crosskill for a public cemetery; on the east by lands formerly owned by Walter Steadman, now owned by Milledge Munroe; on the south by the Dominion and Atlantic Railway grounds, and on the west by a road leading to the Cross-kill marsh, so called, containing by estimation about three acres, be the same more or less, together with all and singular the buildings and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining.
TERMS.—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, balance on delivery of the deed.
EDWIN GATES,
Chief Deputy Sheriff,
County of Annapolis.
O. T. DANIELS, *Solicitor of Plaintiff.*
Dated Annapolis, Aug. 10th, 1896. 20 6i

MILLINERY.

MISS LECAIN begs to inform the public that she will sell, during the month of July and August, her
Goods at cost
Ladies' Trimmed Hats that were $2.00 will be only $1.50.
Ladies' Trimmed Hats that were $1.50 will be only $1.10
Ladies' and Misses' Untrimmed Hats and a few nice Sailors below cost.

PICNIC PARTIES
—AND—
Pleasure Excursionists
wishing to spend a delightful day's outing should visit the Crosskill Lake—only half an hour's drive from Bridgetown—situated on the top of the North Mountain, as the surroundings are all that could be desired.
Among the inducements are: Beautiful bathing privileges; sail and row boats of all sizes, with attendants; nice canvas tents supplied with tables for the spread of refreshments; swings in abundance; shady groves, and a pavilion for those who wish to trip the "light fantastic;" pure springs of water; stoves for heating purposes; and a delightful Bay of Fundy breeze to cool the atmosphere.
☞The spot is the banner picnic ground of the county, and has already received a large patronage this season.
For further particulars address a post card to CAPT. T. W. TEMPLEMAN, the lessee, at Bridgetown. 17 tf

Poetry.

Some Time.

Some time when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,
The thing o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see that while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see:
And even as prudent parents disallow,
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood;
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now,
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, some time, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink;
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath,
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see
We could interrupt all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart;
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if through patient toil we reach the land,
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say that "God knew best."

Select Literature.

The Bar Lighthouse.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Government had for several years been sadly neglecting a job mending, in the case of the Bar Lighthouse bridge. Here and there boards had begun to spring sapiciously beneath unwary footsteps; then the wind had begun to tear them off, and the rain to rot and moulder them down. What was every man's business was nobody's, and no individual was disposed to interfere with the province of that abstract millionaire, the United States government. To be sure, the keeper of the Bar Light, Jackson Reed, who was naturally more solicitous concerning the holding out of the structure than any one else, had wildly and fruitlessly patched some of the worst places, off and on, after a hard "northeaster," when he awoke more keenly to the exigencies of the case, and the hopeless dilatoriness of his task master. But it had amounted to very little. Long neglect had made something more than mere patching necessary. Now the quarter-mile bridge leading to the Bar Lighthouse, if not in an absolutely unsafe condition, was not calculated to inspire with any degree of confidence the unaccustomed crosser at least. It was not quite so bad at low tide, or on a mild, still day. There was not much to fear, beyond a little fall and a ducking; that is, if one cleared one of those ragged apertures successfully. But on a dark night, with the winds howling over it, and the ocean thundering beneath it, it was the sort of a bridge that only a disembodied spirit could be supposed to cross with any degree of nonchalance.

The lighthouse itself was only an ordinary dwelling-house, strongly built, with a tower for the light. It stood on a massive pile of rocks, with little tufts of coarse vegetation in the clefts. Jackson Reed, who had an unfortunate love and longing for a garden spot, had actually wheeled enough earth over from the mainland for a little patch a few yards square, and when he was not engaged in a fruitless struggle with the broken bridge, he was engaged in a fruitless struggle with his garden. A tottering old man was Jackson Reed, lacking in nervous force and quickness of intellect; but he had never let the light go out, and the only thing that is absolutely required of a lighthouse keeper is to keep the light burning for the sailors who steer by it. The wonder was that his wife Sarah should have been his wife. She was a person not of a different mould merely, but of a different kind; not of a different species, but a different genus. Nervous and alert, what her husband accepted in patient silence she received with shrill remonstrance and questioning. Her husband patched the bridge, crawling over its long reach on his old knees; she railed, as she watched him, at the neglect of government. He uncomplainingly brushed the sand from his little, puny, struggling plants, and she set her thin face against the wind that cast it there.

In both the religious element or cast of mind was strongly predominant, but Jackson Reed simply looked out on nature and into his own soul, and took in as plainly incontrovertible facts the broken bridge, the tossing sea, his little wind-swept sand-strewn garden-patch, and God in heaven. Neither proved the other or nullified the other, they were simply there. But Sarah Reed, looking out on the frail, unsafe bridge which connected them with the mainland, and the mighty, senseless sea which had swallowed up her father and a brother whom she had idolized, and the poor little tender green things trying to live under her window, had seen in them so many denials of either God's love and mercy, or his existence. She was a rheumatic old woman now, almost helpless, in fact, unable to step without the help of her husband. And she sat, day in and day out, at one of the sea-windows of her sitting-room, knitting, and holding her defiant old heart persistently against the pricks.

The minister at Rye, a zealous young man with an innocent confidence in his powers of holy argument, had visited her repeatedly, with the view of improving her state of mind. She had joined the church over which he presided in her youth; indeed, it was the church nearest to the lighthouse, and that was three miles distant. The minister heard from one of his parishioners, who was a connection of hers, that Mis' Reed had lost her faith, and straightway he was fired with holy ardor to do something for her spiritual benefit. But even his tonguey confidence and ingenuousness could glean but little satisfaction from his interviews with the rheumatic and unbelieving old woman.

"No, Mr. Pendleton," she used to say, shaking a thin rheumatic hand with an impressiveness which her hearer might have copied advantageously in the pulpit, "it ain't no use. You kin talk about seein' with the spirit, anybody needs a little somethin' to catch hold on with the flesh; when it's all spirit it's too much for a mortal bein' to comprehend, an' the Lord knows I ain't never had much of anything but spirit. I ain't never had any evidence, so to speak; I ain't never had an answer to a prayer in my life. If I have, I'd jest like to know how. You say, mebbe, they've been answered jest the same, only in a different way from I asked for. Ef you call it answerin' prayer to give one thing when you ask for another I don't. An' I'd rather not believe thar was any God than to believe he'd do a thing like that. That's jest contrary to what he said about himself an' the bread an' the stone in the New Testament. It's worse to think he'd cheat anybody like that than to think he ain't anywhat accordin' to my mind. No, Mr. Pendleton, a human bein' needs a little human evidence once in a while to keep up their faith, an' I ain't never had any. I'll jest let you know how it's been a leetle. Here I am, an old woman, an' me an' Jackson's lived here on this rock for forty year. An' thar's been things I've wanted different, but I ain't never had 'em—things that I've cried an' groaned an' prayed to the Lord for—big things an' little things—but I never got one. Ef the Lord had give me one of the little things, it seems to me that I might have got a feeling that he was here.

"Forty year ago, when Jackson an' me was jest married an' set up housekeepin' here thar was an awful storm one night, an' my father an' my brother was out yonder in it. I stayed on my knees all night prayin'. The next mornin' their two darlin' bodies was washed ashore. My brother had only been married a few months—the sweetest, lovingest little thing she was. She began to pine. I prayed to her her spared. She died, an' left her little baby."

"But you had him for your own, did you not?" interrupted Mr. Pendleton desperately. "He has been a comfort to you. God has displayed his love and mercy in this case in sparing him to you."

"Mr. Pendleton"—and the rheumatic hand went up again—"I ain't never asked to hev him spared to me; ef I had it would hev been different. I ain't through yet. Thar's been lots of other things, big ones, that I might jest as well not speak of, and little ones. Look at that bridge! I'll ventur' to say that you shook in your shoes when you came over it, an' wouldn't be sorry this minute ef you was safe back. Whenever Jackson goes over it my heart is still an' cold till he comes back, for fear he's fell through.

"I've prayed to the Lord about that. Then—you may think this a little thing—but thar is Jackson's garden. He set out a rose-bush in it fifteen year ago. Well, it ain't died. Thar ain't ever been a rose on it, though. An' it seems to me sometimes that if thar should be jest one rose on that bush shat I should believe that the Lord had been thar. You wouldn't think I'd been silly enough to pray about that. I hev. It's fifteen year, an' thar ain't never been a rose thar. No, Mr. Pendleton, it ain't no use. You mean well, but it lays with God, ef he's anywhar, to show himself to me in a way I can get hold on."

So the pretty, rosy-faced young minister would go away, picking his way cautiously over the unstable bridge, after a somewhat nonplussed prayer, to which Mrs. Reed, incapacitated from kneeling by her rheumatic knees, had sat and listened grimly.

The Bar Lighthouse was three miles from Rye. A sandy, desolate road almost as billowy as the sea stretched between them. The only house in the whole distance was a little brown one just at the other side of the bridge. The Weavers lived there, a mother and daughter. They supported themselves by sewing for a shop in Rye. Jackson Reed's nephew, William Barstow, had been engaged to marry the daughter—Abby her name was; but a month ago he had brought a wife home from the city. He had rented a pretty little tenement over in Rye, and gone to housekeeping. Abby Weaver had tied up a few little notes and keepsakes in a neat parcel, and put them away out of sight. Then she went on with her work. She was a plain, trustworthy-looking girl, with no show about her, as different as possible from the one her recreant lover had married. She was pretty, with an entrancing little air of style about everything she wore. Abby had seen her go by a few times in a jaunty velvet jacket and kilted petticoat, with the fair, round face with its fringe of fluffy blonde hair smiling up at her husband out of a bewitching little poke. Then she had gone and looked at herself in her poor glass, taking in the old black alpaca, the plain common face with the dull hair combed backed from her forehead.

"No wonder," said she, "an' I'm glad it's so, for I don't think the Lord can blame him."

Sarah Reed had found a double trial in the breaking-off of the engagement. In the first place, she had liked Abby. In the second place, this new matrimonial arrangement had taken the darling of her heart from under her immediate supervision. If he had married Abby Weaver, he would have lived either in the lighthouse, as he had done all his life, or in her mother's cottage. Nothing could suit his pretty city lady but to live in Rye. The bare idea of the lighthouse terrified her.

Sarah Reed's frame of mind had not improved since the marriage.

One afternoon, a few weeks after the young couple had set up housekeeping, an unexpected deficiency in some household stores sent Jackson Reed to Rye, where the nearest markets were. It was the middle of the afternoon when he went, and there was a storm coming.

"Don't worry, Sarah," his last words were, "an' I'll be back by five to light the lamp. It'll be pretty near dark enough for it then, I reckon, ef it keeps on this way, ef it is June."

She sat at her window with her knitting after he had gone, and watched the storm roll up. She had taken a fancy lately to a landward window, the one with the poor little garden-patch under it, and the rose-bush which never blossomed. The bush really looked wonderfully thrifty, considering many drawbacks to growth. But it was in a sheltered corner, and had all the warmth and mildness that could be had in the bleak place. It was three feet high or so, a hardy little Scotch rose. There certainly seemed no reason in nature why it should not blossom, but blossom it never had. Mrs. Reed never looked at it now for buds. She never even glanced at it to-day; she only looked out uneasily at the darkening sky, and knit on her stocking. She was always knitting stockings; in fact, it was all the kind of work she could do, and she had never been an idle woman with her brain or her fingers. So she knit stout woollen stockings for her husband and William Barstow from morning till night. Her husband kept the house tidy and did the cooking, and he was as faithful at it as a woman. No one looking at the room in which Mrs. Reed sat would have dreamed that it was not the field of action of a tidy housewife. It was a plain, rather cheerless kind of a room. There was a large-figured, dull-colored ingrain carpet on the floor, there was a shiny table, and some flag-bottomed chairs, and a stiff hair-cloth sofa. A few shells on the mantel-shelf, a lampmat that Abby Weaver had made and a framed wreath which had lain on William Barstow's father's coffin were all the ornaments. Take a room like that and set it on a rock in the ocean, with the wind and the waves howling around it, and there is not anything especially enlivening about it.

Mrs. Reed had been rather good-looking in her youth, and was even rather good-looking now. She had bright, alert blue eyes, and pretty, soft gray hair. But there was an air of keen unrest about her which could jar on nerves like a strident saw. In repose she would have been a sweet old woman. Now she looked and was, as people say, hard to get along with. Jackson Reed's light burning meant more to the Lord, perhaps, than it did to the sailors.

At five o'clock the storm was fairly there, and the old lighthouse keeper had not come home. A heavy tempest twilight was settling down, and it was almost time the lamp was lighted.

Six o'clock came, and it was darker yet, and still she sat there alone, her knitting dropped in her lap. Seven o'clock, and her old husband had not come. It was quite dark now, and a terrible night, hot and full of mighty electric winds and fires and thunders. A conglomerate roar came from the ocean as from a den of wild beasts. Suddenly an awful thought struck the wretched old woman at the lighthouse window and swift on its track rushed another still more awful. The first was her husband had had a "turn" somewhere on that lonely road from Rye. "Turns," as she called them, Jackson Reed had once or twice before, but they had never interfered with his duty. He had fallen down insensible, and lain so for two or three hours. This was what had happened to him now. And the second thought was—her darling, William Barstow was out on that dreadful sea, and there was no light to guide him back to port. Strange that she had not thought before. Yes, it was Tuesday. Was it Tuesday? Yes, the very day he was going down to Lockport with Johnny Sower. He was out on that sea somewhere in a boat which could not live in it a minute. Yes, it was to-day he was going. He and his pretty little wife were talking it over Sunday night. She was lamenting half in sport and half in earnest, over the lonesome day she would have, and he promised to bring her a new bonnet to console her. Yes, it was Tuesday, and Jackson Reed had told Abby Weaver about it yesterday—that was Monday. He had forgotten that she was no longer so interested in Willie Barstow's movements. And when he told his wife what he had done she scolded him for his thoughtlessness.

Yes, it was Tuesday and he was out on the sea, and there was no lamp lighted. Nothing to keep him off those terrible rocks that the light had been set there to show. In the morning he would be thrown dumb and cold where she could almost see him from her window. It would be with him as it had been with his father and grandfather, and may be with his wife as it had been with his poor young mother. All the strong, baffled, but not suppressed nature of the woman asserted itself with terrible force.

"O my darling! my darling! my darling!" she shrieked, in a voice which was in itself both a prayer and a curse. "You out thar, an' all the love in your mother's heart can't light ye home! O the black water rollin' over that beautiful face, an' those laughin' blue eyes that looked at me when you was a baby, an' those lips I've kissed—puttin' out that lovin' soul! O Lord! Lord! Lord!"

"He's been a good boy," she went on in a curious tone, as if the mighty ear of the inexorable God she had had half believed in was becoming now a reality to her, and she was pouring arguments, unavailing though they might be, into it—"he's been a good boy; never any bad habits, an', what's worse than bad habits, never any little mean actions. There's Abby Weaver, I know; but look at the face of the girl he's married. O Lord, love is the same behind a homely face an' a handsome one. But while you keep on makin' folks that thinks roses is prettier than potatoes, an' pearls than oysters, the love that looks out of a pretty face will hold the longest an' the strongest. He wa'n't to blame—O Lord, he wa'n't to blame. Don't drown him for that. It ain't right to drown him for that. O Lord! Lord! Lord!"

She sat there shrieking on in a strained weak voice, half in prayer, half in expostulation. The wind rose higher and higher, and the sea thundered louder and longer. A new terror seized her. If her husband should recover from the bad turn which she suspected he had had, and attempt to cross that bridge now, he would be killed too. God knew what new rents might be in it. When her sitting room clock clanged out nine, above the storm, she went into a perfect fury of despair. Down she sank on those old rheumatic knees that had not bent at her bidding for the last five years, and prayed as she never had before.

In the midst of her agony a great calm fell suddenly over her.

"I will go an' light the lamp myself," she said, in an awed voice, "an' He will go with me." Slowly Sarah Reed arose on feet that had not borne her weight for five years. Every movement was excruciating torture, but she paid no heed to it; she seemed to feel it and yet be outside of it. She realized as it were, the separateness of her soul and her spiritual agony from all bodily pain.

She walked across the floor, went out into the entry, and groped her way up the narrow stairs leading to the tower. She dragged herself up the steep steps with terrible determination. She slid apart the slide at the top, and a blaze of light almost blinded her. The lamp was lighted.

Sarah Reed might have floated down those stairs upborne on angel's wings for all she knew. Somehow she was back in her sitting-room on her knees. Her husband found her there, a half-hour later, when he staggered, pale as death and drenched to the skin, into the room. "Good Lord, Sarah, who lit the lamp?" his first words were.

"The angel of the Lord," she answered solemnly, raising her gray head.

"I hed a turn over thar on the road, 'bout a mile out of Rye. I've jest come to an' got home. Seemed to me I should die when I thought of William. The ridge is pretty well broke up, but I hung on to the side. And, Lord! when I saw that light burnin' I could ha' come over a cobweb. Who come to light it, Sarah?"

"The angel of the Lord," she said again. "Don't you ever say it ain't so, Jackson; don't you ever dare to try to make me stop thinking it's so. I've been askin' the Lord all these years for something to show me that he was anywhar, an' he has give it to me. I crawled up them stairs—"

"You went up them stairs, Sarah?"

"Yes; I went up to light the lamp, an' it was lit. The Lord hed been thar. It's true about him."

The pale old man went up to his kneeling wife and raised her tenderly.

"Don't you believe his angel lit it?" she asked, looking at him with anxious intensity.

"Yes, Sarah, I do," replied Jackson Reed. The thought was steadily recurring to his half-dazed brain, "Abby Weaver, Abby Weaver lit the lamp; but Sarah, Sarah need not know.

The next morning Sarah Reed, looking out of her window, saw a little pure white rose on the bush beneath it.

"Yes, I meant to have told you it had budded," said her husband, when she exclaimed. "I found it thar yesterday. Thar's another one too."

It was a lovely clear morning. Abby Weaver looking out of her window, saw William Barstow pass by on his way to the lighthouse to tell the old folks of his safety."

RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE.

Positive Cure for Rheumatism, Paralysis, Kidney and Skin Diseases.

Two thousand people have been cured by its use in Hamilton and Ottawa during the past year. Ninety per cent. of those using Kootenay Cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lame Back and Indigestion have entirely recovered, and no case of Long Standing Sores, Salt Rheum, Eczema, or Pimples on the face has been found so far that this remedy has not cured. It is doubtful if a case of any of the above four afflictions can be produced that cannot be cured by Kootenay Cure. Hundreds come forward and give sworn testimony of the power of this greatest of all medical discoveries; the facts presented in such shape that no one can doubt them. The Clergy examine for themselves, and declare that the cures referred to herein are genuine. Doctors enquire and are amazed, but they cannot help but recognize and recommend this mighty builder-up of the human system, which has achieved such wonderful results.

Sight has been restored in many cases, Hearing recovered in some instances and almost everyone who has been helpless through Rheumatism and Paralysis is now able to walk. Hives cured. This wonderful remedy Restores Lost Appetite and Induces Sleep without fail where ammonia had previously prevailed. It gives rest and vigor, and thus must assist in building up the constitution. Many have gained from one to five pounds the first month while taking Kootenay Cure. Sold by S. N. Weare.

The Salvation Army "Harvest Thanksgiving Festival."

The annual "harvest festival scheme" in connection with the Salvation Army will be held throughout the Maritime Provinces on the 13th, 14th and 15th of September.

This is a capital scheme, and gives opportunity for all who appreciate the Army's work to assist in some way or other.

The officers of the various corps are instructed to visit friends and collect from them anything they are able to contribute whether it be in cash or otherwise.

Gifts of produce, groceries, fruit, grain, cattle, poultry, or anything of any description which is saleable will be acceptable.

After the collection of these various articles, a sale of the same is arranged for and the proceeds placed into one common fund to help the Army financially.

The commisoner, Miss Booth, hopes also by this scheme to replenish the storehouses of the various institutions, such as rescue homes for fallen women, men's shelter, children's institutions, etc., so that it will be unnecessary to spend money on these articles during the fall and winter.

Though money may be scarce the land is laden with good things and the Commisoner calls upon those who have enough and to spare to remember those who are so favorably circumstanced.

Nature Puts Out Its Signs.

Nature never makes any mistakes. When a tree or plant is in bloom and stands badly in need of help from the insect world, it puts out a sign to catch the eye and offers a suitable reward for the service. The beautiful, showy petals are its sign, says *The Southern Cultivator.* It wants the pollen or fecundating dust carried from the stamens to the pistils so it can become fertilized and produce seed. The offered reward for this service is the sweetest gift of nature—a drop of honey. When the seed is ripe, another appeal is made and reward offered to larger animals to perform another service. It wants the seed scattered, and the reward offered for this service is a beautiful, delicious fruit, placed around the seed in such a way that the fruit will be eaten and the seed thrown away. Thus, you see, the animal and vegetable kingdoms are mutually dependent on each other to perpetuate their existence.

—No better proof of the wonderful mining development which is taking place in British Columbia could be forthcoming than the official returns prepared by the British Columbian authorities and forwarded to the Dominion government. In 1894 the aggregate value of the precious metals mined in British Columbia was one million dollars. Last year it reached the grand total of $5,038,375, and this year the output promises to be still greater. For the period in 1896, ending July 15th, practically only three months from the opening of the season, the total quantity of ore produced in the Kootenay was 56,916 tons, of which 14,797 was exported. The estimated value of the ore smelted and shipped to July 15th was a million and three quarter dollars.

—Iowa physicians are much inter