Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1893. NO. 6.

Professional Cards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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. 49 tf
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892.

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

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate 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

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

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

Executors' Notice.
All persons having any claims against the estate of HUGH FRASER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
ELIZA FRASER, *Executrix,*
ROBT. E. F. RANDOLPH, *Executor.*
Bridgetown, N.S., Feb. 28th, 18 48m

HEALTH FOR ALL!
NOW that the chill winds of March are here and the damp days of April drawing near to protect your health and for your family's happiness, and a sure protection against colds, rheumatism, sprains, etc.,
USE ONLY
SWEET'S BONE LINIMENT!
TESTIMONIAL.
SHUBENACADIE, August 15th, 1893.
Sweet's Liniment Co., Hantsport:—
GENTLEMEN,—I have used your valuable Liniment for the worst kinds of headache, and have found it a sure and safe cure when other medicine fail to give relief.
THOMAS A. DREW

NOTICE!
The Packet Schooner
TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N.B., during the season of 1893.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly Lime and Salt.
J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master.*
When Schooner is not in port apply to Capt. P. Nicholson, Bridgetown.
St. John address: SOUTH WHARF, care of G. S. DeForrest & Sons.
Bridgetown, March 28th, 1893. 52tf

NOTICE!
THE subscriber will continue the business formerly conducted by the late Hugh Fraser in its various branches, including Hard and Soft Coal.
ELIZA FRASER.
Bridgetown, Feb. 28th, 1893.

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

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.
Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.
HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF
Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick,
which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and
ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.
Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE*, which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.
Having a good wharf on our property and siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.
For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.
YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 189-
The International Brick and Tile Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the surface. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,
J. B. KINNEY, *Architect.*
Correspondence solicited.
HECTOR MACLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

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

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

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

CARRIAGES
CONSISTING OF
Phaetons, Jump Seats,
OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES,
Democrats and Delivery Wagons,
ON THE CELEBRATED
DUPLEX GEAR,
at prices that are WAY DOWN.
REPAIRING and PAINTING. All work Warranted.
W. C. FEINDEL, MIDDLETON.

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

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 therefor and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, *Agent at Annapolis.*
20 6m

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.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
THE MONITOR.

THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES
AFTER YEARS OF TERRIBLE SUFFERING.
AN INTERESTING HISTORY.
STATEMENT OF MR. WM. McNEE.
For eight years I was troubled with a sore on my leg which resulted from having it broken. The doctors kept me in bed five months trying to heal it up, but all to no purpose. I tried all sorts of salves, liniments, ointments, pills and blood medicines but with no benefit. In 1883 it became so bad that I had to sit on one chair and keep my foot on another for four months. I could not put my foot on the ground or the blood would rush out in a stream and my leg swelled to twice its natural size.
ELEVEN RUNNING SORES developed on it which reduced me to a living skeleton (I lost 70 lbs. in four months). Friends advised me to go to the Hospital; but I would not, for I knew they would take my leg off. The doctor then wanted to split it open and scrape the bone, but I was too weak to stand the operation. One old lady said it had turned to black erysipelas and could never be cured. I had never heard of Burdock Blood Bitters then, but I read of a minister, Rev. Mr. Stout, who had been cured of a severe abscess on the neck by B.B.B., after medical aid had failed, and I thought I would try it. I washed the leg with the Bitters and took them according to directions. After using one bottle I could walk on crutches, after taking three, I threw away the crutches, took a scythe and went to work in the field. At the end of the sixth bottle my leg was entirely healed up; pieces of loose bone had worked out of it and the cords came back to their natural places again. That was nine years ago and it has never broken out since. I can walk five miles to-day as fast as anyone, and all this I owe to B. B. B., which certainly saved my leg, if not my life. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Give B. B. B. a trial, it will cure you as it did me.
Yours truly,
WM. MCNEE, St. Ives P.O., Ont.
Mr. F. C. Sanderson, the druggist of St. Marys, Ont., certifies to the entire truthfulness of the remarkable statement made by Mr. McNee and says that several other wonderful cures have been made in his district.

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

To the WORLD'S FAIR
A Business Offer From a Business Firm. Your Business to look into it.
FAIR FREE.
We know that our Remedy is the best for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation. Hundreds agree with us.
That you may appreciate its value, we make the following VALUABLE OFFER:
BUY GRODER'S SYRUP
(PLEASANT TO TAKE)
Take it faithfully until Cured, and then write us a statement of your case.
We offer a FREE TEN DAY'S TRIP to the WORLD'S FAIR to the individual who shall, before the First day of August, 1893, show the greatest improvement, or most remarkable cure from the use of this remedy. These cures must be bona-fide, sworn to before a Justice of the Peace, and each testimonial accompanied by the photograph of the individual sending it, and the signature of the dealer of whom the remedy was purchased.
A Committee of three well-known Druggists will act as Judges at the close of the Competition. Send Testimonials to
THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., LTD.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

HAVING purchased the Stock in Trade and Book Accounts of Runciman, Randolph & Co. and T. Shaw, in the
FURNITURE BUSINESS
lately conducted by them, under the management of J. B. Reed, Esq., I intend to continue the same business at the old stand.
I have employed the services of Mr. Reed as salesman, and think I can guarantee *good satisfaction* to those wishing to purchase.
UNDERTAKING
carried on as usual on the premises.
All those indebted to the old firm will kindly call and settle up as soon as possible.
W. M. FORSYTH.
Bridgetown, January 18th, 1893. 49

Potter's Liniment
IS SOLD AT
W. W. CHESLEY'S

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

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
HALIFAX, N. S.
Established 1878.
'CERES SUPERPHOSPHATE
(The Complete Fertilizer.)
POPULAR PHOSPHATE,
APPLE-TREE PHOSPHATE,
POTATO PHOSPHATE,
STRAWBERRY PHOSPHATE.
Our fertilizers are now being offered to the farmers for the 15th season. As these fertilizers have been used to such a great extent and for so many years the farmer knows that he is buying something that is no longer an experiment; but an established factor in the growth of all crops.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territories.
48 4m JACK & BELL.

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

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

CALL AT THIS OFFICE WHEN YOU WANT WEDDING INVITATIONS.

Poetry.

Folded Hands.

Pale, withered hands, that more than fourscore years
Had wrought for others, soothed the hurt of tears.
Rocked children's cradles, ceased the fever's smart,
Dropped balm of love in many an aching heart,
Now stirless, folded like wan rose leaves pressed,
Above the snow and silence of her breast;
In mute appeal they told of labors done,
And well earned rest that came at set of sun.

From the worn brow the lines of care had swept,
As if an angel's kiss, the while she slept,
Had smoothed the cobweb wrinkles quite away.
And given back the peace of childhood's day.
And on the lips the faint smile almost said:
"None knows life's secret but the happy dead."
So gazing where she lay we knew that pain
And parting could not cleave her soul again.

And we were sure that those who saw her last
In that dim vista which we call the past,
Who never knew her old and laid aside,
Remembering best the maiden and the bride,
Had sprung to meet her with the olden speech,
The dear, sweet names no later lore can teach;
And "welcome home," they cried, and grasped her hands;
So dwelleth the mother in the best of lands.

Select Literature.

Remarkable Experience of a Newspaper Reporter with Burglars.

"What! Another surburban burglary!" exclaimed the city editor as I handed in a half column "scoop" one night at midnight.

"Yes, and the police have no clue."

"How many does this make?"

"This is the seventh in three weeks and no arrests."

"Have you given the police fits?"

"Yes. I have stated that the detectives have utterly failed to get on—Chief of Police seems to be perfectly helpless—citizens talk of a vigilance committee—gang of criminals running the city, and the Mayor had better bounce the police force and then step down and out himself."

"Good! The old man will back us on the editorial page, and the *Star* will send to New York for a couple of first class detectives and have the honor of breaking up this gang. Keep mum, but hustle. Its our golden opportunity."

Seven residences in the eastern addition had been burglarized, one after another, and all doubtless by the same gang, and yet the detectives had utterly failed to get a lead. Jewelry, money and silver ware had been taken in each case, but nothing could be traced or recovered. In two instances an intruder had been seen and his description furnished, but the police had arrested a score of "suspects" only to turn them loose again. After the first three cases I had been instructed to "turn loose" on the police, and I had followed instructions so vigorously as to endanger every official head.

After my article about the seventh burglary appeared, backed as it was by an editorial headed. "Our Incompetent Police." I was virtually outlawed at head-quarters. I was leaving the building after receiving a volley of abuse from the Chief, when a messenger boy handed me a note. This was at 8 o'clock in the evening of a September night. The note was addressed to me by name and stated that I could secure some very interesting particulars regarding the recent burglaries by calling at a certain house on Harrison avenue. That was one of the streets in the eastern addition, and all the burglaries had taken place within a radius of half a mile of the house named. I did not stop to wonder who lived there, nor to ponder over the contents of the note, which was signed "One Who Is Posted." There was a scoop in it, and a chance to get the better of the Chief again, and I called a cab and drove directly to the number given.

I found the house to be a rather ancient two-story frame, situated between two brown stone fronts. You will find the same thing on a dozen streets in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Chicago. The property belongs to an estate or to some one who is obstinate or indifferent to the march of improvement. The door was opened by a colored woman, who seated me in a very plainly furnished parlor and then disappeared. In a few minutes she returned and asked me to walk up stairs, and on reaching the second floor she opened the door of a back room and ushered me in. There were two occupants, both men. One was lying on a bed, coat and shoes off and a fan in his hand, and the other sat reading a newspaper at a centre table. There was a sort of free and easy look to things which struck me queerly. I had expected to meet a gentleman in his own parlor—one of the victims of the series of robberies, no doubt—while these men were a bit rough looking, and a bottle of whiskey and a pack of cards were in sight on the cheap-looking table. I won't admit that I felt like withdrawing before a word had been spoken, for duty calls a reporter into queer places, and experience brings indifference, but I reaffirm that I had a half-defined suspicion that things were not exactly straight.

"Ah, you are Mr. Blank of the *Star*?" said the one at the table, as he rose up and extended his hand. "Permit me to introduce myself as Mr. Green. This gentleman is my friend, Mr. Scott. Glad to see you, Mr. Blank. Take this chair. Rather warm this evening. Have a smoke or a drink?"

I took a cigar which he offered me from a box lying on the foot of the bed, and after it was well alight I referred to the note, and added that I would be glad of any information they could give.

"Let's see," replied the one at the table. "There has been a series of burglaries in this surburb?"

"Yes."

"Seven in all?"

"Yes."

"And up to this time the police have failed to make an arrest?"

"Just so."

"You are the reporter who has written up each account, I believe?"

"I am."

"Yes. You have criticized the failure of the police until the Chief must feel sore against you."

"I had a row with him only an hour ago."

"And the *Star* is going to employ detectives on its own account. I hear?"

"I believe so."

"Very enterprising paper, the *Star* is," he continued as he took up the last issue and glanced up and down its columns. "I suppose if you could get a lead on this whole business it would be a big thing for you, eh?"

"It certainly would, sir."

"And you'd rather like to get even with the Chief of Police?"

"Of course."

"Well, I promise that you shall. We'll give you a scoop to-night which will paralyze your esteemed contemporary for weeks to come, eh, Tom?"

The man on the bed chuckled as if he had heard a good joke. From the instant the other began speaking I felt that I was menaced. There was a tinge of bitterness in his tones, and though he smiled occasionally his eyes had an ugly gleam. While I waited for him to go on I wondered what sort of a box I had got into, and how I was going to get out. It was a couple of minutes before he said:

"Have another cigar and a drink and make yourself comfortable for a couple of hours."

"Excuse me, but I can't spare as much time as that. If you have any information to give, I shall be very grateful to you."

"Oh! We've lots of information to impart. In the first place, we are the burglars who made all the hauls. In the second place, we are going to show you how to get even with the Chief. Thirdly, we have promised you a great scoop, and we never go back on our word. Hold on my friend! Sit down again! We have the call! If you attempt anything foolish it will be bad for you!"

I had jumped up at his admission, but as he finished he displayed a revolver, and had such a wicked look in his eyes that I dropped back into the chair. Both men laughed heartily and the fact made me indignant. I was not armed, but I didn't propose to be bluffed or guyed on that account.

"Look here, my friend, what sort of a racket are you two duffers giving me?" I angrily demanded. "This isn't the time or place for any funny business. I like a joke as well as anybody, but if you've put up a job to guy me it's lasted about long enough."

"Don't lose your temper," replied the man on the bed. "We are not guying. We are the burglars, just as Jim said. We are going to make our last haul to-night, and then skip. You are going along with us!"

"What! Commit a burglary with you?"

"Exactly. We are going to clean out the Chief of Police. It will help you to even up things and give you a big scoop besides."

I sprang up and was menaced with the revolver. I threatened and was ridiculed. I defied them, and the man at the table fastened his serpent eyes on mine and said:

"You'll either go with us or we'll leave you a corpse here when we go out!"

After a little reflection I saw that my policy was to appear to submit. They had admitted that they were the burglars. It was a strange admission, and yet I did not doubt it. In my articles on the burglaries I had advised citizens to shoot the fellows on sight, and had hinted about ropes and lamp-posts in case of capture. In one case I had spoken of the burglars as cowards. On top of this the *Star* was to employ outside detectives to hunt them down. The men did not say they wanted revenge on me, but I made up my mind they were actuated by no other motive. After a brief council with myself I also concluded that the two men and the colored woman were the sole occupants of the house. She acted as housekeeper and probably knew all about them. Nothing was said by any of us for ten minutes after the man had given me the alternative recorded. Then the same one quietly observed:

"I suppose you play euchre?"

"Yes."

"All right. Let's have a game to kill time."

I drew up to the table and we began playing. There was no question of his skill as a burglar, but he had no luck with the cards. He became disgusted at the end of half an hour and threw down the pasteboards and began asking questions about newspaper work, while the one on the bed indulged in a nap. I explained to him how the staff of a newspaper was made up, the work required of the various individuals, the process of stereotyping, how the proof sheets were corrected and the forms made up, and he listened with much interest. When midnight came we were still talking, and he interrupted me to arouse his companion and say:

"We will now be going. We are going from here directly to the house of the Chief of Police in Oxford street. If you think to give us the slip en route, let me tell you that it will result in your getting hurt. Conduct yourself in a sensible manner and you'll come out of this all right."

I had two plans. One was to make a dash for it on the street, the other to call upon the first policeman we encountered. When we reached the street I was placed between the two, and I realized I should have no show to make a bolt. The streets were as quiet as a graveyard, and in the walk of nine blocks we did not even meet a dog. The house of the chief was a detached three story brick, with an alley in the rear of it. The burglars must have "piped it off" beforehand, for they seemed to know just what to do. We went down the alley to a gate, passed through that into the back yard, and advanced almost to the kitchen door before we halted. As we stopped I saw that the kitchen window to the left of the door was raised and had a fly screen in it. It had been a rainy afternoon, and I had on rubbers, and both men were similarly provided for.

"Now then" whispered the one who had been called Jim, "you and I are going into the house through that window, and Tom is to remain on the lookout. We wouldn't have carried this thing along this far if we hadn't intended to see it through to the end."

If I stubbornly refused, what course would they take? You will say you would have run the chances. You may argue that you would have uttered a sudden shout for help, and that they would have fled. I believe that had I refused to move or called for help, I should have been done for. I had had plenty of time to size the men up, and I was satisfied that they were a couple of nervy, desperate fellows. There was an old chair under the window. Jim stood on this and cut out the wire screen and entered the opening, while Tom urged me to follow. As I landed in the kitchen Jim whispered.

"Do you feel this revolver? I don't propose to shoot any of the family unless I'm cornered, but let you try to play dirt on me I'll let you have it offhand! You are to follow me!"

We passed into the dining room without the aid of a light, but once in there the burglar produced a dark lantern which I had not caught sight of before and flashed the light about. There was a fine display of silverware on the sideboard, but after picking up a sugar bowl and hefting it he shook his head and replaced it. He led the way into the front hall and up stairs, and I followed him. As we turned at the top we were before the open door of a bedroom which was dimly lighted by a low gas jet. I made out two forms on the bed, and the heavy and regular breathing proved that both were sound asleep. There was a chair close to the door, and the burglar handed me the dark lantern and motioned me to the seat. He then advanced to the bed and took the chief's watch from under his pillow. The next move was to inspect the clothing hanging on a chair. He got a wallet, and he brought watch and wallet to me to take care of. He then glided over to the dresser, and I caught the flash of a diamond earring as he lifted it up. Was I frightened? Yes, so much so that I was choked for breath. The very silence of the house was enough to have rattled me. Chills ran up and down my spine, and I had to make a determined effort to prevent my teeth clicking together.

The burglar evidently thought the drawers of the dresser contained valuables, for he knelt down to investigate them. This dresser stood about six feet from the bed and on the side occupied by the chief. I was shaking and gasping, and the burglar was inspecting the second drawer, when there was a sudden flash and a report of a revolver. The chief had been awakened, and his pistol, overlooked by the burglar, was where he could reach it without any movement to betray himself. At the sound of the discharge I rose up, flung everything down, and rushed for the stairs. I presume I rolled from top to bottom. I don't remember passing through the dining room or crossing the kitchen. As I dropped from the window Tom was running away, and some one at a window above was shouting for the police. I dashed for the gate and out of the alley, and ran a mile before stopping. After getting my breath and doing a little figuring I returned to the house. The police were taking a dead man away—a burglar who was shot through the head and instantly killed. There were two of them the chief said, but the other had escaped. "Our esteemed contemporary" didn't happen around, and I got a scoop. Furthermore I wrote it up in a way to please the chief, and we bridged the chasm. Did I ever tell him now that burglary had come about? I started to on one occasion, but before I told him a tenth part of the story he laughingly interrupted me with:

"Oh, come off! Of all the newspaper liars on the earth you take the cake!"—*New York Sun.*

Road Making.

In making or repairing a road the first thing is thorough drainage. I see road masters cart gravel a half-mile and put 12 to 18 inches deep on a flat road, when if they had ploughed two furrows on each side and thrown it in the road, thus raising it and leaving the sides for a waterway and then put on one-half the gravel, they would have a better and more durable road at five to eight hundred dollars per mile instead of two thousand.

In wet places they sometimes dig out and cart off two feet deep, fill in with large stones without a drain from them, cover with gravel, and in one or two years it is nearly as bad as before. If they had left it as it was and put the stones and gravel on top they would have had a better road.

When a road is to be raised to a grade it should be done with the cheapest material possible, as stones, loam, sand, coal ashes, etc. I can show you a road built 45 years ago across a meadow and raised three feet with meadow mud, then covered with sand and gravel, that has always been good. After a road is brought to a grade eight inches of gravel for a top is as good as more, for in four to eight years it will be nearly flat and need to be crowned with six inches more gravel, after which it will be as near permanent as our climate and material will admit.

If one foot of gravel or more is put on at one time it will settle, tread out and be a flat road as soon as if half that quantity is used.

If you use large stones for a foundation and small ones above and cover with gravel the frost will displace the foundation and in a few years your road will be full of holes, humps and stones. Use the stones and gravel together. A road that has plenty of gravel on it but has worn uneven may be picked, say three inches deep, raked off level and be as good as it would be with a thin coat of screened gravel.

The principles for making roads are the same to-day as they were a thousand year ago and the best object lesson to study is a gravel road that is always in good repair.

There are three things I would like to have everyone recollect:

1. The effects of water on a roadbed and the best way to keep it out.

2. The cost to the public of pounding small stones with buggy wheels.

3. Is it possible to keep roads in good condition while heavy loads are carried over them on narrow-tired wheels.

These three things will be of more benefit than macadam, Telford, stone crushers and all other high priced systems combined.

The material for road making is so different in different localities that the successful method in one place is a failure in another. You will find no two gravel banks just alike and they will vary from nearly all clay to clear sand. Each of these materials is good in the right place, as for instance, a clay gravel to put on sand and a sand gravel to put on clay, a loose gravel to put on loam and a flint gravel to put most anywhere. It needs a man with more experience and judgment to properly combine these materials for the best results than any one man has yet attained.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Diseased Eggs.

As with all other animals, the hen at times makes a failure of her offspring by producing abnormal and imperfect eggs, and some of these are quite curious. They are all the product of disease. There are shell-less eggs, double-yolked eggs, eggs with only a yolk and shell but no albumen, and others with only albumen, and at times two eggs one within the other, or double shells over one egg. None of these are fertile, although mistaken or imaginative or at times untruthful persons have alleged that twin eggs have been hatched and two chicks have come from one egg. The manner in which eggs are formed in the oviduct precludes the possibility of such abnormal eggs producing any but a malformed chick, and that only by some unusual combination of favoring circumstances. Diseased hens will certainly produce diseased eggs and chicks, and consequently such eggs are unfit for food; tests made by eating eggs of sick hens have resulted in attacks of diarrhea immediately following the eating of them. Such eggs, are, therefore, to be discarded as dangerous to health. The eggs of fowls sick of cholera are especially dangerous in this way.—*New York Times.*

Deafness Cured.

SIRS,—For years I was troubled with deafness, and last winter could scarcely hear at all. On applying Hagyard's Yellow Oil it restored my hearing and I now hear as well as anyone. MRS. TUTTLE COOK, Weymouth, N. S.

—At this time of year men have a wild yearning to work in their garden that they don't have when the weeds begin to grow.

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

—Minard's Liniment is the Hair Restorer.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia
Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Stand Up for Your Town.

An exchange says: We believe the dictates of common sense should guide every man to stand up for his town. No man who has faith in his town, who believes that it has something of good before it, will stand on the corner of the street and denounce its institutions, lament the dull times, belittle its enterprises, decry its public-spirited and leading citizens, and find fault generally with what is going on. He will not discourage the young man who is desirous of planting a home, from making investments in the town, or establishing himself in business. He won't look at the future of his town through the jaundiced eyes of a chronic loafer and grumbler, or judge by the standard of a disappointed ambition. When a man denounces his town right and left, and theatens to leave it "before another week if he can sell the little estate he has in it," the sooner that man leaves, the better for the town.

Every public improvement is opposed by these men. Mr. Growler sees a more prosperous town beyond his own, always. Somewhere else is better than here. Let a citizen of enterprise and brains inaugurate something new to promote business, and he is doing it for some selfish purpose. This fellow goes out of town to trade, as he thinks by so doing he can purchase a little cheaper. But if he happens to own a block of stores in town, he wants his rent the day its due. Instead of investing his surplus money at home, he sends it off to parties of whom he never heard before. When a stranger comes to town with the purpose of locating, Grumbler lengthens his face, and if he wants to buy property his attention is called to the "enormous taxes," and the "want of enterprise" manifested by the people of the town. He is absolutely selfish, and refuses to see the merit of any scheme that does not directly benefit him. A score of such men, active in their denunciations and fault finding, is enough to retard the growth of any town, if not to sow the seeds of its absolute decay.

In striking contrast to the above, is the man who always stands up for his town, and speaks hopefully of her future. He makes it the subject of cheerful remarks; he writes about it the words of hope and confidence: attractively sets forth its advantages; sells all he can at his home, and buys all he can at his home; tries to invite trade from other places, instead of sending the people of his town to other places to trade; takes a personal interest in all movements tending to develop the resources of his community; whenever he goes abroad, is so proud of his home that he will leave an impression in the minds of strangers that there is no town on the continent like it. He will see in public improvements something desirable, though it may add a few cents to his taxes. Such a man as that is an inspiration and a blessing to the town. Multiply him by fifty, and the tide of the progress of the town will be ever onward. Success comes to a community when its people thoroughly believe in it, and their works show their faith.

This is a Dog Story.

IT COMES ALL THE WAY FROM RUSSIA, AND PERHAPS IT IS TRUE.

An English paper says that a few months ago a St. Petersburg lady took a strong fancy to a tiny lap-dog, which she declared was the prettiest and funniest little creature she had ever set her eyes upon. The dealer however, damped her enthusiasm by asking an exorbitant price for the animal, whose nimbleness and vivacity were certainly marvellous.

A day or two later the lady called again, determined to pay the extravagant price: but her offer was refused, and the price raised. She argued against extortion, but at last paid the increased price, and returned home with the coveted prize.

All her friends admired her new acquisition, and both she and they agreed that it was somewhat queer that the animal should be continually shrinking away into dark corners, and generally fighting shy of the light, while she had no more success in attempting to tame it than if she had tried her hand at a jaguar.

The general conduct of the lap-dog was highly mysterious, but it was a mystery possessed of a certain charm, which rather added to its value than otherwise. She fed the animal with the best of everything, and one day, after it had partaken of a hearty meal, its mistress thought she heard an explosion.

Looking round, she missed her lap-dog, but in its place beheld an enormous rat standing upon the lap-dog's skin, in which it had been cunningly sewn up by the dishonest dealer.

An action has been brought against the dealer, but he alleges that he was deceived himself, having purchased the animal for a lap-dog.

Why He Balked.

One day Arthur balked. Nothing could have astonished the family more. Always reliable, always willing, this day the horse stood still and refused to move. Coaxing was tried unsuccessfully. Tufts of grass and tender leaves were given Arthur. He ate them with a relish, but still he stood. The buckles were examined, and an attempt made at deceiving him into believing that the harness had been readjusted, but Arthur would not be fooled. Next, pushing the vehicle was tried, still the horse refused to move a step, and only moved his neck about restlessly. After consultation it was decided to resort to the whip, which was also ineffectual. Finally the family left the carriage and Arthur was unhitched and sent home. That evening the master returned from the city and the circumstance was related to him.

Arthur was harnessed and driven a short distance, when again he balked, but the master soon discovered the cause. The coachman had used a new collar and one that was too small