BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

Sirs,—I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. I assure you that it gives perfect satisfaction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension OF TIME

Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an

Extension of Time.

Puttner's Emulsion OF COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases.

Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily, may have a long

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

BROWN BROS. & Co.,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS,
Halifax, N. S.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC AND CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

They are light in touch.
Unrivalled in tone,
Handsome in appearance,
Unrivalled in durability,

AND NOT EXCELLED BY ANY PIANO MANUFACTURED in the DOMINION.

MILLER BROS.,
SOLE AGENTS,
MIDDLETON, N. S.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late Moore C. Hoyt, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

GEORGE HOYT,
W. J. HOYT,
Administrators.

Bridgetown, Sept. 24th 1890. 6m.

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

CARD.

W. M. FORSYTH

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

Office in

LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.

Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84. 51tf

FOR SALE

ONE COLT, five months old, (Percheron), large, and good style. Also, one Farrow Cow, a good beef. Also, 30 tons of Upland Hay. Apply to

SETH YOUNG.

Brooklyn, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 tf

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1890. NO. 33.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price 50 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.50. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

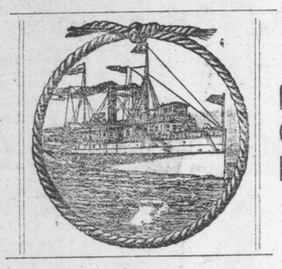
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

International S.S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK.

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.,



FOR BOSTON.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 3rd,

the Steamers "CUMBERLAND" and "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every MONDAY and THURSDAY Morning at 7.25 Eastern Standard Time. Returning, leaves Boston same days.

Through Tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all booking stations of all Nova Scotia Railways, and on board Steamer "City of Monticello" between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Also FREIGHT billed through at extremely low rates.

E. A. WALDRON, G. F. & P. A., Commercial Wharf, Boston.

C. E. LAECHER, Agent St. John.

I. B. COYLE, Manager, - Portland, Maine.

R. A. CARDER, Agent at Annapolis.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

BUY MY MAKE OF

Boots & Shoes

And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my

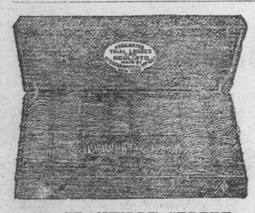
LATEST STYLES

which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.

JAMES T. HURLEY

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,

23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.



W. H. BANNISTER,

Optician,

—GRADUATE—

New York Optical College,

136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

COALS! COALS!

To Arrive, Cargo of Old Mine Sydney Coal, fresh from the Mine. Also Hard Coal.

Parties wanting to be supplied with the above please leave their orders at the subscriber's store, where they will find a large assortment of

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Mixed and Lead Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

(Best Quality.)

PAINTS, VARNISH, KALSOMINE, CARRIAGE AND WHITEWASH BRUSHES, CEMENTS, ALABASTINE, KALSOMINE, ETC., ETC.

ZINC, TAR, PITCH, ROSIN, OAKUM, MANILLA, JUTE, ROPE, GLASS, PUTTY AND GRINDSTONES.

Carpenters' and Joiners' Tools.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Coal and Iron always on hand.

H. FRASER,
Queen Street.

FOSTER'S

Carriage Emporium

Near Bridgetown, N. S.

AT the above establishment can always be found a superb stock of the very latest designs in

Top Buggies,
Open Buggies,
Road Carts,
Second-hand Vehicles.

The subscriber having a most thorough and practical knowledge of the carriage and wheelright trade is prepared to furnish at the lowest price the above mentioned conveyances, and is prepared and fitted up to do all kinds of jobbing, repairing and painting in a thorough and artistic style.

R. D. FOSTER.

Bridgetown, August 12th, 1890. 6m

CARD.

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MIDDLETON, - - N. S.

Office in A. BEALS' STORE. 16tf

Poetry.

Imperfectus.

I wonder if ever a song was sung,
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,
But the thought surpassed the meter!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought,
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found,
And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground,
And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! never on earth do we find the best,
But it waits for us in a Land of Rest,
And a perfect thing we shall never behold,
Till we pass the portals of shining gold.

The Self-Reliant Girl.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Let others tell of lovely maids,
In strains of lofty verse,
And all their sweet impressive charms,
With eloquence rehearse.
And in defence of timid ones,
Their banners bright unfurl.
My aim shall be to speak in praise
Of the self-reliant girl.

She's ready at a moment's call,
In any hour of need,
To lend a hand, to speak a word,
Or do a generous deed.
And every impulse of her heart
She actively obeys,
And strengthens many a weaker one
By her self-reliant ways.

When tribulations sweep the deck,
And stormy billows roll,
She stands serenely at her post,
And bravely takes control.
And if misfortunes round about
Their "slings and arrows" hurl,
They do not strike against the heart
Of the self-reliant girl.

She slips in every vacant niche,
And does not need to ask
For aid or counsel as she does
Each self-appointed task.
And those who at her homely ways
Their lips may proudly curl,
Are poorer types of womanhood
Than the self-reliant girl.

A blessing is she in her home—
The clear, delightful maid!
Where all her sweetness and her worth
Is lovingly displayed;
Our piece and comfort oft depend
On her; and he's a churl
Who cannot spare one word of praise
For the self-reliant girl.

Select Literature.

Darkis's Fortune.

It was nearly noon by the big clock in Aunt Hepsy Kent's kitchen, and there was a noon mark on the west window that always told whether the clock was fast or slow; and then Aunt Hepsy had a way of going out in the yard, and looking directly over her head at the sun, telling for a certainty if the old clock was gaining or losing. "Some folks," she said, "alwers keep their time-pieces too slow, and are forever'n ever behind 'and, and other folks set their clocks an hour'n a half ahead, and go rushin' along like all possessed thinkin' they do more work'n other folks. It's better to be jest with the sun."

"Is the dinner a'most ready, Darkis? Wal, then, git that big platter out o' the settin' room closet, and don't break it for all this world."

"Darkis" Lane was one of the town's poor, whom Aunt Hepsy had taken to board, and clothe, and send to school; and and that was more than twenty years ago. Darkis had no family, and though she may have had youthful aspirations, she failed to carry out her plans, and had lived on year after year at the old farm, satisfied with two dollars a month, which Aunt Hepsy had agreed to pay her.

Her saving, thrifty habits would put to shame the working girls of to-day, for in this time she had saved more than three hundred dollars, and by an unusual stroke of good fortune an uncle's death had left her three hundred dollars more. All this she put carefully in the savings bank, to take care of her when she grew old, she said.

She never spent any money for finery, or needless dress. The same bonnet and shawl she treasured year after year, and when she went to church it was to hear the sermon, and faithfully give of her small earnings, Sunday after Sunday.

Her body had grown bent, and thin, and old beyond her years from hard work, and the total absence of affection; her joints big and knotty, her hands large and awkward, and now at forty-four her face was nearly as wrinkled as Aunt Hepsy's, which looked like yellow crackled ware, and she had grown silent and immovable with her years.

This day had been an unusually busy one for the two women, for it was haying time and there was no one but themselves to look after everything. Since the death of Aunt Hepsy's husband, having no children, she and Darkis by unusual tact and shrewdness, had not only been able to keep the farm but to add to its value, and make it one of the tidiest, thriftiest farms in all the town.

All the morning they had been at work; first in the early morning hours, before the hired men were awake, they had churned, and worked over the yesterday's butter; turned the big-curded cheeses and made the big shady milk-room sweet and clean.

Then they had picked peas and shelled them, and done the week's ironing, and now the dinner was ready; early beets and turnips, and new potatoes, and green apple pie. The men all knew that Aunt Hepsy was punctual to the minute; they had often heard her say she hadn't one mite of patience with the kind o' woman that couldn't get dinner ready at twelve o'clock, and so they were always ready for dinner as hungry men are likely to be.

"Now, Darkis, while they're catin'," Aunt Hepsy said, "less you'n I pitch off that load o' hay so's the cart'll be all ready, 'n' after they're rested a spell, we'll be eatin' our dinner and slick up the kitchen, and be all ready to ride down to the south pasture; they's a master sight o' rosb'rys goin' to waste. I want to make some ros'bry jam—I aint missed a year o' makin' it for fifty year."

They were ready in an incredibly short time and on their way to the south pasture. Aunt Hepsy always took one basket for the wool the sheep left on the bushes, and afterwards would exhibit with greatest pride the stockings she had knit from the wool thus gathered.

Darkis was unusually silent, her passive, expressionless face, under her green gingham sunbonnet, seeming even older than usual, but Aunt Hepsy was not observant enough to notice, and talked on in her thin, cracked voice.

At a bend in the road, stood a group of children. "Whose young ones be them?" said Aunt Hepsy shading her eyes with her hand, "one, two, three, four gals and a boy, why, good land sakes alive! ef 'taint Sandy Mackin's family, what they up here for now, Darkis?" And Darkis replied shortly, "how do I know?"

After the rumbling cart had stopped, the oldest, a pale-faced girl of ten years, ventured to speak, while the others shrunk back by the roadside bushes: "We've been a-waitin' for somebody," she said, "grandmother's dead, I guess, maybe."

Aunt Hepsy came down from the cart with wonderful agility, and a gleam of interest came momentarily into the face of the impressionless Darkis. "Goodness sakes! you don't say so!" said Aunt Hepsy; "Darkis, you'n I'd better go right over across the alder swamp 'n one o' you men folks go round by the village and see'f you ken find out where that shiftless father o' theirn is. Come right along, you poor little critters! Wal, I guess they'll be somethin' for us to do this afternoon 'sides pick berries, for 'taint no ways likely anybody else is goin' to put themselves out, right in hayin' time."

They were not long going across the meadow to the desolate house, where they found that the poor old lady had really breathed her last, and with no one to care for her but the children, for their father had gone to find work, they said.

"Jest what he's alwers be'n a doin' ever sence he lived round here," Aunt Hepsy whispered to Darkis; "ef he'd only be'n as industrious as our kind o' folks he might 'a' be'n as fore-handed, but he never was."

"Why, he's got home!" said Darkis, as they entered the forlorn kitchen, its curtainless windows, unswept floors, and smoky ceiling in strong contrast with the clean, green grass, and blue sky outside.

Poor Sandy lifted his head from the table, where the children had eaten their bit of dinner; "It's glad I am to see ye; we'll be needing some women folks," he said.

"Yis, I should say you would," Aunt Hepsy answered grimly, as she glanced round the room, "Darkis, I'll see to her;" and she gave a nod towards the bedroom door, "and you tidy up here as well as you can."

"Can't you find something to do Sandy," as she looked at the discouraged face and folded arms of the man who sat there so dejectedly. "Do for pity sake spunk up, and clear up the door-yard, for it's likely you'll have somebody come to the funeral, and I never did see such a looking place. Them children can help you jest as well as not; I don't want them under my feet."

At nearly five o'clock, after three hours of energetic work, Aunt Hepsy said: "Now, Darkis, I guess I'd better be going home to git the men's supper. You'd better stay until to-morrow."

Darkis gave an expressionless nod, and kept on scrubbing the kitchen floor; the whole room looked like a place transformed under her busy hands.

Early next morning she appeared at Aunt Hepsy's, going at once to her little room under the eaves and pulling out a little leather covered trunk from under the bed.

"What now!" sharply asked Aunt Hepsy, who had followed her.

"Dresses for them young ones to wear to the funeral to-morrow," she answered in her unmoved voice.

"Wal, I never!" exclaimed Aunt Hepsy, "you aint going to cut up that corded petticoat, I hope."

"Yes I am," said Darkis, "what's the use o' my keepin' it! I never wear it, and ther's six whole breadths in it, enough for 'em all but the oldest one, and this flounced white calico I outgrew will do for that one. I aint goin' to put no puckers or furbelows onto 'em and it won't take me long to fix up the whole lot."

"Wal, I never!" gasped Aunt Hepsy, "you'll never get thanked for it."

"Wal, 'spos'n I don't?" asked Darkis. And at night the dresses were all ready to take over to the motherless children.

"Maybe I shall stay a day or two after the funeral," she said to Aunt Hepsy as she went through the kitchen. "I want to see that they're in a fair way to get along, though it'll be after a queer fashion, I guess."

It was a week before she came home, so long that Aunt Hepsy begun to wonder where she was, and was thinking she would have to go after her; when one morning she came with a look on her face such as even Aunt Hepsy had never seen.

"Wal, Darkis, you must have had a time," said Aunt Hepsy, "what in under the canopy kep' you down there all this time?"

"Guess they's enough to do," Darkis replied shortly, "I might as well tell ye, I'm going over there to live!"

"Goin' over there to what?" cried Aunt Hepsy, so surprised that she dropped the whole pan of apples she held.

"Wal, I aint goin' to make a fuss about it," said Darkis, "but I've decided they aint no way for me to be a mother to them children only to marry Sandy."

"Darkis Lane!" cried the astonished old lady, "would you fly right into the face and eyes of Providence in that kind of a way? You a church member too!"

"What if I be?" said the implacable Darkis with energy. "I aint never had nothin' to love and cherish and I'm goin' to know how 'twould seem. I don't know where I could do more good."

"Darkis, you ain't bright!" said Aunt Hepsy with indignation. "Would you throw away your best days with them ignoramuses in that hut?"

"It's quite a good house," Darkis answered with dignity, "only it needs paintin' and paperin', and I can pay for that myself."

"You must never take that six hundred dolars for any such use!" expostulated poor Aunt Hepsy, "why, where's yer interest?"

"I guess it'll be drawin' pretty good interest to try and make somethin' out o' them poor young ones. I aint so awful old. I aint had to put on specks yet," and Darkis looked determined.

"Wal," said Aunt Hepsy, "ef this aint a surprise! Why, there won't be no kind of a wedding!"

"I don't want any," said Darkis shortly. "My new gingham dress is good enough a plenty. I aint wore it but once."

"But aint you goin' to have a silk dress?" said Aunt Hepsy.

"Good land, no!" answered Darkis. "I've seen enough of folks married in silk, and that was all they had to their backs. They always come out to the little end of the horn. I'd rather put my money into doin' them poor orphans some good."

"But, Darkis, their father is so shiftless and lazy!"

"Well, he won't be," said Darkis, still unmoved, "when he has a wife to make him toe the line."

And in spite of all that Aunt Hepsy could say, Darkis went on with her preparations, which were few and simple.

She would not allow Aunt Hepsy to make any wedding cake. "It's expense and foolishness for nothin'," she said.

In all her life she had never dreamed about getting married. She thought no one would ever care enough about her for that, but now as suddenly and unexpectedly, this new, strange life had opened before her, she saw an outlet to her long-stored affections, and a blessed way to invest her beloved money, though Aunt Hepsy declared she had gone crazy and was throwing herself and her money away.

"And how'm I to get along without you, Darkis?" asked Aunt Hepsy.

"How'm them young ones to get along?" she answered in her strong-hearted way.

Aunt Hepsy soon found that neither persuasion or argument could move Darkis, and so she gave her a cow and five sheep, and a feather bed and various other household necessaries, declaring it was throwing it all right into the fire.

Then one evening, as the sun was going down, Sandy and the children came over across to Aunt Hepsy's, and the minister drove round from the village; and when Sandy went home down the lane, with the children playing and running ahead, Darkis was walking beside him with her best gingham dress on, and her hair drawn tightly into a knot behind her head, and over all the old green sunbonnet.

"No use to spoil my best bunnit in the dew," she said, "jest cause I'm married."

After a year, one would never have known the desolate, forsaken house among the swamp alders. Darkis had made everything inside the house bright and shining.

The children were tidy and happy, and Sandy worked every day with a light heart, for he had never known the blessing of a real helpmeet until now. The ragged fields were smooth and green, the flowers and vines made the old house glad.

Darkis' face, once so immovable, now broke into happy smiles and even Aunt Hepsy came to admit that prosperity had followed them.

Darkis in blessing others, had herself been blessed.—*Ellen Rand Millet, in Portland Transcript.*

Affectionate Trotters.

"People often say that horses cannot think—well, maybe they can't," writes the author of "Life with the Trotters," who then tells two anecdotes which contradict what "people say."

Rarus, the wonderful trotter, bought by Mr. Bonner for $36,000, was not inclined to be affectionate. He had made the fur fly from two dogs, but when a Scotch terrier pup was placed in the stable the two became strong friends. The admiration and love that they showed for each other was almost human.

The dog one day, being left in the stall while the horse was at the blacksmith's shop, made havoc of everything there trying to get out. The horse also was uneasy and acted as badly as the dog, so that from that time the two were kept together. When Rarus was exercised or trotted, Jimmy, the dog, watched him with as much interest as his owner did. On returning to the stable the horse would bend his head to receive on his mouth the dog's kiss.

When Rarus was led out of the stable to be shown to the public, Jimmy jumping on the hostler's shoulder, would leap on the horse's back and there stand, his head high in the air, his tail out stiff, barking furiously.

Jimmy went with Rarus to Mr. Bonner, in whose city stable there was a bull terrier, "monarch of all he surveyed." One day Jimmy attacked the bull terrier, and his yelps soon indicated that he had been rash. Rarus, hearing the cry of distress, rushed from his stall, and had he not been restrained, would have made short work of his friend's foe.

Bay, another trotter, was bred on a farm where an old gray horse ran with him in the field. Such was the strong attachment between the two that when Bay was sent to a trainer's, he refused to eat and thrashed around wildly in his stall. On returning him to the farm and his old gray horse he became as quiet as a lamb. From that time the two chums were never separated, even on the track.

DRIVING TANDEM.—In the growing fashion of driving tandem, it may be well to read what an expert in an English sporting periodical, the *Field*, has to say on the subject. According to this writer, there is less "driving" than there is pulling, the leader generally having things his own way. The leader ever must be master of the situation; for should he take it into his head to turn, the man with reins and whip in hand has no power to stop him. All he can do is to let the wheeler follow the course which the leader picks out for himself. These remarks, the writer says, belong to professional "whips" as well as to novices. A well-known coachman is reported as saying, in answer to the query, "Which way are you going?" "I don't know till I get into the street and see which way my leader means to turn."

Imperial Federation.

Will present an opportunity to extend the fame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all summer complaints, to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

Heart Disease.

Real disease of the heart—organic disease—the heart being really deformed, is very rare. (While but very few are willing to believe that they have a lung disease, a vast number are excited about some supposed disease of the heart.) The heart commencing its pulsations from the very dawn of mortal life, long before birth, continuing till its close without a moment's respite, was not made by a merciful Creator to get out of order from trifling causes, particularly since its daily labor is equal to raising one hundred and twenty-two tons one foot!

Most of its irregularities are caused by disturbances of other organs, more frequently the stomach, which is more or less connected with most of our diseases. The 'heart burn' is located in the stomach caused by indigestion of food, attended by irritation, inflammation, gas and weakness. It may disturb the action of the heart by sympathy. The 'remedy' for this form of 'heart disease' is to eat plain and simple food, such as will readily digest, avoiding pastry, pork, sausages, doughnuts, all fruits fried in lard, eating only what can be digested, eating slowly, chewing thoroughly—which will not demand drinking—eating at regular times, only three times a day. (Tobacco and ardent spirits will not help this difficulty.) A 'palpitation of the heart' is by no means unusual, especially with dyspeptics. This has far more to do with the stomach than with the heart which is affected by sympathy more than otherwise. I cannot better express my own views than by quoting from an eminent author:

"The use of tobacco, strong coffee, green tea or ardent spirits very frequently produces the worst and most obstinate attacks. Strong mental emotions, if frequently repeated, or continuous mental excitements of any kind tend to create an habitual, disorderly action of the heart and arteries. Probably constipation of the bowels is the cause of the most violent attacks on record."

Bret Harte in London.

Bret Harte is now living in a quiet cottage in Grove End street, near St. John's Wood. He is getting old and his hair is white; but the novelist still retains all his old fire. His books sell immensely in England—more than those of any other American writer. Mr. Harte's family is not with him, and the general impression in London is that he is a widower. Mr. Joseph Hatton, a warm friend and neighbor of Mr. Harte, informs me that he is now in the consular service. No American is invited into the best English society more than Bret Harte. His American stories warm the English heart. They never tire of the novelist's story about the first jury trial in California, and this is the way he told it the other night.

"It was over in the Mariposa Gulch in '50. They had never had a jury trial there. If a man stole a horse they lynched him, and that settled it. But the people, many of whom came from Massachusetts, began to tire of lynch law and sigh for the good old jury trial of the east. So one day, when Bill Stevens had jumped a poor man's claim, the Massachusetts fellows resolved to give him a good, old fashioned jury trial. They took him into the back end of the board postoffice, selected a jury, and the trial commenced. Dozens of witnesses were called, and finally the jury retired to agree on a verdict. When they had about concluded that Jim was innocent the boys outside came banging at the door.

"What do you fellows want?" asked the foreman through the keyhole.

"We want to know if you hain't about agreed on the verdict. If you hain't you'll have to get out. We want this room to lay out the corpse in!"—*Eli Perkins in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Money Sent in Letters.

The carelessness of people who inclose money in letters is most surprising. Probably the most flagrant case of it was that of a Chicago man who mailed an envelope with $4,000 in it, and forgot to put any writing on the inside or any address on the outside. He got the sum back by application to headquarters at Washington, after having much trouble in proving his claim. Money is sent by post in all sorts of queer ways, the notion being to disguise it as much as possible. At Christmas time particularly such tricks are practiced as poking bills in the fingers of gloves or mittens knitted by affectionate old tabby cat relatives for little ones far away. Small sums of cash are concealed for similar purposes in candy boxes and secreted with merchandise in every conceivable fashion. Coin is very apt to be dispatched between two pieces of pasteboard, perhaps glued on. It is always mailed in that manner abroad, for the reason that it is against the law in Europe to send anything made of gold or silver by post.—*Chicago Times.*

—The number of Gloucester, Mass., fishing vessels lost during the past year has been 18, of an aggregate tonnage of 1,388.87 tons, representing a value of over $100,000, on which there was an insurance of $97,523. Three of these vessels, the *Alice M. Stropie, Isaac A. Chapman* and *William W. Rice*, were lost with all their crews, numbering 38 men in all, while the partial loss of life from wrecked vessels and the men lost or washed overboard, capsized or lost in dories or dying at sea, increases the whole number of lives lost to 86. For the previous year the number of vessels lost was 14, of a tonnage of 853.23 tons, valued at about $60,000, and insured for $50,054, while the total loss of life was 70. Out of the total number lost over one-half were Nova Scotians, and principally belonged in the eastern portion of the province.

—A medical authority says that the most potent and most perfect remedy for sleeplessness is to drink hot water. If one awakes in the night, as hopelessly awake as if galvanized or electrified with vital activity, an invariable remedy is a glass of perfectly hot—not warm—water. It can be heated over the gas or over a spirit lamp, and sipped while almost at boiling heat; and one who tries it will find himself going off to sleep like an infant, and getting, too, the most restful and peaceful sleep imaginable.

The People's Mistake.

People make a sad mistake often with serious results when they neglect a constipated condition of the bowels. Knowing that Burdock Blood Bitters is an effectual cure at any stage of constipation, does not warrant us in neglecting to use it at the right time. Use it now.

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

Our Father in Heaven.

Such is the title of a recent sermon of Dr. George L. Walker, preached to his Hartford flock, February 27th, the first after a severe illness. We give these extracts from a discourse of singular beauty and impressiveness:

How slowly has this fatherly view of the divine character grown among men! How much more ready have men been to fasten upon some adjunctive and subsidiary feature of the revealed attributes of the being with whom we have to do—His kingly power. His unchangeable wisdom; His sovereign purpose; His righteous justice—rather than to reach up toward an endeavor to comprehend something of that Infinite Fatherliness in which, with a great deal besides, all those separate characteristics coalesce and inhere! It has always been an interesting fact to me that as thoughtful men and women grow old in the Christian life—I speak in a general way and allowing for exceptions of people run in peculiarly dialectic or dogmatic molds—a readier response arises in their breasts to presentations of the divine character and dealings which bring out the Fatherly traits of the divine nature. I cannot think this is altogether the effect of the softening influence of age. Not by any means is it to be wholly ascribed to that increased tenderness of feeling which takes its softened coloring from the eye that, as Wadsworth says, "hath kept watch over man's mortality." Some such increased leniency of judgment undoubtedly there is, which is the result of experience. Our own failures and faults lead us to be more forbearing toward the faults and failures of others. Our own sense of the need for ourselves of some traits in the divine character other than those of the justice before which we have trembled, or the holiness before which we have bowed ourselves in awful adoration, make us more recognitive as we go on in life of such characteristics as disclosed and actual in the Being we worship.

That God is the Father of men does not at all imply that all government over them suffers relapse, that all discipline of them is dropped into disuse, that all severity, even, in dealing with them is abandoned as belonging only to a theory of the divine relationship to men which is entertained no more. If any chance hearer in this house to-day, unaccustomed to the general strain of teachings from this desk, has seemed to gather from a former portion of this discourse that the idea of the divine fatherhood now inculcated lets open the door to a weak and sentimental view of God's claims and man's responsibilities, the mistake may now be corrected. Indeed, for myself, I can think of no more perfect ideal of thorough, efficient government, of persuasive and effectual penalties, than those existent in a true family. When I look back on that household group of which I was in childhood the quick-tempered and errant member, and recall the grand, regretful, sometimes austere and averted countenance of my father at knowledge of my wrong-doing, and the saddened, disappointed face of my patient, heroic mother, I bring up to myself a picture, more photographic than any I can discover beside, of the pain there would be in the withdrawment of the heavenly parent's smile, and the shutting out from the companionship of the heavenly family. It was not the chastising stroke—though memory of such on some occasions still survives over the lapse of so many years—but it was the sense of fatherliness and motherliness, grieved, wounded and wronged, which was then, and is increasing still, after nigh a half century has fled, the keenest factor in the discipline of my trespass on the household weal and law. Ah! let no one think that the doctrine of divine Fatherliness is the door-opener to loose and careless estimates of sin. Let it not be imagined that taking Christ at his word, and believing that we have a Father in Heaven, is to make men indifferent to his claims. It is not so. Speak of him as judge, and they may seek to evade His sentence. Represent Him as king, and they may try to escape the reach of His power. But let them really believe that God is their Father, in the truest, most literal, most richly freighted meaning of that precious name, and they will—I do not say that they will certainly turn to Him with contrition and penitence, for I do not know the possible strength of human sinfulness and perversity—but they will at least feel an attractiveness in His character which those other titles alone do not suggest, and they will feel a culpability in themselves which cannot arise from the mere contemplation of some single attribute personifying Him, for example, as justice of power.

A Remarkable Offer.

For several years a Boston business house has made persons on farms, in towns and the suburbs of cities who keep poultry, few or many, remarkable offers of premiums payable in gold, some as high as fifty dollars to the first and not less than five dollars to any winner of a premium. The best thing about these annual offers, is that the firm making them is strictly reliable and the premiums have always been promptly paid as agreed in gold coin. Fifty dollar premiums do not "grow on every bush" as the old saying is, and we have no doubt to many who competed for them, the amount received came in handy to help pay the necessary bills of a hard winter, or if not, buy some luxury that the family absolutely needed, but otherwise could not afford. This same firm, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., authorize us to state to our readers that they have prepared an offer of similar premiums this year as heretofore, with one very important improvement and that is, so that the first winner stands a fair chance of getting premiums amounting to one hundred and fifty dollars in gold. Why? that is as good as fifty dollars per month for the three winter months. Its worth trying for any way.

Another valuable feature of the offers this year is that no one who competes need fail to get something out of the several offers; either in premiums or commissions. Johnson & Co. will send full particulars free to any person who sends them their address on a postal card. These premium offers are made in connection with the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay. That Powder has been manufactured and sold for over thirty years. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder,) will send for 50 cents, two packs of Powder; for $1.00, five packs; for $1.20, a large 2 1-4 lb. can, post-paid; six cans for $5, express prepaid. Six cans will pay a good dividend. I. S. Johnson & Co. will also send to any one asking for it a copy of the best poultry magazine, published free; The paper one year and a large can of powder for $1.50.