Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1893. NO. 5.

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.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49 tf

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 15, Bridgetown.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate gent, 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 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 P. 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. 48 6m

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. T. 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. 9th, 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 a 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, 1891.
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.

3 APPLICATIONS THOROUGHLY REMOVES DANDRUFF
ANTI-DANDRUFF
GUARANTEED
D. L. CAVEN,
Toronto, Travelling Passenger Agent, C. P. R., says: Anti-Dandruff is a perfect remover of Dandruff—its action is marvellous—in my own case a few applications not only thoroughly removed excessive dandruff accumulation but stopped falling of the hair, made it soft and pliable and promoted a visible growth.
Restores Fading hair to its original color.
Stops falling of hair.
Keeps the Scalp clean.
Makes hair soft and Pliable
Promotes Growth.

Complete Manhood
AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT.
A Medical Work that Tells the Causes, Describes the Effects, Points the Remedy.
Scientifically the most valuable, artistically the most beautiful medical book ever published; 96 pages, every page bearing a half-tone illustration in tints. Subjects treated:—
Nervous Debility, Impotency, Sterility, Development, Varicocele, The Husband, Those Intending Marriage, etc.
Every man who would know the Grand Truths, the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, who would atone for past follies and avoid future pitfalls, should write for this WONDERFUL LITTLE BOOK.
It will be sent free, under seal, in a plain envelope. Address the publishers,
ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

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,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

IMPERIAL
Fire Insurance Company,
OF LONDON, ENGLAND,
ESTABLISHED 1803.
CAPITAL, - - - - £1,200,000.
ASSETS, - - - - £1,031,015.
AGENTS:
Edw. Ruggles, at Bridgetown, N. S.
T. A. Dargie, at South Farmington, N.S.
J. H. Lloyd, at Annapolis, N. S.

R. D. TAYLOR,
Drugs,
Patent Medicines,
Toilet Articles.
Genuine Havana Cigars,
Cigarettes, Briar Pipes,
Cigar Holders, Etc., Etc.
POPULAR PARLOR GAMES
—FROM—
Bryce, McLoughlin, Parker and others.
Fine Stationery, Etc.
SHAFFNER BUILDING,
QUEEN STREET, - BRIDGETOWN.

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 1m JACK & BELL.

TO THE PUBLIC!
LAWRENCETOWN, MARCH 20th, 1893.
Please take notice that the agency held by R. R. 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.

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,
Sim House, Lawrencetown.
March, 1893.

WONDER IN WELLAND!
A Representative Farmer Speaks.

MR. C. C. HAUN.

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.
As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:
DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery. I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.
C. C. HAUN,
Welland P.O.
In this connection the following letter from T. Cummes, Esq., a leading druggist of Welland, Ont., speaks for itself:
Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.
GENTLEMEN,—I have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. C. Haun for the last 20 years, and have always found him a very reliable man. You may place the utmost confidence in anything he says with regard to your medicine. He has on many occasions within the last four years told me that it was marvellous the way the Burdock Blood Bitters had cured him, and that he now felt as able to do a day's work as he ever felt in his life. Although quite well he still takes some B. B. B. occasionally, as he says, to keep him in perfect health.
Yours truly,
THOMAS CUMMES,
Welland, Ont.
The steadily increasing sale of B. B. B., the length of time it has been before the people, and the fact that it cures to stay cured, attest the sterling merit of this monarch of medicines, the people's favorite blood purifier, tonic and regulator.

JUST ARRIVED!
—A Fine Line of—
BOOTS AND SHOES
OF ALL KINDS.
—A Fine Line of—
DRY GOODS
Choice and Complete Lines of
GROCERIES
—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.

NO HOPE OF RECOVERY.
WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS.
A WONDERFUL CURE.
MR. VAIL, the well-known Checker of the I. C. R. Freight Dept., St. John, N. B., makes the following statement:
"Oct. 12, 1892—Last spring I was completely run down from the *effects of overwork* and an *attack of the Grip.* I was *weak* and *nervous* and had *no appetite.* COULD NOT SLEEP and felt *tired* and *depressed.* I tried Doctors and various remedies but got no better, and *had to give up work.* I became so *weak* and *exhausted* that I had GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF RECOVERY, when I was advised to try
HAWKER'S
NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC.
I purchased 6 bottles and in a *month's time* after taking 4 of them, had *gained 21 lbs in weight.* My appetite returned, I slept well grew STRONG and VIGOROUS and am
Entirely Cured of Nervousness.
I am stronger now than I have been for year and can do my work *without fatigue or exertion.* To anyone suffering from weakness or exhaustion I heartily commend it as a most valuable *Restorative Tonic*, as it *restored me to health and strength*, after all other remedies had failed."
We endorse the above statement of Mr. Vail's case, as we have had a personal knowledge of it, and hereby do affirm his statement to be true in every particular.
W. G. Robertson, Station Master, I. C. R. } St. John,
Fred E. Hannington, Ticket Agent, I. C. R. } N. B.
For sale by all Druggists and general dealers at 50c. a bottle. 3 bottles $1.25.
Manufactured by the
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited,
St. John, N. B.
"HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure Bilious Ills."

BAY OF FUNDY STEAMSHIP CO.
(LIMITED.)
Annapolis, Digby, St. John,
During the month of May, the fast side-wheel Steamer
"CITY OF MONTICELLO,"
will leave Annapolis for Digby and St. John on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY afternoons upon arrival of the Halifax Express, calling at Digby, and due in St. John at 5.30 p.m. Returning leaves St. John for Digby and Annapolis on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at 7.30, St. John time.
Connects at St. John with palace side-wheel steamers "Cumberland" and "State of Maine" for Boston and with fast C. P. R. Trains for Boston and Montreal.
For through tickets and further information apply to nearest ticket agent.
HOWARD D. TROOP, *President.*
J. E. CAMPBELL, *Agent.* St. John, N. B. Annapolis.

Poetry.

Noblesse Oblige.

If I am weak and you are strong,
Why then, why then,
To you the braver deeds belong;
And so, again,
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun,
'Tis yours with freer hand to give,
'Tis yours with truer grace to live,
Than I, who, giftless, sunless, stand
With barren life and hand.

'Tis wisdom's law the perfect code
By love inspired;
Of him on whom much is bestowed
Is much required.
The tuneful throat is bid to sing,
The oak must reign the forest's king,
The rustling stream the wheel must move,
The beaten steel its strength must prove,
'Tis given unto eagle eyes
To face the midday skies.

—*By Carlotta Perry.*

The Strength of the Hills.

My thoughts go back to that old brown house
With its low roof sloping down to the east,
And its garden fragrant with roses and thyme,
That blossom no longer except in rhyme,
Where the honey-bees used to feast.

Afar in the west the great hills rose,
Silent and steadfast and gloomy and gray;
I thought they were giants, and doomed to keep
Their watch while the world should wake or sleep,
Till the trumpet should sound on the Judgment Day.

I used to wonder of what they dreamed
As they brooded there in their silent might,
While March winds smote them, or June rains fell,
Or snows of winter their ghostly spell
Wrought in the long and lonesome night.

They remembered a younger world than ours,
Before the trees on their tops were born,
When the old brown house was itself a tree,
And waste were the fields where now you see
The winds astir in the tasselled corn.

And I was as young as the hills were old,
And the world was warm with the breath of spring,
And the roses red and the lilies white,
Budded and bloomed for my hearts delight,
And the birds in my heart began to sing.

But calm in the distance the great hills rose,
Deaf unto rapture and dumb unto pain,
Since they knew that Joy is the mother of Grief,
And remembered a butterfly's life is brief,
And the sun sets only to rise again.

They will brood and dream and be silent as now,
When the youngest children alive to-day
Have grown to be women and men grown old,
And gone from the world like a tale that is told,
And even whose echo forgets to stay.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

Select Literature.

Alba.

A swirl of snow from the mountain side blinded the eyes of the convicts, and they wearily begged to be allowed to rest, but were told roughly to push on. Ragged and worn, the poor women, who had left home and country to follow their exiled husbands, hugged puny, crying babies to their chilled bosoms and dragged on resolutely. A pitiful sight, truly! Men and women, many of them rared in luxury, were now forced to march day after day in most inclement weather, with scant clothing and the poorest food—a black bread made from the sweepings of mills. Even pebbles and other refuse formed the greater part of its ingredients. With this bread they were allowed a cupful of water. That was all!

One of these convicts a lad of 17, whose handsome face was smirched with blood from a wound on his broad forehead, caused from a blow from the fist of one of the guards, leaned wearily on the "varnak" on his left, to whom he was chained. The chain depending from his right hand and attached to his foot seemed unusually heavy, for he was weak from loss of blood, but a kick from the guard nearest him forced him to make a desparate effort to push on. His glossy black hair fell in matted locks over his brow. Doubtless his rank had induced the authorities to show him some marks of favor, for he was more warmly clad than his fellow convicts, and his head had not been shaven. His face gleamed pale in the suns' rays, but it aroused no pity on the hearts of the inhuman guards.

Ivan Smoloff, the youngest convict in this department, was a descendant of a royal family in Poland, now under the stern despotism of Russia. He had attempted with a small band of followers to defend his country against the Russian forces, but the courage of his countrymen soon weakened and after the burning of Warsaw they gave up all hope. The emperor, fearing another outbreak from this fiery young nobleman, ordered his arrest and his exile to Siberia. Hearing of this, young Smoloff escaped to Germany, wandering over the continent for eight weary weeks, only to be captured at just and exiled. No farewell words with mother, sister, or sweetheart; no last look at his old home. Hurried off like a common criminal—for defending his country!

"I cannot go farther."

These words force themselves to his lips, and he sinks down, dragging his comrade with him. The guards swear at him, kick him, and finally order him to be stripped and beaten. The women shriek with terror and cover their eyes, but the sound of the lash rings in their ears, and long after the tortured youth's lips cease to move they can hear his piteous cries. At last the quivering flesh is hastily covered with the coarse clothing, and he is chained again and told to move on.

"You have a knife on your watch chain; sever the vein in your wrist and put an end to your sufferings," whispered the convict to the right.

"I cannot," he answers feebly. "I cannot take my own life."

"Better be dead than to suffer this living death! Give me the knife; I will soon put an end to my misery."

Smoloff detaches the tiny knife and gives it to the half maddened creature, who surreptitiously severs an artery in his wrist and bravely bears up until forced to fall from exhaustion. The order is given to fire and all is over. Another convict is chained to Smoloff and they move on.

Ivan Smoloff envied the dead "varnak" and silently prayed for death. It was well nigh impossible to add "if it be thy will." There is no escape but by death. He had thought of many ways. Even if he could elude the vigilance to the guards he dared not hope to get out of the country, for the natives were paid three roubles a head for every "varnak."

At Tiumen the convicts were crowded into a barge and carried across the Obi. As they neared Tomolsk, Smoloff was suffering excruciating pain, and in a frenzied moment twisted the chain which bound him to the next "varnak" and ran a few paces. The cold air blew the hair from his forehead and sent the blood coursing through his body. He was free, if only for one moment. Running with all the strength he could command, he strained his ear to catch the order to fire.

"One, two, three—fire!" Six shots rang out on the wintry air. Then three more were dispatched at the prostrate body. One guard went up and kicked the stiffening form outlined on the snow. "Right about! March!" And they were gone.

Night fell, and the stars came out one by one and blinked at the prostrate figure lying so still and cold, and with the lifeblood crimsoning the snow, and then beckoned the moon to see the pitiful sight.

* * * * * * *

Alba Senref, princess of Arnak, was considered proud and cold by strangers, but they little knew the tenderness of the young princess' heart. Pledged from childhood to Ivan Smoloff, only son of the royal house of Poland, she had lavished all her young love on her future lord. When the news of his banishment reached her, she did not faint as his mother did. They were at a brilliant ball. The order was immediately given to drive home. Then with pale lips and white, drawn face Alba sat down beside her fire and tried to devise some means of escape for her lover.

All night long she paced her room thinking, thinking, thinking! She must do something. Six o'clock struck, and still no plan was made by which she could help him. Sinking on her knees she prayed for help. The servant, entering an hour later, found her asleep. She seemed dazed when awakened. Then she said:

"Tell my maid I wish to see her."

When the maid came, she ordered her wraps brought.

"But your ladyship will change her dress?"

No, there was no time to lose. Already much had been wasted. Hastily slipping the fur mantle over her ball dress, which she had not removed, Alba filled her purse with money, and bidding the maid tell no one where she had gone she left the house. Making her way alone to St. Petersburg, regardless of impudent glances from travellers, she thought only of Ivan, who was going farther from her every moment.

It was a dull, cold morning when she reached the city. Snow was falling in great flakes. The princess drove to the palace, but was refused admission when she told her errand, as they compelled her to do. For hours she wandered aimlessly through the streets, attracting much attention by her rich attire. At last, weary and heartsick, she entered a church to say a prayer for her hapless lover. As she left the edifice she was startled by the tramp of soldiers. It was the emperor's escort. They were passing up the street in the direction of the palace, the emperor bowing right and left to the crowds of people on the sidewalks.

Pushing through the crowd she reached his carriage and implored him to save her lover. He scarcely heard her, and turning to the soldiers demanded the cause of the disturbance. They rudely forced her back, and the carriage moved on slowly. But she was not to be repulsed without another effort and again making her way to the side of the carriage she repeated her earnest appeal. The emperor requested the soldiers to bring the maiden closer. With downcast eyes and cheeks flushing hotly she told of her love for the exiled nobleman, and again implored his excellency to pardon him.

"Never will I pardon that rash boy. Go to your lover and starve with him in the mines."

The royal party moved on, the soldiers jostling her roughly as they passed. She stood but a moment gazing after them with horror stricken eyes. Go to him? Yes, she would and stay by his side.

The train seemed to drag along, but at last she reached Moscow. Determined not to leave a stone unturned, she called on the metropolitan of Moscow. As his eminence appeared, attired in a brown moire antique robe glittering with jewels and wearing the white crape hat of a metropolitan, with diamond cross in front, she forgot her rank, and falling on her knees at his feet she kissed the hem of his robe. In passionate tones she begged him to use his influence with the emperor to have her lover pardoned.

"My child, it is utterly impossible. If it were anyone but Smoloff, there might be hope, but I can give you none. The emperor will never pardon him."

He could but piety her as she left the room with a dazed look on her face. She must go to her lover. The kind old man procured a passport for her, and she was enabled to cross the border. How slowly the train crept! She sat with pale face pressed against the window, watching the snow-capped mountains.

After crossing the Obi at daybreak she was compelled to walk for miles through the blinding snow, often falling on the rough stones, but bravely trying to keep up her courage for Ivan's sake. Gusts of snow blew in her face, stinging like lashes, and sometimes the wind forced her back, and she stood still. Her clothes were tattered and soiled when she reached Tobolsk. Here she inquired how long it had been since the convicts had passed.

"Three days ago," the station guard answered.

"Was—Ivan Smoloff with them?" she asked.

"No, he died just before he reached there. He was shot." "Shot! How the word rang in her ears! How strange everything looked! The gloomy station, the grinning, evil faces of the guards as they leered at her. She noticed even the cut of their whiskers and the dirty bulletin on the wall announcing the number of convicts that had passed there that year. One of the guards attempted to kiss her, but with fiercely gleaming eyes she pushed him roughly aside and bounded like a deer out of the door. She forgot her sufferings. Only to get away from those cruel men, to get beyond reach of their jeers and cruel words. "He is dead," she murmured to herself again and again.

For days she retraced her steps, scarcely knowing where she was going. Sometimes rough men stared at her, but the look of absolute misery in her face served as an armor to protect her, for they only stared and passed on. Once a Tartar man who looked at her with his kindly black eyes, thinking she was but a child picked her up in his arms and carried her a long distance. They are very strong those Tartars who inhabit this part of Siberia. She could not understand his language, but knew he was trying to speak kindly to her. His swarthy skin, black hair and high cheek bones contrasted oddly with her pale face and sun-kissed hair. He doffed his embroidered skull cap as he left her at the door of his cabin and shook his head when she slipped some rubles into his hand.

It was night when she reached Tiumen and found shelter in a miserable inn. As she sat near the fire in the smoky room she attracted the attention of an old man, who addressed her in Polish.

"Art you in trouble?" he asked. She was such a child in spite of the care in her face!

"Yes," she replied wearily.

"I am a pardoned exile from Obdorsk. I was sent there for drunkenness. I have suffered too."

His worn, attenuated frame and sunken eyes seemed to echo his words.

"Did you ever see any of the political exiles?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes. I met some at Tobolsk. From there they go to the Trans-Baikal district."

"How long were you there?" She searched his face with her restless eyes to see if she could read there any sign of his having seen her lover.

"Five years!" He wondered that she expressed no sorrow. It was a long time to spend in that God-forsaken country, but she was saying to herself, "I might have known he had never seen Ivan." Still, something prompted her to tell him. Her heart was aching for someone to advise her. Merely telling our troubles sometimes lightens them.

"I had a lover who was exiled. So handsome and brave. But he was shot near Tobolsk."

"Near Tobolsk? How long ago?"

"Six days."

"Was he dark, with eyes like a Tartar?"

"Yes. His eyes were like midnight skies, with twinkling stars shining through." She seems paralyzed from cold and fatigue and wonders vaguely how he knows that Ivan's eyes were dark. Is he sane? What does he mean? He is saying that he has seen Ivan! It was only three days ago, and, Mother of God, is it true? No, she must be dreaming!

"Your lover is living," he repeats. "I saw him at Berezoy three days ago. He was trying to reach the coast, expecting to take a steamer for America."

It is long before he can make her understand, but he tells her again and again. She starts hastily to her feet.

"I will go to him," she whispers, and although he insists that she must wait until morning she shakes her head. He gives her some advice as to the route, and goes many versts with her, in spite of his feebleness. He can scarcely keep up with her. She seems to have acquired new energy and almost runs.

At daybreak they find a boatman, who rows her some distance, the old man leaving her at the river bank. "God speed you!" he said, but she thinks only of reaching Ivan, and scarcely looks at the pathetic figure waving his tattered hat at her from the shore. Her hands were clasped in her lap. Something like a smile hovered round her mouth. Once when they were very near the shore some women came down to the water's edge with some red-eyed children. They peered at her curiously, and one of them tossed a piece of bread to her. They thought she was a beggar, her clothes were so ragged, and her golden hair was so rough.

She dare not inquire for Ivan at Berezoy, but silently searches for him. She feels satisfied at last that he has left the village, and finding a boatman to take her to Obdersk she gives him more gold than he has seen for many a day. How her head throbs and the trees seem to be dancing before her eyes. Strange to say, they are very kind to her at the quiet Obdorsk inn—she seeks the most unpretentious one. They nurse her with rough tenderness for days. She talks incessantly of Ivan, but her language is strange to them and they do not understand. In her delirium she rises from her bed and wanders along the coast, calling feebly for Ivan, sinking down in the sand at last from weakness. When she awakens she finds Ivan's arms around her.

"Alba, what are you doing here?"

She tells him how she has searched for him.

"And you did this for me? My darling! How can I love you enough! Off there with the convicts I thought of you many times and longed for one love look from your blue eyes, but I never expected to see them again. And lying in the snow, when they left me for dead, I, too, thought for a time that death was very near and I should never again feel your kiss on my lips."

Then he told her how after the train had left him he had revived, as it would seem, by a miracle, and had dragged himself to a hut, where he was nursed until he was able to keep on. Even now his wounds were not entirely healed.

The ships passing looked like great white birds in the distance. One stopped. It was only a freight ship going to Alaska, but they kindly allowed the fugitives to board her, and as they steamed away from the country that they feared and hated they felt a load lifted from their weary, burdened hearts.

It was not until long afterward, in their peaceful American home, that Alba heard the full story of Ivan's terrible sufferings in reaching Obdorsk.

The Weight of a Dollar Bill.

In the treasury at Washington, the question once came up as to the weight of a dollar bill. Scales of perfect accuracy were brought into requisition, and the surprising discovery was made that twenty-seven one-dollar notes weighed exactly as much as a twenty-dollar gold piece. The latter just balances five hundred and forty grains. However, the bills weighed were perfectly crisp and new. Trial made with soiled notes, such as come in every day for redemption, showed that twenty-seven of them weighed considerably more than the twenty-dollar coin. Every paper dollar, on its way through the world, continually accumulates dirt, perspiration and grease, so that after a year of use it is perceptibly heavier.

A Knife on Its Travels.

A huge knife, said to be over 100 years old and resembling an ancient hay cutter, was presented to the postmaster at Bangor, Me., just after the election. It was labeled "Adlai's Ax." Across the blade, in black letters, were the words, "The melancholy days have come." This was a grim joke to play on a Republican postmaster, but he concluded to make the best of it. He tagged it and started it on a journey across the continent. At last accounts it was at Marquette, Mich., all covered with tags and the comments each messenger had added as the Democratic guillotine passed over his route.
—*Exchange.*

A Prompt Cure.
GENTLEMEN,—Having suffered over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try B. B. B., and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache.
ETHEL D. HAINES, Lakeview, Ont.

—Hazel had been to a missionary meeting. Her prayers were apt to mirror the impression of the day, and this is what her mother heard at bedtime: "O Lord, I 'spose you know 'bout those missionaries, and, O Lord, please don't let them learn any bad habits from the heathen."

—Cod Liver Oil has long been justly celebrated as a lung healer. Alone it is difficult to take, but combined with the Hypophosphites in Puttner's Emulsion, it is agreeable to the taste, and unequalled by any other preparation for weak lungs.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Takes the Verdict Coolly.
BUCHANAN SMOKES HIS CIGAR AND SLEEPS SOUNDLY.
New York, April 27.—Dr. Robert W. Buchanan is a convicted murderer to-day, yet several callers at the Tombs prison during the forenoon were told that the man was sleeping. He did not awaken until nearly 10 o'clock. He came straight from the court room, where he had listened to the knell pronounced by Foreman George C. Trede, of the jury that tried him, "We find the defendant guilty; guilty of murder in the first degree;" had come down to the Tombs again,
SMOKING A CIGAR
as he walked beside his keeper, with both hands bound by steel bracelets; had gone mechanically to bed in his cell, and dropped asleep within ten minutes.
Mrs. Anna Bryce Patterson-Buchanan the rosy-cheeked, golden-haired young woman who was Buchanan's first wife till the courts gave him a divorce from her, and who became third wife three weeks after he had poisoned her successor and predecessor, was in the district attorney's office when the verdict was delivered. When a friend hurried out and told her the verdict she screamed and fainted. Then she aroused a little and crying piteously
"MY ROB, MY ROB; WHERE IS MY ROB,"
tried to plunge headlong down the iron stairway.
Charles W. Brooke, the veteran lawyer of 37 years at the bar, paled and exclaimed, on the announcement of the verdict, "Oh, my God; no, not that," and bowed his head upon his breast. But Buchanan listened to his doom imperturbably. There was no expression in his pallid face.
When the last juryman had said
"GUILTY OF MURDER
in the first degree," Buchanan turned, and almost while the recorder was thanking the jury for their conscientious devotion to duty, drew a cigar from his pocket, lighted it, and then trust out his hands, presenting his wrists to the deputy sheriff for the steel handcuffs.
Delancy Nicoll was the recipient of much congratulation, for he had won against the heaviest odds. The jury had stood on the first ballot nine for conviction of murder in the first degree, two for murder in the second degree and one for acquittal. It took twenty-eight hours of argument to bring the three in agreement. It is understood that a majority of the jurymen discharged the expert phase of the case and convicted Buchanan on the circumstantial evidence and on his own story as told from the witness stand. They reasoned that it was more than a coincidence that an apparently healthy woman should sicken and die within 30 hours and at a time when her husband was so anxious to be rid of her; that it was another coincidence that Mrs. Buchanan's death should have occurred before a voyage to Europe for which no arrangements had been made, and that Buchanan should have predicted her speedy demise at a time when she was in perfect health; that she should die just after he had secured a deed of her home and had borrowed nearly all her cash in hand (some $10,000); that she should die just as soon as convenient after he had cleared the house of witnesses by
SENDING HIS MOTHER TO CANADA
and putting his little girl out to board.
And so in spite of the able defence presented by Messrs. Brooke, O'Sullivan, Davison and Knight, in which the expert scientifics for the prosecution were met by their equals, if not superiors, Buchanan's guilt was proven on his own miserable character and appearance and on his lies and his guilty performance before and after the death of his wife.
Buchanan refused to see reporters when he awoke this morning. He ate his breakfast of rolls and coffee with the usual relish and smoked several cigars. He appeared to his Tomb's keepers to be unaffected by the verdict in health or spirits. He is never very exuberant in either, but he was as usual to-day.

The Canadian Court at the World's Fair.

The Canadian section of the World's Fair at Chicago is rapidly being put in readiness for the opening. Prof. Saunders, who is on his way to Chicago to assist in the work going on, says that the agricultural court is being decorated in the interior by a series of arches, the exterior being divided proportionately for the several exhibits of the different provinces and territories. In the centre of the court, in the main aisle, a handsome trophy is being erected, the archway through which will