BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1891. NO. 12.

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

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

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.

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
☞Dentistry a Specialty.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, . . N. S.

G. E. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.
House Residence for the present: MRS. AARON CHUTE'S.
Special attention paid to Diseases of Women an i Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 6m

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 1y

THE
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,

STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

NEW YORK
N.Y.
STEAMSHIP CO.
H. H. WARNER, PRESIDENT.

(The Pioneer Line)
will dispatch their new steamship
CITY OF COLUMBIA
(1900 tons) the most complete and elegant ship on the Eastern Atlantic coast
FROM
St. John, N.B.
Every Friday at 3 p.m.,
AND FROM
YARMOUTH, N. S.,
Every Saturday, at 6.30 p.m.,
(or on arrival of train from Digby)
FOR NEW YORK,
DIRECT.
Returning, Steamer will leave New York, from Pier 40, East River, foot of Pike St.,
Every Tuesday, at 5 p.m.

TICKETS:

New York to Yarmouth, - -	$10.50
Round Trip, - - - -	19.00
New York to St. John, - -	13.00
Round Trip - - - -	23.00

Tickets entitle holders to State Room, Berth, and Meals.

Freight received and forwarded on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, to Central and South America, West Indies and all European ports, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.

Cheap Fares and Low Rates,
For further information address
N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager,
63 Broadway, New York.
PARKER, EAKINS & CO.,
AGENTS, YARMOUTH, N. S.

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.

JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

W. H. BANNISTER,
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

Frank E. Vidito,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.

THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
☞My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. BILNEY [illegible]

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, young or old, how they can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless sure as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

$1,000.00
GIVEN AWAY
—BY:—
THE WILMOT CORSET CO.,
South Farmington, N. S.
For particulars apply to:
Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, Mrs. L. C. Wheelock,
C. H. Schaffner, R. D. Beals,
S. Harris & Son, Mrs. Ansley,
G. I. Letteney & Bro.
Feb. 11th, 1891. 1y

A. W. MOORE,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Painter, Grainer and Decorator.
Fresco Painting in all Branches.
Paper Hanging, Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewashing, Coloring, Etc., specialties.
☞Ceilings thoroughly whitened and cleaned without injury to Furniture or Carpets.
Estimates given. All jobbing punctually attended to.

WHAT MAY BE FOUND
—IN—
MILLER'S DRUG STORE,
MIDDLETON.
A full line of Pure Drugs, Druggists' Sundries, Dyes (Diamond and Turkish), Fancy and Toilet Goods, Perfumes, Plain and Fancy Stationery, Artists Materials, Books, Etc., Etc.
School Books always in Stock.
SPECIAL OFFER:
In order to reduce my stock of Teas and Coffees I make the following offer:
To any one buying a bottle of PATENT or PROPRIETARY MEDICINE, I will give at cost for cash for both, 1 lb. of best TEA or COFFEE that can be found in the market.
I will also advise which medicine is the most suitable to their wants.
See price of Teas:
35c., 40c., 45c., and 55c. per lb.
Reduced to 28c., 32c. 37c., and 45c. per lb. by buying Patent or Proprietary Medicine and paying for both.
Coffee at the same rate.
To LET.—Two offices formerly occupied by myself.
S. N. MILLER, M. D.

PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.
I am devoting my time to tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs, and any orders sent to me at Truro will receive my attention in my annual turn through the province. Intending purchasers will do well to communicate with me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am willing to order for small commission.
4 tf G. O. GATES, Truro, N. S.

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 1y

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 six 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.*
Annapolis, Feb. 4th, 1891. 6m

This is Business!
The subscriber offers for sale a variety of
Single & Double-seated Carriages.
Also, the very popular
Unique Road Carts.
Pheton Carts, for one or two persons.
Second-hand Carriages, in good repair,
And two Express Waggons.
All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. An inspection Invited.
JOHN HALL
Lawrencetown, April 15th, 1891. 2 tf

FOR SALE.
TWENTY bbls. Digby fish fertilizer, to close consignment, belonging to the Estate of the late Hon. E. R. Oakes.
A. VIDITO.
Bridgetown, March 24th, 1891. 51tf

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO
JOB WORK
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
We have increased facilities for turning out
FINE WORK
—such as—
NOTE HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
MEMO. HEADS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
VISITING CARDS.
POSTERS,
DODGERS,
PROGRAMMES,
CIRCULARS,
PAMPHLETS,
TICKETS,
ENVELOPES,
ETC., ETC.
Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
always on hand.
Estimates Furnished, Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.
Address,
"MONITOR" OFFICE,
Bridgetown, N. S.

THE CELEBRATED
GERMAN HAIR DYE
IS NO PUFF! NO HUMBUG!
but is all that it professes to be,
A PERFECT DYE
changing, as if by magic, White, Gray, or any other colored Hair, to a Jet Black or Dark Auburn, as may be required, rendering it soft and silky in texture, and of a rich, glossy, natural appearance.
Price, 50 cts. Sold by all druggists.
.....PREPARED ONLY BY.....
F. L. SHAFFNER, Middleton, Annapolis Co., N. S.

A COOK BOOK FREE
By mail to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

TIRED—
How often we hear people say, "I'm tired," and when they have really not done any thing to make them feel so. It is not that they have been working hard, but that
TIRED
feeling that they experience is caused by the system being run down, and they require a good bracing medicine to build them up—to bring about the desired result they should take Estey's Iron Tonic—then that
—TIRED
feeling will soon pass away. It builds up the system; strengthens the muscles; tones the appetite, and makes you feel like a new person. Sold by all dealers.

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.

House For Sale!
THE subscriber offers for sale her property on Court Street, next to the Court House, consisting of house, barn, and small garden or building lot. Building in good repair, and furnished with town water service and sewerage.
Apply on the premises.
C. PIPER.
Bridgetown, March 4th.

PRODUCE.
THANKING a generous public for their valued favors in the past, we take this opportunity of soliciting a continuance of their patronage.
—RECEIVERS OF—
Apples, Plums, Pears, Eggs, Butter, Live Stock, Vegetables,
in fact, everything in the way of Country Produce.
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
Foot of Bell's Lane, Halifax N.S.

An Immense Stock
OF AMERICAN
ROOM PAPERS,
embracing many beautiful and pleasing designs, is now open for inspection, and marked as
LOW AS THE LOWEST,
in price, at the Book Store of
MISS B. ELDERKIN.
Bridgetown, March 30th, 1891.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rightly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $75 to $250 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Important Notice!
THE Subscribers have purchased the thorough-bred Holstein Bull "Duke of Clifford," and will keep him at their stables during the season for service of a limited number of cows. Terms.—$1.50 for season; 25 cents extra on all sums after Nov. 30, 1891.
OWEN P. BENT.
J. H. RAY.
Granville, April 9, 1891. 2 13i

NOTICE.
☞The packet schooner **TEMPLE BAR** will ply as usual between this port and St. John, N. B.
LIME and SALT
constantly kept for sale.
J. H. LONGMIRE, Master.
ALSO—Schooner **NANCY ANNA**, W. R. LONGMIRE, Master, will run on same route.
When schooners are not in port, apply to
Capt. P. NICHOLSON,
50tf Bridgetown, N. S.

HARNESS & TRUNKS
J. W. ROSS,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Single and Double Harness
of every description.
A large stock now on hand, which I will sell at lowest prices.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
Trunks & Bags,
Shawl Straps, Whips, Brushes, Horse Boots, Etc.
Low for Cash.
Bridgetown, May 18th, 1891. 49 3m

NOTICE!
H. A. NICHOLS, Granville Street, Bridgetown, is now ready to do all kinds of Turning, such as Newel Posts, Balusters, and Fancy Turning. He is also prepared to build Newel Posts and repair Cart Wheels and Carriages. Fancy Gig-Sawing a specialty. 8—4i
SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

Poetry.

To Those Who Fail.

Courage, brave heart; nor in thy purpose falter;
Go on and win the fight at any cost.
Though sick and weary after heavy conflict,
Rejoice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits,
Who nobly struggle till the strife is done,
Through sun and storm with courage all undaunted.
Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters,
The brightest jewels in the darkest mine;
And through the very blackest hour of midnight
The star of Hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! press on! the path is step and rugged,
And storm clouds almost hide Hope's light from view;
But you can pass where other feet have trodden;
A few more steps may bring you safely through.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors;
By patient toil each difficulty past,
You then may see these days of bitter failure
But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.

—*Chamber's Journal.*

Endurance.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life,
Yet to our bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die.
Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn—
Lo, all things can be borne.

—*Florence Percy.*

Select Literature.

Tom Ryder's Child.

Mr. Marsh, when he was sitting in the village store with the heels of his well tallowed boots carefully poised on the edge of the corrugated cylinder stove, was a far larger man than when he was at home. Perhaps it was for that reason that he spent so much time in the store. A man likes to feel large and to hawk and expectorate in an independent manner.

When under the protection of his own roof this gentleman was much in the shadow of his wife. He never hawked and he never expectorated there. He shrank up into the smallest possible compass and seemed to deprecate the fact that he was alive at all. If he could have come in and gone out at the keyhole he would have felt an unutterable relief.

As it was, he was in constant fear lest he should forget to wipe his feet, or lest he should leave a door unlatched. He often told himself "he'd ruther be darned any day than to forgit to wipe his feet twice," first on the husk mat in the porch and next on the braided mat at the kitchen door. When Mr. Marsh said "he'd ruther be darned," he meant that he preferred being consigned to Hades. He often thought it would be a kind of relief to be in that place "and done with it." But he always was very meek indeed when had indulged in such thoughts.

Mrs. Marsh was a large, dark, mustached woman, who was believed by some to be a good nurse. She certainly had the merit of subduing her charges into absolute quiescence. She boasted that folks that "she took care on knew their places mighty quick; 'n, the Lord do as he pleased."

She was fond of mentioning the Lord at the most unexpected and irritating times. She had referred to him on so many occasions in regard to her husband's bringing in "medder mud" and other kind of soil on the soles of his boots that Mr. Marsh was continually harrassed by a fear lest he might become prejudiced and acquire a habit of thinking disrespectfully of the Lord. If he did acquire such a habit, he hoped fervently and in plain terms that it might be laid to D'rindy's charge rather than to his. Dorinda was his wife's name; and it was given to each of five consecutive daughters who had all died when children.

There were residents in the village who always took friends who came from a distance to the graveyard to see the "row of D'rindies," as this serics of mounds was usually termed.

These continual bereavements were very hard to bear during their occurence, but after some years had passed and the wounds were scarred Mrs. Marsh was conscious of a certain distinction coming from the fact that she was, in a certain sense, owner of that row in the cemetery. She had a pride in keeping the small graves and their headstones in the very best condition; or rather she made Mr. Marsh keep them so.

When I have seen that woman striding toward the hill slope where the graveyard was, I have wondered if she did not feel a satisfaction that there were five mounds instead of four; five made a much more impressive row. If one of those babies had grown it would doubtless have brought in a great deal of mud in the spring, snow in the winter, and road dust in the summer. It would have "littered things up jest awful," to use a favorite expression of Mrs. Marsh. Was it possible that there were compensations? It is a distinction, too, to have had a "dretful sight of sickness in your family;" to have "notes put up" for the sufferer and the sufferer's friends.

Do you know what it means to have a note put up? It is to arrange that the minister shall find, apparently in the hymn book, a scrap of paper asking the prayers of the congregation for a family in affliction. The name of the person is often given, and then there is a rustling and a turning and a looking at the nearest relative who happens to be present. When things by land and by sea have been prayed for, when people "scattered up and down this sinful earth" have been mentioned, then the minister changes his tone to one of more feeling, and petitions that this dear sister whose child is on a bed of sickness may be strengthened to endure, and that, if it be so decided that she be called upon to give up that beloved one, she may be enabled to bow her head to his great and glorious will, and to bless him, even though he slay.

There is a great sameness about the words used in response to this asking for prayers, but who shall say that those phrases do not sometimes touch healingly a sore heart?

Reuben Marsh never missed going to meeting a single Sunday during all the times when his children were pining and dying.

Sometimes he would far rather have stopped home, being possessed by that piteous and natural feeling that he, with all strength and vigor, might in some way give of that strength to the poor little thing moaning on the bed. But his wife had made him go. She had even found time as usual to fasten his collar and button on the rusty black necktie.

And he had always heard those prayers in answer to the note he had put up. He held himself rigidly upright. His heavy, bearded face was impassive to look upon. People who looked at him curiously saw nothing but the calm, rough face. His hands were thrust into the big pockets of his loose sackcoat; the great, knuckly fingers writhed and twisted as the prayer proceeded.

Mr. Marsh heard the words going on and on over his head. He felt as if he were groping in horrible darkness. All the time he was saying to himself: "O God, let her live! O God, let her live! I can't live if you take this one, too!"

He thought he could not live. But that one, too, was taken, and still the sun continued to rise and set on Reuben Marsh, and still Mrs. Marsh hectored him from morning to night, and occasionally reminded him of what a mother suffered in the loss of a child. She said she s'posed a father had some feelings, but how could a father know a mother's heart?

Evidently there was no answer to this question. Certainly Mr. Marsh attempted to give none.

Mrs. Marsh talked a great deal to her husband and to the neighbors generally about the fact that all her children had been born without any constitutions. She didn't know why it was, for all her folks were made of iron. She often inquired how it was that a child with no constitution at all could be expected to live. She told Reuben it was too much to ask. She gave every one to understand that Reuben seemed to believe their children ought to live, but she knew they couldn't.

As the years went by she made Mr. Marsh keep those little graves, and their headstones, and their lettering of "Dorinda, daughter of Reuben and Dorinda Marsh," more and more "trigged up." When Mr. Marsh was not at home nor at the store it was well known that he must be "to the cemetr'y triggin' up them graves."

It was one mild day in winter that Mr. Marsh put on his overcoat and his rubber boots. He said he was going down to the store and guessed he should just stop in the graveyard before he came home. The hill sloped to the south there, and it was warm and sunny, almost like a spring day.

The man had it in his mind that there was just a chance that some snowdrops might be blossomed, or at least budded. But if he should find a bloom he was not so crazy, he told himself, as to take it to his wife, who would only consider it as some kind of "litter." He should stop at the store, he said, and he should probably see Tom Ryder's forlorn little girl shivering about, and he should give the flower to her. Then her small, pinched face would suddenly lighten, and she would smile in that radiant way that always went like a knife to Reuben Marsh's heart. He wondered if any of those Dorindies, if any had lived, would have had such a face and such a smile as that. If they "took after" their mother they surely would not.

Once after Mr. Marsh had seen this transformation take place in the face of Tom Ryder's daughter when she had received a kindness, he had ventured to speak about her to his wife, with a wild hope in the bottom of his heart that they might adopt Ryder's child, for Ryder was only a drunken wretch whose wife had long since died of a broken heart and too much work.

Mrs. Marsh made it very plain indeed to her husband that she had no opinion whatever of that nasty Belle Ryder.

Mr. Marsh had fallen into his ordinary home mood of dull, cowed silence. He sat with his slippered feet on their wooden cricket, and hung his head, pulling his beard slowly and wondering what he was living for.

He supposed men never hated their wives. He supposed there was no man in the world whose wife was such a good cook, who kept her husband's clothes so well mended and so clean as D'rindy did, but he said plainly to himself that "he'd ruther be flogged than to be where she was."

Often, as he sat there pulling his beard and watching D'rindy as she made everything painfully clean, he told himself that he must have been even more of a fool than than most young men to have fallen in love with a girl who could turn out to be such a woman as that. He also asked of his own soul how it would be with him if it were possible for a man to hate his wife.

When he walked slowly through the mud of the main street he was conscious that there was more than the ordinary bitterness in his heart. He stamped down his heavy feet with an air of bravado when he reached the store. He took in a large quantity of mud, and he talked so loud and spat so emphatically that the storekeeper winked at the man next to him, and said in a whisper that D'rindy must have been carryin' an uncommon high hand with Reuben that day.

But for all this extra swagger Mr. Marsh was aware that he was greatly depressed. It did not seem to exhilarate him to have his heels on the stove. He did not understand himself to-day, and he left the store much earlier than was his custom. One of the men actually got up from his broken backed chair and went to the window to watch the retreating figure.

"Something or other's the matter with Reub Marsh," he said pityingly. "I never seen him miss his aim a-spittin' before, 'n, he missed it every time to-day."

The storekeeper was chopping off a piece of tobacco. He nodded his head. He said he was sorry for Reub. He s'posed he was goin' up to them graves now. He hoped it wa'n't wicked, but he did think 'twould be jest as well if there was a sixth grave in that row and D'rindy was laying in it. For his part he'd liked to help trig up D'rindy Marsh's grave, whether t'was wicked or not.

Then they fell to talking about Tom Ryder, and of the fact that he had been gone a week, nobody knew where, on a worse spree than ever.

"I guess they'll have to take the little one to the poorhouse this time, and no mistake. Somebody ought to speak to the selectmen, 'n, have her seen to."

Mr. Marsh walked on mechanically up the road. He did not know why it was that he could not throw off his wife's influence when he had left her, as he was usually able to do.

Some strangely desperate mood was upon him. He put his hand to his head, and said if he didn't know better he should almost think he had been drinking.

Just before he reached the cemetery he passed the house where the Ryders lived, an old place with low eaves that looked as if they would always drip with unhealthy moisture. Some of the window panes were stuffed with rags, and a cat walked with ostentatious misery among the puddles near the front door.

Mr. Marsh wished he had brought some baker's cookies from the store, but as he had nothing he went on staring vainly about in the hope of seeing Belle.

In a few minutes more he was standing by the row of graves and looking sharply down at the sodden turf for the snowdrops. There were the green leaves. He knelt and pushed aside the brown, wet grass. His heavy face took on a pathetic look of eagerness. No, it was too early; the sun had not been warm enough. There were no blossoms—not even buds.

"It's too bad—too bad!" he muttered. "How she would er liked 'em!"

He stood up. He brushed a mist from his eyes that made the headstones look as if they were not straight.

Something that felt cold and wet, like ice, touched the hand that hung down by his side. But he did not notice the touch until it was repeated, this time accompanied by a whine. Mr. Marsh aroused himself and patted the lean, unhappy looking cur that stood beside him.

"Hullo, Jack," he said, "where's your little mistress?"

Jack wagged his tail and made as if he would trot back home, but as Mr. Marsh did not follow him he returned and licked his hand again. He went through [illegible] movements so many times that the man at last walked after him, the dog continually looking behind, until he had led his friend to the back door of the Ryder house. This door stood open.

Mr. Marsh had not heard that Tom Ryder was "on a spree," and he expected every moment to be greeted by the owner of this place, whom he despised and whom he always wanted to kick every time he saw him.

Instead of a masculine voice, however, a piping, feeble treble sounded from one of the front rooms.

"Oh, Jack, don't you leave me too! Don't you go 'n' leave me too!"

Reuben Marsh stood suddenly still from sheer weakness. His great, tender heart seemed to choke him. He heard the dog whining joyfully and scuttling about the room he had entered. He breathed a long breath and pushed the door further open, apparently taking but one stride from the door to a "trundle bed" which was in a corner. On the bed was a child who stared wildly for an instant at this intruder, then a flush of joy overspread her face. She put out two bony arms to the man bending over her. She laughed.

"I've jest be'n prayin' for a friend," she cried feebly. "I kep' a-prayin' so hard that God had to hear finally."

Mr. Marsh gathered the child to his breast. His heart glowed. His eyes sparkled as he felt the frail form leaning confidently against him.

He took a frayed blanket from the bed and wrapped her up until she was like a mummy. He was smiling all the while he was doing this.

"Where's your father?"

"I d' know. He's been gone ever so many days, I guess."

"Ain't you hungry?"

"I was hungry after I et up all there was, some bread 'n' sausage. Then I got faint; then I was so awful kind of sick."

The child leaned her head on the man's shoulder and shut her eyes. He held her yet closer.

"I'll take ye right home."

He stepped out into the mild, damp air. He held his head very high, and his eyes sparkled more than ever. He walked down and into the village street as if he had been a soldier coming from a victory. He nodded at the few acquaintances he saw, and who looked at him wonderingly, but he would not stop to speak to any one.

The storekeeper saw him, and said to a customer that there was Reub Marsh with Ryder's little girl, 'n' he guessed Reub 'd ketch it when he got home.

Mr. Marsh still held his head up when he entered his own kitchen, tracking in a good deal of mud as he did so, for he did not pause at the huskmat, nor yet at the rug by the kitchen door.

"Bring me a cup of milk with a drop of hot water in it," he said, sitting down in the large rocker by the stove.

Jac' had entered also, and he also had brought in mud. He sat calmly on his dirty haunches on the shiny oilcloth by the chair which held Mr. Marsh and his mistress.

Mrs. Marsh stood a moment in bewilderment; then she brought the milk.

Her face softened somewhat as she looked at the pinched features on her husband's shoulder.

"She is starving," said Mr. Marsh, shortly.

"We'll give her a good meal, 'n' then you c'n take her right back," remarked Mrs. Marsh, with her usual decision. She added that Reuben could go right over to Mr. Wallis, who was one of the Selectmen, and have the child taken to the poorhouse that very night.

In ten minutes the girl was sound asleep. Mr. Marsh laid her on the lounge and covered her with a shawl. He fed Jack, who ate very hastily and with the utmost greediness and then curled up on the floor by the couch.

Reuben Marsh rose from his bending position over the lounge. He looked his wife squarely in the face, a thing he had not done for years.

She gazed back at him with something like consternation slowly growing in her mind.

"I'm goin' to do one of two things, D'rindy," he said very slowly, "and it's for you to say which it'll be. I'm goin' to keep Tom Ryder's child if he don't take her away from me, 'n' I guess he won't. I'm goin' to keep her here if you're willin'; if you ain't willin' I sh'll go where I can keep her. 'N' she's goin' to be treated well, too. Now which shall it be, D'rindy?"

Mr. Marsh, with that delicious love for the child in his heart, looked very big and manly.

Mrs. Marsh mechanically brushed the stove hearth with a turkey wing before she replied.

"I ruther think, Reuben," she said, "you might as well keep her here."—*New York Tribune.*

BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

A Well Known Hamiltonian Snatched From Death's Jaws.

HAD BEEN GIVEN UP BY THE DOCTORS AND HIS CASE WAS CONSIDERED HOPELESS—BUT HE RECOVERED IN A MIRACULOUS MANNER AND IS NOW AS WELL AND STRONG AS EVER.

Hamilton *Herald*, May 27th, 1891.

Although the age of miracles is generally supposed to be past, the case of John Marshall, of 25 Little William street, is about as nearly miraculous as anything that can be imagined. For three years and a half Mr Marshall has been a victim of a disease known as locomotor ataxy, aspinal affection which deprived him of all feeling from his waist downwards, and left him a helpless cripple, given up by his physicians as incurable. To-day he is restored to health, and apart from the weaknessnatural to a man who has wrestled so long with a terrible disease, he may be said to be as well as ever. The story of his wonderful recovery has been heard with amazement by his many friends, for Mr. Marshall is well known in Hamilton, having lived here for nearly thirty years, and for twenty years before his illness having been manager of the Canadian Oil Company here.

One of the *Herald's* young men heard of the case and hunted up Mr. Marshall to get his story, which he was not unwilling to tell, in the hope that his experience might be of benefit to others who are affected similarly.

"I was taken ill in August, 1887," said Mr. Marshall, "and for three years and a half I was scarcely able to leave my room. My illness I believe, was the result of a fall I had a year before, and it left me helpless. I had absolutely no sensation in my body below the waist, could not feel pins stuck in me, and was deprived of the use of my limbs. For more than three years I was not able to leave the house, any more than on very fine days I might go as far as the corner, and during all that time I was never down town. I had the the best medical assistance, but the doctors all agreed I could not recover. I tried all kinds of patent medicines, but none of them did me any good. I also tried electricity, having as many as three batteries on me at once but it was all of no avail.

"How did you come to recover?"

"In February last some one threw in a circular about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I laid it aside, thinking it was like all the others I had tried—no good. But on April 14 I decided to give them a trial, and got a box of the Pills. Within three days I noticed an improvement, and it has continued ever since, until I am as well as you see me. I considered it nothing short of a miracle, and my friends who know me can scarcely credit it. Why last week I got up one morning, took my bath, dressed myself, went to the station, took the train for Toronto and walked to my brother-in-law's, and he would not believe it was myself."

"You say you were given up by the doctors?"

"Yes, I spent hundreds of dollars in medical advice and in the purchase of all sorts of quick remedies. My physicians said my disease was incurable and that I would never be able to use my limbs again. I am a member of the Royal Templars, and I have been passed by the society's doctors as past recovery, receiving from it the total disability benefit of $1000. That is the best possible proof to me that my case was considered hopeless."

How many boxes of the Pills have you taken?"

"I am on my seventh box, but, as I told you, I got relief from the start. I consider my recovery to be wonderful, and I am recommending the remedy to every one who is afflicted as I was."

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have accomplished such a miraculous cure in Mr. Marshall's case, say the remedy is compounded from the formula of a well-known physician, and is unsurpassed for the treatment of all diseases arising from impoverished blood or loss of vital force.

The remarkable case noted in the above article from the Hamilton *Herald*, conclusively proves that the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have in no way overstated the merits of their remedy. Pink Pills are a never failing blood builder and nerve tonic, and are equally valuable for men or women, young or old. They cure all forms of debility, female weakness, suppressions, chronic constipation, headache, St. Vitus dance, loss of memory, premature decay, etc., and by their marvellous action on the blood, build up the system anew and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow complexions. These pills are sold by dealers or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.

What Does It Mean?

"100 Doses One Dollar" means simply that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most economical medicine to buy, because it gives more for the money than any other preparation. Each bottle contains 100 doses and will average to last a month, while other preparations, taken according to directions, are gone in a week. Therefore, be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.