VOL. 25.

dissioners for the State of Massachusetts, s of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

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BARRISTER, SOLIGITOR,

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The Best Returns

For the Least Money

ARE OBTAINED FROM THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR CANADIAN COMPY,

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COMPANY.

EAU persons insuring before the 31st of the 1894, will obtain a full year's profit.

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Specialties

MIDDLETON.
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ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE. MONEY TO LOAN.

TY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.

ent of the United States.

y to loan on Real Estate security.

Consular Agent of Spain

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1897.

NO. 1.

SAVE YOUR WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS.

We will Give Four Bicycles

The Bicycles are the Celebrated "Red-Bird" (new 1897 model) costing \$100 each, rerded as the standard high-grade wheel of Canada.

Cut out the yellow square in centre of wrapper and send it in with your name and adess as collected—or keep together and send in all at once at May 31st, next. Results will published and wheels awarded without delay. Wrappers taken from dealers' unsold lock will not be counted. Our employes and their family connections are barred. Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.

The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B., MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Famous Welcome Soap.

ses made on Real. Ferrare Security ole by monthly instalments, covering a mof Il 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 needled for. Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on amplication to

Bridgetown Wood-Working Factory, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Contractors and Builders A WORD IN THE EAR OF THE WISE MAN SUFFICETH

ere are many wise men in Annapolis Valley, and some of them have and others hat to not our whisper of last spring that we had come to Bridgetown to stay, and askil atronage. Well, we have been here a year, and have done \$30,000 worth of bu go buildings in Hallfax, Windsor, Yarmouth, Annapolis, Bridgetown, Berwick, Ayl her towns, and we flatter ourselves we have given satisfaction and carried out our F. L. MILNER,

Dry Lumber, Sheathing, Flooring, Mouldings of all kinds, Wood Mantles, Counters, Store and Church Fittings, Sashes, Doors, and Factory work of every description at short notice sider ours the best equipped factory in the Valley. We are all practical men, and giv ime and attention to our business. We are ready to handle any kind of building a t, its dimensions and will attend to all orders for ready so handle and remodally

to We have just received direct from British Columbia one carload B. C. Cedar, and the way Whitewood and Quartered Oak. On hand: Shingles, Clapboards, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hair, Laths SPRUCE AND PINE LUMBER.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

make no big splurge, but they are following the

Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples for the next Sixty Days. Special Attention given to

Call and see what they can do in their line.

RUFFEE'S BLOCK

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

WHITMAN, Surveyor, I intend to sell out the balance of my stock of goods during the next 90 days at prices to suit the times. I have no toys to offer, but I have goods that people want and may have at amazingly low prices, such as a full line of

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Overshoes, THROAT.

> Men's Slippers, PLAIN AND going at Cost. Balance of Larrigans at 75c per pair.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL I have a few Parlor and Dining Room Pictures and a few

Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown. Mirrors in gilt and oak frames. I have also a number of Boys' Suits, former price \$4.50, A. A. Schaffner, M. D. selling now for \$2.50.

> A full line of Xmas Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Currants, etc. J. E. BURNS

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. STARTLING INDUCEMENTS!

FURNITURE -

and it is to those that the old and reliable Furnishing House, formerly J. B. REED & SONS, and now under their management, wish to call attention by acquainting them with the fact that for the next few weeks Bargains of an Exceptional Nature In Parior Suits, Bedroom Suits,

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

Side Boards, etc., will be offered.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Undertaking!

Besides the usual complete stock always to be found in store at the establishment on Granville Street, a branch has been opened who will give every attention to the requirements of the public. Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

51 tf

Important Notice!

I make no such profit on my Clothing that would permit me to sell \$16.00 suits at \$12.00; but I sell the best suit for the money that can be got in the county.

FISHER, the Tailor. Stores Bridge own and Annapolis Roya Boetru.

Every Year.

GEN. ALBERT PIKE.

"'You are growing old,' they tell us Every year; 'You are more alone,' they tell us

Too true! Life's shores are shifting.

"But the truer life draws nigher

Every year.

Earth's hold on us grow slighter,
And the heavy burthen lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year."—N. Y. Adv.

Select Ziterature.

Nancy Gregg's Funeral.

Mrs. Knapp was standing before her paste

She had just taken three of them from the

turn-over home with her."

as I am now.

Deacon Baxter's.

on her, as she came up the frozen path.

"No, I don't know as I have, unless it"

about their having the diphtheria over s

"No, it isn't that. It's about-me."

Mrs. Knapp wiped the tears from her own

front windows at about ten o'clock the nex

poor-farm wagon rattling along over the frozen streets, and in it was Nancy Gregg.

dressed as she had been the day before: but

to day a black crepe veil was thrown over her bowed head, and no one could see the

tears running down her cheeks, or note the

remulous quiver of her thin lips.

As the wagon was passing Mrs. Knapp's nouse, Nancy's old friend Mary came run-

ning out, a shawl thrown hastily over her head, to speak a word of comfort and cheer.

head, to speak a word of comfort and cheer.

"Do you see?" said Mrs. Gregg, touching
the dingy crepe veil, "I'm in mournin' for
Nancy Gregg. Her useless old body still
cumbers the earth but her heart and her
spirit are dead. I'm going to her funeral.'

Time was when Mrs. Gregg had not known
the need of a dollar, and when a husband
and sons had stood between her and want.
She had seen them die one hy one; and

and sons and stood between her and want. She had seen their die one by one; and, a few years later, had seen the savings they left her swept away in a moment by the fail-ure of the business in which they were in-

For years she had led a hand to me

Every year; And its Morning Star climbs higher

Every year,

You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.'

A writer in the Contemporary Review says gar and gout idea it may be men from a sanitary point of view, that sugar ruins the teeth is equally false. Indeed, stery, seeing that the finest, whitest and negroes brought up on sugar plantations, who from the earliest years upward consumed more sugar than any other class of people whatever. Those at all skeptical of the value have only to look around among their personal friends and see whether the sugar The mighty tides are just as surely flow As if each wave came thundering to

value have only to look around among their personal friends and see whether the sugar eaters or the sugar shunners have the finest teeth, and they will find, other things being equal, that the sugar eaters, as a rule, have the best teeth. The only possible way for accounting for this libel against sugar seems to be by supposing that it originated in the brain of one of our economically disposed great grandmothers at the time when sugar was two shillings a pound in order to prevent her children gratifying their cravings for sweets at the expense of the contents of the sugar basin.

ILES CURED IN 3 TO 6 NIGHTS-ITCHING BURNING SKIN DISEASES RELIEVED IN

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six night's. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents. Sold by S. N. Weare.

Try a pound of the

Celebrated Union - Blend TEA.

the BEST 40c. TEA in the market.

If you are not using it call for sample and give it a fair Other Teas in stock. tle kitchen.

Tartan Blend, - 30c Mormon Blend, 35c Choice Saryune, 25c

FLOUR

I have a large stock of the above, and will make the price chen stove, and spread her hands out over

JOSEPH I. FOSTER.

JUST RECEIVED By the undersigned,

ONE CAR OF GOLDIE'S FLOURS

of the following favorite brands: "BEST," "CROWN OF GOLD," "SUN."

"You, Nancy?" "Yes, me. I'm-I'm-Mary Knapp, "VICTORIA." am going to the work-house."
"Why Nancy!" "I am, Mary, I am?" The old w "FIVE LILIES," leaned forward in her rocking-chair, her el-bows on her knees, and her face in her hands.

"FIVE ROSES." Then she lifted her head and said in a chok KING OF PATENTS, ing voice: "Think of it, Mary Knapp None of my folks ever had such shame put "CREAM OF ROSES," on 'em before. It doesn't seem to me that I can bear it. I don't know what to do." "QUEEN CITY." "I'm dreadfully sorry for you, Nancy Prices are Right!

W. M. FORSYTH.

Combination Offer!

1 Toilet Case, 1 Picture Frame com-plete for "The Orphan's Prayer" or any other picture about 16x22 (or we will furnish picture),

Both for \$1.50.

ABUNDANCE OF MOULDINGS IN STOCK.

House Builders! HICKS & SANCTON M'F'G CO.

INKS

Stephens', Carter's, Arnold's and Paul's,

Central Book Store.

her sight had failed her, and her sewing were done. She could not support her by knitting, and at last there was n left for her to do but to be supported at the

expense of the ratepayers.

From the time of her arrival at the work house, Mrs. Gregg seemed to be a woman without hope, and yet there were times when she felt that the shame of being a pauper might be taken from her.

Those were times when she took from he old hair-covered trunk a worn leather wallet

of a kind not often seen now.

The wallet contained nothing but a small place of writing paper, yellow with age and almost ready to fall to places along the creases where it had been folded and unfolded again and could be to the country and country a D heart of mine, impatient of achieving,
Dost think thy fretfulness a help to thee?
Bethink thee of the strong though quiet heaving
Of the sure ocean tides—and patient be.
F. E. D. again and again. The poorer old Nancy had be

oftener had she taken this limp and folded bit of paper from the purse that was once band's, and the oftener had she read and re-read what was written upon it. And

One year from date, for value received, I promise to pay to Jason T. Gregg, the sum of five thousand dollars, with interest at five per cent.

FRANK M. WARE.

The note was dated January 10th, 1865, and it was on the tenth day of January, "There come new cares and sorrows Every year." Darker days and darker morrows 1885, that Mrs. Gregg, in the secrecy of he cold and cheerless little bed-room at the Every year.
The ghost of dead loves haunt us,
The ghost of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us
Every year. poor-house, took out this note and read it for perhaps the thousandth time.
"I don't know why I don't throw this in-

to the fire," she said. "It's over-due long ago, and Frank Ware has long since proved that he is not the man to pay anything he isn't forced to pay.
"I've hoped for years that I might final-

ly get something from this note, given for money my husband and I earned and saved, dollar by dollar, but it's no use to hope so again and again, and I tried to collect it by law before it ran out; but he had nothing to pay it with then, and now, when he could, he won't pay it. I've heard that he has got property now, and I think he ought to pay me at least enough to keep me from being what I've no need to be if I had my own."

"I might as well burn the note and stop hoping for what can never be-no. I'll send it to Frank Ware and tell him I'm in the workhouse as a pauper, an' he can keep the note an' put it where it'll remind him of he looks at it."

board, making some of the mince pies for which she was famous throughout the vil-Filled with this new determination, she went to Mrs. Bates and asked for writing material. "I haven't written a letter for three o

oven, and the spicy, savory odor rising from them filled the spotlessly clean and cosy litfour years," she said, "and I never expen to write another. So, if you'll let me have a stamp for this, it'll be the last time I shall "There ain't quite enough left to make nother whole pie," said Mrs. Knapp, as she ever ask for one." "Oh, give you as many stamps as you deftly pinched together the edges of the one she was making. "I believe I'll make a want, Nancy," said the kind-hearted matron.

nice little turn-over and take it to poor old Nancy Gregg. Well, if there ain't Nancy During the first ten years of married life, Nancy Gregg and her mother had, through herself coming in here! She can take the industry and self-denial, saved five thou sand dollars with which to buy a small farm Nancy had always been slight, and she Not intending to use this money for a year was growing old. She seemed smaller than ever, and her age was more evidently telling or two they had been induced to lend it to Mr. Ware, who was then a prosperous village merchant. He wanted the money to The wind blew her garments around her thin form, and locks of iron gray hair strag-gled under the shawl thrown over her head. increase his business. The investi seemed a perfectly safe one, but before the year went out, Ware had failed so die "It's too cold to stand on ceremony," she said, as she hurried up to the shining kit-creditors. He had gone away, and many

were the letters set to him by Mrs. Gregg in right. Give us a call before it. "I declare if I sin't 'most froze. It's the days of her poverty and widowhood; but "Come round here and ait down, Nancy, "And this is the last one I'll ever trouble him with," she said, as she slowly wrote the and put your feet up before the grate. I was just saying to myself that I'd take this following lines with a cramped and treme-meat I've got left and make you a bling hand:

MR. FRANK WARE, Dear Sir:—I send you this from the poor-house, where I have been brought to end my days, which I don't think will be many, and I send you this to let you know that I am here because you don't pay your debts. I send you your old "I'm obliged to you, Mary," replied the old woman, as she took the proffered chair-"If everybody had been as good to me as you've always been, I shouldn't be miserable

Her voice had a plaintive note, and a tear Mrs. Gregg laid down her pen while she stood in her eye.
"You've heard the news, haven't you, bow on the table, her chin in her hand. Mary Knapp?" she asked, suddenly, with

There was an old leather-covered Bible on the table at which Mrs. Gregg sat. Her eyes rested on the book when she put down ner pen. She drew it slowly towards her and opened it at the sixth chapter of Matthew. One of her fingers ran up and down the yellow page until she had found the twelfth verse. She bent low over the book

"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

Nancy Gregg said the words over again and again, slowly nodding her head to and fro. Then she softly closed the book. Finally she took up her pen again and drew it many times across the last lines she had written. Then she wrote:

To let you know I have no hard feeling against you now, though I have had in the past, especially when I first came to the work-house. But it's all right now, and in this, the last letter I shall ever write to any-body, I freely forgive you everything, and wish you well. So no more till death, but if I were you, now, I'd try to make the can't be helped, and you know the old say ing, 'What can't be cured must be endured. I've heard that Mr. and Mrs. Bates are real nice folks and that they're real kind to the

Folding this letter, she put it and the note into an envelope, and asked Mrs. Bates to address it for her. When the letter had "The paupers, Mary!" cried the old we man with a wail and a sob. "You might as well say it right out; I'm a pauper now! been sent to the post-office, Mrs. Gregg said She drew her old shawl up about her face, "I'm glad I didn't write what I set on quivering and trembling with emotion, while

to. Anyone old as I am ought not to hold spite against anybody." Three weeks passed and no answer had come to the letter. Mrs. Gregg expected none. She had determined to dismiss the morning saw a sorrowful sight. It was the whole matter entirely from her mind and had almost succeeded in doing so, when one Ezra Bates, the keeper of the work-house, was driving, and by his side sat poor Nancy, a picture of humiliation and despair. It was still very cold and the old woman was cold and snowy afternoon, Mrs. Bates came

into the cheerless sitting-room of the poor house, and said: "Nancy, there's somebody to see you down in the parlor." "To see me? Who in the world has com to see me on such a day as this? Not Mary

Knapp, or anyone from the village?"
"No; it's someone I never saw before." "Why, I can't imagine who it can be."
She went hastily downstairs to Mrs. Bates'
parlor, and there came forward to meet her
a tall, broad-shouldered and manly looking young fellow about twenty-two or twenty-

"Yes, sir, that's my name." "I am very glad to see you. My name is Sydney Ware. I received your letter." "What letter" asked Mrs. Gregg, in a

three years old. As he came forward with outstretched hand, he said: "Is this Mrs.

"The letter you sent to my father. He has been dead several years, Mrs. Gregg. I has been dead several years, Mrs. Gregg. I am his only child. I advertised for all claims against his estate to be sent in at the time of his death, and yours would have been considered with the others, old as it was. I never knew anything about it until istence, supporting herself by weaving rag-carpets, piecing quilts, knitting stockings, and even going out by the day, charing.

I want to thank you first for the kindly an generous tone of your letter. I have come to pay yea every penny due to you on the note, and to tell you how sorry I am that

note, and to tell you how sorry I am that
the money was not paid long ago, and how
sorry I am to find you here."
"Well, I—I—I'm sure you're very good,"
said Mrs. Gregg, still bewildered. "But of
course I have no legal claim on you."
"But you have a meral claim on me, Mrs. Gregg, and that is more binding in my esti-mation than any legal claim could be."

He drew out a purse as he spoke, and took from it the faded and yellow scrap of paper

Mrs. Gregg had sent him.
"The note," he said, "is for five thou dollars, with twenty years' interest at five

Again the villagers saw the work-hou occupants were Ezra Bates and Nancy

But old Nancy held her head now, and the old black veil was gone. A smile was on her face, and her eyes were shining. Again Mrs. Knapp came running out with out-stretched hand. "I've heard all about it, Nancy," she

said, "and I'm so glad for you. I've just been up to the little house that young Mr. Ware has rented for you, and you've no idea how nice and cosy everything is up there, and I'm coming up again pretty soon to help you get settled. You look very happy, "I am," said the old woman, with a child-

ish little laugh. "It'll be so grand to be in a home of my own again; an' I'm so glad to know that there's some honest folks in the world yet. If there wasn't, Mary Knapp, I'd still be-be-a pauper."

"Gwine Back Home."

As we waited in the L. & N. depot a Nashville for the train, some one began cry-ing, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm, and shook him rough. took him by the arm, and shook him rough-

"See here, old man, you want to quit that! You are drunk, and if you make any nore disturbance I'll lock you up!"

"'Deed, but I hain't drunk," replied the old man, as he removed his tear-stained handkerchief. "I'ze losted my ticket an' money, an' dat's what's the matter."
"Bosh! You never had any money !

lose! You dry up or away you go!"
"What's the matter yere?" queried a man s he came forward. The old man recognized the dialect of the Southerner in an instant, and repressing his motions with a great effort he an

"Say, Mars Jack, I'ze bin robbed." " My name is White." "Well, then, Mars White, somebody has one robbed me of ticket an' money.

"Where were you going!"
"Gwaine down into Kaintuck, whar! was bo'n an' raised."

"Nigh to Bowlin' Green, sah, an' when he wah dun sot me free I cum up this way. Hain't bin home sence, sah.' " And you had a ticket?" "Yes, sah, an' ober \$20 in

avin' up fur ten y'ars, sah." What do you want to go hack fort" "To see de hills an' de fields, de toba an' de co'n, Mars Preston an' de good old nissus. Why, Mars White, I'ze dun bin le longin' has cum till I couldn't hardly hold myself."

"It's too bad." "De ole woman is buried down dar, Mars White—de old woman an' free chillen. I kin member the spot same as if I seed it yisterday. You go out half way to de fust obacker house, an' den you turn to de left an' go down to de branch whar de wimme sed to wash. Dar's fo' trees on de odde bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey is all buried. I kin see it! I kin lead you right

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.
"Go up to de big house an' ax Mars Pres ton to let me lib out all de rest of my days right dar. I'ze ole an' all alone, an' I want

to be nigh my dead. Sorter company fu me when my heart aches." "Where were you robbed?" "Out doahs, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See? De pocket is all cut out. I'ze dreamed an' pondered—I'ze had dis journey in my mind fur y'ars, an' now I'ze dun bin robbed

an' can't go!" He fell to crying, and the policeman camforward in an officious manner.
"Stand back, sir!" commanded the stran

ger. "Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I'm going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation and be buried alongside of his dead." "So am I!" called twenty men in chorus, and within five minutes we had raised him

mough to buy a ticket and leave \$50 to spare. And when he realized his good luck, the old snow-haired black fell upon his knees in that crowd and prayed:
"Lord, I'ze been a believer in You all my

days, an' now I dun axes You to watch ober dese yere white folks dat has believed in me an' helped me to go back to de ole home." And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gateman called out the train for Louisville.

A Preacher's Story. LIKE OTHER MORALS HE FELL VICTIM TO

DISEASE-DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POW-DER WAS THE AGENT WHICH RESTOR HIS NAME TO BE USED IN TELLING AT THAT OTHERS MAY BE BENEFITED TOO. Rev. Chas. E. Whitcombe, Rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, and Principal of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, and Principal of St. Matthew's Church School, Hamilton, was a great sufferer. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cured him, and he now proclaims to the world that as a safe, simple and certain cure it has no equal. It never fails to relieve catarrh in ten minutes, and cures permanently. Sold by S. N. Weare.

Don't Go West.

Hon. Geo. E. Foster, ex-finance minister, in a recent interview, warned people in the eastern provinces against any indisoriminate rush to the British Columbia gold field. He said: "There is little to do except for miners and they must be experienced men. The only other persons who can go there with impunity are men who have connection, or persons who have connection, or persons who have connection, or persons who have apital." If capitalists want to go into safe gold mining ventures on business principles, Nova Scotla will furnish them the opportunity. They need not go to British Columbia.

ical deductions therefrom. The primaryject of the observations was to determ
whether or not Venus has a day, and, if a
has, its length. Blanchini, Schroeter,
Vico, Trouvelot and others had reckoned |
period of rotation at from twenty-three
twenty-four hours, some "with minute
accuracy" computing its length to the the
sandth of a second. Schiaparelli, on
these hand had reckoned that the life.

The most obvious significance of this is, of course, that one side of Venus is always light and the other always dark. So far as we are concerned, that means we can no see more than one-half of the planet, lighted half. To the planet itself it means, much more. It means, in brief, death. The perpetual heat of the sun on one side of the planet has caused the atmosphere there to beside is rushing in to take its place. Having has precipitated most of its moisture in the moisture has thus been accumulated in glaciers on the dark side, and the light side has

How did she die? Just as, it may be be lieved, many other worlds have died and will die—through the stupendous force of tidal action. From La Place to Darwin the great tide theory has been elaborated to ac tem and many of its phenomens; and of the double-star systems as well. It is now to be applied to the death as well as to the birth of worlds. The bulk of the satellite turns rapidly upon its axis, while the bulge formed by tidal action remains relatively stationary. Thus the bulge acts as a brake upon the Thus the bulge acts as a brake upon the sphere, causing its motion upon its axis to grow alower and slower, until it becomes practically nil; until, that is, rotation on the axis and revolution in the orbit become synchronous, and the same face of the satellite is constantly turned toward the central body. That is probably what long pened to our moon. That is what, Mr. Lowell thinks, has happened to Venus and to Mercury, and that is what will probably in time happen to other planets. Those

separated, the earth may have rotated in about two hours and forty-one minutes; such was Darwin's reckoning. Now it has slowed down to twenty-four hours. Millions of days and more, turning only once on its axis for each revolution round the sun. One-half field of ice; and all will be dead. That one way in which worlds die.

In the southern districts of China horse shoes are made of cane or bamboo. Historians believe that the horse was first nesticated either in central Asis or north ern Africa.

England until introduced after the Nonconquest in 1066. A Welsh law of the middle ages forbade

orses to be used in plowing, this agricultural coupation being performed by the aid of donkeys and oxen.

The famous Darley Arabian was br o England in the reign of Queen A From this and two or three other no Arabians are descended most of the horses in Great Britain.

Pegaeus, the poetical charger, which is now being overworked by several thousand of our fellow citizens, male and female, was, ac-cording to classic mythology, the winged

Horse racing was practiced as early as the days when Troy was besieged by the Greeks. In the plain before the city the besiegers celebrated holidays by sports and horse races, and Homer says the walls of Troy were cover ered with sporting Trojans watching the result.—St. Louis Giobe Democrat.

Fast Trans-Atlantic Line.

Montreal, March 21.—W. Peterson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., who is connected with the large English shipping interests, has signed a contract with the Canadian government for a fast trans-Atlantic steamship service of four boats of 10,000 tone such to be ready in two years and to steam twenty knots per hour. The subsidy to be paid, by the Canadian government is said to be \$500,000 per year, and the British government is understood to be ready to contribute \$250,000 per year in addition.

About Hood's Sarsaparilla and advised me to try it—This is the kind of advertising which gives Hood's Sarsaparilla the larges sales in the world. Friend tells friend tha Hood's Sarsaparilla cures; that it gives strength, health, vitality and vigor, as whole neighborhoods use it as a family medicine.

The legislature has adopted an amen-to the liquor license act requiring all d-in light drinks to pay a dollar license, bringing them under police supers Brokers who sell liquors to dealers, but my no stock, must pay a license of a hur dollars.

-Dr. H. J. Fixott, St. Peter's, Have prescribed Puttner's Emulsion dging by results, heartily recommen

in time happen to other planets. Those nearest the sun die first, of course, because For Mercury it is between 200 and 300 ti this earth; tor Mars it is still ! to the outermost planet of the sys