FARMERS

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are respectfully requested to send their

Berries, Fruit, Butter, Eggs,

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New Goods,

—AT—

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Ready Made Clothing,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS and SHOES,

Crockery ware.

SHELF HARDWARE.

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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

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.

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H. J. BANKS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Murdoch's Block, ... Up Stairs.

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Bowlby, J. Haddon Balcom, and Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has, by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said deed lies at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Lawrencetown, this 31st day of August, 1888.

L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
Assignees.

NOTICE.—The above mills of Bowlby, Balcom & Co., will be run as usual until further notice.

L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
22tf Assignees.

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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

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I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine

JOHN Z. BENT.

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J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

John Ervin,

Barrister and Attorney at Law,

OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING,

03mpd BRIDGETOWN

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1889. NO. 47.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

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Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

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Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

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AT LAWRENCETOWN.

THE property whereon stood the dwelling house occupied by Mrs. J. K. Ritchie, before its destruction by fire. Also the Building now occupied by owner, and Barn. The property can be bought in lots or altogether. Also an almost new

Newcombe Piano, Carriage, Sleigh, and Stoves of different kinds.

Apply to MRS. J. K. RITCHIE.

NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of DANIEL MESSENGER, late of Wilmot, in the County of Annapolis, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ELIZA MESSENGER, HENRY MESSENGER, } Administrators.

J. H. G. PARKER, Proctor of Estate. 3m

H. H. BANKS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT,

Parker Market Building,

Halifax, N. S.

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AND all expenses paid. We want men, women, girls and boys in every Town, Village and Hamlet in Canada, to take hold of a light, agreeable and perfectly honorable employment. It will cost you nothing to give it a trial. Send for circular.

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6it48

To Loan!

Money on Real Estate Security.

J. G. H. PARKER, Solicitor.

Bridgetown, Oct. 27th, '87. tf

CARD

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MIDDLETON, - - N. S.

Office in A. BEALS' STORE, 16 t

1889. "A," No. 2678.

In the SUPREME COURT,

Between J. NORMAN RITCHIE and THOMAS RITCHIE, trustees appointed under the will of the late Enos Collins, for Margaretta R. Hill, wife of the Honorable Philip Carteret Hill, Plaintiffs.,

—:AND:—

CHARLES WILLOUGHBY ANDERSON, trustee of Mary Johina McLeod, and Franklin McLeod, Defendants.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, at the County Court House, in the town of Bridgetown, on

Monday, 18th day of March,

A.D., 1889, at 12 o'clock noon.

PURSUANT to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein, dated the 5th day of February, A.D., 1889, unless before the day of sale the Defendants, shall pay the Plaintiffs, or into court, the amount due with interest and costs, all the estate, right, title, interest, and equity of redemption of the Defendants, of, in, and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of

LAND & PREMISES,

situate, lying and being in the County of Annapolis, and known as "Belle Farm," and bounded and described as follows:—

1st.—Beginning at a stake alongside of the main road, seven chains and twenty-eight links to the southward of lands in possession of Alexander Fowler, Esq., deceased; thence running north fourteen degrees west until it comes to a stake near poplar trees at the marsh; thence westerly ninety-three links to a stake; thence north thirteen degrees west to a stake at the river; thence eastwardly along the course of said river to the western line of Alexander Fowler's marsh; thence following the course of said Fowler's line to the highway, and thence westwardly along said highway to the place of beginning, containing in the whole sixteen acres of marsh, and fifty acres of upland, more or less, save and except the piece sold to William Shipp, on the western line of the late Alexander Fowler. Also on the south side of the highway beginning at the west line of Alexander Fowler, Esq., deceased, and extending westwardly from said line seven chains and fifty-four links measured at right angles, or one third the width of the whole said messuage or farm; from thence extending southerly keeping said width of seven chains and fifty-four links parallel with said Fowler's line to the rear of said farm, containing by estimation three hundred acres, more or less.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff County of Annapolis.

W. A. HENRY,
Plaintiffs' Solicitor.

Dated Halifax, Feb. 5th, 1889. 5it50

CHEAP

—FOR:—

CASH!

FLOUR,
OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
CORMEAL,
GROCERIES,
STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,

Harnesses made to Order.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Nov. 19th, 1888.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Select Literature.

What Tim and Jess Did.

BY MRS. E. BEXFORD.

Tim was on his way toward home one night when a "grand idea!" came to him. He was thinking about his mother. Tim was different from a good many boys in one way. He thought a good deal more about his mother than he did about himself. He was wishing that she didn't have to work so hard. She took in sewing for a living. It was stitch, stitch, stitch all day; and more than once he had waked up at midnight and found her still at work.

'Oh, Mother, do stop sewing and go to bed,' he would say at such times. 'You must be all tired out.'

'Yes, Tim, I'm going to bed very soon, now,' she would answer. 'I just want to finish this seam, first.'

As I have said, Tim was thinking about his mother as he went homeward, and just as he was wishing that he could do a great deal more than he was doing to make her work lighter and life less wearisome, he came to a place where some men were unloading a lot of sewing-machines.

'Must be going to start a shop here,' he thought, and stopped to watch them at work.

'My! don't I with I could buy one of them machines for Mother!' thought Tim. 'If she had a machine she could do more work in four or five hours than she can do now in all day, an' do it easier; an' Jess an' I could help her lots o' times after we'd learned to run the thing. I wonder how much one of 'em costs. 'Most a fortune, I s'pose,' with a little sigh.

'Here, you boy, if you haint anything else to do, lend a hand an' help us get those machines inside before it begins to rain,' said the man who seemed to be owner of the stock. 'You can earn ten cents in next to no time.'

'All right, sir,' said Tim, with alacrity. Ten cents would help a good deal in a poor family, and he was just the lad to not let such chances slip.

In a little while they had the machines inside and the drayman drove off and left Tim with the machine man.

'I s'pose, sir, one o' these machines costs a good deal, don't it?' asked Tim.

'Not such a great sight,' answered the man. 'New ones come higher'n poor folks like to pay, but second-hand ones, like this, now'—indicating a machine that looked about as well as any of the others so far as Tim was able to judge—'this one I could sell for fifteen dollars an' warrant it to be jest as good as a new one that you'd have to pay double that for. I take old ones in trade, you see, an' fix 'em up so they're as good as ever, bein' a tinker, an' I sell 'em cheap. Want to buy?'

'I'd *like* to,' said Tim, with longing in voice and eyes. 'But I don't happen to have fifteen dollars.'

'Work, an' earn it,' said the man.

'I work an' earn all I can, now,' said Tim. 'I sell papers, you see, an' we're poor folks, an' it takes all Mother'n I can rake an' scrape to live on, so I couldn't save anything to buy a machine with. But I'd *like* to, all the same. Mother, she sews, but she'd never'd run in debt for a machine. I *just wish* I could buy her one.'

'Do extra jobs an' save up what you get for 'em, an' you could pay for a machine,' said the man.

'I—I don't s'pose you could give me jobs, could you?' asked Tim eagerly.

'Well, I might, now an' then,' was the reply. 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm one o' them folks that's always willin' to help folks that'll try to help themselves. I'll give you all the chorin' round I have to have done, at ten cents a job. I'll give you a credit-slip for each one, an' if you pay in ten cents in cash, any time, I'll give you a slip for that, too, an' you can keep the slips till they come to the price of a machine, an' when you've got fifteen dollars' worth of 'em, you can have your pick of any second-handed machine in the store. What d'ye say?'

'I—I'll do it,' said Tim, with a kind of gasp. The magnitude of the transaction almost took his breath away.

'All right, then,' said the machine man. 'Do you want a slip for the job you've done to-night, or the cash?'

'I'll take a slip,' said Tim. 'If I am going to buy a machine I might as well begin to pay for it on the start.'

'That's business,' said the man. He wrote on a card, 'Due the bearer ten cents on account,' and Tim pocketed it with a feeling of importance. It was almost like putting money in the bank.

'You can drop in when you come along, nights or mornin's, an' see if there's anything to do,' said the man.

'I will,' said Tim, and started off home on a run.

'Oh my, but ain't I in for it now, tho!' thought he. 'I wonder what mother'd say, if she knew? But I won't tell her a thing, for something might happen an' the machine not come, after all. But I'll tell Jess, an' let her keep the slips for me.'

Tim had such a bright, excited look that his mother asked him what had happened to him, as they sat down to supper.

'Oh, nothin',' answered Tim, with a chuckle that made Jessie look at him with suspicion.

After supper he watched his chance and whispered to Jess to 'come out, he wanted to tell her something,' in a low and mysterious tone that aroused all that young damsel's curiosity at once.

'What is it, Tim?' she asked, as soon as they were in the hall, out of anybody's hearing. 'Have you got something for me?'

'Yes; I've got something for you to keep,' answered Tim, producing his slip. 'You see, Jess, I've made a bargain for a sewing-machine,' looking at her keenly to see how she was impressed by the stupendous announcement. 'Yes, sir,' with an air of greater importance than Vanderbilt ever wore when he had completed the purchase of a railroad, 'I've agreed to take a machine. I'm to pay for it as fast as I can, an' the man's to give me a slip every time I pay in ten cents, or do a job for him, an' I want you to keep 'em for me. Here's the first one. Be awful careful of it, and don't you let mother know the first thing of what's going on. You won't, now, will you?'

'No, I won't,' answered Jess, wondering, that, as she promised, if it would be possible for her to keep such a great secret to herself. 'Say, maybe I can do something to help, Tim! Next time mother sends me to carry work home I'm going to ask if there ain't some job I can do for the folks. Won't it be nice if we *can* get a machine for mother? She was wishing yesterday that she had one.'

'She *shall* have one!' said Tim. 'I'll stick to it till I pay for one.'

'How long do you s'pose it'll take?' asked Jess.

'Oh, I don't know. A good while, sure,' answered Tim. 'But we'll have it some time. I mean business.'

'Two more slips,' said Tim to Jessie, next night, as they 'went into consultation' in the hall. 'That makes three. Only a hundred and forty-seven more to get,' with a chuckle. 'I tell you what, Jess, I keep an eye out for extra jobs nowadays.'

'Only a hundred an' forty-*six* more to get,' said Jessie, proudly producing a slip from her pocket. 'I have earned something to-day as well as you. Got ten cents for taking care of the machine man's baby. They live up-stairs over the shop, an' he says I may come twice a week an' help his wife. The baby's awful cross, but I don't mind that 's long's I'm helping pay for the machine.'

'Hooray!' cried Tim, flinging up his old cap in delight. 'We're in luck, ain't we? But mother'll mistrust somethin' if you keep a goin' to take care of the baby; won't she?'

'I told her I was going to have something for it some time,' said Jessie. 'She thinks I like to go.'

'I do wonder what those children are doing?' thought Mrs. Wylie, more than once, as the weeks went by. 'They're trying to keep something from me, I know; they look so knowing and mysterious, and hold so many secret meetings in the hall. But it isn't any mischief, I'm sure, and I won't ask them to tell me if they don't wan't to. I'll find out some time.'

As the days passed into weeks the precious slips increased in number. Some times they came in slowly, then there would be a "streak of luck," and a dozen would come in in a week. They were counted over and over, till some of them began to show signs of wearing out. Jess kept them in an old cigar-box hidden away under the stairs. Often in the night she woke up to wonder if they were safe from burglars. She went to see if they were there the first thing every morning.

'What if we should lose them?' she often said to herself, with a catch in her breath, at the bare idea. 'Wouldn't Tim feel just *awful* if we were to fail now?'

How the girl and boy worked to make a success of their undertaking! They went about on the alert for 'jobs'; and because their hearts were in their work they succeeded beyond what they dared hope for. They did whatever was given them to do faithfully and well, and won the respect of those who employed them in consequence. Some of the men and women who gave them jobs found out what they were working for and gave them *extra* jobs to encourage them and help them along. 'I like to do it,' said one of their employers, 'because they're willing to work and earn their money. They don't *beg* for it, and when they have anything to do they don't *half* do it, as some children would. What they do they do as it ought to be done.'

From this you see that while Jess and Tim were making a success of their undertaking, financially, they were working up a good reputation for themselves.

Perhaps the proudest day their lives will ever hold came when the last slip was added to the number in the old cigar-box, four months after they had begun to collect them.

'Oh, Tim, it's paid for, isn't it?' cried Jess, in a kind of solemn way.

'Yes, it's paid for,' answered Tim, drawing a great breath of relief.

'Can we bring it home to-morrow?' asked Jess.

'You just bet it'll be brought home to-morrow,' said Tim. 'Say, Jess, what *do* you s'pose mother'll say?'

'I don't know,' answered Jess; 'but I wouldn't wonder if she cried.'

'I've brought the slips, sir,' said Tim, to the machine man, bright and early next morning. 'Count 'em an' you'll find there there's a hundred an' fifty of 'em.'

'That's business,' said the man. 'You've done well. I like your style, young feller. You've got the sand. You'll get along, you will. Yes, there's a hundred an' fifty. Now what machine'll you have, young man?'

'I want the best one you've got for the price,' said Tim. 'I want somethin' that runs easy, an' does good work. I'll let you pick it out for me.'

'All right,' said the machine man. 'Here's one, now, that's a leetle extry—got more drawers an' such things, you see, than most of 'em. I'll warrant it as good as the day it come from the factory. You can't get one for any money that'll do better work.'

'I'll take it,' said Tim. 'Will you lend me your wheelbarrow to take it home with?'

'The idea,' laughed the man, 'o' takin' that machine home on a wheelbarrer. I'll send my man 'round with it right away. He's got the horse hitched up by this time. You can ride along an' show him where you live.'

Wasn't that a happy ride for Tim, tho? He felt as if he were riding out in state. He couldn't keep his eyes off the machine. He thought it the prettiest thing he ever saw, and once or twice he patted it when the man wasn't looking.

'Dear me, I wonder if he'll *never* come!' said Jessie over and over again, as she waited in feverish impatience. 'I don't see what keeps him. Maybe something's happened to the box,' with a shiver at the thought. 'Hark! I do believe I hear somebody on the stairs. Yes, I *do*, an' they're bringing up something. Oh, it's the machine! Mother, mother—come here, quick!'

'What is it?' asked Mrs. Wylie, coming to the door.

'It a sewing-machine, an' it's yours,' cried Tim, with a face so full of excitement that it was really pale; 'an' it's paid for, every cent.'

'Mine—paid for—who—how?' Mrs. Wylie looked at the children in amazement.

'Yes, yours, paid for, Jess an' me,' shouted Tim, concisely if not very clearly, while he waltzed Jess all around the hall in his delight at his mother's surprise. 'Say, how'd you like the looks of it? A regular beauty, ain't it?'

'Oh, Tim! oh, Jessie!' and then Mrs. Wylie did just as Jessie had predicted she would. She sat down and cried.

'But she don't cry as it she felt bad, whispered Tim to his sister; 'does she, Jess?'—*N. Y. Independant.*

Ingersollism.

A number of students attending a college at Albany, N. Y., went to hear Ingersoll's lecture, and were so captivated by the subtle sophistries of the 'great infidel,' that they propounded the following question to the professor:

'DEAR PROFESSOR:—Are not Ingersoll's arguments unanswerable? What are you going to do about it?

SEVERAL STUDENTS.'

The professor's reply was sarcastic, logical, and to the point. We give here his description of an amateur infidel, which will repay perusal. In the course of a long article in reply to the question of the students, the professor said:

'But you say there are so many infidels. Boys, you are mistaken. An infidel is an abnormal growth. Nature feels funny once in a while and creates a freak—the living skeleton, the fat woman, the two headed girl. So there is about one infidel to a million sane men. He is a freak and he pays. Men pay to hear Robert abuse religion as they do to see Simmons wind up his watch with his toes—not that the watch is any better for being wound up with his toes, but it isn't every slouch that can do it. A genuine infidel is a moral monstrosity worth seeing.

The most of these noisy fellows are amateur infidels. They talk Ingersoll in fair weather and pray themselves hoarse every time it thunders. A well-developed case of cholera morbus will knock their infidelity out of them, and leave them in a cold sweat like a china dog in an ice house. I know them. The most of them are like the boy who runs away from home and comes back to sleep with his father, at nights. These men are only playing 'I spy' with their consciences, and you can find them every time. They are no more genuine infidels than a newsboy is an editor. They only retail somebody else's ideas. They are striving against their natures as the model farmer who thought his beans were coming up wrong end to. God knows best, and he has not made a a failure of the race. Then again, boys, take a look around you when you invest in another fifty cents in liberty, and compare the crowd with the kind of people you find in almost any church. Is it the odor of sanctity you smell? Hardly, boys, hardly. But you can eat peanuts there and choke on the shells, while you applaud the funny jokes about the Heaven where you know in your hearts you hope your mother is, or hear the humble Nazerene ridiculed who you think, and always did think, gave a home to your weary old father when he left the earth. The kind of liberty Ingersoll retails is very expensive, and comes out in blotches, so I have heard.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Scraped raw potatoes are very soothing for a burn.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes stop using them.

It is dangerous to fill an oil lamp too full; within an inch of the cap is near enough.

Salt and vinegar brighten brasses as well as any more modern and expensive potions.

When making up unbleached muslin you must allow an inch to the yard for shrinkage.

Drain pipes and all places that are sour and impure may be cleaned with lime water or carbolic acid.

If a dish gets burnt in using, do not scrape it; put a little water and ashes in it and let it get warm. It will come off nicely.

Taffy.

If the children are to have a 'taffy pull,' here is a recipe for old-fashioned molasses candy:

One pint of the best New Orleans molasses and one pint of yellow sugar. Boil briskly for a few moments, then stir in one and a half to two ounces of the best butter cut into bits. Continue boiling until the bubbles grow large, then take up a few drops of the syrup in a spoon and drop it into a cup of cold water. It it becomes hard and brittle in a moment, you may know it has been boiled long enough. Stir in a pinch of soda (dissolved) as you remove it from the fire, and when it foams up quickly, pour it out to cool. This becomes very light when pulled and is a favorite variety. Flavoring with vanilla is an improvement. It requires about two teaspoonfuls of the strong extract for this quantity of candy.—*Exchange.*

Winter Sweet Apples.

THE NEWPORT WINTER SWEET.—The Tolman Sweet is a standard winter baking apple over a wide extent of country, and it ranks among the very hardy varieties, but it is not iron-clad. The above-named variety, seems to possess all its merits, with the added power of resistance to extreme cold. I have never succeeded at all with the Tolman, but my trees of the Newport have endured our severest winters unharmed, producing good crops of an apple equaling the Tolman in size and keeping, as good for baking, and better for eating uncooked. It is roundish conic in form, grass-green in color at gathering time, becoming yellow during the winter, with a fine white flesh, and a pure, delicate, sweet flavor, becoming tender as it yellows up, which Tolman does not.—T. H. HOSKINS, in *Vick's Magazine.*

WINTER DUSTING.—A good deal of dusting around coal stoves and open fires may be done to advantage with a damp sponge. I use a large coarse sponge, once devoted to washing carriages. Throw it in a pail of warm water, and add a teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia. Squeeze it out as dry as possible, and pass it quickly and lightly over the plain furniture, the paint, the zinc, the corners of the carpets, the oilcloth, &c., rinsing out occasionally. It will remove every bit dirt, and not merely disperse it in the room, as a cloth or feather duster too often does, and will leave a bright, shining, clear surface that is very gratifying, while the time occupied is, it seems to me, even less than in dry dusting. While you have the pail in hand you will find it easy to wipe off finger marks or traces of that grime which seems to come, no one knows how, in winter. You give a cleansing touch here and there to doors, cupboard shelves, or tables, with very little loss of time, and without any of that deliberate effort required for regular cleaning. In short, this is one of the easy ways of keeping clean.

A QUEEN AS EDITOR OF A NEWSPAPER.—Marie Henriette, Queen of the Belgians, has, since the beginning of the new year, joined the army of journalists, together with her youngest daughter, Princess Clementine, sister of the Crown Princess of Austria. The monthly magazine which her majesty has just started is called the *La Jeune Fille*, and is intended to keep young girls *au fait* of household matters, and also of events in the world of art and literature. The Queen herself contributes all articles relating to household affairs, but the theatrical news and criticisms appear also above her pseudonym of 'Madame Reyer.' Princess Clementine, as 'Marthe D'Orey,' writes the critical articles on art and literature; Carmen Sylva has been 'engaged' to contribute a poem to every number, and arrangements are being made with the Crown Princess Stephenie of Austria Hungary, for supplying the pictorial attractions of the new *revue*. Archduchess Marie Valerie's assistance has also been solicited, and altogether the outlook is most brilliant. The noble ladies might, indeed, do untold good if they would take to their task seriously, since the majority of women would have implicit faith in the advice of a queen or a princess when otherwise they would scorn to give any attention to a matter. *St. James Gazette.*

EFFECTS OF AN INSUFFICIENT QUANTITY OF FOOD UPON MIND AND BODY.—In a lecture on "Food and Digestion" Prof. Miles of the university of Maryland, speaks thus of the effects of an insufficient quantity of food:

'The fat disappears first, then the muscles waste away, and finally the bones come through the skin. The brain, the spinal cord and the nerves are nourished to the last. Like a king in a beleaguered city to whom his loyal subjects give up their food, the nobler organs are longest nourished. In starvation there is not simple hunger of the stomach, but hunger of the whole body. It is not strange that when hunger presses on people they will do strange things. It produces insanity and they have been driven to eating what has been called 'strange flesh,' that is to cannibalism. There are millions of people who have not enough to eat. It is at the bottom of anarchy. The police may give them a loaf of bread, but the whole body is ill-nourished, and a restless feeling results. Not much can be done with the grown up people of the criminal classes, but the child criminal comes first. The criminal classes are called dirty, lazy and ugly. Of course they are. They are dirty because they have no spare heat to let go; they are lazy because the muscles are weak, and nature tells them to keep still when hungry. You would be astonished to know how much of the beauty of the fairest woman is made up of fat. The criminal classes are ugly because they have no fat. How could a child whose muscles and nervous system have been partly starved be expected to have all the sympathies and instincts of a higher class of society? An every-day Sabbath school, with a breakfast before the lesson, would be a capital thing for the poor children. Some say the poor themselves are to blame for their condition by living too luxuriously. One of the most intense cravings of the Greely Arctic party was for sweetmeats. Tea and coffee do more good than harm. They stimulate not only the brain, but the activities of the whole body. There will be a great mission to the poor some day to see that they get enough of good food.'

—Few people realize how much flour and grain is handled in Portland. There were stored last Saturday there 50,509 barrels of flour, 82,620 bushels of corn and 91,180 bushels of oats. These figures do not include the grain at the Grand Trunk elevator nor any part of that brought in from Canada for shipment on the ocean steamers. Neither do they include flour and grain sold by Portland wholesale houses to dealers in Maine, when the cars containing the same are sent straight through from Boston or the West without being unloaded here.

A Useful Article.

"I can certify to the great usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. We use it for burns, bruises, cuts, sores, rheumatism, sore throat, croup, etc., and recommend it to all as an excellent remedy." T. W. Appleby, Wingham, Ont. All medicine dealers sell Yellow Oil.

—An inovation on the system of giving balls for charitable and other good purposes recently occurred in a town in Minnesota, where a dance was given in order to raise funds to buy them a hearse.

—A shirt seen at a recent fancy dress ball had a dead black bosom, and the collar and cuffs and tie were also black. It was worn in conjunction with trousers, vest, and coat in plain white silk.—*Men's Outfitter.*

REASONS

Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Diseases.

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Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Mrs. Birt's English Boys.

KNOWLTON DISTRIBUTING HOME.

(*To the Editor of the Weekly Monitor.*)

SIR:—Our boys and girls have always been so quickly hired into situations, that we know full well there will a hearty welcome for these about to sail in the "Parisian," March 14th. They have been living with us and our hearts have grown to love them, so it is with both prayers and regrets we part from them to find new homes and situations in the great Dominion.

Our boys are from 10 to 15 years of age, and fine little fellows they are. They are good-looking, good-natured, willing to run and help and do all they can. They are well clothed and in perfect health. Just previous to sailing they have been passed by a medical man as suitable for emigration, and free from any complaints; indeed, no one would doubt this to look at their bonnie looks and rosy cheeks.

Our girls are healthy, rosy-like maidens, in age from seven to thirteen; many ask for older girls, but it is far the best to take a little one, and train her up in the family and in the family ways of doing things, giving them two or three years schooling, and gently initiating them into the ways of a household. We have much credit in our young people, for the majority of them certainly do exceedingly well. Of course, all will admit, very much depends upon the kind of hands engaging them. We must have a commendation from a minister at whose church the employers are members, so that his added testimony may be forthcoming, that he gives it upon his written word, that the employer applying, in his opinion, can and will do well to our children, and that he will watch over the interest of the child whom he employs and sign a report every year when asked to do so.

Our children are all agreeable and obedient to us, and with the right kind of management, they should continue so in their new homes and situations. They look as if every one of them would be well liked, be valued, and prove most useful little helps.

Employer's applications enclosing minister's recommendation, to be addressed to me at the Knowlton Distributing Home.

A girl's band will follow the boys.

I am, yours sincerely, a worker among the little people.

LOUISA BIRT.

Coo-e-e.

(St. James' Gazette.)

Coo-e-e the opening word of the latest joint novel of Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed, was one of the signal cries of the Australian blacks, and it was speedily adopted by the invading whites. The final "e" is a very high note, a sort of prolonged screech, that resounds for miles through the bush, and thus enables separated persons to ascertain their relative positions.

There is a popular story in the colonies that too well known and wealthy Australian squatters on a visit to the mother country lost themselves in a London fog, and were only re-united after a series of shrill and vigorous "coo e's." Once, too, an audience in a London threatre was almost startled out of its wits by this unearthly cry. It was uttered by a festive Australian in the upper circle, who recognized an old colonial acquaintance in the pit, and wanted to attract his attention. He succeeded in attracting the attention of the whole house.

On one other notable occasion was this peculiar cry heard in London. A daring bushranger, named Henry Garrett, who spent no less than fifty Christmas Days in jail, made his appearance one morning in front of a bank in Ballarat, and coolly posted a notice on the door to the effect that the place would be closed for an hour. Entering he terrorized the officials with his revolver, and got clear away with 6,000 pounds.

Some time afterward the authorities received information that Garrett had been seen in London. Here, by the way, we have the germ and the prototype of the play in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree is now appearing so successfully at the Haymarket Theatre, for his picturesque "Captain Swift" similarly escapes from Australia to London after a bushranging career.

A colonial detective was immediately dispatched to London to capture Garrett, if possible and bring him back. One day he thought he espied his man in the Strand, but not being quite sure he hit upon a bright expedient. He uttered a piercing "Coo-e-e." The ordinary frequenters of the Strand stood in fixed astonishment, but Garrett, acting on the spur of the moment, and recognising the familiar sound, hastened to the person who uttered it, and was promptly arrested. He was brought back to Australia, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Toward the close of his life Garrett wrote and published his autobiography, under the title of "Recollections of Convict Life in Norfolk Island and Victoria."

Old But Good.

How many students of English history echo the school-girl's complaint that 'She couldn't see the use of naming all the kings alike!' They are hard to remember, but several generations of school children, and some older folks, too, if they would confess it, have used the following rhyme to keep in memory the names and order of the English sovereigns since the Conquest. If you have not learned it, this moment is the very best of all times to do so:—

First William the Norman
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third,
Edwards, one, two, and three,
And again after Richard,
Three Henrys we see,
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess,
Next Jamie, the Scotchman,
And Charles whom they slew.
Yet received after Cromwell
Another Charles too;
Next James the Second
Ascended the throne,
And good William and Mary
Together came on;
Then Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William, all past,
God sent us Victoria—
May she long be the last!

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Poison & Co. Get "Putnam's."