BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

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

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

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

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension OF TIME

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

Extension of Time.

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

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

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

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

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

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

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

They are light in touch, Unrivalled in tone, Handsome in appearance, Unrivalled in durability, AND NOT EXCELLED BY ANY PIANO MANUFACTURED in the DOMINION.

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

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

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

GEORGE HOYT,
W. J. HOYT,
Administrators.

Bridgetown, Sept. 24th 1890. 6m.

NOTICE.

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

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine.

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

CARD.

W. M. FORSYTH

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

Office in

LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.

Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.

April 2nd. 84. 51tf

CARD

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MIDDLETON, - - N. S.

Office in A. BEALS' STORE. 14tf

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are Jewels

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1890. NO. 32.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 30 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

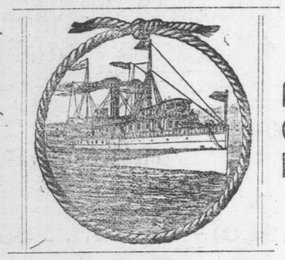
Make New Rich Blood!

International S.S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK.

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.,



FOR BOSTON.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 3rd,

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

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

Also FREIGHT billed through at extremely low rates.

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

C. E. LAECHER, Agent St. John.

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

R. A. CARDER, Agent at Annapolis.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

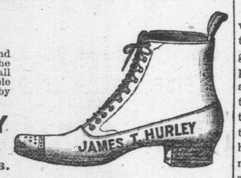
We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

BUY MY MAKE OF

Boots & Shoes

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

LATEST STYLES

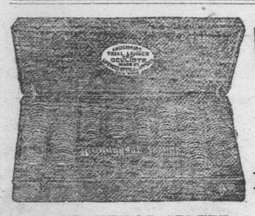


which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.

JAMES T. HURLEY

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,

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



W. H. BANNISTER,

Optician,

—GRADUATE—

New York Optical College,

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

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SQUARE TOED SHOES.—It is a pity that there are not more mothers guided by the queen's excellent example in the matter of square toed boots and shoes. Not only has her majesty persistently worn this shaped chassure all through her own life, but she insists that the royal children shall all be similarly shod. It is nothing short of absolute cruelty to imprison growing children's feet in the unnatural pointed toed instruments of torture that we have so long permitted to remain the fashion, and there can be no doubt that the children of unthinking and fashionable mothers do suffer very greatly from this barbarous practice, but perhaps now the fact is made known that not one of the growing members of the royal family is ever seen in anything but sensibly shaped boots it may induce these foolish women to make their little ones comfortable now and save them from much suffering in after years.—*Ladies' Pictorial.*

What is a Day's Labor?

One day's work for a healthy liver is to secrete three and a half pounds of bile. If the bile secretion be deficient, constipation ensues; if profuse, biliousness and jaundice arise. Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect liver regulator known in medicine for preventing and curing all liver troubles.

THE OCEAN'S BOTTOM.—The bottom of the ocean has its hills, valleys and great undulating plains. It has its various soils of widely different materials. It has its climates also very different in different places, and it has its special races of inhabitants, which depend, like the inhabitants of the rest of the world, upon the conditions of climate and upon the nature of the soil or sea bottom on which they live. There is a ridge or plain in the Atlantic, between this country and Ireland, on which the Atlantic cable is laid, and along which Professor Huxley says that if dry it would be possible to ride a bicycle, so level is the bottom, while the Challenger found between the Admiralty islands and Japan that the depth was suddenly more than doubled, increasing all at once from 2,000 fathoms on each side at 4,500 fathoms, indicating the cantour of the bottom in that locality as a deep submarine valley with very steep sides.—*Chatter.*

—Friendship supplies the place of everything to those who know how to make the right use of it; it makes your prosperity more happy, and it makes your adversity more easy.

Poetry.

Missing.

Have you seen my sailor-boy, as you came across the sea?
Have you seen my sailor-boy, with the laughing eyes of blue,
With the sunlight on his hair, and his face so young and fair,
And the smile he used to wear, brave and true?

Oh, he kissed me on the cheek as he sailed away to see,
Sailed from Gloster town, and I never saw him more.
But the ships they come and go, and the tides they ebb and flow,
And the waves are moaning low on the shore.

Ah! they told me he was dead, but I know it is not true;
For he comes to me at night, when the world is all asleep,
And he speaks to me by day, when the tempests sweep the bay,
And the billows are at play on the deep.

For he said he would come back, and he never broke his word—
Have you seen my sailor boy? He is coming soon, I know.
I would go to him to-day, if I only knew the way,
Though the grave before me lay, I would go.

—*James Jeffrey Roche in the Independent.*

Pens.

There's a pen stiffly held in a little hand,
The first hard letters to make,
While we watch and smile at the awkward move
Of the chubby fist, and hope 'twill prove
A success at last for his sake.

There's a pen firmly held in a boy's rough hand
As he writes a copy at school,
And beneath the marks of the pen are more
Made by the hand as it travels o'er,
Soon to catch the hard ferule.

There's the pen caught up in feverish haste
Impelled by ambitious sway,
To deeper depths, to higher heights,
In reason's realms and fancy's flights,
Than has ever yet had play.

There's a flattering pen to lingering tell
The sweet old story of love,
And we dream again as we gladly read
As in the olden times, ere we felt the need
Of a greater love from above.

There's a pen pushed on by a wearied hand
For bread, for warmth, for life;
One brain with its talent to save them all,
A nest upheld by a thread from a fall—
A fall for children and wife.

There's a pen moved slowly to tell of death,
Often bid by the tears which flow;
'Tis the hardest work a pen can do,
"For the best," though bitter, sad and true,
Since "Our Father orders it so."

There's a pen now held in a cause as old—
As old as the oldest hills;
For it took new growth at the birth of Christ,
'Twas fully developed when His death sufficed
And 'twill last as long as "He wills."

The pens that touch the brain are great,
And greater those the heart,
But the pens that do the greatest work
Are those who even these ideas shirk,
To take the Soul's great part.

The press is the pen that handles it all,
'Tis the voice of the entire world,
Penned down, spread out in open space
Like a mirror to show the world its face,
Thus we see its rise or fall.

—*Nora Smith.*

Select Literature.

How Jinks Drove the Burglars.

My sailor uncle, Bob, brought me home a monkey which he had picked up somewhere during his last voyage. He was quite a large animal, and Uncle Bob had named him Jinks.

For a long while I thought him stupid; but now I suppose he must have been mourning for his lost friends and relations, because he afterwards proved himself anything but stupid.

I spent most of my time for several weeks after I received him, in trying to teach him various tricks, and had almost given up in despair, for he seemed not to pay the least attention to me, when, one afternoon, without any previous indication that he could do them, he went through the whole set of tricks that I had been trying to teach him. Then, returning to his usual corner he turned his back upon me, as much as to say, "There! are you satisfied? Now let me alone."

After this I never called Jinks stupid. But even when I had become very fond of him, the men in the factory where my father was overseer seemed to dislike him, or rather, I should say, regarded him with a kind of superstitious terror.

I was only fourteen, and mischievous as most boys are; so I quite enjoyed their fears, and used frequently to take Jinks to the factory, just to have a little fun at their expense.

At last, one day, the workmen went in a body to my father and demanded that Jinks should be kept out of the room. Some went so far as to say that he bewitched the machinery, and that something was sure to go wrong while he sat on a beam far out of their reach, watching them with his sharp eyes. But they all lived to think differently.

Although I kept Jinks out of the workrooms after this, he always accompanied me both morning and evening, when I went to ring the bell; for I had coaxed father to assign me that duty.

How I did love to pull the little, jangling bell which hung in the small tower at the top of our piano factory! I am sure I cannot tell why, since it took me out of bed full two hours before I should otherwise have risen, and often made me late for supper at night; for it was the custom of our place to ring the bell for ten minutes at the beginning and end of the day's work. Jinks helped me in this performance, and would sometimes be so eager to reach the little tower that he would spring from my arms and scamper up the narrow, winding stairs before me, seize the rope with his paws, and tug it so heartily that he succeeded in bringing out quite a loud peal. I think Jinks enjoyed pulling the bell as thoroughly as I did.

One cold, stormy evening, after I had finished ringing the bell, Jinks became so frisky and playful that it took me a long time to catch him. For some reason, he would not obey my call, and kept climbing up the sides of the bell-tower, and crawling along the beams, watching me roguishly with his bright little eyes.

At last, however, after a long chase, I did manage to seize him, but this had taken so much time that when I descended the stairs and peeped into the work-room it was deserted.

All the men had gone home, and I heard the watchman fastening the windows in the little office at the end of the hall, where the safe containing the money stood, and where all the business of the firm was transacted.

I looked into the room to bid him goodnight.

As I did so, he turned and called out:

"Frank, is that you? Stop a minute. I want to speak to you."

As the light of the lantern he carried fell on his face, I noticed that he looked very grave. So I said:

"What is the matter, Mr. West?"

"I am dreadfully worried," replied the watchman. "As I was coming into the factory awhile ago, a man put this into my hand."

As he spoke, he gave me a piece of crumpled paper, with these words written on it in pencil:

"Come home at once. Your wife has met with a bad accident."

"It is a long walk to my place and back," continued Mr. West, "and I have no one to leave here. What am I to do?"

I told him that if he would stop at the village and tell my father that he had left me in charge, I would be willing to stay until he came back.

"I am obliged to you," replied Mr. West, gratefully. "There's not the least danger of any accident happening. The fires are all out, with the exception of the one in the large workroom, and as I have been all over the place, you can make yourself comfortable in there."

He was in such a hurry to be gone that he was half-way down the hall before he had finished speaking. How strange and lonesome the workroom looked by the dim light of my lantern, when, after I had closed and locked the outer door, I returned with Jinks still clinging to me and seated myself on a bench by the stove!

Jinks seemed to feel the dreariness of the place fully as much as I did, for he curled himself up on my knee, opening and shutting his eyes in a very melancholy manner.

Two hours passed slowly away and I began to expect Mr. West back, but the hands of the clock over the office-door pointed to nine and still he did not come.

The piano factory was a long, rambling, two-storey building. The work-room, where I sat, occupied the entire second floor with the exception of the office and a narrow hall which contained the staircases, one leading to the lower floor and the other to the bell-tower.

All about me stood the bodies of unfinished pianos, and in the silence a string would occasionally loosen with a sound which startled me not a little; and just as I had fallen asleep a wire snapped with so loud a twang that it brought me to my feet and sent Jinks scampering away among the rafters overhead, chattering with fright.

I was beginning to smile at my foolish alarm, when I became aware of a monotonous scratching sound which seemed to come from the office.

At first I thought it must be a rat gnawing under the floor. I stooped to lift the lantern from the bench at my side, when I saw that it was burning very dimly, and as I raised it, it went out altogether and I was left in darkness.

Then I noticed that there was a faint light glimmering in the office. The scratching noise continued, and now there was something about it that alarmed me. It did not sound at all like a rat.

I moved cautiously across the work room for fear of bumping myself against some of the pianos that filled it.

When I came to the office-door I paused in astonishment, for the window leading into the yard, where great piles of wood were kept to season, stood wide open.

Three men were bending over the safe in the corner. They caught sight of my white and astonished face before I had time to move or utter a word.

Instantly I was seized, my hands tied behind me and my feet fastened together with strong cords. Then I was carried into the work-room again and rolled on my face, like a bundle of sticks.

Of course I struggled, but I did not cry out, for I reflected that if I made any noise, they would certainly gag me and so prevent me from being able to warn Mr. West when he arrived, as I expected he would every moment.

I could not see what was going on in the office, but I heard men moving about and talking in low tones.

As I lay in the dark, listening attentively for any sound outside, I felt something tugging at the cords that bound my feet. I knew at once that it was Jinks, and somehow his action recalled the way he pulled the bell that evening.

"Oh," I thought, "if I could only reach that bell now, I could not only save the money that I knew must be in the safe, but perhaps Mr. West's life and my own."

I struggled for a moment or two, but only succeeded in cutting my wrists and drawing the cords still tighter about them.

Jinks crept close to my face and began patting it compassionately with his little, cold hands.

Suddenly an idea came into my mind. It might not succeed but it was my only chance.

"Jinks," I whispered, "ring the bell." He shivered and crept closer to me.

I seldom punished my pet, but when I did, he shunned me for a day or two afterward. The word "whip" always sent him flying to obey. So I whispered sternly:

"Ring the bell, Jinks, or I'll whip you."

With a bound and a spring he left my side.

"What's that?" exclaimed one of the burglars, entering the room hastily with his lantern. "All right," he called, reassuringly, as he turned the light upon me for an instant and then went back.

They had evidently succeeded in opening the outer door of the safe, for I heard them disputing about the quickest way of forcing the inner one.

I had only a faint hope that Jinks would obey my command, but even that left me entirely now, and I almost forgot the monkey's existence in my horror, as I heard a quick rap on the outer door, and I knew that Mr. West had returned.

I would have called out to warn him at any risk to myself, but as he knocked again a hand was placed over my mouth, and I heard a step go down the hall slowly and stealthily.

It had reached the lower staircase, and I was trembling and trying to free my mouth from the hand upon it, when suddenly I heard the first cracking sound of the bell rope. After all Jinks had been true.

The man at my side gave a start; he must have heard it, too. Then, as a queer uneven, cling! clang! pealed out, he sprang to his feet.

After a moment's pause, the bell sounded again, and in the silent night I knew it must reach the ears of all living in the village. Now it went merrily on, with a jerking moment and a long pause between each peal.

To my great joy I heard the man who had gone toward the door come running back. He rushed into the work-room, and as he passed, seized the man bending over me by the arm.

"Come!" he cried, "it's all up. The whole village will be down on us."

They looked fiercely at me, as though they wished they had time to punish me, but the noise at door grew louder, and the bell in the tower kept up its ringing, so they ran on together into the little office.

As they disappeared from my sight, I heard a crash below, and a great hubbub of voices, and a sound of many feet in the hall. Then a great number of men from the village, headed by my father and Mr. West, crowded into the room where I lay,

"The office!" I cried. "They are opening the safe! Hurry!"

Mr. West and all the others ran on, but father took out his knife and cut the cords which bound my wrists and ankles. I bore the marks of them for many days after.

As soon as I was able to move, we followed the others. Then I saw that the door was open and some letters and packages scattered upon the floor.

Some of the men who had come to my assistance were already in the yard behind the factory, climbing over the piles of board and searching in and out among the lumber.

While they were still hunting, father said to me:

"Frank, who rang the bell?"

Then I remembered poor Jinks, and ran up the tower stairs in great haste, to find him crouching in a corner, shivering and quite exhausted, with the bell-rope still in his hand.

I caught him up in my arms and ran back to the office.

I found that during my absence Mr. Hunter and another of the owners of the piano factory had arrived, under the impression that a fire had broken out in the building.

"Fortunately nothing is missing," said Mr. Hunter after he had examined the safe, "but if the men had not been alarmed just when they were, we should certainly have lost a large amount of money. Who did you say rang the bell?"

Then I walked right up to them all, with Jinks in my arms, and said out loud, because I was so proud of him:

"Here he is! Here's the fellow that rang the bell."

I tell you after that Jinks was petted and praised and made a hero of by every one, until I was quite afraid he would be spoiled.

Before we went home that night, the burglars were discovered, hiding among the wood piles.

They were recognized as three well-known house breakers, who had committed many successful robberies. They were sent to prison, where I hope they repented and reformed.

Mr. West, the watchman, told me that the note given him that night was part of the plan to rob the safe, for he had found his wife perfectly well; but as she had gone to visit a neighbor, he had a long search for her.

From that time Mr. West and all the workmen in the factory seemed never to grow tired of petting Jinks, and after awhile they clubbed together and bought him a silver collar which he now wears.

Many years have passed since Jinks rang the bell and frightened the burglars, and he has grown old and grave, but he is still a great favorite, and I love him more than ever.—*Golden Days.*

—The other day a boy picked up a sparrow which was unable to fly from having daubed its wings with fresh paint from a cornice. He was carrying it away when a poorly dressed man, who was warming his back in the sun, held out his hand for it. The bird was passed over, and the man took a very ragged handkerchief from his pocket and began wiping at the paint, saying as he did so,—

"That's the way of the world—go for a fellow when he's down. Fifty would wring your neck when one would give you a show." He wiped away for a minute or two, and then continued, "If somebody would give me an encouraging word and half a show, I could be a man yet; but somebody won't do it. It's easier to kick a man down hill than to boost him up. There, young chap, go and be happy. Your wings are all right now; and next time your nose smells fresh paint, you shy off."

He gave the bird a toss, and it flew to the naked limb of an elm and began to "peek! peek" as if in gratitude.

"All right, all right," replied the man with a wave of his hand. "Perhaps you'll do as much for me some day. Go along, now, and attend to your business."

—The Great Short Line to health is found in King's Dyspepsia Cure. This great remedy has proved itself a positive cure for all forms of indigestion and dyspepsia. One dose brings relief. Six packages are guaranteed to cure this dreadful disease in its worst form or money refunded. King's Dyspepsia Cure Co', New Glasgow, N. S.

—There are sometimes circumstances which may interrupt a successful and worthy career, but in such a case it is only necessary to begin over again, undiscouraged and with increased determination to succeed.

Under Control.

The amount of control which may be exercised over those actions which we are accustomed to look upon as wholly involuntary is neither appreciated nor developed as it should be. There was not only a clever stroke against an annoyance, but a useful lesson in the means taken by a clergyman not long since to suppress disturbance in his congregation.

It was during the prevalence of the influenza that the Rev. Dr. Blank gave his congregation a reminder that will not soon be forgotten. The various forms under which the epidemic presented itself had in common the faculty of making people cough in church, and the disturbance which arose from this source set all the sensitive nerves of the divine on edge.

One Sunday morning in particular it seemed as if half the people in the congregation were coughing already, while the others were rapidly joining in with them from the sheer force of example.

Dr. Blank was preaching eloquently that morning, and partly from the necessity of raising his voice to make himself heard, he was particularly impressive. Suddenly, with no warning whatever, he stopped in the very midst of a sentence and stood perfectly silent. Surprise held the congregation silent also.

It is well known to physicians that persons taken by surprise will stop coughing, and during the moment for which Dr. Blank stood regarding his congregation not a single cough was heard in the church. The preacher held the attention of the audience for a space which, although really brief, under the circumstances seemed long.

"I paused to remind you," he said at length, "that coughing is more largely under a person's control than we are accustomed to suppose."

He took up the thread of his discourse and went on, but for the rest of that day at least there was remarkably little further coughing in that church.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Horseshoe Crab.

A VERY UNSOCIABLE FELLOW THAT HAS LITTLE TO DO.

What is this black object ploughing along the sea bottom? It is about the diameter of a water pail, and drags a sharp spine for a tail. This is a horseshoe crab. He has quite prominent eyes, but apparently no means of defending them. They are nearly covered with seaweed, and a colony of barnacles has settled on his shoulders. He is a tremendous traveller, but if you would make him perfectly helpless and wretched you have but to use his tail as a handle, and overturn him, writes Sarah E. Cushman in the *Youth's Companion.* What a tangle of legs and claws, desperately clutching at nothing! Such a mad flapping of paddles! He hugs himself into a ball, and tries to roll over, but, unless the waves lend help, he has a long struggle before he regains a proper position. He is very unsociable, and particularly dislikes intrusion, though he never appears to have any very definite goal in view. The speckled crabs and "bluebacks" know instinctively which way lies shallow water, and avoid it, but the horseshoe will travel with his back out of water for a little distance before he becomes aware of it. His shell covers him so closely that he seems to live in a box. The tide has turned. The water suddenly swarms with tiny green eels and transparent brown fish. A flounder, with mouth and eyes askew, wavers gracefully past, in pleasant contrast to the bustling hurry of his companions.

The army of hermit crabs, too, has begun its shoreward migration, and among them is a tiny creature, sea-green, its white claws stained with blue—one of the "blueback's" children. When full grown these creatures move further down the bay, and become as fierce and brave as they are now quiet and peaceable.

The Money in This Country.

How many people know how much there is in this country of what people call "money;" how much in gold and silver coin, and how much in greenbacks and other paper currency bearing the stamp of the United States government? Very few. Inquiry at the treasury department discovers the fact that there is, all told, just a little over two billions, or between $30 and $40 apiece for every man, woman and child in the United States. Of this a little over one-half is in gold and silver coin, and a little less than one-half in paper of various kinds. Of the metal money about two-thirds are in gold and one-third in silver. Of the paper about one-third is in United States notes or greenbacks, one-fourth in silver certificates, one-sixth in gold certificates, one-fifth in national bank notes and the remainder in various denominations.

But the $2,000,000,000 of United States currency is not all in circulation among the people. More than one-third is locked up in the treasury building, and that is the normal state of things. One-half of all the gold and three-fourths of all the silver is locked up in the treasury. The circulating medium in use among the people is three-fourths paper, the largest volume being in greenbacks, with silver certificates next, then national bank notes, then gold certificates. But we would not be doing gold justice if we did not say that there was more gold in circulation than any one kind of paper.—*Washington Critic.*

A NOVEL ADVENTURE WITH BEES.—Clare Coggin, of Cocoa, Fla., had a novel adventure with bees last week. Approaching a hive on Col. Travis' place, from which a swarm was issuing, the bees settled on his head as their lodging, and in a minute's time had covered his head, monopolizing his mouth, eyes, nose, ears and face. Without offering to fight them off he was advised to make for the river, which he did in good, quick time, waded up to his armpits, then settled down until his hat floated off. The bees all left him and he walked out liberated from his strange companions. The curious part of the matter is not a bee stung him or attempted to do so.

Imperial Federation.

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

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

Big Salaries.

There are a score of men in New York who are paid as much for their services each year as the President of the United States. Forty thousand dollars a year is a very tidy salary. There are hundreds of men who get $25,000 dollars a year salary, and the number who get from $10,000 to $20,000 are legion. Very ordinary men get from $5,000 to $8,000 a year, or as much as a Cabinet officer. Dr. Norvin Green, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is paid $50,000. So is Chauncey M. Depew, President of the New York Central Railroad. Richard M. McCurdy, President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, gets a like amount. John Hoey, President of the Adams Express Company, fares equally as well. President Henry B. Hyde, of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, is also on the list. George G. Williams, President of the Chemical National Bank, is paid a salary of $25,000 yearly. President Potts, of the Park Bank, and President Tappan, of the Gallatin National Bank, receive a like sum each twelve months.

The best paid minister in New York is Dr. John Hall, who preaches to $200,000,000 every Sunday. He gets a salary of $20,000 a year, and makes $5,000 by his newspaper and magazine articles. Dr. Morgan Dix, the chief pastor of Trinity Church Corporation, the wealthiest in America, receives $15,000 yearly. Dr. William L. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, gets the same amount. Dr. Charles Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, is paid $15,000. Dr. Parkhurst of Madison Square Church, gets $12,000. Dr. Paxton, who preaches to Jay Gould, and others less wealthy, is paid $15,000. The Rev. Robert Collyer is paid $10,000.

Canada and Jamaica.

THE FRIENDLY CONDUCT OF THE DOMINION WILL STRENGTHEN THE COMMERCIAL TIES WITH THE ISLAND.

(From the Jamaica Standard.)

The action of the Canadian government in voting two thousand pounds to the defrayal of expenses incurred by Canadian contributors to the Jamacian exhibition of 1891, has been warmly appreciated by the people of Jamaica. We need hardly say that the intention on the part of the government of the Dominion to send a special commissioner to the exhibition is also regarded as a gratifying indication of the friendly interest taken by our Canadian fellow subjects in the fortunes of a sister colony. This generous interest presents a favorable contrast to the inexplicable apathy of another North American "neighbor and friend"—whose interest in our exhibition the commissioners have in vain tried to enlist through the agency of a special committee and a paid secretary. Though it may serve no useful purpose to speculate on the cause of this glaring indifference and inaction, the remembrance of it will not serve to enhance or intensify the friendly feelings that have existed—or have been supposed to exist—between this colony and the great republic. It is possible that our friends in the U. S. do not think it worth while to take any special interest in our exhibition because they are satisfied that they will, under any circumstances, have the biggest share of the export and import trade with this colony. It is possible, however, that they will, in this matter, reckon without their host, and that they are presuming too much on the advantage of geographical position and the superiority of industrial resources. That the friendly conduct of the Dominion will tend to strengthen the commercial and political ties between the two colonies can not be doubted; and friendly sentiment is no unimportant factor in determining the commercial relations of kindred communities. There are, moreover, few articles which we get from the United States that cannot on quite as favorable terms be obtained from Canada, and, everything else being equal, the predilection is likely to be, more than ever, in favor of Canada.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF INITIALS.—The custom is so common of using the initials of a name only instead of the full appellation that when a name is given to a child it is a matter of importance to consider what the initial letters will be. A young lady was not so fortunate. Her initials before she was married spelt the word A. P. E. She became Mrs. Thompson, so that her initials were changed to A. P. T., which she regarded as an apt change. Another father, one Mr. Long, named his son Alfred Washington. The boy's initials thus made A. W. L., and so who could tell but he would grow up to be a great bore? A man named Wood married a woman named Orton, who wished her two sons to take her maiden appellation. They were therefore called respectively Benjamin Orton Wood and William Orton Wood, and together their initials expressed a B. O. W. W. O. W.—*Tide.*

A FORTUNE IN A CUSHION.—A rich merchant's wedding took place at St. Petersburg. Before the ceremony the bride's uncle brought in an old worn out cushion. The young lady, thinking it a joke on the part of the eccentric old gentleman, threw it into a corner. Imagine her astonishment when she afterward discovered that the cushion was stuffed full of bank notes. The uncle belonged to the "old school," and was in the habit of stowing away his money in old stockings and cushions, and one of the latter was made to serve as a wedding present. It was found to contain 22,000 roubles.—*Petersburg Listok.*

MACHINERY IN THE HOUSE.—There is no reason why women should tire themselves in squeezing juice from fruit for jelly or in stoning cherries when there are several patent processes for doing this work with perfect success, enabling the worker to go through preserving time with unstained hands and unexhausted patience. There are enough necessary things to do in a household which cannot be done by machinery. Housekeepers should take advantage of every chance that offers for genuine help in their work.—*New York Tribune.*

The People's Mistake.

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