A Creaking Hinge

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. When the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by Rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pains. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves this condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

Rheumatism,

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no preparation with which I am acquainted, that can match relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The diseases afflicted me grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. Fream, Independence, Va.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; 6th bottles, $5.

A Lecture to Young Men

On the Loss of

MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,

41 Ann St., New York.

Post Office Box, 459.

1885. 1885.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,

ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS.

—IN—

Marble, Freestone & Granite,

of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.

ALSO:

Furniture Tops!

Call and inspect work.

OLDHAM WHITMAN.

Bridgetown, Jan. 12th. 85'

JUST RECEIVED.

Two Carloads

FLOUR AND MEAL,

which will be sold LOW FOR CASH.

Also.—A well assorted stock of

Groceries!

MOLASSES AND SUGAR, SPICES, SALT, TOBACCOS, BROOMS, SOAP, RAISINS, CURRANTS, CANNED GOODS, BISCUITS, SYRUPS, ETC

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, July, 1885

CURE FOR THE DEAF

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonial, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N.Y. Mention this paper.

SEAVEY'S EAST INDIA

LINIMENT

The great Internal and External

REMEDY

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

The receipt of which was obtained from a native of India. Excels all other Liniments and Pain Killers for the relief and cure of Internal and External Pain.

IT IS CELEBRATED FOR THE CURE OF

Cramps, Diarrhœa, Cholera, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Rheumatism Pain or Lameness in the Back, Chest and Side, Soreness and Stiffness in the side, STIFFNESS in the Joints, Colds, Sudden Chills, Bruises, Cuts, Swellings, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Chilblains, &c.

Also the Best Liniment Extant for Horses.

For curing Lameness, Swellings, Hard Lumps, Windgalls etc., and Strains, Wounds and Bruises etc., in Horses and Cattle.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For Sale by Dealers and Druggists.

S. HARRIS & SON, Proprietors. Musquodoboit Harbour, N. S.

ADVERTISERS

can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York. Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

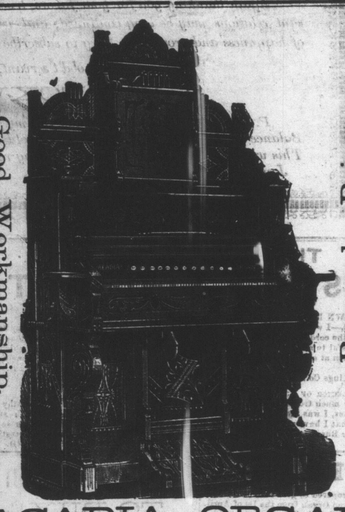
VOL. 14. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1887. NO. 45.

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, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, 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.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.



Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

A. E. SULIS.

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.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

—:o:—

MR. P. H. MORRIS,

regrets that sickness prevented his attending at

Mr. Sancton's Jewelry Store on Wednesday, Dec. 8th, '86,

as advertised, for the purpose of fitting the B. LAURANCE SPECTACLES, and is extremely sorry for the disappointment of the many callers.

Arrangements will be shortly effected for an early visit, of which due announcement will be made. He hopes then to meet all those who called, and others who desire his services in fitting by scientific methods the best spectacles to be had, viz., the

B. LAURANCE, PEBBLE and OTHERS,

to all and every condition of sight.

Montreal, December 13th, 1886.

Guns,

AMMUNITION,

HEAVY

WOOL SHIRTS,

Shirts & Drawers,

A SMALL LOT OF

GENTS' GENUINE

Plymouth Buck Gloves.

Apple Barrels.

B. STARRATT.

PARKER & DANIELS,

Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

Money invested on Real Estate Securities.

OFFICE—Fitz Randolph's Building, corner Queen and Granville Streets, Bridgetown, N. S.

C. H. PARKER. C. F. DANIELS, B. A.

LIVER WORKED BY **Women**

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a single one of purposes, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and nervousness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHES, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

Salesmen Wanted!

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

415 Acres, the largest in Canada. 415 Acres.

Head Office, Toronto, Ont.; Branch, Montreal.

Hardy Canadian We want agents to sell our NURSERY STOCK

Steady employment at fixed salaries. MEN and WOMEN can have pleasant and profitable work THE YEAR ROUND. Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month, and expenses.

Send photo with application. Address STONE & WELLINGTON,

J. W. BEALL, Manager. Montreal, Canada. Aug. 5th, '86 1y.

Poetry.

Would We Return?

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

Would we return
If once the gates which close upon the past
Were opened wide to us, and if the dear
Remembered pathway stretched before us clear
To lead us back to youth's lost land at last,
Whereon life's April shadows lightly cast
Recalled the old sweet days of childish fear
With all their faded hopes, and brought anear,
The far-off streams in which our skies were glassed;
Did these lost dreams which wake the soul's sad yearning
But live once more and waited our returning,
Would we return?

Would we return
If love's enchantment held the heart no more
And we had come to count the wild sweet pain,
The fond distress, the lavish tears — but vain;
Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst the roar
Of mountain gales, or, in some alien shore
Worn out the soul's long anguish, and had slain
At last the dragon of despair—if then the train
Of vanished years came back, and, as of yore,
The same voice called, and with soft eyes beguiling,
Our lost love beckoned, through time's gray veil smiling,
Would we return?

Would we return
Once we had crossed to death's unlovely land
And trod the bloomless ways among the dead
Lone and unhappy; after years had fled
With twilight wings along that glimmering strand,
If then—an angel came with outstretched hand
To lead us back, and we recalled in dread
How soon the tears that once for us are shed
May flow for others—how like words in sand
Our memory fades away—how oft our walking
Might vex the living with the dead heart's breaking,
Would we return,—
Would we return?

—*Midsummer Century.*

Select Literature.

Nor What, or Where, but How.

'Please put on your thinking cap for my benefit this evening, auntie,' said Aleck with a cheerful smile.

'Very well, Aleck, what is it?'

Placid-face Widow Grey spoke kindly, but without raising her eyes from the skein of yarn she was carefully placing on the smooth arms of the old swift.

The handsome lad hung his worn cap upon the nail behind the door, held his fingers a moment over the glowing cooking-stove, patted the white cat asleep on a cushion in the warmest corner, then taking the bit of paper upon which his aged friend was about to wind the soft, smooth yarn he said, coaxingly:

'Please, auntie, I like to make the arms of the old swift fly around. They seem to be ever reaching for something but are fulfilling their mission all the while.'

The widow was used to the lad's matter-of-course way, when he ran in of an evening, of making a pleasure of sharing whatever work engaged her attention, so now she only said:

'Wind it close, remember, Aleck, or it will not knit even.'

'All right, auntie, now for the business;' and as the old lady sat down in her rocking chair and took up her knitting work, he went on:

'Mr. Hyde, at the supper-table to-night, gave me notice to quit. He wishes to take a younger boy, one who will eat less and wear smaller clothes,' and Aleck laughed, looked down at the bottom of his jacket sleeves half way to his elbows, and then at his trousers legs half way to his knees.

'I am not surprised, my child,' replied Mrs. Grey, deliberately. 'You can come here right away, and stay until you can find a better place. You have done well in staying as long as you could in the home your father found for you before he died. There is always enough to do for any one who has the will, and it does not make so much difference what or where your work is, but how you do it. There are always opportunities, if one is looking for them, to do good or to do evil, to help others and to help ourselves.'

A sharp rap at the outer door cut short the old lady's wise speech, and Esquire Eaton, a short, stout, broad-shouldered man, blustered in.

'I was passing, and called in to see if my socks were done,' he said, declining, with a bow and wave of his hand, the splint-bottomed arm chair Aleck moved forward. 'I am off for Washington in the morning instead of at night to-morrow, as I expected, and all the last things have to be done up this evening.'

'I am just toeing them off, sir,' said Mrs. Grey. 'The white yarn only came up an hour ago, and Aleck is winding it for me.'

'Yes, sir,' said the lad respectfully; 'an ambition of mine, when a little fellow, was to learn to knit. My mother taught me to knit a whole stocking the winter before she died. So when yarn enough is wound I can pick up the stitches for Auntie Grey and help her about toeing them off. When they are finished, sir, I will bring them to your house, and if they are all in bed I will leave the package in the porch at the side door. Will that do, sir?'

'Good,' said the squire, looking pleased now, 'it will do very well, indeed,' and dropping a bank-note into the widow's lap he bustled away, with her fervent 'God bless you!' ringing in his ears and warming his heart all the way to town.

It was eleven o'clock before Aleck, after a busy evening, followed by a brisk walk in the frosty air, opened the gate leading through a deep yard, to the squire's handsome dwelling. That gentleman himself opened the side door as Aleck went lightly up to the steps of the porch.

'All about me,' he said. 'Come in and I will pay you for your trouble.'

'You may pay Auntie Gray for that, sir.'

'Come in,' repeated the squire with something more than mere politeness in his voice, and the lad obeyed. A gust of wind from the open doorway sent the papers on the library table flying like a flock of sea-gulls to all parts of the room. Aleck removed his cap and mittens, and picking up the papers returned them to the table. As the squire put a letter that he had been writing into its envelope he watched the lad out of a corner of his eye.

'Going to school this winter?' he asked.

'I suppose not, sir. I am looking for something to do.'

'What do you want?'

'I cannot be over particular, sir. It don't matter so much what or where the work is, as what I make of it,' he replied, unconsciously repeating Mrs. Grey's words.

'I will give you work, then, and we will see what you make of it. This call to Washington is very unexpected to me as you perhaps know. My wife and daughters are to go with me. I have had time for very few arrangements. The housekeeper and her husband are to be left in charge, but they are getting old. You may come here and stay and go to the high school, and do for your clothes and board whatever you see needs to be done.'

'What shall you expect me to do, sir,' asked Aleck, looking puzzled.

'You may get the mail three times a day. The postmaster has been directed what is to be forwarded. If you see any thing else that needs to be done you can do it if you feel disposed, just as you would were this your father and mother's house and they had been unexpectedly called away to be gone for several months.'

'I see sir,' said Aleck. 'I will be on hand in the morning bright and early. Good night, sir.'

The squire chuckled to himself as the door closed. 'I've given him a chance, and if he's the boy I take him to be he will make the most of it. I shouldn't have thought of it, though, if I hadn't liked the way he was winding that yarn. He had little idea that every time the long arms of the swift went whizzing around they were reaching out into his destiny.'

'It's a queer bargain,' said Aleck aloud to the cutting north wind as he went down the hill, 'but it is a good place to practice the precept not what, or where, or how.'

'You can keep an eye on him,' said Squire Eaton to Margaret, the housekeeper, next morning, 'but I hardly think he is the kind of a lad to turn out like Percy Stiles; and mind, now, that he never hears Percy's story.'

Margaret nodded; and as the master went out, John, her husband, said—

'Wasn't he a queer one? The squire has never had anything to do with boys since then, and yet he dotes on boys.'

'I know it,' said Margaret, 'just to think how much he set by Master Percy and what a chance the lad threw away. Do you remember how the squire looked at first, when he really believed there had been a burglar in the house, and he said, 'You are a hero, Percy. You have saved our lives and our property.'

'I remember,' said John, 'but that was nothing to the scene after the matter had been investigated and he was convinced that Percy was the rogue, as well as the hero, when he called us all into the library and sent for the poor lad. He came thinking he was to receive a reward for his bravery. It is just like a picture in my mind even now. The Squire rising from his chair with that stern, white face, Percy with the exultant air and look of exultation changing to that of a culprit. Do you remember how his voice sounded when he said, 'All the boys I ever read about did something very brave and dangerous to win for themselves fame and gifts and friends, and I wanted to be a hero.'

'Yes,' said Margaret, 'I remember it and the Squire's reply, 'The honest boy who does his simple duty and makes the best of every day is the hero that the world needs;' but I think this lad is made of a different kind of stuff.'

'He's made a busy winter of it, sir,' said the old housekeeper when, one April morning, the Squire arrived home unexpectedly and asked for Aleck. 'He's not been away one evening nor missed a day at school the whole term. He's made the fires, swept the paths, looked after the hinges of the gates, the latches of the barn doors, and the fastening of the blinds. He's petted the dogs and cats, birds, watered and trained the plants and cheered up the time for John and me as blithely as if we had been his own grandparents. He has not failed one morning of running up to widow Grey's before school time to see how she was getting on and he has never meddled with anything or been in mischief.'

'And he has written me a letter every Saturday,' said the Squire, 'giving a concise account of all the happenings here.' Going into the library and looking about he added, 'He has filed all my periodicals and kept every thing ready for me to look over as easily as if I had been gone only a week.'

'Well, Aleck, what have you made of your work?' he said, as the lad came in flushed with pleasure at seeing him.

'I have had a profitable winter at school, sir. I have read a good deal of history, I have learned a great many things of John and Margaret, and I cannot tell you, sir, how happy I have been. I am afraid I have done very little to pay for all these privileges,' and Aleck's voice trembled.

'I have found a boy that I can trust, and that pays me,' said the squire, and his voice grew a little husky. 'Now we will make a new bargain.'

All that was years ago. Aleck is Squire Eaton's law partner now, a successful man, and better than that, a good man. He is fond of helping young people; he likes to have them improve their time, and he often says: 'It is not so much consequence what or where your work is, as what you make of it.'

Punishment.

Some time ago, as I was coming up the street, I met a young married friend, holding her little boy by the hand. The child had evidently had a fall, for the pretty suit he wore was covered with splashes of mud.

'Just look at Willie's new coat,' she said in an aggrieved voice. 'It is perfectly ruined; and I have had such trouble to get it made. Is it not too bad?'

While I was expressing my sympathy, the little fellow looked up into my face with a woeful expression on his. 'And mamma is going to whip me just as soon as we get home,' he cried.

'I certainly am,' she said in the same indignant tone. 'I have told him at least fifty times to take hold of my hand and he never will do it, and this is the consequence.'

'It seems to me,' I answered somewhat dryly, 'that if you have condoned the sin of disobedience for forty-nine times, it is for the sin of falling down that the child is to be punished; for if the accident had not happened, I imagine that the fiftieth act of disobedience would also have passed without comment.'

Her cheek flushed for a moment, then her honest hazel eyes met mine steadily. 'Your reproof is a just one,' she said, 'and I shall not forget it.'

I would like other young mothers, also, to carefully consider this question of punishment, for it is a most important one. While grave moral faults are often passed over carelessly, a child is frequently very severely dealt with for the tearing of a dress, or the breaking of an ornament, or any other fault that involves trouble or expense, even though the mischief may have been unintentionally done.

Shocking as the statement may sound, is it not true, that when she angry mother relieves her annoyance by punishing the object of it, she is really revenging herself upon it for the trouble it has occasioned?

Certainly it is very provoking to have beautiful things broken, and work that has been the result of much patient labor destroyed through heedlessness and carelessness, and yet, some time ago, when I heard a child who had torn a handsome dress, answer sagely to another who had told her that 'her mother would whip her for tearing it.' 'No; my mother never whips for clothes,' I felt sure that she was in wise as well as loving hands.

Novelties in Jewelry.

Basket work is much used in sleeve buttons.

Plain Roman flower pins still hold their own.

The corrugated square sleeve buttons has some admirers.

The beaded edge has a neat effect in turquiose cluster rings.

A fringe of platina is a novel addition to the bow-pin in chased vari-colored gold.

White enamel bows, pansies, violets and daisies are having a good run this winter.

The bee with oval body and diamond wings is seen perched upon pansy pins in Roman gold.

In black enamel, as in other styles, the same clover, pansy and bow-knot designs prevail.

The new design of the orchid pattern in articles of sterling silverware is attractive and is certain to be popular.

A fan of ostrich feathers in variegated gold makes an attractive pin, as also the lotus flower in the same style.

The coffee-bean queen chain and bracelet in gold and platina has gratified the taste of the novelty hunters this season.

Ladies are buying indifferently scarf-pins designed for gentlemen's use as freely as those specially designed for themselves.

A well-bucket overflowing with pearls and a lady's shopping bag in variegated gold, and also filled with pearls, are pretty pendants for queen chains.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF BORAX.—The washerwomen of Belgium and Holland, who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water. They thus save in soap nearly half. All the washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and, therefore, it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet; it is used for cleansing the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is employed in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water; but all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.

A CHANCE FOR A FORTUNE.—A discussion over the best and safest system of heating railroad cars is exciting keen interest all over the country. American inventors have a magnificent field for the exercise of their talents in devising plans which will be satisfactory to the public and the companies alike.—*New York Tribune.*

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.

The four Cardinal points of health are the stomach, the liver, the bowels and the blood. Any irregularity of their action brings disease and derangement to the whole system. Regulate their condition with Burdock Blood Bitters to secure perfect health.

TO BOYS COMMENCING BUSINESS.—Be on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers, and to all authority over you, and be polite to every one; politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting on in the world. And above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful, and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and mother, and who does not grow away from his church and Sunday-school, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honor, truth and industry, are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun billiard saloons, and be careful how you spend the evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true, and full of cheer in time of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty, and iddustry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.

SEEDS.—The trouble and loss occasioned by foul seed purchased from seedmen have at last aroused farmers to the necessity for protecting themselves by insisting upon getting pure and fresh seed for their good money. The business of growing seeds is one that the farmer himself cannot undertake. It is a specialty that can best be carried on upon seed farms devoted to this separate industry. There is no reason why pure seeds, wholly free from seeds of weeds and from adulteration by foreign impregnation, cannot and should not be supplied to the farmer any more than the farmer should not supply the seedman with butter adulterated with oleomargarine or plentifully furnished with hairs. There are rights upon both, and the farmers should insist upon having their rights in this respect respected. The seedmen who will guarantee their seeds to be fresh and pure—as freshness is as indispensable as purity—will soon leave others, who take shelter upon the common evasion of their responsibility, in the hands of the sheriff and mourning over their lost custom and business.

'Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all your honor lies.'

—*J. M. C., in the Parish Chronicle.*

A CHAPLAIN OF THE BLACK WATCH.—Dr. Adam Ferguson, chaplain of the 42nd, the famous Black Watch Regiment, was brave and fearless in the discharge of his duties. He served with the corps in Flanders and Ireland. Just before a battle, Sir Robert Munro—who was one of the first lieutenant-colonels of the Black Watch (1736-1745)—seeing the chaplain in the ranks, cautioned him, saying there was no need for him to expose his life. Ferguson replied that he had a duty to perform, and should do it. And so, during the hottest fire, this worthy preacher of the Gospel might have been seen praying with the dying, attending to the wounded, and encouraging the rest by his zeal and daring. By conduct like this, and by making friends of the men, he established great influence over them—not an unwise plan for an army chaplain to adopt.—*Little Folks.*

St. Petersburg, Feb. 7.—The inhabitants of Baku, the centre of the great Russian petroleum fields, have been much alarmed over a subterranean explosion which shook the houses and caused considerable damage. At the same time a volcano burst on Lakbatan, ten miles from Baku. For two nights the volcano threw a column of fire and mud 350 feet high, illuminating the country for miles. The mud emitted already lies from seven to fourteen feet over a square mile of territory.

HEARSAY EVIDENCE.—An eminent Lord Chief Justice who was trying a right-of-way case, had before him a witness—an old farmer—who was proceeding to tell the jury that he had 'known the path for sixty yeer, and my feyther toulde as he heard my grandfeyther say—' 'Stop,' said the judge; 'we can't have hearsay evidence here.' 'Not!' exclaimed Farmer Giles. 'Then how dost know how my feyther was 'cept by hearsay?' After the laughter had subsided, the judge said, 'In courts of law we can only be guided by what you have seen with your eyes, and nothing more or less.' 'Oh, that be blewed for a tale!' replied the farmer. 'I ha' got a bile on the back of my neck, and I never seed 'un, but I be prepared to swear that he's there, bother 'un.' This second triumph on the part of the witness let in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the footpath which obtained weight with the jury, and the farmer's party won.—*Eng. Ex.*

The Moon's Influence

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get 'Putnam's,' and no other.

—The Belgium Government offers a prize of $25,000 to be awarded in 1869 to the author of the best work on the progress of electricity in its uses as a motor and for lighting purposes, with all applications that can be made of it for such purposes, and the economy and advantages which it may offer. The prize is open to all nationalities, and the manuscript may be written in English, French, Flemish, German, Italian or Spanish.

A Woman's Age.

A woman, it is said, is no older than she looks. Many women, however, look double their actual age by reason of those functual disorders which wear upon the nerves and vitality, and which, if unchecked, are liable to change the most robust woman to a weak, broken-down invalid. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will positively cure every irregularity and weakness peculiar to the sex, and requires but a single trial to prove its surpassing merit. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Golden M

Thoroughly clea... fountain of health ... en Medical Discove... fair skin, buoyant ... soundness of body ... Golden Medical ... from the common ... to the worst form ... pecially has it ... Salt-rheum or Sc... Pimples, Scrofulo... ased Glands ... Golden Medical ... tion (which is ... wonderful blood ... purifier, purgative ... ting of Blood, Sk... Severe Coughs, ... tions, it is a wo... cures the severe ... For Torpid L... Complaint, Pa... an unequaled ... DR. PIERCE'S ... Billious ... etc. a ...

The Great ...

AS DECIDED ...

A popular Englis... been asking its rea... twelve greatest living ... have replied "in their ... saying is, and the solu... drum are worth not... used to play at this ga... that the nineteenth cent... poly of silliness—but, as ... no newspapers, they sele... oracle. Thus the oracle wa... inform the world "who wa... man," and gave the credit ... But there was this differe... Apollo and a popular vote of 40,... that Apollo, or his priestess, ... "nodded" or "got at," whereas ... could "get at" and unduly influenc... 000 voters. In the new contest for the prize of greatness, as adjudged by that many-headed Paris, the students of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, Mr. Gladstone wins the apple, or in modern phrase, "takes the cake." He comes in first by 32,544 with Prince Bismarck. Even in a foreign country he has almost as many votes as Mr. Gladstone. Now, if the competition had been in Germany, and if the readers of a German popular paper had been the judges, we doubt whether Mr. Gladstone would have run Prince Bismarck as hard for the prize of the greatest. This shows what a fair-minded people the English are after all.

These two great men (every one will agree that one, or the other, really is the greatest living) are far ahead of all competitors. The next, very properly, is Lord Tennyson. In a speech made during a holiday cruise, Mr. Gladstone once assured some blameless Hyperboreans, the Shetlanders we think, that the fame and glory of the poet were far more durable than the honors of the statesman. As time goes on, Keats will be better remembered than Canning, and Coleridge than Robinson, while William Wordsworth will outlast William Pitt. From this point of view, perhaps, the greatest contemporary poet is the greatest contemporary man. But then Duck, or Fye, or some one of that sort may happen to be the greatest contemporary poet, when the preposition becomes manifestly absurd. Lord Tennyson got 23,664 votes, a very bad third compared to Prince Bismark and Mr. Gladstone. M. DeLesseps ran the Laureate hard, and he certainly is a very grand old man indeed, while (with a noble disregard of Von Moltke, General Courko, and other warriors) Lord Wolseley was placed fifth, just beating Lord Salisbury by a head. Moltke was a long way behind, which does the jury little credit, and then came Mr. Bright and Lord Randolph Churchill, whose place would probably have been changed for better or worse, if he had come to the poet after recent stable disputes. The three remaining places in the first twelve are occupied by Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Henry Irving, and Mr. H. M. Stanley. Neither Mr. Hyndman nor Mr. Henry George, Mr. Lohmann, the Surrey bowler, nor Mr. W. G. Grace, nor Charles Wood, nor Mr. Arthur Roberts, nor Mr. John Corlett, nor Mr. Punch received as many as a thousand votes, all which displays a want of catholicity of judgment. It is odd that Canon Farrar got into his thousand, and that M. Renan did not; that Mr. Browning just secured a place, while Mr. Matthew Arnold was unplaced; that General Boulanger was nowhere; that the Rev. H. W. Beecher defeated the American President, the Czar, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Sir Frederick Leighton. Judging by votes and our arithmetical estimates, Lord Wolseley is five times as great a general as Sir Frederick Roberts, and Professor Huxley seven times as distinguished a man as Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—foreigners, who are neither generals, emperors nor painlstes, do not secure much popular acknowledgement—and Mr. Spurgeon is about thrice as great a man as Cardinal Manning, who is also in receipt of a thousand points from His Holiness the Pope. Such are the eccentricities of a popular estimate. But we must remember that the votes do not necessarily put down the names of persons whom they think greatest, but of the persons for whom they expect a majority of the constituents to think greatest. Thus probably it is not belief in merit, but a guess as to the popular verdict on merit, that directs the judgment of the worthy citizens. Perhaps there is no great difference, if our conjecture is correct, between this and any other appeal to the plebiscite. The prize goes to the guesser who guesses most like other people. A contributor might honestly think that Mr. Bigger, or Walt Whitman, or the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," the greatest of living men, but he would not say so if he wanted to win the prize, for fear that the majority of his fellow judges might disagree with him.

CURED.—A gentleman writes that he has been suffering from Scrofula and Salt Rheum for the past 10 years; that he used most of the sarsaparilla and blood-purifying compounds without deriving any relief; that 3 bottles EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLINE has cured him, and his flesh is now smooth and healthy.

KISSING BABIES.—Kissing babies is a most reprehensible practice, thoughtless and selfish in the extreme. It is a great temptation to people fond of children. A clean, sweet baby is so much like a rosebud that it is the most natural thing in the world to put your face down to it. But a baby is not a rosebud, except that its life may be as brief, unless all sentimental selfishness is overcome. The skin and all the tissues are so sensitive that poisons are absorbed more readily in babyhood than at any other period. What is a slight sore throat in an adult may become diphtheria in an infant through the medium of a kiss. Countless slight ailments in grown people can be transmitted in this way, and grow into maladies that threaten the child's life. Let it be thoroughly understood by relatives and friends that young children are not to be kissed by them under any circumstances whatever. This will doubtless give offence as many care more about their own personal pleasure than the present and future of the children in whom they take a passing interest. A mother who exacts right conditions of living for her child is bound to give offence, especially here in America, where the science of childhood is just beginning to be understood. Let her bear it as best she may, consoling herself with the thought that an offended friend or relative is of infinitely less importance than the loss of a child, or loss of a child's health. It requires great force of character to bring up a family. As Mr. Lincoln said about being President, 'If anyone thinks it is easy, just let him try it.'—*Christian Union.*

—In everybody's mouth—Seavey's East India Liniment.

—Chinese physicians prescribe for chronic indigestion, chicken gizzards cut up and dissolved in hot water, adding some spices. A tablespoonful of the resulting paste is taken at each meal until the patient recovers.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

In a recent letter from B. W. Dowson, of Deloraine, Ont., he states that he has recovered from the worst form of dyspepsia, after suffering for fifteen years, and when a council of doctors pronounced him incurable he tried Burdock Blood Bitters, six bottles of which restored his health.