Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1893. NO. 30.

Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS,
Barrister, Solicitor,
Notary Public, &c.
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.
OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

G. O GATES,
PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pianos & Organs.
Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton,
the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

NOTICE!
LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49tf

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

P. C. MELONSON,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER
MIDDLETON CORNER.
REPAIRING punctually and thoroughly attended to, and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.
I have constantly on hand complete lines of Watches Clocks and Jewelry.

NOTICE!
The Packet Schooner
TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N.B., during the season of 1893.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly Lime and Salt.
J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master.*
When Schooner is not in port apply to Capt. P. Nicholson, Bridgetown.
St. John address: SOUTH WHARF, care of G. S. DeForrest & Sons.
Bridgetown, March 28th, 1893. 52tf

REMOVAL.

The subscribers wish to announce to their many friends and patrons that they have removed from the Payson building on Granville Street, and are now located in the building on the corner of
Queen and Court Streets,
where they will keep constantly in stock full lines of
FRESH AND SALTED MEATS, FISH, VEGETABLES, ETC.
Look out for the first Spring Lamb on Saturday, June 9th.
Goods delivered free of charge.
A. VIDITO,
F. VIDITO.
Bridgetown, June 6th, 1893. 10 tf

Nova Scotia Wins.
A Tiverton Miracle.
Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by
DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
THE KING OF REMEDIES.
From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N. S.:—
"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 23 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all troubled with sores of any kind."

Dr. J. Woodbury's
HORSE LINIMENT
Is Infallibly the Cure for
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles.
Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR
MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

Full and Complete Lines
—OF—
LEADING GROCERIES,
Rubber Goods, Crockeryware,
AND OTHER GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
AT PRICES THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN IN THE COUNTY.
H. E. REED, - MIDDLETON, N. S.

BURGLARIZING AND ROBBERY
AT MIDDLETON.
A few mornings before the robbery of Mr. Andrew's store Dr. Miller found a part of a skeleton key in his drug store lock, and the Dr. is puzzled to know what the would-be robbers wanted in his drug store, except they had read the following and wanted a supply of the goods:
Rev. T. B. Reagh, Rector of Milton Episcopal Church, P. E. Island, says: "My daughter had suffered for nearly two years from indigestion, &c., and nervous prostration. After using many remedies and consulting many physicians I was advised to try Dr. Miller's Tonic Dinner Pills, which in her case worked like a miracle."
The Rev. J. E. Warner, Rector, of Middleton, says:—
"For more than twenty years I have been afflicted with Chronic Constipation. Have been treated by several physicians here and in the States, and have tried many of the *cures* advertised through the press without receiving any permanent benefit.
In consequence of the complications arising from this disease I have been obliged to undergo a painful surgical operation, and was compelled last year to give up work. About six months ago I consulted Dr. Miller, who gave me a box of his DINNER PILLS, and I can cheerfully testify that their effect in my case has been little less than magical. Since then I have recommended them to some of my friends, who have experienced like good results from their use and returned me their warmest thanks, and I confidently give them a public recommendation, as I have found them, by far, the best medicine I have ever used."
(Signed.) REV. J. E. WARNER,
The Rectory, Middleton.
Use Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and all diseases of Mucous Membranes throughout the body.
S. R. NIXON, of Nictaux Falls, says: "I have used all the so-called cures for coughs, colds and bronchitis, but found none equal to Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture. *I believe it is the best on earth.*"
Rev. John L. Sponagle, Methodist Clergyman, Middleton, says:—
"Suffering from Bronchial affection—aggravated by cold—and having heard of the healing properties of your "Tar Cough Mixture" I was induced to make trial of it, and I am glad to inform you that I received much benefit from its use. In my case it soothed and allayed irritation, and aided expectoration. I keep it constantly at my home."
For Sale by all Druggists and Respectable Dealers.

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS
THOMAS DEARNESS,
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.
N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.
T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

BRIDGETOWN LIVERY STABLES
N. E. CHUTE, Proprietor.

THE subscriber, having purchased the entire outfit and good-will of the Livery Business enjoyed by Mr. Wm. C. Bath for a number of years past, begs to notify his many friends and the travelling public that he is prepared, at a moment's notice, to furnish any kind of an outfit in single, double, tandem, or other styles, with or without drivers.
The capacious stables are roomy and centrally located, affording every facility for boarding and baiting.
Teams always on hand at station on arrival of all trains.
A specialty will be made of Trucking with moderate charges.
When you want a nobby fit-out, a place to bait your horse, or any information connected with the livery business, ask for
N. E. CHUTE.
Proprietor of the Bridgetown Livery Stables.
Bridgetown, April 20th, 1893.—4

Coal! Coal!

	Per ton.
Hard Coal (Nut and Stove Size)	$6.25
Old Mine Sydney,	4.75
Spring Hill Mine,	4.75
Joggins Mine,	4.35
Sydney Blacksmith,	3.75

(Delivered at R.R. Depot.)
Apply to
EDWIN L. FISHER,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
Bridgetown, Sept. 13th, 1893. 39 tf

HAWKER'S TOLU AND WILD CHERRY BALSAM
WILL CURE | THAT COUGH
TRY IT!
IT HAS CURED HUNDREDS
of cases considered hopeless after all other remedies had failed. Do not despair, take courage, be persuaded, and try this truly wonderful medicine.
IT WILL CURE YOU.
For sale by all Druggists and general dealers.
Price *25* and *50 cts.* a bottle.
Manufactured by
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.,
St. John, N. B.

Clergymen
Desirous of obtaining New and Perfect-Fitting Clothing
AT REDUCED PRICES
WILL PLEASE BEAR IN MIND THAT
JOHN H. FISHER,
formerly of this town, but now conducting business at
ANNAPOLIS,
Makes special discount to them.
A well-selected stock of
CLOTHS AND TRIMMIGS,
suitable for all classes of customers just received, and on which I guarantee every satisfaction.
PLACE OF BUSINESS:
Over Clarke's Grocery Store.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
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.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

Closing Out!
As I intend making a change in my business, I am now offering my goods at
GREAT BARGAINS
to close out my stock,
FOR CASH ONLY.
For Sale:
Staves, Headings, Laths, Shingles,
E. S. PIGGOTT,
Queen Street,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

—AT—
TAYLOR'S!
Crown Lavender Salts!
The most agreeable deodorizer that exists. Specially adapted for Sick Rooms and for Faintness.
BRUSHES!
Hair, Cloth, Tooth, Nail, Shaving and Hat.
COMBS, SPONGES, PURSES, PIPES, TOBACCO, TOBACCO POUCHES, CIGARS and CIGARETTES.
PARLOR GAMES!
Lotto, Old Maid, Store, Authors, Round the World, Tiddley Winks, Checkers, Chess, Go Bang, Steeplechase, Logmachey, Lost Heir.
Fancy Baskets, Stationery,
Hand Mirrors, Photo Frames, and Toilet Articles generally.
TAYLOR'S,
Queen Street, - Bridgetown.

FINE NEW LINES OF
AMHERST
BOOTS and SHOES.
—AND—
ALL KINDS OTHER FOOTWEAR
Intending purchasers will find my stock of Footwear bright, new, and of superior quality. The prices are right, and offer special inducements.
HATS and CAPS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
UNDERCLOTHING,
GENTS' FUNNISHINGS
Flour, Meal & Feed.
GROCERIES.
Dry and Salt Fish.
Butter, Eggs, and other Country Produce wanted in exchange.
T. A. FOSTER
Bridgetown, Sept. 13th, 1893.

For Sale!
10 THOMAS ORGANS, direct from factory for Musical Convention, May 24th.
Cash or easy terms.
Come and get a *BARGAIN*, as they must be sold.
N. H. PHINNEY

Consumption
is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful
Food Medicine,
Scott's Emulsion
which is now in high repute the world over.
"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Bellevile. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.
TAKE NOTICE that JOHN P. RONEY, of Clarence, in the County of Annapolis, Farmer, has by deed of Assignment dated the 13th day of September, A.D. 1893, assigned, transferred and set over to the undersigned all his real estate and personal property of every nature and kind whatsoever, in trust for the benefit of his creditors.
A duplicate of the said deed may be inspected and executed by creditors at my residence in Paradise, in said County, within sixty days from the date hereof.
Bridgetown, Oct. 17th, 1893.
HENRY MESSENGER,
Assignee.
J. G. H. PARKER,
Solicitor of Assignee. 29 tf

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!
ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JACOB FOSTER, of Hampton, in the County of Annapolis, Province of Nova Scotia, farmer, deceased are requested to render the same, duly attested within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
INGRAM B. SNOW, *Executor.*
Hampton, Oct. 17th, 1893. 29 3m

Executors' Notice.
All persons having any claims against the estate of ROBERT JEFFERY, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
EDMUND BENT, JOHN ROSS, *Executors.*
Bridgetown, N. S., July 26th, 1893. 17 6m

Poetry.

Glimpses.

A star, in its own appointed place,
'Mid spangled heavens may gleam and glow;
Unbeknown by ever an upturned face
Of the restless mortals that jostle below,—
Yet a mariner, out in the tempest and night,
Thanks God for a glimpse of its guiding light!

A tender song, sung softly and low,
'Mong many another more tender of grace,
May be overlooked—it is often so—
Nor find in the crowd either echo or place—
Yet one weary heart, when the day is long!
Less weary may grow in repeating that song!

A soul, striving quietly on alone,
Intent on the conflict lying before,
May flash on some life more dark than its own,
One beam of hope, and be seen no more,—
Yet that darker life may grow more bright
In contrasting thoughts of a once seen light.

Select Literature.

"Only Tom."

BY JAMES C. PURDY IN GOLDEN DAYS.

"I do wish those children would stop making that dreadful noise!"

Miss Malcolm, the station-mistress, frowned and put her ear closer to the telegraph instrument, that she might not lose a click of the message she was receiving.

Children did not often come about the little railroad station at Alta. When they did come there, they always annoyed her. Usually she sent them away without ceremony; but just at this moment she was receiving a message of instructions, and could not leave the table.

The noise outside grew louder and more irritating. Some children were out there, screaming vigorously, and crying out disconnected words of some sort. The windows were open, and the sounds came with distracting clearness to the ears of the impatient lady, who was trying her best not to hear them.

In a moment the last word of the message was ticked off. Then Miss Malcolm got up quickly, with a view to putting a stop to the disturbance.

Now that she was at liberty to listen, it seemed to her that the cries outside were cries of alarm and distress. The uproar was caused by fright, not mischief.

As Miss Malcolm was about to open the door, it was burst open from without, and the bare head of a small girl was thrust into the room. The child's face was pale, and her eyes shone with unusual excitement.

"Say," the girl exclaimed, "Little Bobby, he's gone!"

"That is right. I was just coming to tell you to go, too. Then, noticing the look of trouble in the child's face, Miss Malcolm continued less severely, "Who is Bobby? And what has happened to him?

"You know—Bobby Tompkins. He's her little brother."

The girl threw the door open and revealed another small girl behind her, who at once began to wail at the top of her voice.

"She's Sally Tompkins," the intruder continued, "and I'm Polly Wilson."

The ceremony of introduction over, Polly Wilson began to cry loudly as Sally Tompkins. Miss Malcolm was rather inclined to laugh; but she was kind-hearted, and she knew trouble when she saw it.

"But tell me what has happened to Bobby," she said, going out and putting her arms gently about the two girls.

"Oh, he's gone!" Polly sobbed. "We put him on the hand-car to give him a ride, and then we pushed him along; and then Sally, she fell down; and then I let go to help her up; and then, when I'd brushed her off, the hand-car was running down the long grade and we couldn't catch it. And Bobby, he'll be killed! and he's only four years old!"

This was not so bad as Miss Malcolm had feared, and she felt quite at liberty to scold the two girls sharply.

They confessed that their mothers had sent them on an errand, and they had been tempted to stop here and play. They ought to be punished for that if for nothing else.

Then they had made a plaything of the hand-car the track repairers had left on the side track behind the station-house. Possibly she would have them arrested for that.

Miss Malcolm was interrupted in her lecture by hearing the telegraphic call. She hastened to the instrument and listened to the few words that made the message. Then she sank wearily into her chair, put her hands over her face, and for a moment seemed about to faint.

She roused herself quickly and hurried out to the platform. The two frightened girls were still there.

"Here?" she called to them. "Run as fast as you can down to the short grade to where the men are at work. Ask for Michael Flinn. He is the foreman. Tell him I must see him here at once. Tell him to run. Don't lose a minute. If you do, I'm afraid little Bobby will be killed."

Too seriously frightened now to cry, the girls raced away in the direction opposite to that taken by the runaway hand-car. Miss Malcolm sat down again, weak and trembling, and tried to think clearly about the terrible thing that had happened.

It was, indeed, a terrible thing. She wondered she did not realize it in the first place; then she would not have wasted precious minutes lecturing those two children. What could she have been thinking about?

Alta was the highest point on that division of the railroad. From that point the track ran easily down hill in both directions. At the north was the short grade. The descent there was for only a few rods. Then a long level and a slight ascent had to be traversed before the next descent was reached. If the hand-car had gone down the short grade, no harm need have been feared.

At the south was the long grade. The descent here was steeper, and it continued for a distance Miss Malcolm shuddered to think of. It terminated in a levee five miles long, and this was followed by another descent. It was down the long grade at the south that little Bobby Tompkins had started on his perilous ride.

The perils were of various sorts. The car would gain a frightful headway in going uncontroled down the long slope; it may be thrown from the track; the little passenger might be hurled off at one or another of the curves; in his fright, he might jump off the flying car. Any of these mischances would mean nothing less than sure death to the poor little fellow.

True, if all went well until the bottom of the grade was reached, the car might stop of itself in crossing the Five Mile Level. But there were curves on the level also. And besides, most dreadful of all,—

At this point in her painful reflections Miss Malcolm was roused by the sound of approaching footsteps. The two little girls were coming back, and somebody with a heavier tread than theirs was with them.

The impatient watcher hurried out to meet them. She stopped in the doorway, and lifted her hands with a gesture of hopeless disappointment.

"It is only Tom, after all," she said, in a despairing whisper. "What shall I do now?"

Her two messengers were hurrying toward her. With them was not the foreman she had sent for, but only idle Tom Bruce. At most times, Miss Malcolm was rather glad to see Tom.

She thought better of the idle boy than other people did. She believed he was idle only because there was no body to direct him and to set him at the right kind of work. He was not vicious, and he had qualities that might be turned to good account. But, for all that, the station mistress wished he were anywhere else just at this time.

"The gang's gone on towards Hillside, Miss Malcolm," said Tom, running to where she stood.

"Sure enough!" Miss Malcolm exclaimed, wringing her hands. "I had forgotten they were going there. Oh, what can I do—what can I do?"

"Polly's told me all about it; and the thing you'd better do first is to telegraph to Sweetbriar to have the north-bound express held there. If that gets past Sweetbriar, things is going to be mighty bad for little Bobby."

At another time, Miss Malcolm would have been displeased at hearing this boy tell her what she ought to do; but now she liked his business like tone and his alert way. He seemed to be sharing her great responsibility.

"Too late!" she said. "The express passed Sweetbriar ten minutes ago. See here."

She showed him the despatch she had received just before she had hurried the two little girls away on their errand. It was the brief announcement that the express train had passed Sweetbriar on time.

"I didn't think it was so late," said Tom. "What was you thinking of doing, Miss Malcolm?"

"I can't think of anything that seems a possible plan. I've tried and tried. I sent for Mr. Flinn, to ask his advice. And now there's nobody. There isn't a man within half a mile of this desolate place!"

"There's no time to get advice from them if there was twenty. There ain't more than time enough now to *do* things, without stopping to talk about them."

Tom started in great haste toward the back of the station.

"Another hand-car on the siding," he called back. "Double gang come up this morning."

Without at all understanding what he meant to do, Miss Malcolm watched the boy push the second hand-car onto the main track.

Then he got upon it, and seemed about to start down the long grade.

She understood now. He was about to undertake the hopeless task of chasing the runaway car.

"Stop!" she called, hastening toward the place—"stop! Are you crazy? You never can do it, and you must not try. It is quite bad enough to think of one boy being killed!"

"There shan't be any boy killed, if I can help it," Tom replied, looking about to make sure that everything on the car was all rlght. "Don't you fret, Miss Malcolm. I'm going to try anyhow."

"But it is so long since Bobby started! You never can overtake him!"

"Not if it was all the way down grade. But there's the Five Mile level. His car will slow up on the Level—maybe stop altogether. But I'll go as fast on the Level as down the grade. I'll catch him before he gets to the next down grade."

"Perhaps! But the express will get to him before you do."

Miss Malcolm could not keep back the tears at this terrible thought.

"I'll do my best, Miss Malcolm. Now I'm off. I must pass the junction before the Lineville express runs on to our line and starts south."

"Then you will both be between two express trains!" sobbed poor Miss Malcolm.

Tom's reply to this was to start the levers. The next instant he was whizzing down the grade, looking back and waving his ragged straw hat at Miss Malcolm and the two girls.

There was absolutely nothing the station mistress could do but to wait.

There were no telegraph stations between Alta and Sweetbriar, for the country was new and but sparsely inhabited. In no possible way could she check that dreadful north-bound express. The only hope she had was that Tom might get to the runaway first, for the express had to stop a little way this side of Sweetbriar to take water.

If the track on the level were only straight and unobstructed the engineer might see the hand-car in time to stop; but there were curves and obstructive trees.

The express going south from the junction was just as completely out of her reach. If Tom gained the junction before it did, it would be sure to run him down. If he were too late for it, it would run little Bobby down and kill him.

Altogether, Miss Malcolm thought, she should surely go distracted before that time of waiting could come to an end.

In the meantime, Tom Bruce was rushing down the long grade at a furious speed. It was no part of his plan to put any check on the car, and every revolution of the wheels seemed to increase the rate of descent. The hand-car fairly reeled.

The boy simply held on. He thought of Bobby, going down there in the same manner, and he hoped the little fellow had been too terrified to think of jumping.

Tom realized perfectly the perils of the journey he had undertaken; but he had his wits well about him. He hoped to come out of it all safely. If he did not—Well, somebody had to try to save the little child, and he was the only one who could make the attempt.

He was approaching the junction now, and he looked for signs of the south-bound express. Yes; there, away up the other track, was the black plume of smoke!

He was in time! He had the right of way! True, he was between two express trains, as Miss Malcolm had said, and was on the same track with both of them!

No matter; if the one behind him came too fast, he would jump off, run back and signal it to stop. They would be on the Level by that time, and stopping would be easy. Really, it would be better to chase Bobby with an express train than with a hand-car, if the express train were under his instructions.

The bottom of the grade was reached in a wonderfully short time. Work began now.

Gravity had been the motive power so far. Now Tom seized the levers and sent the car spinning over the Level almost as swiftly as it had come down the grade.

The car on which Bobby Tompkins rode was travelling more and more slowly somewhere before him.

It was by keeping up his own speed that he hoped to overtake it.

People who called Tom Bruce idle would have been amazed to see him now. Dripping with perspiration and with his muscles strained almost to breaking, he urged his car forward at the utmost speed.

All the time he kept a sharp outlook for the car he pursued. This fully occupied his attention, for there were curves and many trees and bushes, as well as some barns, to obstruct the view.

There! At last, when the Level was almost passed, he discovered the runaway car standing still on the further arm of a curve, and Bobby Tompkins was sitting on it, crying bitterly; and in the distance beyond, not so very far away, was the smoke of the north-bound express. He was just in time.

Then a sound struck his ear, and for an instant his heart seemed to stop beating. In the eagerness of his watching he had forgotten the south-bound express, and now the roar of its wheels sounded frightfully close behind him.

It was too close now to be stopped, for the curves and the bushes had hidden him from the engineer's view. There was plenty of time for Tom to jump off and save himself, but that was not what he was thinking of; that would mean either a train thrown from the track, or the sacrifice of the little boy before him. Tom Bruce had not come so far on such an errand as either of these.

Forward! There should be a race for it. Just ahead was the little station of Argyle; that was the meeting place of these two trains.

The one going south ran upon the side track there and stopped, while the one coming north kept the main track and came on at full speed.

The switch was already open, and happily the pursuing train had slackened its speed a little, but it was still coming at a fearful rate.

Never in his life had Tom used such desperate energy as now in working the levers of that hand-car.

He shouted to Bobby to "hold on hard," and fortunately the little fellow understood and obeyed. The two hand-cars came together with startling force; then they both moved on with gathering speed toward the open switch.

The switch was passed, and the two cars entered upon the side track just before the express that belonged there.

The last car of the north bound express was just passing the other end of the siding. All was clear in advance, so Tom, without losing a stroke of the levers on his own car, pushed the car before him, with its helpless little passenger, out upon the main track below the station. Then he stopped, and, for a time, it seemed to him that he never could move again.

In a moment a crowd of excited men surrounded him, all asking questions at once. Both trains had stopped, for it was manifest to everybody that something was wrong Tom managed to make his questioners understand the situation at last, and then matters were taken out of his hands.

And that is how it happened that Tom Bruce and Bobby Tompkins came back that day to Alta as the principal passengers on the north-bound express, and that Foreman Flinn had to send down to Argyle the next day for two hand-cars that had been left there.

And the triumphal return to Alta did not end the affair. Miss Malcolm had long cherished the conviction that Tom's proper career was that of a "railroad man."

After the rescue of Bobby Tompkins, she had little difficulty in making the superior officers of the road share her conviction; and to-day you may often hear Thomas Bruce spoken of in railroad circles, but he is never mentioned as "Only Tom."

Attack on Halifax.

An attack on Halifax by the war ships *Blake* and the *Tartar* with the object of testing the ability of the land forces and fortifications to resist an attack from land or sea, took place recently. Five thousand men including the Halifax Militia Regiments and Garrison Artillery took part. The decision as published in the *Herald* is:

1st—That the guns at York Redoubt are now capable of coming within range of any war ships attempting to pass up the harbor. This was not the case some years ago.

2nd—That if the battle had been real both the *Blake* and the *Tartar* would have been sent to the bottom.

3rd—That it is impossible for any fleet to enter this city during war times.

4th—That the city is perfectly safe from the attack of any landing parties.

Two casualties occurred. A sailor while loading a gun had one of his arms blown off and his face disfigured, and one of the 66th Battalion had a part of his ear blown off by a comrade's rifle.

Book Notices.

THE COSMOPOLITAN FOR OCTOBER.—Marion Crawford opens up a new line of thought in his article entitled "Rome, the Capital of a New Republic," appearing in the October *Cosmopolitan*. It is not likely that the October number will have the success which attended that for September. The extraordinary spectacle was presented of a 12½-cent magazine selling for 50 and 75 cents, and many hundreds were even sold at $1.00 each. Probably the record remains without a parallel, in periodical sales, of a number proving so interesting that, after 211,000 copies had been sold, the News Company had orders for 50,000 more than they could supply, while dealers in various parts of the country, discovering the esteem in which the magazine was held, immediately raised their prices to double, treble, quadruple and in many cases to eight times the regular price. The publishers do not yet know what their real circulation is, owing to the limited capacity of their presses; but machinery is being put in place which will supply an edition for December exceeding 300,000, and during that month it will be possible to determine just how many *Cosmopolitans* the public will buy.

—In the admiralty court last week his lordship the chief justice delivered judgment in the case of the Yarmouth steamship company against the brigantine *Sceptre*, owned by Zwicker & Company, Lunenburg, The latter was towed into Lockeport harbor by the plaintiffs' steamer City of St. John, having been damaged at sea. Plaintiffs claimed $4,000 for the service, but the owners of the *Sceptre* paid $200 into court claiming it to be sufficient compensation. His lordship gave judgment for $200, deeming that amount sufficient; and animadverted on the practice of making extravagant claims in the court and intimated that in future parties so doing would be punished in costs.

The Power of Nature.

For every ill nature has a cure. In the healing virtues of Norway Pine lies the cure for coughs, colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis, etc. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup represents the virtues of Norway Pine and other pectoral remedies. Price 25c.

Five Hundred Horses Killed.

Chicago, Oct. 12—The Wallace St. barns of the Chicago city railroad company were burned to-night. Five hundred horses were suffocated or burned to death. Loss $110,000.

—Do not wait till your delicate wife or child is past hope of recovery, but take warning now, and faithfully administer Puttner's Emulsion according to the directions. It will be the best investment you ever made.

—Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER
—AND—
SOLICITOR!
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies
Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Some "Advice."

In one of the large railroad offices in this country is a comparatively young man who is at the head of a large department. When he entered the service five years ago he was green and awkward. He was given the poorest paid work in the department.

The very first day of his employment by the company a man who had been at work in the same room six years approached him and gave him a little advice.

"Young fellow, I want to put a few words in your ear that will help you. This company is a soulless corporation that regard its employees as so many machines. It makes no difference how hard you work or how well. So you want to do just as little as possible and retain your job. That's my advice. This is a slave pen, and the man who works over time and does any specially fine work wastes his strength. Don't you do it."

The young man thought over the "advice" and, after quite a little struggle with himself, he decided to do the best and most he knew how, whether he received any more pay from the company or not.

At the end of the year the company raised his wages and advanced him to a more responsible position. In three years he was getting a third more salary than when he begun, and in five years he was head clerk of the department; and the man who had condescended to give the green-horn advice was working under him at the same figure that represented his salary eleven years before.

This is not the story of a goody, goody little boy who died early, but of a live young man who exists in flesh and blood to-day and is ready to give advice to other young men just beginning to work their way into business. And here it is: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

The World's Fair.

Only a short time remains in which to visit the world's fair. It has been a far greater success financially than had been anticipated in the early summer. So far as the show itself is concerned, all visitors agree in describing it as marvellous; and when its variety, volume and significance are considered, even this term seems inadequate. When one pauses to think that but a few years ago the very site of the city of Chicago was a wilderness, and that to-day there are gathered within her borders the representatives and the products of the skill of all nations of the earth, a conception of the rate at which the world is progressing dawns upon and almost bewilders the mind. There have been many provincial visitors at the fair, and many more will register there before its close. The city of Chicago is in itself a wonder world to the visitor, in its vastness and variety. In a careful study of its people and the climatic effects, nothing is more noticeable than the prevalence of catarrh. It is a singular fact that there is little consumption, but numerous cases of catarrh. It is a peculiarity resulting from the climate, and is noted by the medical authorities. Unfortunately this annoying and debilitating disease is not confined to Chicago. There are numerous cases of catarrh in these lower provinces. It is therefore of the greatest importance that a remedy which has proved its ability to cure the most obstinate cases should be brought into general use. This remedy is Hawkers's Catarrh Cure, the most effective in curative power of any before the public to-day. The Hawker Medicine Co. can furnish testimonials and references regarding Hawker's Catarrh Cure that no reader of this paper will for a moment question. Capt. S. F. Belyea of Greenwich, Kings Co., N. B., under date of Oct. 6th, writes to the company that an aggravated form of catarrh had in his case closed the nasal passages so that he could scarcely breathe, had induced serious deafness and caused him great pain and trouble. He tried many remedies, but all failed, until he got Hawker's Catarrh Cure, three 25 cent packages of which effected a cure. "I can honestly say," writes Capt. Belyea, "that I am practically well, and I take great pleasure in recommending Hawker's Catarrh Cure to those who may be suffering from this very troublesome disease."

—Thank the children, says some in *Farm and Fireside*, writing of the strange neglect of the common courtesies of life and which older people often should to children. They run on our errands, upstairs for our books or slippers, our thimbles, our new magazines; downstairs to tell the servant this thing or that; over the way to carry our messages; to the post-office with our letters and parcels. They leave their play or their work a dozen times in a morning to do something to oblige us, who are grown up, bigger, stronger, and apt to be less absorbingly occupied than they. No game of politics or business in later life will ever be so important to the man as ball and top of the little lad; and no future enjoyment to the little girl will ever be greater in degree and in kind than her present interest in her dolls and her playhouse; yet Johnie and Jennie fly at our bidding, arresting themselves in mid-career of the play which is their present work, and alas, half the time we quite overlook our own obligation to be grateful. We do not say, "I thank you." And because we do not say it, we make it difficult for our children to be as polite, as simply courteous, as otherwise they would be by nature and the imitation which is second nature to all children.

Life is Misery

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful-running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

Fatal Bridal Tour in a Balloon.

Rome, Oct. 12—The aeronaut Charbonnet, who was married three days ago, set out with his bride and two friends to go in a balloon over the Alps to France. Yesterday the balloon struck a glacier in the Italian Alps. The car was smashed and all the travellers were thrown out. Charbonnet was killed instantly and his wife and friends were injured severely.

Editor Ellis Sentenced.

At Fredericton, N. B., last Friday, in the supreme court, John V. Ellis, ex-M. P., and editor of the St. John *Globe*, for alleged contempt of court in his reference to Judge Tuck's action in the Queen's County election case six years ago, was sentenced to 30 days imprisonment in the York county jail, to pay a fine of two hundred dollars and all the costs of the case, including the appeals to Ottawa.

Their Name is Legion.

There is no lack of so-called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you will go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

—Put camphor gum with your new silverware, and it will never tarnish as long as the gum is there. Never wash silver in soapsuds, as that gives a white appearance.

—Palpitation is one form of indigestion, K. D. C. cures indigestion and the long train of ills attending it. Free Sample, K. D. C. Company, Ltd. New Glasgow, N. S. or 126 State St, Boston, Mass. 29 2