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

CURE for the DEAF!
Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums.
PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, and whisperheard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs *free*. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway N. Y. 17y

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.

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.

CHEAP
—: FOR :—
CASH!
FLOUR,
OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
CORMEAL,
GROCERIES,
STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,
Harnesses made to Order.
REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
N. H. PHINNEY.
Nov. 19th, 1888.

B. B. B.
Burdock Blood Bitters
Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it
CURES
All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the
SKIN
From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin
DISEASES
Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B.B.B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and
SCROFULA
We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B.B.B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail
BAD BLOOD
Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the *first* bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases, on application to T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late ARTHUR RUMSEY, of Torbrook, 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 the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to.
SARAH EMMA RUMSEY,
FLETCHER WHEELOCK,
Administrators.
Torbrook, Nov. 12th, '89.

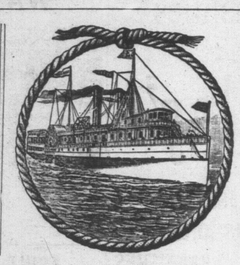
CARD.
W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - N. S.
Office in A. BEALS' STORE. 16tf

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1890. NO. 1.

MAKE HENS LAY
NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.
WE SEND BY MAIL A LARGE 2¼ POUND CAN FOR $1.20, TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CTS POST PAID.
Sheridan's Condition Powder
is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send at once to us. Take no other kind. We will send postpaid by mail as follows:—A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMERS' POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents; tells how to make money with a few hens), and two small packages of Powder for 60 cents; or, one large 2 1-4 pound can and Guide, $1.20. Sample package of Powder, 25 cents, five for $1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, for $5.00. Send stamps or cash. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 21 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

International S.S. Co.
CHANGE - OF - TIME!
FOR BOSTON, FROM ST. JOHN.

Commencing Tuesday, March 11th,
ONE of the Fine Steamers of this Line will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every TUESDAY and THURSDAY MORNING at 7.45 Eastern Standard Time. *Returning*, leaves Boston same days.
Connection made by Bay Fundy S. S. Co.'s Steamer every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY from Annapolis.
Freight taken via St. John at about one-third (1-3) advance on Direct Rates.
Fare from Bridgetown to Boston, 1st Class, $6.00; 2nd Class, $4.50.
For further information apply to
F. Crosskill, Agent, W. & A. R., Bridgetown.
R. A. Carder, Agent, Annapolis.
OR ANY AGENT OF THE W. & A. RAILWAY.

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.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda
Scott's Emulsion is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.
PALATABLE AS MILK.
Scott's Emulsion is only put up in salmon color wrapper. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

COMET
THE BEST STOVE IN THE WORLD
POLISH
MORE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES.

Farm for Sale

THE subscriber offers for sale that very nicely situated property in MIDDLETON, County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, on the Post Road and in the immediate neighborhood of Railway Station, Telegraph Office, Post Office and Churches, consisting of about forty-five acres superior soil, a thriving young orchard of about one hundred and fifty Apple Trees of choice selected fruit, and conveniently divided into hay, tillage and pasture lands. Is well watered, has a commodious and thoroughly finished house, woodhouse, barn, stables etc., in good repair. Terms easy.
JONATHAN WOODBURY.

A COOK BOOK FREE
By mail to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

Poetry.

Waiting.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within,
I hear with groan and travail cries
The world confess its sin;

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,
I know that God is good;

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—*John G. Whittier.*

Red Bredbury's End.

"Joe," the old man maundered, as he lay
his length in the bed,
"Joe, God bless you, my son, but your
dad's no better than dead.
Eh, I'm a powerful sinner, and I thank the
Lord for the same.
But, Joe, I'm dying, I tell you! Joe, Joe,
and I can't die game."

"Ay, old man," said the son, "die game,
or die like a rat;
If you choose to sneak into heaven, I see no
harm in that."
"But the parson, Joe, for pity—," the son
leaned forth from his chair,
And the old man shrank and whimpered and
shuddered away from his stare.

It was night, and the wind blew loud, and
the rain swept over the moor,
And once and again a branch tap-tapped,
like a hand at the door;
The fire leaped, flickered and fell, and a
candle guttered and winked,
And the old man peered at the light till his
eyelids reddened and blinked.

"Joe," he quavered again, "'twas cunning,
eh, my son?
We stopped the mouths of the rogues, and
we fought the law and we won.
But I tell you, here as I lie, I can see those
corpses stand,
With a tongue in every wound, all bloody,
at God's right hand.

"I can't die yet! I can't! Oh, mercy, I'll
tell, I'll tell?
Quick fetch me a parson, Joe, and save my
soul out of hell!"
The old man stopped, for his breath came
short, and the light grew dim;
Then he shrieked: "I'm going to God, and
I must get right with him!"
"Dad," said the son, "lie still; die easy;
let bygones be;
Now your own neck's free of the noose, you
shall tell no tales of me.
We've kept our counsel together; get right
with God, if you will;
God tells no tales; but the parson's a man,
and I say, lie still!"
When the whole pent rage and the remorse
of the old man burst in a cry,
And he bounded up in the bed, and he flung
up his arms on high;
His clenched fists beat at the air; then he
doubled, and fell on the bed,
And his eyes were a fear to see; they lived,
but the man was dead.

Select Literature.

Keturah's Omen.

Mrs. Totten sat before the fire with an open letter in her hand.

"I am going to Burdett to-night, John," she said, decisively. "I gather from this that Mary must be quite sick."

"Yes. I think myself that's what you had better do, mother, answered Farmer Totten.

Ruth looked up from her stocking-basket. "It is such a long drive to Burdett!" she said, glancing, with a look of concern, at her mother's tired face. "It seems too bad to have you go to-night, mother."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that. It bothers me most to think of leaving 'Turah and you here alone all night, though really there is no danger. Is Silas coming up, 'Turah?"

"No, he aint!" came shortly and curtly from the pantry. Any mention of Silas always vexed Keturah.

"Well, then, Ruth, I'll stop in at the Maywoods and ask the girls to come up and stay all night with you. There are three of them, and you can pop corn and boil candy and have a regular frolic. That'll take the edge off your lonliness. Now pa, you go out and hitch up, and I'll be ready in a few minutes."

Left alone, Ruth drew closer to the fire and resumed her darning. The furniture cast shadows over the yellow-painted floor. Taddy executed a series of noiseless yawns, which made him look more like a griffin than a cat. Through the window a long bar of deep orange light was fading slowly on the distant horizon. The clock ticks became peculiarly distinct.

Ruth's needle stopped its swift weaving, and she stared dreamily into a corner. A noise in the buttery startled her. It was only Keturah putting up the milk-pans, but something in the vigorous clatter bespoke unusual agitation on the part of the eccentric handmaid.

At length the buttery door opened, and Keturah appeared on the threshold. Her long, sallow face wore a particularly morose aspect, and the glance she cast on Ruth was portentious.

"I don't like it, your ma takin' this trip to-night."

"Why, 'Turah?"

"Well, while I was a-milkin' I see seven crows flyin' up from Seneca, and, to begin with, that's a bad number. Then, to make it more sartin, they flew in a zigzag acrost this house, and that argufies that something unfortunate is bound to happen here to-night."

The silence seemed to grow deeper, and Ruth stirred uneasily in her chair.

"Nonsense, 'Turah! Seven crows flying up from the lake are not at all unusual. I don't believe in your signs."

"Well, you hain't lived as long as me, an' seen as many of 'em come true. The very night my father died my mother see the white death-horse peerin' in at the winder, waitin' to carry him off."

Ruth's involuntary glance out into the gathering darkness was not lost on Keturah.

"And the night my Uncle Eph died the clock threw the shadder of a coffin two hours before any of 'em expected him to die. And the day Aunt Sallie died all her bees swarmed and left their hives, and hung for nearly five minutes in front of her bedroom winder before they left the farm. It's plain to see, Ruth, ye hain't had the proper experience in signs to judge of 'em.

"But the greatest sign of all," Keturah continued, beginning to lay the suppertable, "was when Hank Loomis died over to Sugar Hill. Ever hear of that? Ye haint? Well, I wonder!

"Hank was a turrible sinner. He just drinked himself to the edge of the grave, and the summer afternoon he laid a-struggling with death Deacon Brown urged him to repent, but he wouldn't. Says he, "I'll die as I've lived, an' you git out!"

"Three o'clock in the afternoon the hall door stood open, an' it was so hot the dooryard flowers lopped over on their stems and hung still. Suddenly there came a long, cold blast of wind. Everybody felt the icy chill. It howled unairthly, an' the die-away moan made them shedder down their spines. Follerin' it came three sounding raps on the brass knocker. They were awful.

"Hank's sister Belindy, she crep' out and peeked over the banisters, an' there was the hall empty, an' not a livin' soul in sight high or low. Jest then Hank give a gasp, an' up an' died. Want to go down sullar with me for the victuals?"

Ruth hesitated and shivered.

"Yes, I'll go, 'Turah, but I don't want to hear of another omen to-night. I'm getting nervous."

The cellar was dark and gloomy. Ruth held the lamp while Keturah took down the necessary edibles from the swinging shelf. The return to the warm, cosy kitchen was exceedingly pleasant. Ruth ate her supper sitting opposite Keturah, and speculating on the nature of omens in general, while Keturah discoursed volubly of her wonderful "knack fer presentiments."

"And I feel sure," she declared, over her fourth cup of tea, "that them crows meant trouble here to-night."

The sound of wheels and gay voices outside gave a quick, bright turn to affairs. Belle, Kitty and Grace Maywood came rushing into the kitchen, brimming over with merriment, and bringing a joyous atmosphere with them.

"This promises fun!" cried Grace, whirling Keturah around giddily in spite of her protestations.

"'Turah, we want some of your very butteriest molasses taffy. What makes you look so sober, Ruth?"

They settled comfortably around the fire. 'Turah brought in the molasses jug and the butter jar. Ruth took down several ears of pop-corn from the back-kitchen rafters, and the girls shelled them while 'Turah made the candy. At length it was finished, and set out on the side porch in two goodly-sized milk-pans. A pyramid of snowy corn was piled up on the blue platter, and then Grace and Ruth fell to cracking hickory nuts on flatiron.

Kitty had just returned from a visit to Ithica. She was overflowing with "new ideas," and after describing the latest fashions, she began to dance.

Keturah sniffed. She had been sitting by the table, listening with a pleased air to the girls' chat, but at the sight of Kitty's dancing her face lengthened again.

"That must ha' been the very place where he stood," she said, dolefully, "and the very same kind of a double-shuffle he danced. I don't like to see it, nater them seven crows to-night."

There was a solemn mystery in her words which made itself felt, and the girls all huddled together as she told again the story of the sign she had seen that night.

"But I can't see that the dance is very dangerous?" pouted Kitty.

"Ever hear how your Uncle Bije died, Ruth? My mother told me. Forty year ago Bije Totten lived in this house, and he was a great feller for to dance a double-shuffle. He was the greatest dancer in the county, Bije was.

"Well, he had company here one night, and of course they asked him to heel and toe it for 'em. He stood up and began to whistle the tune he danced to, when all on a sudden he stopped. He told 'em seriously he felt he oughtn't to dance it. Somethin' told him not to. But they persuaded and joked him, till finally he gave in.

"'I do it,' says he, 'agin my convictions.' And when he come to the place where he give three high hops, he just fell over, spang! and up and died before his wife could get to him. But he seemed bound an' determined for to finish that dance.

"Once a year, on the night that he died, at 12 o'clock, the family regularly heard that double-shuffle a-goin' on in this kitchen, and then all to once a heavy thud—"

"O, 'Turah, stop!" cried Kitty, in an agony of terror. Ruth was white, and both Grace and Belle looked frightened. Keturah paused, a little dismayed at the consternation she had produced.

"I don't think I shall sleep a wink to-night!" cried Kitty.

"Hark!" said Ruth, sharply: "what's that?"

It sounded as if a step was approaching the house. There was a footfall on the porch, and then a knock.

"The seven crows have come!" muttered Keturah, under her breath, as she listened intently.

The knock was repeated, and then came an imperative rap.

"No one shall open that door this night!" declared Keturah, with a white face.

Again they heard the step and then suddenly a noise arose, so terrific and deafening that it seemed as if a cyclone had struck the house. The windows rattled, the door-latch shook, and with the general uproar were mingled frightful stamps and slams. These sounds doubled in violence, and low, angry growls were distinctly heard.

Panic-stricken, the girls shrank together in numb terror. Keturah stood as if frozen, but she presently managed to say:

"It's my sign! What *has* happened? Oh! what *has* happened? It's awful! It's awful!"

The uproar died away all at once into light echoes.

"Ruth! Ruth!" wailed Keturah, "either Mary is dead or somethin' turrible has happened to your mother! didn't I say so?"

But before she had finished speaking a hearty man's voice on the other side of the door called out:

"Won't you let me in? I'm Silas Vandevender!"

There was no mistaking it, and in a transport of relief Ruth sprang to open the door. Silas hobbled across the porch, over which he usually strode, and carefully lifting first one foot and then the other, he shuffled toward the centre of the kitchen.

One glance at his feet told what had happened. Each foot was firmly fastened in the centre of a milk-pan full of soft taffy, and Silas, with a queer grin, stood regarding the pans curiously.

"So that's what it was, was it?" he said, after the girls, in a strong reaction from intense fear, had laughed till the tears came. "Only some of 'Tury's taffy. Well, it's tol'able sticky, 'Tury! I wonder at you settin' this stuff to cool on the porch. Did you calc'late to ketch a burglar? I come here to-night primed for stealin', but 'twas in a fair way. I only wanted to steal you from Mrs. Totten!"

A phenomenal blush overspread the gathering chagrin on Keturah's face. Kitty giggled outright.

"I set one foot in somethin' soft," Silas went on, "an' while I was tryin' to stomp it off, I set the other foot inter the same stuff. I was kind o' su'prised, ye see, an' I danced consid'able out there tryin' to git out o' the trap. I couldn't contrive what on airth had caught me that seemed so sudden fond o' my boots!"

He removed the pans, each with a sticky impress of his great cowhide boots in the centre, and with an apology for having spoiled the taffy, placed his adhesive feet on a newspaper.

"I do hope, Ketury," he went on, "that when we're married you'll stand by me like your taffy."

Although this was intended in strict compliment, Keturah took it very ill.

"You hain't got me yit, Si Vandevender!" she said, crisply, and retired into the buttery.

Ruth brought out her father's slippers and gave Si some idea of the nervous state they had been in. He laughed at their uneasiness over "'Tury's rubbishy yarns," as he called them, and so reassured them that the little household was once more in a state of calm and contentment before he went away.

Next morning the girls found not only a bountiful breakfast awaiting them, but Keturah with an astonishing emerald ring on her finger and a self-conscious smile on her face. Broad daylight had turned her thrilling signs into mirth-provoking myths, and she herself had quite discarded the mood of prophecy.

"So," said Ruth, when Mrs. Totten had returned with the news that Mary was better, "'Turah, if your seven old crows meant anything, it was that you were to become Mrs. Vandevender; and that must be a good sign which proves you all wrong."

"Mebbe," said Keturah.—*Lillian L. Price in Companion.*

The Disgrace of Unused Wealth.

A Methodist paper says:—When Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Scotch-American millionaire living near Pittsburg, said that "the man who dies worth a million dollars, dies in disgrace," he uttered a sentiment which men of wealth will not generally appreciate. He did not mean that the making of a big fortune is disgraceful, but that the clinging to it until the dying gasp, accomplishing nothing with it, founding no charities, endowing no worthy causes, helping no noble enterprises, is dishonorable to true manhood and a Christian name. The real necessities of life are few. Any man worth a million dollars has an income beyond his actual personal and domestic necessities. What shall he do with it? He naturally desires comforts and luxuries, to which his hard-earned fortune entitles him. He wants a bountiful board, an elaborate wardrobe, a superb turn-out, servants, and helps and conveniences of every sort. Let him have them. What then? His wealth keeps piling up. Shall he pamper his body, multiply his extravagances, indulge himself in needless outlays for mere selfish gratification? or shall he take some thought for others, help a worthy family now and then, bestow a liberal offering occasionally where it will do the most good for education or religion, institute new schemes for the amelioration of human woes and the relief of human distress? It is plain in which direction true manhood would prompt him to go. And then concerning his fortune when he is done with it. Shall he leave it all to his children? In four cases out of five it will prove ruinous. His boys will be spendthrifts, motiveless and useless. His girls will become the victims of fortune-hunters. The money he has piled up by hard knocks and rigid economy will bless none and curse many. He may have a monument in the graveyard, but none in the esteem of his countrymen. He may gratify his long-cherished desire to "die rich," but once the heart-strings are snapped asunder his gratification ends, and his name soon sinks into oblivion.

ELECTRIFIED SNOW.—In a paper describing a perilous ascent of Pike's Peak, Lieut. John P. Finley, United States signal service, says that the ascent was made in April, when the snow was the deepest of all months of the year, and the lieutenant was accompanied by the sergeant of the station. The ascent was accomplished on mule back until a zone of deep snow was reached, and then the animals were taken back to the half-way house below. Into this snow they sometimes sank up to their armpits and saved themselves from plunging deeper by spreading out their arms At one time they crossed a frozen crust in the shape of a turtle's back, where a foothold had to be cut at every step, and where a misstep would have sent them thousands of feet down the mountain. Electric storms sometimes were witnessed there, when each snowflake, charged with electricity, discharged a spark as it touched a mule's back in its fall. Electric sparks streamed from the finger tips of upraised hands. In their ascent they encountered a storm of sleet that cut their faces so as to draw blood. The last five miles was a fight for life against wind, sleet, cold and rarefied air.—*Washington Star.*

A Trip to Manitoba.
Last year I went to Manitoba on the C. P. R. At Rat Portage I got sick, and at Winnipeg I was so weak I had to be assisted off the train. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and after the first dose felt better. When I got to Boissevain I was as well as ever. The Bitters cure the bad effects of the surface water of the prairies. DONALD MUNRO, Bolsover, Ont.

Only the Breath Wasted.
UTILIZED FROM HIS HORNS TO THE TIP OF HIS TAIL.
The blood of the beef animal is caught and sold to make albumen for sugar refiners and other manufacturers, one use of it being the cheap substitute for hard rubber and other plastic materials used in the manufacture of buttons and other articles. Next the hide is taken off, and after the meat is dressed the contents of the stomach are removed and dried and baled for manure, and the stomach itself is prepared as tripe. The hide goes to the tanner, the head is skinned and denuded of flesh for the sausage maker, the horns are knocked off and go to the comb maker, who knocks out the pith and sells it to the glue manufacturer, who is ever ready to take all the refuse from any part of the steer.
The horny coverings of hoofs are almost as useful as the horns for making buttons, etc., and the feet make oil and glue. The shin-bones make the finest of bone handles for various purposes, and all the remainder of the bony structure which the butcher is unable to sell with the meat finds its way eventually to the manufacturer of bone fertilizer and bone black. With the bones there is usually considerable marrow, grease and glue stock, all of which is used by the bone men in various ways. A few of the tails are absorbed in cold weather in the manufacture of ox tail soup, but usually "the tail goes with the hide," and becomes spoiled for domestic use while lying around the tannery.
Every scrap of the skin of the animal, even the pate, as the skin of the head is called, is used in one way or another, and the refuse of the tanneries forms an important part of the income of the establishments. This explains why large establishments with facilities and arrangements to utilize all these parts, and with labor saving machinery for the various operations of slaughtering, etc., can pay all expenses, including freight two ways, out of what mainly goes to waste in ordinary butchering operations, when only a beef or two per day is killed.—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

GLADSTONE AND THE POSTAL CARD.—Do you know why it is that William E. Gladstone invariably uses the humble postal card for the purposes of correspondence? It is because he is the father of the postal card in Great Britain. He made a long and hard battle in advocacy of its adoption, and now he uses it more than any 99 other men in public life to prove his faith in its utility.

Last month Gladstone was invited to be present at a festival given in behalf of a charitable enterprise. He sent his declination on a postal card. At the festival the postal card was put up at auction sale and brought the goodly sum of £16—about $80.

The Far Reaching
Perfume of a good name heralds the claim that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure, certain, and painless remedy for corns. Fifty imitations prove it to be the best. Take no acid substitutes at druggists.

"Ceres" SUPERPHOSPHATE!
[*THE COMPLETE FERTILIZER.*]
manufactured at the
Chemical Fertilizer Works, Halifax, N. S.
We offer for the TWELFTH SEASON the above celebrated and reliable brand of Fertilizer.
THE OLD STANDARD! BUY NO OTHER!
JACK & BELL,
46 4m Halifax, N. S.

Care of the Eyes.

Sit erect in your chair when reading, and as erect when writing as possible. If you bend downward you not only gorge the eye with blood, but the brain as well, and both suffer. The same rule should apply to the use of the microscope. Get one that will enable you to look at things horizontally, not always vertically.

Have a reading lamp for night use. N. B.—In reading, the light should be on the book or paper and the eyes in the shade. If you have no reading lamp, turn your back to the light, and you may read without danger to the eyes.

Hold the book at your focus; if that begins to get far away, get spectacles.

Avoid reading by the flickering light of the fire.

Avoid straining the eyes by reading in the gloaming.

Reading in bed is injurious as a rule. It must be admitted, however, that in cases of sleeplessness, when the mind is inclined to ramble over a thousand thoughts a minute, reading steadies the thoughts and conduces to sleep.

Do not read much in a railway carriage. I myself do, however, only in a good light, and I invariably carry a good reading lamp to hook on behind me. Thousands of people would travel by night rather than by day if the companies could only see their way to the exclusive use of the electric light.

Authors should have black ruled paper instead of blue, and should never strain the eyes by reading too fine type.

The bedroom blinds should be red or gray, and the head of the bed should be toward the window.

Those ladies who not only write, but sew, should not attempt the black seam by night.

When you come to an age that suggests the wearing of spectacles let no false modesty prevent you from getting a pair. If you have only one eye an eyeglass will do; otherwise it is folly.

Is It Another Fraud?

We are constantly receiving inquiries from all parts of the country asking, "Is this true?" "Will you do what you claim?" or "Is this another humbug?" We are not basing our claim for public patronage upon *new* and unestablished articles for which there is little or no positive evidence of value—but upon old standards of merit, one of which, has *been in use over eighty years*, generation after generation of families in the last four-score years have vouched for it. We ask no one to take our word as a guaranty of value—we have many letters *on file in our office* from people who have used and sold our goods in years gone by, telling of results as wonderful as any known. We should take pride in showing them to any one interested. That simple remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, has probably saved more lives and afforded more relief to the suffering than any other known remedy. It is used and recommended by all classes of people—the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant. All who become acquainted with it, experimentally, are amazed at its wonderful power, and are loud in its praise ever after. It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure or relieve. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly and effectually. This whole page would not suffice to enumerate one-quarter of the diseases and ailments—the broken, splintered and mutilated limbs; bent and stiffened limbs; jams, bruises, old sores, ugly cuts, burns, scalds, etc., which this Anodyne Liniment will positively alleviate or cure. What is the trifling cost of a bottle or a half-dozen of this Anodyne, compared with the worth of a human life? Lose not a moment, but let every family be supplied. It is used as much internally as externally, many do not know this. No matter how well you know this medicine it will pay you to send to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet, free, telling how to use the liniment economically. A tea-spoonful properly used will often do more good than a half bottle as some people use it.

A DOLLAR WORTH $850.—A fact of greatest interest to numismatists is the finding of the missing 1804 silver dollar. Only four silver disks of this date were ever put into circulation, and for years the whereabouts of the fourth has been eagerly searched for, the owners of the other three being known. Of course the limited number gave the silver quarter a fancy price in the eyes of coin collectors, and they have been held at relatively speaking, enormous figures. Many people throughout the country have religiously looked at the date of every dollar received in the hope of finding the valuable dollar. A few days ago Dr. Edward Walther walked into the Commercial National bank and produced the sought for piece. He had found it in the southern part of the state, where it had reposed, no one knows how long, in the stocking of a Norwegian. The doctor parted with $150 in current bills to obtain the treasure; but as the coin is listed by coin dealers at $850 he will hardly be a looser by the operation. At present he announces a determination to keep it, but the temptations of ardent numismatists may cause him to change his mind. Bank officials state that there is no question of its genuineness.—*Pioneer Press.*

—The resignation by Prince Bismarck of the Chancellorship of Germany has thrown Europe into a condition of disquietude if not apprehension. The young Emperor has shown that he possesses a will of his own, and is determined to exert it; and as he is thought by many to be rash and impetuous, and of a warlike disposition, the fact of his throwing off the restraining hand of Bismarck would not seem to augur well for the peace of Europe. He however, says: "I am determined to maintain peace, if possible." Although the resignation of Prince Bismarck was announced to be due to his advanced age and ill health there is little doubt that it was practically forced from him by the young Emperor. The latter was impatient of the aged Chancellor and determined to get rid of him.

MOUNTAIN OF PURE SALT.—On the Colerado river are mountains of salt extending miles. The salt is so pure that a newspaper can be read through blocks of six or eight inches. A single blast of giant powder will blow out tons upon tons of it. This salt does not dazzle the eyes as you might expect, while riding along on the river steamer, or clambering over it. It has a layer of sandstone from two to eight feet thick over it. When this is torn away the salt lies in full sight, like a great snowdrift. How deep it is nobody knows. This salt is destined to be the source of great wealth. Hamilton Disston, the big saw manufacturer, and Baldwin, of Baldwin locomotive works, are the only men who have secured any of these salt mountains. When the Utah Southern railroad is pushed on from Frisco, Utah, it will tap the gigantic salt mountains.

—Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, barks and herbs, and is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sores.

—Hostess—"And you've really had a pleasant evening? I'm so glad!" Guest (and he meant to say something nice): "Thank you, very much; but you know we can enjoy ourselves anywhere!"

TUSKET, N. S., March 8th, 1886.
J. H. PULLEN, ESQ.
Your "OLELEKA" Cough Mixture gives general satisfaction in cases of colds and coughs. Respectfully yours,
JAMES HATFIELD & SONS.

—The last clean up at the Graves Mine, Whiteburn, resulted in a brick of gold weighing 93 ounces, which was the result of only nine days crushing.

Victoria Detests a Flirt.

HOW A YOUNG PRINCESS WAS PUNISHED FOR COQUETRY.

"Very forward," was the criticism said to have been made by her majesty, the queen of England, on the occasion of the presentation of one of our most beautiful American girls.

Said an English gentleman, a few years ago: "Her majesty seems to attend very strictly to the matter in hand, but there is not a trick of manner or a detail of dress that escapes her notice. Her intuitions are so keen and the value that she sets on modesty is so great, her interest in the young so sincere, that she has become a famous reader of character.

"The queen detests a flirt, and she can detect one of these specimens almost at a glance. Neither velvet nor satin nor precious stones can cast sufficient glamour over a tendency of this kind to hide it from these truly motherly eyes."

It is said that one day when her majesty was present in her carriage at a military review the princess royal, then about 14, seemed disposed to be a little familiar, and possibly slightly coquetish in thoughtless girlish fashion, with the young officers of the guard. The queen tried to catch her daughter's eye, but the gay uniforms were too attractive, and the little princess paid no attention to the silent endeavors of her mother.

At last in a spirit of fun, she capped the climax of her misdemeanors by dropping her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, and the queen saw it was not an accident. Immediately two or three gentlemen sprang from their horses to return it to her, but the hand of royalty waved them off.

"Thank you, but it is not necessary," said her majesty. "Leave it just where it lies," and then turning to her daughter she said: "Now, I must ask you to get down and pick up your handkerchief."

"But mamma ——"

The little princess's face was scarlet and her lip quivered with shame.

"Yes, immediately," said the queen.

The royal footman had opened the door and stood waiting by the side of the carriage, and the poor mortified little girl was obliged to step down and rescue her own handkerchief.

This was hard, but it was salutary, and probably nipped in the bud the girl's first impulse toward coquetry. American mothers would do well to follow so meritorious and notable an example.

Her majesty has spoken very plain and sensible words to the British nobility in regard to the education and management of their girls, and on the subjects of flirtation and immodest dressing she is eloquent.

"I had no idea that your mother observed my harmless coquetry," said a young lady whose mother had been spoken to by the queen.

"I have no doubt it was harmless," replied the Princess Alice, who was the embodiment of kindness and sympathy, and yet who never hesitated to speak the truth, "but it was certainly thoughtless and unbecoming. It wouldn't be safe for any of us to be coquettish," she added, with a smile.

"But I was not aware that her majesty ever looked at me after the first formality was over," the young English girl responded dubiously.

The princess's smile deepened into a laugh as she said: "Let me tell you just one thing, my dear; the queen of England has not one pair of eyes, but fifty, and those in the back part of her head are marvels."

CANON WILBERFORCE ON TEMPERANCE.—In a recent address in London, Canon Wilberforce said: "The publican is defying all our educational and religious efforts in every direction, and is the greatest modern enemy of the kingdom of heaven. He knows how to break all the ten commandments at once, and everyone who fights against his trade fights on behalf of the people. If intemperance is a great evil, then to produce intemperance is a crime. The nation must be made to know this, and the power of the temperance movement lies in patiently teaching public opinion." Dwelling upon Christian duty in relation to the drink evil, the speaker said: "To critics I simply say, alcohol may be tenfold the good gift of God, but it is ruining my brethren in every direction, and I will separate myself from it, root and branch. Saved by the cross, will you not carry any cross? To be saved by a religion based on sacrifice, and to be unwilling to make any sacrifice, is an anachronism, a paradox and a sham. Don't tell me moderation is the highest line; but, if, indeed, you think it is, just be humble, and come down to our lower line! But if moderation is the highest line, then I say it is Calvary upside down. God did not say; "Sons of men, carry sinlessness up to Heaven,' but He heard our cry, and brought sinlessness down to us in the incarnate Son. It was to every one of us, and not only to a class of His servants, that Christ spoke when He said: 'As My Father sent Me into the world, even so send I you.'"—*N. Y. Witness.*

—A *modus vivendi* agreement recently arranged between England and France in reference to the privilege of catching lobsters on the coast of Newfoundland causes great excitement in that colony. An immense demonstration and mass meeting was held at St. John's on March 26th, which unanimously adopted resolutions indignantly protesting against the agreement and demanded the entire extinction of French claims upon the Island. A memorial was authorized to the queen and parliament of Great Britain, and delegates appointed to go to England and urge the importance of the crisis upon the Imperial government; also to visit the colonies and enlist their moral support against this imperial interference with home rule. Britain is certainly in the wrong in this matter. The French have right by treaty to dry fish on a part of the coast of Newfoundland, but at the time this treaty was made lobster fishing was unknown. The Islanders have been agitating for a long time for the abolition of the French privilege, a very difficult matter to effect. It can be done, however, and the probabilities are that it will be done as an effect of the present excitement. It is stated that the Newfoundland government has privately signified to the Imperial authorities its acquiescence in this proposed agreement.