Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1894. NO. 25.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store)
Every Thursday.
On arrival of Morning Accommodation Train.
Consular Agent of the United States.
Consular Agent of Spain.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.
GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.
Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
Members of the United States Law Association.
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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

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. Visits Annapolis Valley twice a year. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.
MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38tf

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!
The Packet Schooner

TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N. B., during the season of 1894.
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 21st, 1894. 51 tf

P. C. MELANSON,
—DEALER IN—
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY SILVERWARE, SPECTACLES, Etc.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.
NOTICE.—Any goods sold by me which do not prove to be as I represent them, the purchaser upon returning the article will receive the sum of $20.00.
Middleton, N. S., September, 1893.

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

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 1y

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 Linment 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.

FINE TAILORING
Call and see the New Woollens received at my store last week.
A perfect fit guaranteed, and all clothes made up in a first-class, workmanlike manner.
My Prices are away Down!
EDWIN L. FISHER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
MURDOCH'S BLOCK, - BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

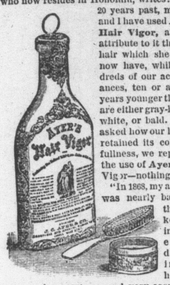
"Once a King." "Always a King."
STEP BY STEP **The "WHITE"** Triumphantly Progresses!
The Pride of its Friends!
The Enemy of its Competitors!
CINCINNATI, 1888. PARIS, 1889.
World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.
Awarded the HIGHEST HONORS covering the essential and vital points claimed.
IT'S THE BEST—first, last, and all the time.
JAS. A. GATES & CO., SOLE AGENTS, MIDDLETON, N. S.

F. A. McPHERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Spring & Summer Suitings
IN THE LEADING PATTERNS.
ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS
FOR 1894.
Also Fine Worsteds, and a Large Assortment of Fashionable Trimmings.
GENTS' FINE SUITS A SPECIALTY.

—THE—
INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO'Y,
LIMITED.
Works: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
☞Correspondence solicited.

SPECTACLES! SPECTACLES!
A very fine line of New Spectacles and Eyeglasses for old or near-sight, just received.
SPORTSMEN! Call and inspect onr shooting spectacles.
JOHN SANCTON.

LADIES' EMPORIUM!
NOW READY AND TO ARRIVE
Ladies' and Children's HATS, BONNETS, PLACQUES,
and all other Hat and Bonnet novelties, which will surpass that of any other season.
Trimmed Hats and Bonnets
kept for sale, including Paris and American, and trimmed to order by an experienced Milliner.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY,
GLOVES, VESTS, CORSETS, SENSIBLE WAISTS, NECKTIES, SATINS (all colors), SILKS, BENGALINE, PONGEE, CHINA, SHOT and SURAHS, Etc.
PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

A Gentleman
Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used **Ayer's Hair Vigor**, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"


"In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use **Ayer's Hair Vigor**, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex.
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

1893. "A." No. 289.
IN THE SUPREME COURT,
—BETWEEN—
WILLIAM S. PINEO and ROBERT V. JONES, Executors of John O. Pineo deceased, - - - *Plaintiff*
—AND—
ELLEN S. E. HARDING, - *Defendant.*

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, in front of the Middleton Hotel, in Middleton, in the said County, on
MONDAY, the 1st day of October.
A.D. 1894, AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein, dated the 11th day of July, A.D. 1894, unless before the day of sale the said defendant shall pay to the said plaintiffs or their solicitor the sum due herein with costs and interest:
All the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above named defendant at the date of the deed or mortgage herein foreclosed, of, in, and to the lands in said deed or mortgage, as rectified by order of the court herein, described as follows: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land in Middleton in which the said Ellen S. E. Harding now resides, in the County of Annapolis, and bounded as follows:
Commencing at the south-west angle of land owned by Isaac Young, on the north side of the Post road, thence west along said road to the Port George road, thence northwardly along the east side of said Port George road twenty-eight rods and three-fourths of a rod, thence eastwardly parallel with the said Post road twenty-eight rods, thence southwardly on a line parallel with the Port George road until it comes to the aforesaid land of Isaac Young, thence westwardly to said Young's north-west angle, thence southwardly along Young's west line to the place of beginning, containing four acres and one-half, more or less.
Excepting therefrom, however, a certain portion of said lands, being one-quarter of an acre thereof, conveyed by the said John O. Pineo to Harriet A. Tait by deed dated the 11th day of August, 1890, and recorded in libro 93, folio 9, of the Registry of Deeds for the County of Annapolis.
Terms of Sale: Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, remainder upon delivery of deed.
Bridgetown, August 29th, A.D. 1894.
J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff.
E. S. CRAWLEY, *Plaintiffs' Solicitor,*
Wolfville, Kings Co., N. S. 17 5t

Union Blend
TEA
—AT—
J. I. Foster's,
GRANVILLE STREET,
BRIDGETOWN.

MISS FLORA MCDONALD.
AN ACHING HEAD.
DEAR SIRS,—I had severe headache for the past three years, and was not free from it a single day. I used doctors' medicines and all others I could think of, but it did me no good. My cousin said I must
TRY B.B.B.
because it is the best medicine ever made, and I took three bottles of it, with the result that it has completely cured me. I think Burdock Blood Bitters, both for headaches and as a blood purifier, is the
BEST IN THE WORLD,
and am glad to recommend it to all my friends. MISS FLORA MCDONALD,
Glen Norman, Ont.

Banks or Red Gravenstein!
As this apple was officially named the "Banks" at the World's Fair, it will be known in the future as "Banks, or Red Gravenstein."
I invite inspection of the apples on the tree. Also of nursery stock. As my stock fit to set this season is limited to hundreds, I cannot agree to reserve stock for spring delivery unless cash accompanies order.
No person authorized to take orders for me unless furnished with printed forms.
A. STANLEY BANKS,
18 1y Waterville, Kings Co

Poetry.

The Way Toward Heaven.

The skies and clouds that float in space
First light, then shade our way,
When looking for the narrow paths
That lead to endless day.
Along the way toward Heaven.

Sometimes our feet are hedged about
With briars, thorns and weeds;
Sometimes the road is smoothly laid
With helpful words and deeds.
Along the way toward Heaven.

Up hill, at times, and down, in turn,
From vale to mountain height,
We often pass, with heavy hearts,
And oft with burdens light.
Along the way toward Heaven.

We watch and wait, with measured pace,
And mingled hopes and fears;
We joy and sorrow, sing and sigh.
We weep and dry our tears,
Along the way toward Heaven.

Oh! toiling man, if the race with thee
Be well and wisely run,
The battles boldly, bravely fought,
The end will be well, life's sun
Going down at the gate of Heaven.

Select Literature.

A Last Resort.

A dark night, and the sky hidden by a mass of hurrying clouds. A raw, chilly wind, the ground all mud, the tall grass and trees dripping from heavy rains. Just emerging into a dark cornfield from still darker woods, a young man, his clothing drenched and mud-stained, his face haggard and desperate, and his whole attitude, as he leaned heavily against the rail fence, telling of utter exhaustion. He was worn out. For more than two hours he had been flying for life over a country imperfectly known to him, though familiar to his pursuers.

More than once he had been compelled to retrace his steps when every moment was precious, and every step through the yielding mud required an effort. Worse yet, there was no possibility of throwing the followers off the trail.

Every step left its plain impression, to be followed as fast as horse could trot, and capture meant sure and swift death—no wonder he was desperate.

Turn which way he would, Gilbert Hazelton could see nothing before him but speedy and disgraceful death. Never to see the sun again, nay, not even a friendly face!

Was this the end of the bright hopes with which he had kissed his mother good-by only two short months before? It seemed like a far-away dream now. He had lived ages of fear and agony since then, gone through unspeakable humiliation and dread.

He had been accused of murder, tried for his life, found guilty, and sentenced to death. His letter to his friends must have miscarried, for they had not come to his relief.

Poor and alone among strangers, who persisted in believing him identical with the tramp who had murdered poor David Westford, Gilbert had yet fought bravely for his life. Some few had been convinced of his innocence, and his lawyer had succeeded in obtaining a new trial, in which new witnesses might at least prove an alibi.

But when this word went abroad the townspeople were furious. They had seen more than one undoubted criminal escape through some technicality. Were they now to see the murderer of poor David Westford escape through the easily bought perjury of some worthless companions in crime? They vowed it should not be.

Last night at dusk groups of stern-looking men stood before the jail talking grimly together, and a whisper in the air warned the sheriff what was coming.

The jail was old and rickety. He could not defend it, and his resolve was quickly taken.

In the early dusk the prisoner was sent out by a side door, under charge of the sheriff's son, while the sheriff himself remained to make sure mob violence did not make a mistake and seize some other victim. But treachery carried the word to the mob, and they were soon in hot pursuit of the fugitives.

In this emergency the boy, who was firmly convinced of the prisoner's innocence, released him, demanding only a promise to rejoin him at a place appointed, and himself turned back to throw the pursuers off the trail if possible. Gilbert fully intended to keep his promise, but in the darkness he missed his way, and the bloodhounds in the rear caught his trail.

Now for two hours, which seemed two eternities, he had been running for life, and the unknown country and horrible mud had completely exhausted the little strength that two months of confinement and terrible anxiety had left him.

Nothing but utter desperation could have driven him another rod. But when a shout came faintly from the rear he pushed forward with a great effort across the strip of cornfield, through the fence, and out on a well travelled road.

To one less utterly worn out this would have given a glimmer of hope, for here at least the mud had become liquid ooze, which retained no foot-print.

The pursuers would not know which way to turn, and must watch both roadsides to see that he did not turn aside. But he was too tired to use the advantage, and when, after running a few rods, he slipped and fell, he lay there a full minute too utterly exhausted to rise.

What was the use, when his utmost endeavors could only put off death for a few moments? Why not take one moment for rest and thought before the end?

A farmhouse stood a quarter of a mile farther on, and, as he lay there panting, exhausted, waiting only for death to overtake him, his hopeless glances fell upon its light.

How placid and peaceful looked the lamp, shining serenely through the parted curtains! Doubtless a happy family were sitting around it, father and mother, sturdy sons and pretty daughters, laughing and talking, and never dreaming of the dark tragedy enacting so near.

Would they care if they did know? Would they come to his aid if some instinct should tell them? And then he suddenly scrambled to his feet, resolving to make one last effort for his life. He would struggle on to the farm-house and appeal to the quiet family circle. They might give him concealment. It was but death if he failed, and it would be no less if he did not try.

It took all the strength this last faint hope gave him to carry him to the gate and up the clinker walk, whose hard, dark surface would betray no footstep. Yet his heart failed as he reached the door, and leaned, utterly exhausted, against the door-post.

"If I only knew there were women inside! A woman would be merciful. But it may be some stern old farmer, who will only order me off, and set the dogs on me."

The window was but a step away. He crept to it and looked between the curtains. A plain, neat, farmhouse kitchen, and two women, evidently mother and daughter, sitting by the table before the fire, the mother sewing, the daughter reading aloud. No one else in sight, yet Gilbert gave a smothered gasp and fell back in despair.

"David Westford's mother and sister! That settles it!"

He had seen both faces at the trial—the elder, sad and patient under its silvery hair; the younger, pure, pale and clear-cut, thrown into strong relief by the dark eyes, long jet lashes and heavy black braids.

He stood there still, hopeless, when there came a sudden break in the clear voice within. The girl had ceased reading. He looked in, and saw her pick up a pitcher and come toward the door.

A moment more and she had come out, all unconscious of the man so near, gone straight to the pump on which the lamplight shone and was filling her pitcher. Nerved by desperation, Gilbert stepped toward her.

"I will appeal to her. Why shouldn't I? I did not kill her brother. She may pity me. She is a woman and they are half Quakers I have heard," he muttered, and aloud, "Miss Westford, help, for God's sake!"

The clanking of the pump ceased. The girl looked around with a startled air. "Who spoke?" she demanded.

"A fugitive, utterly exhausted with flight from a bloodthirsty mob. They are close at my heels. I can't go farther, and I am doomed unless you have pity and give me help or concealment."

"Who are you?" she enquired, and with a dreadful sinking at his heart he gave his name, "Gilbert Hazelton."

She uttered a sharp cry, and looked away where the distant lanterns were gleaming through the cornfield—the pursuers on his track.

"I must ask mother," she said, and snatching up her pitcher, swept past him into the house.

He heard her quick voice, and Mrs. Westford's startled outcry, and in very desperation followed her in.

The old mother met him, white-haired and venerable. "So thee can seek shelter here, of David Westford's bereaved mother?" she said, bitterly, wonderingly.

"Why not? I never harmed you or him," he urged, desperately. "As true as there is a heaven above us, I am innocent of what is laid to my charge. It will be proven when my friends come. But that will be too late unless you help me."

"But I do not know it now," Mrs. Westford wavered. "Thee speaks fair, but do not all criminals the same? A trial was given thee and thy innocence was not proved. Why should I save the murderer of my boy?"

Gilbert fell into a chair, too exhausted to stand. "You will know when it was too late if you refuse me aid. Madam, will you risk it?—risk feeling that you might have saved an innocent man, but instead let him go to his death?"

"Ernestine," cried the old mother piteously, "what ought we to do? How can we risk a life-long remorse, or how can we risk letting David's murderer go free to break other hearts as ours are broken? What does thee say?"

The girl stood in the open door, her glances alternating between the pleading face of the fugitive and the lanterns coming along the roadside.

"We must decide quickly, mother," and her clear voice quivered with feeling. "He may be innocent. It hardly seems as though a guilty man would come here—to David's home—for shelter. And if we are accessory to his death—mother, it is murder for them to take the law into their own unauthorized hands. Our choice lies between one man, who may or may not be a murderer, and a score who will surely be if we do not hinder."

"Then thee says save him?" Mrs. Westford asked doubtfully.

"I dare not refuse it, mother. Do you?"

The old lady hesitated, then opening a corner cupboard, took out a pair of handcuffs—relics of the days when David had been deputy sheriff, and earned the enmity of tramps and evil-doers—and held them toward Gilbert.

"If thee will put these on, that we may have no fear from thy violence when the mob are gone, we will conceal thee safely, and when the search is over send thee back to thy lawful guardian. That is all. I cannot place myself and my daughter at the mercy of one who may have none. Will thee consent?"

She was only prudent. Gilbert bowed silently and extended his hands. It was his only chance for life, and it would be the height of folly to object. Yet a faint color came into his face as the cold steel snapped on his wrists, rendering him helpless—yet scarcely more so than fatigue had already made him.

The hesitation of both was over now. Ernestine bade him remove his muddy shoes, while she swiftly closed the door and drew down the blinds, and the mother hurried into another room. Thither Ernestine beckoned him to follow, pausing only to thrust the shoes out of sight.

At the door she turned. "It is David's room," looking keenly into his face. "Come in!"

Did she think he would draw back? Guilt itself would hardly have done that now, with the pursuers so near.

"If David can see, I know he is willing," Gilbert answered quietly.

It was a small plainly furnished room. Mrs. Westford had drawn the bed from the wall and thrown back the last breadth of carpet, revealing a tiny trap-door. At his entrance she opened it, and motioned him down.

"It is only four feet. You can drop that far," said Ernestine, encouragingly. "There is no outer door. You will be quite safe."

Her mother smiled sadly. "How many frightened fugitives have slept there in safety! But that was years ago—before the war. Thee need not fear. Now—but stay, thee must be faint. I will bring thee food and drink."

She hurried away, and he swung himself down. It was not very easy, with his manacled hands, and Ernestine helped him. His heart thrilled at touch of her cold, trembling fingers.

"She shrinks from my touch. She thinks my hands stained with her brother's blood," he thought, bitterly.

But another glance at the pure, pale face relieved him. She was listening anxiously, and said with hurried kindness, "There is an old bed down there. Look, while I hold the light down. There! Even half an hour's rest will help you. But you must eat and rest in the dark, for this cellar extends under the kitchen, which is carpetless and has cracks in the floor. Here comes mother."

Very hurriedly Mrs. Westford passed the well-filled dish and pitcher to him, reporting the mob almost before the house.

"Cover up quickly, Ernestine. I am going to wake Harry."

That was her youngest son, still sleeping soundly upstairs.

She hurried away, and Ernestine quickly lowered the trap-door and pushed back the bed.

Shut down in the darkness Gilbert groped his way to the old bed, and sank down on it in utter exhaustion.

He could do no more, be it life or death. He heard the girl's quick steps, the closing door, the louder steps directly overhead, and a slender spur of lamplight came down through a crack. She was back in the kitchen—and there were stern voices indistinctly to be heard without.

Ernestine heard them more plainly, and stood with clasped hands and pale face, praying silently, but, oh, so earnestly, that the innocent, if he were innocent, might be saved, when her young brother came rushing downstairs just as there came a thundering knock at the door.

Mrs. Westford had told him no more than that a crowd of men with lanterns were approaching, and it was in perfect good faith that he flung open the door and angrily demanded their business. They soon satisfied him.

"The tramp that murdered your brother is at large, and we are hunting for him."

"We have looked all up and down the road, for we know that he came this way, and it looks mightily as if he had slipped into your premises and hidden somewhere. Your folks will have no objections to our searching, I reckon?"

"Not a bit. I don't think he would stop here, but if he did I hope you'll catch him and hang him to the nearest tree," the boy answered fiercely.

The fugitive, plainly hearing every word, shuddered, but he had no idea how many times that old house had been searched in vain for hunted souls or he would not have feared. Harry knew the secret of the long unused cellar, but never dreamed that his mother and sister could know anything of the hunted tramp-murderer, and so had no idea that he could be in the house. So the out-buildings and premises were thoroughly searched, while Ernestine and her mother looked on with pale, quiet faces and wildly beating hearts, and the fugitive lay and listened in the darkness. Then the men rode on, grumbling and cursing the sheriff for letting the prisoner escape. Harry fretted a little, never guessing that his every word reached the ear of the man whom he would willingly have surrendered to his murderers, and then went back to bed.

Silence settled on the old farm-house, and Gilbert actually fell into a light doze, from which Mrs. Westford's soft call aroused him. Half asleep, he made his way to the trapdoor, and was helped up. Ernestine, in cloak and hat, stood waiting.

"Mother thinks it best that you should be back in safety before day-break." she said simply. "I can drive you over very soon."

"I hate to let thee go, dear," her mother said anxiously.

"It is only for an hour, mother," assured the girl; "and we can hardly trust Harry. He is only a boy, and so impetuous and bitter."

Mrs. Westford sighed. "It seems to be a duty—and surely our Father will not let thee suffer for doing thy duty. Well, go. My prayers shall go with thee. But be careful, child."

The light waggon and bay pony stood at the door. The prisoner was helped into the back seat, and Ernestine sprang in before. The big watch dog followed at her call and curled up under her seat, and Gilbert felt that however kindly these women might feel, they were not disposed to run any useless risks.

"Good-by, mother. Don't fret," was Ernestine's parting word, and Mrs. Westford's earnest "May God protect thee!" showed her uneasiness. Yet she added a kindly word to the prisoner, "And may he bring out the truth! I hope we shall see thee free before all the world right speedily."

Then they drove into the darkness. Ernestine spoke little, her heart beat too fast. She half apologized for taking the dog.

"The roads would be so lonely, coming back," an apology which he readily accepted. Could he resent her prudence when she had given him his life? But he could not help being intensely thankful that the dog had been asleep in the barn when he approached.

Their trip was but half done when lanterns gleamed ahead, and wheels and voices were heard approaching. "The mob," was his first thought, and Ernestine whispered hurriedly, "Down under your seat till they pass!" Then with a sudden joyful change in tone and manner, "Oh, it is the sheriff. Thank heaven."

The sheriff it was, looking anxiously for his charge, but with little hope of ever seeing him alive again. Ernestine turned quickly.

"Your wrists, please," and the manacles fell off, "There! You need not tell that part unless you wish. It was only—but you understand. Mother had a right to be cautious, you know."

And then the sheriff was holding them, and as much surprised as delighted to find his prisoner in such hands. The transfer was soon made, and with a kindly word of farewell Ernestine hastened back to her anxious mother.

At the new trial Gilbert Hazelton had no difficulty in proving his own identity, and was triumphantly acquitted. Of all the warm hand clasps and congratulations he received, none gave him more pleasure than those of Mrs. Westford and her daughter.

"You must come and see us," Ernestine said, blushing. "I know we were not over polite to you, mother and I; but come again, and you will find that we can be civil."

And he did come—not once, but many times—and at last carried sweet Ernestine away his bride.—*Ada E. Ferris, in "The Overland Monthly."*

—Dyspepsia causes Dizziness, Headache, Constipation, Variable Appetite, Rising and Souring of Food, Palpitation of the Heart, Distress after Eating. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia if faithfully used according to directions.

—The best and most reliable reports the *Hay Trade Journal* can get in, are that the hay crop of the United States, Canada and Europe will be 9 per cent. short of an average crop, with 3 per cent. of old hay yet on hand. Prices at the sea-board markets in the U. S. vary from $9 to $17 per ton.

—The prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will invariably cure all affections of the kidneys.

For immediate relief after eating use K. D. C.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER
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The Martini-Metford Rifle.

At the recent meeting of the D. R. A., Major-General Herbert defended some aspersions which have been made against the new rifle adopted for the Canadian Militia and as usual fortified his views with ascertain ed facts. He said he had a series of experiments made at the various stations of the permanent force, with a view especially to ascertaining the relative merits of the Martini-Metford and the Martini-Henry rifle in the hands of an inexperienced shot.

The results are most remarkable as showing an almost invariable increase in the percentage of hits and in the value of the scores obtained with the Martini-Metford as compared with those made by the same men with the Martini-Henry.

1. A squad of six men at 500 yards; deliberate individual firing—Score with Martini-Henry equal to 55.2 per cent of possible score; score with Martini-Metford, equal to 63.3 per cent. of possible score. Results in favor of Martini-Metford, 8.1 per cent.

2. The same squad at 500 yards; rapid individual firing—Score with Martini-Henry equal to 31.4 per cent. of possible score; score with Martini-Metford equal to 44.7 per cent. of possible score. Results in favor of Martini-Metford 1.33 per cent of possible score.

3. A squads of recruits at 500 yards; deliberate individual firing—Score with Martini-Henry equal to 30.7 per cent. of possible score; score with Martini-Metford equal to 56.4 per cent of possible score. Result in favor of Martini-Metford, 25.7 per cent of possible score.

4. The same squad of recruits at 500 yards; rapid individual firing—Score with Martini-Henry equal to 15 per cent of possible score; score with Martini-Metford equal to 18.5 per cent of possible score. Result in favor of Martini-Metford, 3.5 per cent of possible score.

Other similar experiments with recruits firing at 200, 300, 400, 500, and 600 yards show the shooting to be better with the Martini-Metford rifle by an amount equal to over 27 per cent. of the possible score.

A great deal had been made of the increased weight of those rifles as compared to the Martini Henry rifle, so much so that anyone with a less intimate acquaintance of Canadian militia-men than he had would imagine them to be men of very weakly constitution. Now what were the real facts connected with this extra weight that was going to break the backs of the boys? The weights of the different weapons now in use are as follows: Martini-Henry, 9 pounds, Lee-Metford, 9½ pounds; Snider-Enfield, 9½ pounds; Martini-Metford, 9¾ pounds. It will therefore be seen, that this crushing weight is only half a pound more than the weight that has been borne by the militia for the last 25 years. (Laughter.) It must, however, be remembered that the rifle is not the only article a soldier has to carry. He has to carry his ammunition. A man carrying a Martini-Metford rifle and a 100 rounds of ball ammunition is actually carrying 4½ pounds less weight than the soldier carrying a Martini-Henry rifle and the same quantity of ammunition.

A Grand Feature

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood and sends it coursing through the veins full of richness and health, it also imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. Hence the expression is often heard: "Hood's Sarsaparilla made a new person of me." It overcomes that tired feeling so common now.

—Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

The Electoral Lists.

All revising barristers through the Dominion have begun the revision of the Dominion electoral lists. The revising barrister takes from the assessment books the names of all persons qualified to vote in Dominion elections, and up to the 15th of October he will receive applications from persons who are qualified to vote, but whose names do not appear on the assessment lists. Every person has the right to be registered who is of age and a British subject, who owns or occupies real estate in a city valued at $300; in a town of the value of $200; and in the country districts of the value of $150. Persons not owning real estate can also qualify if they pay a monthly rent of $2 or a yearly rent of $20 and have paid that amount of rent for one year.

Farmers' sons living at home are also qualified to be registered under certain conditions, also any person in the receipt of an income of $300 in money or money's worth or partly in money and partly in money's worth.

Safe, Sure, and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure-pop corn cure—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.

—The famous musical composers have taken a hint from their literary brethren, and are securing an advance magazine publication for their compositions just as the authors publish their novels in serial form. *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which was practically the first magazine to offer this outlet to composers of repute, finds all the musical men rallying to it, Sir Arthur Sullivan announcing that the new song which he has just finished will be published in that magazine. Patti's veteran conductor, Arditi, has given his new waltz to the *Journal*, while Reginald de Koven's new song goes also to the same periodical. Strauss has sent his new waltz to the editor, Sousa a new march, and Mascagni, of "Cavalleria Rusticana" fame, is writing a piano score.

—Delicate children find a wonderful tonic and invigorator in Puttners Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Its pleasant taste and ready digestibility especially adapt it for their use. All the leading physicians prescribe it.

—Ponce de Leon failed in his search for the fountain of eternal youth down in the state of Florida, and Brown-Sequard never perfected his elixir of life, but those were intended for the flesh, not for the spirit. In his own heart, in his own mind, every man may find if he will but seek the fountain of eternal youth and the elixir of life.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was a wit, but he happened upon philosophy when he said "A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line—by deeds, not years," and and with equal truth a poet said;

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, highly concentrated is the most economical blood purifier that can be used.

—The monument erected to the memory of those who lost their lives at Springhill in the explosion of the 21st February, 1891, was unveiled yesterday, the occasion calling for the attendance of a large gathering. By this calamity 58 women were made widows and 100 children became orphans, while 8 aged widows had to mourn the loss of sons. The figure is of a miner, and is chinelled in white marble. Upon the four sides of the shaft are inscribed the names of the 135 victims of the great disaster.

—Some people laugh to show their pretty teeth. The use of Ivory White Tooth Powder makes people laugh more than ever. It's so nice. Price 25c. Sold by druggists.

—The growth of the railway system of Canada during the last half century has been marvellous. In 1850 there were only 71 miles of railway in operation in all Canada, and in 1867 there were 2,258 miles; now there are nearly 16,000 miles of railway in the Dominion.

—When the scalp is atrophied, or shiny bald, no preparation will restore the hair in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.