Bath Brothers' Livery Stable.

Passengers conveyed to all parts of the country at reasonable rates.
Teams in waiting at all trains.

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BRIDGETOWN.

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,
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DR. FOWLER'S
EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC and CRAMPS
DIARRHŒA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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CASH!

FLOUR,
OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
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GROCERIES,
STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,
Harnesses made to Order.
REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.
Nov. 19th, 1888.

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

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SOLE AGENTS,
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A smart, steady, and reliable young man in Miller Bros.' Office, Moncton, N. B., whose pay will be advanced as he learns the business. For further particulars apply to
MILLER BROS.,
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STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2
Office in
LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.
Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84. 51tf

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1890. NO. 28.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.
One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 50 Pills in every box.
We pay duty to Canada.

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

Make New Rich Blood!

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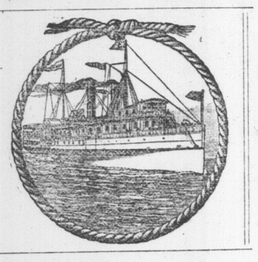
OPENING OF THE DIRECT LINE.

FOR BOSTON, DIRECT.



Commencing Monday, Sept. 29th,

the International Steamship Company's steamer for BOSTON, DIRECT, will leave Annapolis every Thursday, p.m., after arrival of W. & A. Express from Halifax. Returning, leave Boston, direct, every Monday morning.

Excursion Tickets, $5. Good for Two Weeks from Date of Issue.

ST. JOHN LINE—CHANGE OF TIME.

Commencing MONDAY, May 5th, one of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN for BOSTON via EASTPORT and PORTLAND every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7.25 Eastern Standard Time.
August 16th and September 13th, inclusive, the "State of Maine" will leave St. John Saturdays at 6.25 p.m., for Boston, direct.
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.

JUST NOW
THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF
DINNER AND TEA SETTS
GLASSWARE.
Hanging and Table Lamps,
BLANKETS and QUILTS,
MELTONS,
AND
GENERAL DRY GOODS,
Stationery and Fancy Goods,
BOOTS and RUBBERS,
AND
CHOICE GROCERIES
will be found at
LOWEST PRICES
AT
J. W. WHITMAN'S,
LAWRENCETOWN.

FOR SALE.

THE subscribers offer at private sale that property at present occupied by Lawrence Willett, junr., and situated on the main Granville Highway on the west side of the Young's Mountain road.
The property consists of about one and a-quarter acres of land and a comfortable Cottage, nearly new.
The situation is well adapted for a mechanic's stand.
If not sold before THURSDAY, the 9th day of OCTOBER next, it will then be offered at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

on the premises, at TWO o'clock, p.m.
Terms made known on application to
CHARLES W. PARKER,
W. FLETCHER PARKER,
Executors on Estate John B. Parker.
Bridgetown, Sept 9th, 1890. 23 5i

The Schooner
Temple Bar
is again to the Front.

THIS well-known packet will make regular trips between this port and St. John, during this season, carrying freight with the usual care.

The subscriber keep
LIME AND SALT
constantly on hand and for sale.
Apply to
J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master*,
or to P. Nicholson when the schooner is not in port.

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

Things Worth Remembering.

Betray no trust.
Beware of jealousy.
Industry prevents vice.
Begin and end with God.
The best are the cheapest.
Scorn to do a mean action.
Do nothing without design.
Confidence bestows success.
Promise little and do much.
Idleness is the key to beggary.
Never be weary in well-doing.
A man may buy gold too dear.
Lazy folks take the most pains.
Quality is better than quantity.
Man proposes but God disposes.
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Trifles often lead to serious results.
A soft answer turneth away wrath.
Procrastination is the thief of time.
Try pleasure, and it will follow thee.
A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.
Truth fears nothing but concealment.
Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.
Better be alone than in bad company.
God helps those who help themselves.
Adversity makes a man wise, not rich.
Modesty has more charms than beauty.
Some are very busy, and yet do nothing.
The first step to greatness is to be honest.
Do good whenever you can, and forget it.
Defile not your mouth with impure words.
Make provision for want in time of plenty.
Articles of real merit are worth their value.
A little body doth often harbor a great soul.
Indolence and ease are the rust of the mind.
Sometimes words wound more than swords.
Report is a quick traveler but an unsafe guide.
Youth looks at the possible, age at the probable.
A good book supplies the place of a companion.
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
Drive thy business or thy business will drive thee.
"Shall the master suffer and the servant go free?"
Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices.

—Victoria is a great tickler at formality; she will not tolerate anything like a breach of custom (writes Eugene Field to the *Chicago News*.) The custom is that, whenever the queen visits a town, she shall, before leaving that town, knight the mayor thereof. The form of dubbing a knight is exceedingly simple. The candidate kneels before her majesty; she asks his name; he gives it simply "Andrew Jones," or whatever it might be; the queen touches him with a sword and says: "Rise, Sir Andrew Jones." On one occasion, the queen was about to knight the mayor of one of the smaller cities she had been visiting. The poor fellow was scared almost out of his wits. He was so nervous that when the queen asked his name, he answered: "Mr. Thomas Hopkins." Whereupon her majesty incensed at this breach of custom and making no allowance for the poor man's trepidation, exclaimed: "Rise, Mr. Thomas Hopkins," and, throwing the sword aside, sailed indignantly out of the room.

Poetry.

Hymns That Mother Sung.

Through the changing scenes of life,
The shadowed vale of smiles and tears,
Where all is lost within the mist
That hides the bygone years,
Some strains there are that linger still,
And many hearts no longer young
Are thrilled with joy again to hear
The hymns that mother sung.

We used to gather at the hearth
When darkness overcame the day,
And, dreamily, as children will,
We'd watch the shadows play;
And sitting by the glowing fire,
As to and fro the kettle swung,
We learned the songs we've always loved,
The hymns that mother sung.

We seem to hear again her voice,
So long remembered, clear and sweet
As when, in days of long ago,
We sat at mother's feet;
And gazing upward on the wall,
Where dearest father's picture hung,
We thought he smiled, for he, too, loved
The hymns that mother sung.

On many snowy wintry nights,
When all without was cold and drear,
We've clustered close around her chair
In happiness and cheer.
No more for us the glowing fire,
No more the cricket's chirping tongue,
And never more on earth we'll hear
The hymns that mother sung.

To them we owe our happy home,
Praise be to God who reigns above,
For keeping ever bright and clear
The lessons learned in love,
Outliving sorrows, bearing hope;
The dear old songs have ever clung
And never can the heart forget
The hymns that mother sung.

—*Newark Journal.*

Select Literature.

Taken in Time.

"The carpenters are about done. They have made quick work of it, I must say. They'll be able to quit to-night."

Farmer Hill came into the cheese-room in which his wife was busy, to tell it. She turned to him in mild surprise.

"Why, without cutting that door?"

"Well, I did mean as much as could be to have that door cut, and the hole between the pantry and the kitchen to put the dishes through without walking 'round. But you see the men have made such good time that I thought it would be best to let 'em go as it's Saturday night, and not break into another week."

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Hill, with the ready acquiescence she always gave to her husband's decisions.

"I'm going to have it done, though," went on Mr. Hill with energy. "I've promised it long enough, and it ought to have been done long ago. I shall have the men back here before long, for I've about made up my mind to have a wind-mill set this fall. Folks say it's a grand thing for saving work. The boys and men are tired of pumping water for the horses. It's getting too late in the day for such old-fashioned methods. I believe in keeping up with the times."

Any one would believe that Farmer Hill meant what he said after looking over the various labor-saving machinery on his well-kept farm. He was a progressive man, with eyes well open to the real advantage to be found in modern improvements. But on one point he surely was blind. Perhaps the same eye which recognized that the labor-saving stopped short of the house and its woman-kind might have found in that fact some reason for the bent, thin frame and the discouraged face which made Mrs. Hill such a contrast to her hale, hearty-looking husband.

But she was so entirely in sympathy with all his plans and arrangements that no thought of complaint crossed her mind as she carried a load of milk pans around to the spring house. A beautiful little rivulet which bubbled through one corner of the back yard had been turned to valuable use for dairy purposes. But the singular obtuseness to all common-sense convenience often shown by old-time country folk had led the builders of the substantial farm house to place the kitchen door on the other side.

If it had ever occurred to Mrs. Hill to calculate how many miles she had walked in traversing with heavy handfuls and weary limbs that well-worn path, she would have been appalled. But she took no more heed of it than of the fact that the long-drawn-out, unceasing burthens which a little care and consideration might have saved, were slowly wearing away her strength and courage.

"Wait, I hadn't got through yet," said her husband, following her to the spring house. "My, you have got a lot of nice-looking butter there. No wonder your butter always brings the best prices anywhere 'round. But I'm going over to the funeral and I guess you'd better go 'long."

"Oh, I can't," said Mrs. Hill, shaking her head very decisively. "I'd like to real well, but there's too much to do."

"Nonsense. Call those big girls of yours and let them take hold a little."

"They do. They do all the sweeping, but I can't leave the dairy work to anyone else. Poor Sarah Duffy! Seems as though I'd ought to go to her funeral."

"Go'n get ready, mother. I'll call Harriet."

"O, never mind. They like to have a little time for study and they ought to. I can leave it for awhile."

"Hannah, then."

"No, she has enough to do in the kitchen."

He stood and watched her while she put the finishing touches to the pats of butter and then walked with her around the house. Her step lagged behind his brisk ones, and as she reached the back porch she sat wearily down on the lowest step.

"I don't know as I'll go, James. I don't feel quite up to it."

"That's your mistake, mother. You get yourself dressed and the ride'll do you no end o' good."

Thus urged, Mrs. Hill, after fifteen minutes, appeared at the door ready to take her place in the smart buggy which her husband drove around. He talked away in great animation as usual, but before long seemed suddenly struck by her unusual silence.

"Ain't you well, mother?"

"O, yes, about as usual. I seem to have a kind of tired feeling lately, but I s'pose it's because I'm getting old. We can't be young always, you know."

"No," said Mr. Hill. But any complaint from his wife was such a novelty that he ceased his talk and pretending to look critically at the grain field of a neighbor, stole a few glances at her face.

He was not an observant man, had not, perhaps, in the daily round of harmonious home life, taken a keen look at the face of anyone there for a year. And a feeling of dismayed surprise arose in his heart as he marked the worn features, the depressed expression and the thick sprinkling of gray in the soft hair.

"Aren't you well, mother?" The question was repeated with more of meaning in the tone.

"Why, of course I am, James. Don't you know what a worker I've always been?"

At the gathering of neighbors for the country funeral, Mr. Hill, leaving his wife at the door to make her way into the gloomy parlor in which one pair of weary hands lay folded in rest, went to find a place to tie his horse. Men talked in subdued tones of crops and stock until the signal came for the beginning of the service, when all gathered as nearly as possible within reach of the voice of the minister. Mr. Hill found himself crowded against a corner of the house close to the end of a long porch which was filled with chairs occupied by women, while from an open window near came sounds which soon told him that the children of the woman who lay resting were within.

They were of all ages as he knew. There was the babble of a toddling child, happily too young to know what dread meaning lay in these strange doings. And Mr. Hill's heart turned sick at the sound of the wailing cry of girls like his own. What if such a thing could come to his home? How could anyone have anticipated this of the woman who had been such a power in her family? Who could have believed that she was in need of this rest?

The short service ended, the neighbors were invited to take the last look at their friend. As Mr. Hill stood waiting for the crowd about him to disperse, an undertoned conversation between two neighboring farmers' wives distinctly reached his ears through the low hum.

"A dreadful thing for them poor girls."

"Yes, indeed. What'd she o' thought if she'd had time to think of it?"

"Such an ambitious woman as she always was. Never thought any work too hard for her."

"No, and I'm inclined to think that's where the mistake come in. I believe Sarah Duffy'd a' been alive to-day if that husband o' hers had had a grain o' sense. She kep' on and kep' on 'till she broke down all at once."

"How do you mean? He was always good to her."

"Yes, in a way. But he let her work and slave without ever trying to make things easy for her. If I should say my say right out, I should say 'twas that pump in the shed that was the death o' Sarah Duffy."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do. I've seen her a-workin' away at that old pump—stiff and heavy and hard and wheezy, till there didn't seem a breath left in her. I never thought much of it myself till I went for a spell down to my sister's in town and see the way they have things fixed. Nobody in that house o' hers raises a drop o' water 'cept to drink it. It all comes through pipes and runs away through pipes. But folks in the country don't have such fixin's. They cost money, and flesh'n blood's cheaper'n money."

"But there's a new pump set in now."

"Yes," with a short mirthless laugh; "it'll make things easier for the second wife."

Mr. Hill rapidly made his way out of reach of the voices and found himself in the current which passed on to the parlor. Before he realized it he stood beside the dead and in one glance took in the expression of ineffable peace. But the weary look had not been quite smoothed out by the kindly finger of death, and sharply into his heart smote the idea that it was like what he had seen in his wife's face as he had furtively scanned it that day. It seemed to rest there now as she sat near the coffin. Making a signal to her he drew her out of the house and towards the buggy.

"Ain't we going to the cemetery, James?" she asked, as he untied the horse.

"No, I think I can give you a more cheerful ride."

He drove home by a road she had always liked, and on reaching home told her to go and lie down. She laughed and he went to find his daughters.

"Girls, do you know mother's run down and tired out and that if we don't look out she'll be the next one to go?"

It seemed a cruel bomb to drop into the light hearts.

"Why, father—is anything the matter? Where's mother?"

"No, stay here; there ain't anything the matter yet, perhaps. It's only I want to have it stopped before the matter comes."

There was a long talk.

"I've begged mother time and again to let me take the dairy work," said Harriet. "She says its too hard for girls."

"We'll make it easier then. We'll make everything easier, for you and for her. We must get her away from home for a change, girls."

"She won't go."

"Let's go'n tell her she must. She's lying down."

"Lying down?" said Janet with a laugh. "Look there."

Mother in her working dress was walking around the house to the dairy house. Father took her arm and brought her in.

"Mother," he said, "I'm going over to Reuben's next week to see about the business between him and me. I shall have to go again three weeks later. I want you to go with me and stay between whiles."

Mother's face flushed, but she shook her head.

"I couldn't do it," she said. "I don't say but what it would be very pleasant to make a good visit to sister Ruth, but I couldn't take the time and I couldn't be ready. I shouldn't want to go looking shabby, and I don't need anything new for here at home. It's the girls' time for wanting things."

"O yes, yes," said father, half irritably, "but it's the girls' time for taking care of you and they know it. Some girls know it too late."

"Don't bother now, father," urged Mrs. Hill. "It would take a week of fussing and hard work, sewing for me to get ready, and would do me more harm than good."

Another talk and a conspiracy against mother was proposed, so astonishing and so delightful that Harriet could not repress a shout of laughter.

"It'll cost money," she said.

"There's more valuable things than money," said father, taking out his pocket book. And the girls grew sober, realizing how strongly he felt all he was saying as he laid out one fifty dollar bill, then another, saying:

"Send for anything she wants ready made, so there won't be any fussing. Then she can't help herself."

And for a week mother was sorely puzzled at the whisperings and the sly glances, surprised at sudden hugs and bursts of laughter from Harriet, half inclined to feel angry at seeing very plainly that something was going on which no one would tell her.

At the end of that time a small trunk was delivered at the door. It contained a black silk dress, wrap and bonnet, with gloves and other accessories to a neat toilet.

"That's the secret of all those measurements I had to take last week for that wrapper," said Harriet, pointing to them. "Will you ever forgive yourself, little mother, for the way you growled at me? You see we girls are getting too old for you to be mistress here any longer, so you might as well give in to it at once."

The result was that mother, more pleased than she would admit, was, as she told her friends at the end of her journey, fairly hustled out of the house before she knew what she was about.

She came back with renewed strength and spirit for the dear home duties. But those duties had been so lightened by tender thought and care for her that she declared there seemed nothing left for her to do.

The windmill which had been planned to save the labor of the men had been called upon as a helper for women also, and kitchen and wash rooms were well supplied with faucets and drains. Doors were cut and everying else done which could save the labor of hands and feet.

"It cost a little money," said Farmer Hill, "but I'm not one to count money before flesh and blood, and I'm willing to declare most men think as I do, only they don't happen to think in time.—*Sydney Dayre.*

A Last Hymn.

Uncle Frank had come from his home in Illinois to make us a visit, for the first time in so many years that none but we older children could remember when he was with us last. But it took only a short time for the little ones to become acquainted. All were charmed by his interesting stories, his kindly, genial manner, and hearty participation in their amusements.

The week after his arrival had been a constant succession of pleasant surprises, for each day developed some new power of entertainment in our favorite uncle.

When Sunday came we had shown off our fine-looking relative at church with very evident delight, had listened to his interesting remarks before the Sunday school, and then, after our early supper, had gathered around the organ in the parlor to try and entertain him in return, and, possibly, to exhibit our proficiency in music with very innocent pride.

We had all inherited good voices from our father, who had taken great pride and pleasure in our musical training, until, from Emma, the eldest, to "wee bit" Mabel, our darling little 3-year-old, we could sing anything we ever heard.

To-night Louie presided at the organ, with Emma beside her, and Arthur and Will at either hand, while Mabel was nestling in Uncle Frank's arms—her favorite resting place.

She was a darling little pet with all—the youngest of our large family, and peculiarly dear, for two lovely little ones had died just before her birth.

Uncle Frank was strongly attached to her, for she bore the name of the beloved wife he had lost several years before, and of whom he never spoke save with tender reverence and tear-dimmed eyes.

We sung one after another of our favorite hymns, "Rock of Ages," "Whiter Than Snow," "Ninety and Nine," etc., until at last Louie played "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

We all joined in filling the room with the sweet music of the dear old hymn.

"Till all my sorn s'all be,
Ne'er my Dord th 'ee,"

sung dear little Mabel in her clear, sweet voice, and with such earnestness in her baby face that Uncle Frank drew the dear child closer in his arms, and caressed the soft flushed check.

There was a pause after the last "Nearer My God, to Thee," swelled out with our united voices; the twilight was creeping on, and a sweet, solemn hush followed, which was broken at last by Uncle Frank.

"That recalls one of the sweetest, saddest memories of my life," he said, gently.

"Oh, tell a'tory, Uncle Frank!" Mabel cried, climbing to her feet and laying her arm around his neck, her soft cheek against his.

"It was about another Mabel—a little older than you are," he said, returning her caress.

"Do please tell us about her," Lou said, and we all drew nearer in eager expectation of another of his interesting stories.

"It was one summer night, a year or two ago," he said, drawing Mabel to her old place on his knee. "I was returning from Peoria on a train well filled with excursionists for Niagara Falls; we were heavily loaded, and a little behind time, so were putting on all steam and dashing along through the darkness at a rapid rate.

"Near me were quite a large party, who were very merry and social together. Two of them sat directly in front of me—a fine-looking man of about 40, and a little girl of some 12 or 13 years, evidently his daughter. She was a slender, delicate-looking child, and her face attracted me strongly; it seemed a reflection of heaven itself, it was so sweet and lovable in expression. In the mirror at the front of the car, just a little ahead of us, I could see them distinctly, and could not help watching, with growing interest, the lovely face of the child. She had removed her hat, and her head, with its masses of soft, wavy, brown hair, lay against her father's arm, while her eyes of clearest, deepest hazel were raised at frequent intervals to his face with a look of devoted love.

"The faces of both seemed familiar, yet I could not at first recall where I had seen them. At last it came to me—he was a physician from a neighboring city, who had attended your Aunt Mabel in a slight illness when we were visiting in his town a few years before, and the little girl accompanied him on one of his visits. I had occasion to call your aunt by her name, and the doctor, looking up with a smile, laid his hand affectionately on the head of his child, saying: 'This is my Mabel.'

"I recalled hearing at the time that the mother of the little girl was dead, and so devoted were the doctor and his child to each other they were never separated except from absolute necessity.

"I observed them with renewed interest after recalling this and noticed all the tender solitude for her comfort on the part of the father and the confiding devoted love of the child.

"As the hour grew late, and some of the party began to nod wearily, some one struck up a familiar hymn; their voices filled the car, and all brightened up under the influence of the music. Hymn after hymn was sung, until there was a pause after 'Sweet Beulah Land,' and I leaned forward and asked: 'Will you sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee?"'

"'Oh, certainly, with pleasure,' the little Mabel said, turning to me with one of her sweet, expressive smiles. 'It is papa's favorite, and mine, also.'

"One of the party started it, and clear above all the rush and roar of the train rang out the most beautiful of all our old hymns. Never had it seemed so sweet, so comforting, before:

"Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,"

sung the clear young voices as our train sped on through the darkness, only a slender rail betwen us and eternity.

"In a mirror I watched with pleasure the child before me. Her eyes were raised, and her face wore the rapt expression of a musical enthusiast and a religious devotee.

"'There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven,'

she sung, and her eyes seemed looking straight through the shining portals into the Celestial city, and her face to catch a gleam from its radiance.

"'Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to the.'

"In imagination I almost saw the angels beckoning the dear child, as I watched the glow of enthusiasm, the rapt expression of devotion in the sweet face.

"The doctor was watching her, also, and a shadow came over his countenance. With a quick movement he drew his child nearer, as if he, too, felt the presence of angelic visitants and would fain hold his darling back from their welcoming arms.

"On rushed the train; clearer and sweeter sounded the music.

"'Or if on joyous wings,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.'

"The glow deepened on the beautiful face, the eyes were filled with the light of holy rapture, of intense devotion, and on the wings of her enthusiasm I, too, was borne upward, when suddenly there was a terrible shock, a crash, the falling of heavy bodies, crushing into us and hurling us down from a great height. The lights went out, and through the darkness and terror, the indescribable confusion, echoed cries for help, shrieks and groans and prayers.

Uncle Frank paused as the memory of the terrible scene pressed upon him.

"Was it Chatsworth?" I asked as soon as I could command my voice. "And how did you escape?"

"Yes, it was Chatsworth," he said. "I was saved miraculously, I scarcely know how; but I was only stunned and bruised, and was among the first to escape from the wreck."

"And 'ee pitty 'little dirl?" Mabel asked, her eyes fixed anxiously on his face.

"Oh Mabel! little darling!" Uncle Frank said with deep emotion, clasping the dear form closer in his arms, "how can you understand that the other Mabel—the sweet little singer—was found under all that wreck, next day, clasped closely in the arms of her dead father. Death had come so suddenly that her face still wore the look of holy rapture—of sweet peace that had seen upon it last. Surely the angels had beckoned her, and the dear Lord had answered her unconscious prayer and drawn her nearer to himself."

Electricity Taking the Place of Steam.

Prof. Elihu Thomson, in speaking on "The Problems of the future," says:—"In the near future railways will be run by electricity; not the small roads, I mean, but really the large ones connecting cities, and there is no reason why we should not expect higher speeds than we can attain at present with our steam locomotives. There we have reciprocating parts that must be put in motion, stopped, and reversed continually, while in the electric locomotive we have the simple rotary motion, which is all we need, which makes it possible accordingly to run at a much higher rate of speed. Although the steam locomotive has been very much improved, yet it can hardly compare with the economy of stationery engines, placed where they can have an abundant water supply for condensing purposes. We can, therefore, by employing stationary engines and electric roads, do away with a great deal of unnecessary weight, and the moving parts being symmetrical, we can attain a much higher speed, say a hundred miles an hour. This would be a grand step forward which would save us a great deal of time. It might even be possible to reach a speed of 150 miles an hour. It simply depends upon finding the method of applying sufficient power, and building the locomotives to suit, arrangements being adopted to keep the cars on the track."

Imperial Federation.

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

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia
Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Hunting Bruin.

SOME THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

This is the season when the Maine bear is ripe, and he is being picked up in great numbers, being for the most part of two and three years' growth. We had been in camp about one week, writes a correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, had twelve traps out, and therefore were obliged to separate in order to visit all. To make it easy for the writer, a route was given him which could be traversed with a canoe, the others going on foot. That day the eldest of the party "trailed a trap" from the den, down through a glen and up a hillside, to and around a "blow-down." A blow-down is a large tree that has been forced down by a gale, the roots on the side whence came the wind being torn from the ground. As the base of the trunk rests upon the roots on the opposite side, and as the limbs and top at the other end will not permit that end of the trunk coming to the ground, the log part of a blow-down is generally from five to ten feet from the earth. In one season the creeping vines of earth will work through the branches, and in the case of this big white birch blow-down had formed a hammock-like netting all through. In this the bear, which had been caught only a short time previously, and which was fresh and strong, had forced his way, and the hunter, standing at the roots, could hear the clanking of the chain and the snorts of anger.

Desirous of gratifying his curiosity, he mounted the trunk of the tree, working upward and into the branches, that he might attain a position from which he might view the struggles of his game. But the bark was slippery, and, making a misstep, he fell, throwing his rifle down as he did so and clutching a big limb. Under his weight this bent down through the other limbs, until he found himself suspended about three feet above the reach of the bear. The grapnel was fast in a tangle of limbs and honeysuckle vines, and bruin, when he stood upon his hind feet and reached for the hunter with his claws, tugged so vigorously that there was danger of the fastening giving way.

The hunter knew that one downward scrape of the claw would peel his ribs to the bone, but when he undertook to climb, hand-over-hand fashion, up the limb, each sway of the body caused an oscillation which brought him altogether too near bruin's paw. How the affair would have ended had this continued cannot be told, but, fortunately for the hunter, the bear, in dropping to the ground to snap the chain, put his fore foot into a half hitch formed by the coiling of the chain, and, as this was now shortened and as the bear could not again stand erect, the lucky hunter dropped to the ground with a side swing, secured his gun, and soon ended the struggles and rage of the bear.

Senator Brown's $6,000,000.

There are few better lawyers in the country to-day than old Senator Joe Brown, of Georgia. Brown is a self-made man from the ground up. He drove a pair of steers to the South Carolina academy where he was educated and got the master to take the steers in payment for his board and tuition. It was here that he got the rudiments that enabled him to begin the study of the law and he taught school after this and studied law at the same time. He borrowed enough money to give him a year at the Yale Law school and improved his time so well that he was able to make $1,200 during the first year of his practice. He pushed his earnings steadily up until they reached $3,000, and he invested all his savings well. The first $450 he made went into a piece of land with a copper mine on it, and he sold the half interest for this later one for $25,000, which he invested in farms and which formed the basis of the immense fortune which he now owns. He is worth $6,000,000.—*Frank G. Carpenters' Letter.*

A Machine Compositor.

Secretary Ferguson, of Typographical Union No. 6, was asked what he thought would be the result of the general introduction of typesetting machines.

"Some persons seem to think," he said, "that an operator of a typewriter can operate a typesetting machine. Such is not the fact. All the technical knowledge of a compositor is required. One might as well say that a printer was made when a person learned the case (the location of the letters in the case). No good printer need trouble himself about the future. He will always have a place in a printing office. Of course those who require more time to correct their proofs than to set the type would better boosting about for another avocation."

This is the opinion of every practical man. It will be the survival of the fittest, and the poor men will have to go to the wall. This may be a harsh verdict, but it is that of the times.—*New York Press.*

The People's Mistake.

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

HOPS AND BEEF IN ENGLAND.—It now transpires that the best English beef comes from Normandy, that the best English hops come from Germany, that the best English mutton comes from New Zealand, Buenos Ayres. The German hops are preferable to the English, for the reason that they are of a better quality. The English grower has made the mistake of seeking to secure a large yield, while the German has devoted time and care toward securing a large and perfect fruit. The consequence is that two pounds of German hops are for practical purposes equal to three pounds of English hops; so the German offers in an English market at a cheaper price a produce in the provision of which England has heretofore boasted that none could compete with her.

—A specific remedy for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form is found in King's Dyspepsia Cure, the only preparation of the kind in the market. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. One dollar a package. Sample package to any address on receipt of three cent stamp. Sole proprietors, King's Dyspepsia Cure Co., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. 26 2i