Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are Jewels

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 20. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1893. NO. 47.

Professional Cards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Executor's Notice.
All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN B. BROWN, of Torbrook, County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
STANLEY BROWN,
Executor.
Torbrook, Oct. 3rd, 1892. 27 26t

NOTICE!
All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late GEORGE W. HUDSON, of Phinney Cove, in the Township of Granville, County of Annapolis, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to
EMMERETTA A. HUDSON,
Administratrix.
Phinney Cove. April 30th, 1892. 6 1y

Administrators Notice.
All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN W. ACKER, late of Nictaux Falls, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to
WM. J. H. BALCOM,
Administrator.
Nictaux Falls, August 1st, 1892. 18 6m

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.
NOTICE is hereby given that JAMES S. McGIVERN, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, Farmer, has this day assigned to me all of his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors, without preference.
The said deed contains a provision for the payment of such creditors as shall sign the said deed within sixty days, and also for the payment of such creditors as shall not sign said deed.
A duplicate of the said deed may be inspected and executed at the office of the undersigned in Bridgetown, aforesaid.
GEORGE H. DIXON,
Assignee.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1892.—26 tf

EAGAR'S
PHOSPHOLEINE
A COMBINATION OF
Cod Liver Oil Cream
WITH
HYPOPHOSPHITES
FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION,
PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,
Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.
ECONOMICAL IN USE.
One teaspoonful of *Phospholeine* being equal in nutritive and blood-making value to ten times its bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the *Cheapest* preparation in use.
Phospholeine is THE ONLY PREPARATION that we know of which has effected actual cures in *bona fide* cases of Consumption, Scrofula and other Wasting Diseases.
It is so PLEASANT that some mothers have to put it out of the reach of their children to prevent them from drinking a whole bottle.
See last and next issues for Certificate.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT 50C. PER BOTTLE OF 60 DOSES.

CAUTION NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given the public that the "FISHER and KINNEY BELT-SHIPTING DEVICE," for the convenience of manufacturers and others using shafting, has been patented in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa for the Dominion of Canada, and any person or persons found infringing on the rights of said patent will be prosecuted according to law.
The subscribers are now manufacturing the above device, and have already disposed of quite a number. Persons wishing to curtail expense in the running of machinery will find it to their advantage to communicate with
FISHER & KINNEY.
Bridgetown, September 26th, 1892. 26tf

Potter's Liniment
IS SOLD AT
W. W. CHESLEY'S.
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS AT THIS OFFICE.

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 therefor and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Agent at Annapolis.
20 6m

FARMERS!
We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season
At Best Possible Advantage.
Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
HALIFAX, N. S. ja92

CURED
"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that
Consumption
had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—
J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.
AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass
Prompt to act, sure to cure

1892. NEW STOVES. 1892.
I OFFER A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF
Ranges, Cook, Parlor and Hall Stoves,
All New in the Market.
Having Bought for Spot Cash, I am offering Stoves Lower than ever before.
R. ALLEN CROWE, - - BRIDGETOWN.
Sept. 28th, 1892.—26

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
HORSE LINIMENT
IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,
—AND FOR—
SPLINTS, CURBS, BOG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.
Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.
HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF
Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick,
which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and
ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.
Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE*, which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.
Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.
For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.
YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 1891.
The International Brick and Tile Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the surface. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,
J. B. KINNEY, *Architect.*
Correspondence solicited.
HECTOR MACLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

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

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
ARE A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION, in all its forms.
For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are
EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

Scientific American Agency for
PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS COPYRIGHTS, etc.
For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the
Scientific American
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

TO MY CUSTOMERS.
You have helped to sustain the NO CREDIT SYSTEM during the past year; and in token of my friendship and gratitude, and also to promote future trade on the same principle, I propose to make
Every Customer
A Christmas Present, who purchases goods at my store between now and Holidays,—the value of the present to be determined by the amount purchased.
My stock of CHRISTMAS GOODS is complete and comprises all kinds of
FANCY GOODS
in Crockery, Plush Goods, Books, etc., etc.
Please call and see for yourselves.
WANTED—Beans, Turkeys, Chicks, Geese, Eggs, Butter, Dried Apples, Oats.
MRS. WOODBURY,
KINGSTON VILLAGE.

IMPERIAL
Fire Insurance Company,
OF LONDON, ENGLAND,
ESTABLISHED 1803.
CAPITAL, - £1,200,000.
ASSETS, - £1,631,015.
AGENTS:
EDW. RUGGLES, at Bridgetown, N. S.
T. A. PEARSON, at South Farmington, N.S.
J. M. OWEN, at Annapolis, N. S.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

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.

Poetry.

The Shrinking World.

This world is growing smaller, smaller, every day,
Till now there isn't any place so very far away,
The lands that were so far apart that months would intervene
Have crept so near each other till there's but a week between.

I used to be a great long while from Boston on the bay
To where the broad Pacific washed the pebbles with its spray;
But now those shores are neighbors in their nearness to speak,
The distance has been lessened to about a half a week.

To talk with China one required fully half a year,
While now we simply shout "Hello!" and whisper in her ear,
And Islands lost and far apart when history commenced
Are chatting with each other, now that space has been condensed.

It sets us all to thinking what the future may reveal,
With electricity hitched up in harnesses of steel,
We'll breakfast in America and lunch in London town,
Or flit across to China just to see the sun go down.

With steamship lines and railroad trains and telegraph and all,
We have compressed this mighty globe into a little ball,
The land is but a step across, the sea is but a pond,
We've got this world encompassed and we sigh for worlds beyond.

We're looking toward the sky the while we fashion year by year
Some new and wondrous instrument to draw the planets near,
And engineers and scientists perchance may very soon
So do away with distant we can climb up to the moon.

Select Literature.

Johnson's Fortune.

"I've done my best, mother," Farmer Hobbs said, coming in hot and tired from the hay field. "That their dratted machine won't work, and if I am to save my hay, I'll have to take that intrust money and buy a new machine."

"I think you'd better not, father," Mrs. Hobbs answered, in mild alarm. "I don't know where you're goin' to get any more, and Johnson is powerful close about gettin' the money on time. I'd be afeared to let it run over a minute."

"Well, but, Lucindy, the hay's wuth more'n the intrust, and you know they's no takin' the stock through the winter without it. The cattle might kinder rub along, but the horses is jist plum obleeged to have their timothy, and my timothy is as fine a piece as you ever sot eyes on."

"Suppose you try again," Mrs. Hobbs suggested, helping her husband to a luscious quarter of raspberry pie. "I'll go out with you and help onchoke her, and we'll use persuasion."

"Well, I'll try, Lucindy; I hain't no hopes, but I would like to save that intrust money."

Mr. Hobbs stayed in the field till 5 o'clock, and the hay was cut with few delays. The girls brought out the supper, which was eaten with much relish in the hayfield. The horses being watered and fed, the work went on by the big harvest moon, and at ten o'clock the hay from the "big medder" was in the stacks.

A few days after Jim Johnson came out to see if the interest money was ready. He tied his horse under a tree and started through the meadow to see Mr. Hobbs, who was fencing his ricks at the other side.

"Moses and the bullrushes! What's that?" he asked gazing at glinty blue reflections floating on pools of water standing everywhere, for it had rained heavily the night before. "Oil and no mistake!" he went on, after dipping his finger into a puddle and testing it carefully with his nose.

It was only the day before that the papers had contained an account of some new oil fields found not above twenty miles away; an old partner of Jim was the first to invest, and was consequently fabulously rich.

Johnson carefully rubbed his finger on his pocket handkerchief, stowed the latter in a deep pocket and hastened across the field, his face pale and his eyes glittering now unpleasantly. He tried to greet the farmer with his accustomed familiarity, but his words came by jerks and in gusts, and his throat became so dry that he could scarcely articulate.

"What's the matter? Hain't you well?" Mr. Hobbs asked, suspending his work to gaze curiously at his visitor. "You look taller-colored as the dead, an' your eyes is like burnt holes in a blanket."

"No, thank you, not at all," Johnson replied at random. "I'm quite well, except husky sore throat—are you well? And the family?"

"Pretty fair—we've got a good deal of health mixed up amongst us—you know they's twelve all told."

"Yes, a large, interesting family—want to sell the farm?"

He tried to make the question less eager, but he could not quiet the tremor in his voice, and he was in mortal dread lest Mr. Hobbs should have some reason to cross the field and see the oil, when his "cake would be dough," as he mentally expressed it.

"No," Mr. Hobbs replied shortly, and went on with his work.

"I'll give you a good price for it—I want it for a combination shoe factory. Set a figger."

"Well, twelve thousand—a thousand apiece," said Mr. Hobbs, jokingly; the farm was not worth more than a third of that sum.

"I'll take it (with a gasp). Here's fifty to bind the bargain, and I'll fill out a check for the balance right here."

He did so, and handed the paper to Mr. Hobbs, who kept his countenance and received it with perfect gravity. Privately he was convinced that Johnson was crazy.

"Come to the house and sign the contract for the deed."

"All right."

Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs accompanied Johnson to town, and were thunderstruck when they learned that the sale was real and that they had $12,000 in the bank.

"Sense that Johnson hain't crazy," Hobbs began as soon as he was clear of the town, "why they's something in the wind. It may be a shoe factory, but I don't believe it. I wonder of they've found gold?"

"It don't make no sort o' difference to us, father," Mrs. Hobbs answered. She was afraid that her husband might take alarm and want to "rue back," as she expressed it. "No, it don't make a grain o' difference to us, an' we've got enough for the place of they find dimints. I never did like it, an' I don't keer how soon we git away. Let's buy back our six acres on the edge of Cloverdale. We can git it for three thousand, and then you'll have nine thousand to put out at interest."

"Yes, mother."

"And we kin git little Jim his cornet and send him off to be learnt to play."

"You kin do jist as you please, mother, I'm rich enough now, I reckon, to do as I like, and I hope I won't never want to do nothin' very bad."

"That's somethin' you never did do, father," dutifully replied his wife, "and I don't believe bein' rich is a-goin to change you much. If it would I'd want somethin' to come along and take the money away from us because it can never pay to give up doin' good."

As soon as the transfer was made and the deed recorded, Johnson sent the following to his whilom partner:

Come on, bring all your loose cash—oil in abundance.

The cash was sent with instructions to buy adjoining farms on option of thirty days; the oil man would come later and bring an expert.

The farms were bargained for at ridiculously low figures, and then Johnson invited his friends out to see his "find."

"I tell you, boys," he said, as he rode up and tied his horse to the meadow fence, "the whole earth is just a-soakin' with it, and it's jist burstin' out of the ground. You see this country has never had any oil taken out of it," he went on glibly, "and as it is constantly generating it has become so chock full that the ground can't hold it, and it's compelled to come out. You'd be astonished to see how it is actually boiling up."

"It must be wasting if it is in that condition," some one remarked.

"What's the waste of a few millions o' barrels?" scornfully retorted Johnson. "There's enough for me and my family and all my poor relations."

By this time others, having heard the news, had arrived at the farm, and quite a crowd had gathered, when the partner with the expert drove up, followed by Mr. Hobbs.

"Just wait until you examine these patches," Johnson said to the two men after they had alighted from their buggy. "Now tell me if you ever saw a surer indication of oil?"

The expert gave a glance over the field, took a quick survey of the conformation of the country and opened his lips to speak; but before he could articulate a word, Mr. Hobbs broke into the conversation with a remark that sent the cold chills down Johnson's spine.

"And is it them blue patches that indicate ile?" he asked, with a glance half pitying, half contemptuous. "That's a fact for I used mor'n a gallon on my ole mowin' machine a-trying to git through the season without buying a new one."

"Let this be a lesson to you, sir," said Johnson's partner.

"All the lesson I git out of it," again put in Mr. Hobbs, "is that when you are a-cuttin' hay us plenty of ile."

"It's a—swindle!" Johnson broke out, livid with rage. And I'll land you in the pen before this is over."

"Don't talk to me about swindling," Mr. Hobbs began, advancing upon Johnson, who retreated to his buggy. "Who was it swindled the Widow Robinson out of her property and drove her to commit suicide? Who was it that swindled the people out of their taxes and barely missed the pen? Who was it that swindled"——

Johnson gave his horse a lash with the whip and drove rapidly away.

"I didn't know nothin' about this ile business until this mornin'," Mr. Hobbs explained to the people present. "I knowed they was somethin' up, but I had no idea what it was, for I supposed every blamed fool in the country would know machine ile on a medder after a rain."

Fresh Gravel for Fowls.

A "Farmer's Wife," writing in the *Farming World*, describes her experience of the effects on poultry of the absence of sharp grit in their runs. She says: "One constantly hears the complaint that after a certain time of having poultry on the same ground they begin to cease to thrive. And, in fact, the more perfect the arrangements for the poultry the more aggravating they are in this way. They have thriven splendidly for some years, and then comes a season when they begin to droop. The young hens are seen moping about, apparently with very full crops, but when caught, though the crop is full and hard, the body is light and thin; by-and-by one is found lying dead, and then another. If this goes on long enough, there is not a doubt poultry won't pay, and yet it seems strange that, with a perfectly unlimited run, this should happen (I am speaking of my own case.) Now I know the reason, and I give my experience for the benefit of other farmers' wives.

"Two or three years of poultry on the same ground had pretty well cleared off all the sharp small stones. My poultry had plenty of gravel walks within reach, but a high road, well mettled, where constant cart wheels were always breaking up fresh stones for them, was not easily got at by them.

"I sent the body of one of my dead pullets to a person who advertised, in a poultry paper, that for a certain fee he held post mortems on dead fowls, and I consider I never made a better investment. By return of post my answer came. The pullet was in perfect health, but owing to the absence of sharp grit in the crop, there was a stoppage of the channel of the gizzard and consequent wasting and death. In fact, my bird had died of acute indigestion. There were stones in the crop, but they were blunt, rounded little things, and the contents of the crop returned to me was a matted mass of half digested grass, most unpleasant to behold. I went to look at the gravel walks near the fowl houses. Sure enough, not a sharp stone could I find; every one had been picked up in the last three or four years. I at once sent for a sack of "sharp grit," and had dishes of it put down in all the yards, and most greedily do the fowls eat it.

"As far as I remember, I had lost about three pullets in a fortnight, and a good many more were looking sickly. From the moment the sharp grit was given they began to mend, and since its constant use I have not lost a bird. I bought one hundred weight of the grit, wishing to lose no time in putting my stock's digestion in order, but in the future I have decided that all the broken china and earthenware be collected, but I intend the farm boy to improve the shining moments, when outside work is impossible, by breaking this up into swallowable size by my fowls. Every housewife must know what quantity of crockery gets broken, and I confess it is a sort of consolation, gazing at one's best milk pan cracked across, to think what a splendid amount of sharp grit will come out of it."

Balmoral Bulletin.

SIRS,—I had a troublesome cold which nothing would relieve until I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and I am glad to say that it completely cured me. ROBT. MCQUARRIE, Balmoral, Man.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Changes in the Game Laws.

IN FUTURE THE SEASON FOR ALL GAME SHALL BEGIN AT A UNIFORM DATE, SEPTEMBER 1ST.

The annual meeting of the Nova Scotia game society was held last week. Among those present were Col. Ryan, R. A., Lieut. Col. Clerke, Chas. Stubbings, C. S. Harrington, Lieut. Devonshire, W. McNab, E. L. Newcombe, G. E. Vanbuskirk, George Piers, Dr. Tobin, J. G. Sievart, Alexander Scott, Geoff. Morrow, Edward DeWolf, Frank Wiltshire, Charles Stayner, George Romans, Londonderry; Lieut. MacGowan, Walter Jones, Capt. Farmer, Lieut. Marsh, Major Brady, Hon. Charles Alexander, Lieut. Elliott, Lieut. Gordon, Mr. Kelly, Yarmouth; Lieut. Enthoven, Lieut. Innis, R. A., Captain Boileau, Lieut. Artly, Lieut. Dent and others.

C. S. Harrington, chief game commissioner, explained that the wardens of the society had been abolished and agents appointed instead. The former were useless, whereas during the past season the latter have done much to further the object of the society. Through the agents' work many foreigners have been prevented from hunting in the province until they paid the necessary license fees. In many instances Americans have come here solely for sporting purposes and have in many ways tried to evade the law, but the majority of them have been brought to justice through the instrumentality of the society's agents. These agents have also prevented snaring and dogging to a great extent, resulting in moose and other game being more plentiful than ever. Mr. Harrington complimented the work of Mr. Kelly, of Yarmouth, who has proved a terror to the would be Yankee hunters arriving there by the Yarmouth boats. The method of hiring men to camp in the woods to prevent snaring has met with much success, and this mode will be continued.

Mr. Kelly, the society's agent at Yarmouth, was requested to give details of his mode of warfare. He told how hard it was to capture the Yanks who had made prearrangements with guides, and who assisted them to evade the law. A sharp look out and many prosecutions had greatly lessened that evil however. Mr. Kelly was of the opinion that men employed on the Yarmouth boats and train hands aided the Yanks to escape detection. Some of the hunters in Mr. Kelly's opinion would just as soon put a bullet through an agent when alone in the woods, as a moose. Mr. Kelly suggested that the law be amended that guides be made liable to prosecution for assisting foreigners to evade the law.

A motion of Hon. Chas. Alexander in effect that wild cats be not hunted with dogs after the 1st of February, elicited a spirited discussion. The honorable gentleman contended that the dogs frightened the cow moose, causing a decrease in such game.

Lieut. MacGowan strongly opposed him. In a lengthy and warm speech he attempted to dissect the arguments advanced by Hon. Mr. Alexander, Geoff. Morrow and others. He claimed that the injury done if any was of a trifling nature. As regards fox hounds scaring moose it was nonsense. He defied his opponents to adduce evidence to the contrary, and argued at length in favor of the sport of which he was so fond.

Mr. Harrington, although partly in favor of the motion, was of the opinion that at present the evidence was not sufficiently strong to warrant the passing of Mr. Alexander's motion. This announcement brought smiles to the wild cat hunter.

The following amendment moved by Mr. Harrington allayed the friction that was now evident:

"That the council ascertain what will be the best means to be taken to control the hounds in the woods."

This was seconded by Captain Boileau and passed unanimously.

Owing to considerable expense being incurred in the conviction and detection of Americans and others, by a motion fathered by G. E. Vanbuskirk increasing the license for foreigners from $30 to $50, was passed.

On motion of Dr Tobin it was decided to petition the marine and fisheries department with the view of preventing the damming of rivers logs, lumber, etc., causing the destruction of fish to the detriment of sportsmen and those who make a livelihood from fishing. It was also decided to petition the marine and fisheries department to extend the time of rod fishing on the rivers to the 15th September.

A motion was also passed by which the legislature will be asked to have the season for all game opened on 1st September. At present different games have different days. This will make the law simple and uniform and assist materially in the detection of violators as well as being a benefit to the honest hunter.

The officers were elected as follows:

President—Lieut.-Col Clerke.

Vice Presidents—Col Ryan, Geoffrey Morrow.

Council—C. S. Harrington, A. M. Scott, Geo. Piers, Chas. Stubbing, Capt. Boileau, R. A., Lieut. MacGowan, R. A., E. L. Newcomb, W. Jones, G. E. Vanbuskirk, Edward DeWolfe, D. W. Archibald, Julius Sievert.

The annual report of Secretary George Piers was adopted. It was a lengthy and carefully prepared document.

Lift Your Hat to Her.

Lift your hat reverently when you pass the teacher of the primary school. She is the great angel of the world. She takes the bantling fresh from the home nest, full of pouts and passions—an ungovernable little wretch whose own mother honestly admits that she sends him to school to get rid of him. The lady who knows her business takes a whole carload of these anarchists, one of whom, single handed and alone, is more than a match for his parents, and at once puts them in a way of being useful and upright citizens. At what expense of toil, patience and soul weariness. Lift your hat to her.

When in Despair.

When in despair of being cured of lung troubles, there is still a hope, and a strong hope of perfect cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This medicine cures even after all others have failed, and no one suffering from coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., need despair of cure while Norway Pine Syrup is obtainable.

A Terrible Experience.

London, February 11.—The Allan steamer *Pomeranian*, Glasgow for New York, has returned to Greenock. When 1150 miles westward from Glasgow she encountered terrific gale, during which a tremendous sea suddenly swept over the vessel and washed overboard two mates, two quartermasters, two stewards, two seamen, four first-class cabin passengers and one second cabin passenger, all of whom were drowned. Capt. Dalzeil was so badly injured that he died the following morning. The steamer sustained serious damage and made her way slowly back to Greenock.

—Rebecca Wilkinson, of Bronsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy; I consider it the grandest medicine in the world." A trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by DeBiois and Primrose.

—Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

A CALGARY MIRACLE.

The Most Wonderful Case Ever Recorded in the Northwest.

MISS LELA CULLEN IS RESCUED FROM WHAT HER PHYSICIANS AND FRIENDS THOUGHT TO BE HER DEATHBED.

Winnipeg Tribune.

Calgary, N. W. T., Oct. 20, 1892.—For some time past the residents of this town have been deeply interested in the case of Miss Lela Cullen, a young lady, who had so nearly approached the portals of the great unknown, that her friends despaired of her recovery, and who has now fully, indeed almost miraculously, regained her health and strength. Having read on various occasions in *The Tribune* the particulars of what appeared to be miraculous cures, your correspondent determined to investigate the case of Miss Cullen, and now sends you the particulars fully believing that you will be justified in giving them the widest publication.

When your correspondent visited the residence of Mrs. Cullen, the mother of the young lady, he was courteously received, and in reply to his enquiries as to whether she would be willing to give the facts of her daughter's wonderful recovery, for publication for the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Cullen readily assented. "My daughter's first illness," said Mrs. Cullen, "was in June 1890, when she was taken with the measles. At that time she was seventeen years of age, tall, fine looking, and exceedingly healthy, weighing about 140 pounds. All the family took the measles, and all got over them without trouble, except Lela. Her case from the first baffled all the ordinary remedies used for that disease, and as the measles did not come out, a physician was called in. He administered remedies, but with no better results, and her case seemed to baffle the physician's skill. After a few weeks my daughter began to improve somewhat, but did not regain her former strength, and six weeks after she was first taken ill, her face, neck, and limbs broke out in blotches. The doctor was again called in, and said it was the measles getting out of her system, and that she would soon be all right again. The doctor's statement was not verified however, for not only did my daughter not improve, but she gradually grew worse. Soon after she began to swell, first the feet, then the limbs, breast and face became puffed up. Another doctor was called in and he pronounced her trouble dropsy, resulting from the measles. The doctor attended her all winter, and although he seemed to do all in his power for her, she gradually became weaker and weaker. She did not eat, and tonics failed to improve her appetite, and as she gradually grew weaker she lost her courage, felt that hope of life was fast slipping away. In the spring, the doctor's medicine having done her no good, was discontinued, and instead he gave her preparations of beef, iron and wine, hypophosphites, eggs, cream, etc. In fact, stimulants of this kind had to be constantly forced upon her to keep her alive and I gave up all hopes of her recovery, and in my misery waited for her death. She was now so weak that she could not walk across the floor, and in order to rest her we would lift her into a chair, where she would sit for a short while when we would again place her in bed. She was slowly but surely dying before our eyes, and nothing we could do for her was of avail. She was still puffed up, and nothing the doctors could do would reduce the swelling. Her limbs would no longer support her, and she could only sit up a very short time each day. In this condition she lingered on until August, 1891, some fifteen months after she was first taken ill, and while we were sorrowfully awaiting what seemed the inevitable end, a ray of hope came. I read in a newspaper of a remarkable cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and while I feared that I had heard of this wonderful medicine too late, I hoped almost against hope and sent to the headquarters of the company, at Brockville, Ont., for a supply. At this time Lela was not able to be removed from bed; her weight was reduced to 90 pounds and her lips were blue. You will thus see how little hope there appeared for her when she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken the first box, although there was no visible improvement, she thought they were doing her good, and her spirits began to rise. At the end of the second box I could notice the improvement, and Lela was very hopeful, and felt life was returning to her again. After she had been taking Dr. William's Pink Pills for a month, she was able to get up, and by October she was so well that she could superintend work about the house. She still continued taking the Pills, and rapidly recovered all her old time health, strength and spirits. I cannot tell you," continued Mrs. Cullen, "how deeply grateful I am for the wonderful medicine that saved my daughter's life. You may be sure that both me and mine will always warmly recommend it, as we have every reason to do."

WHAT A PROMINENT DRUGGIST SAYS.

Your correspondent then called upon Mr. J. G. Templeton, the well-known druggist on Stephen avenue. In reply to an enquiry as to what he could tell me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mr. Templeton replied: "What can I tell you about Pink Pills? Well I can tell you, they are the most wonderful medicine I ever handled. I had experience with them in Ontario before coming out here, and in all my experience as a druggist, I never knew any medicine have such a wonderful demand, or give such great satisfaction. My experience here has been like my experience in Ontario, all who have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speak in their praise, and if I were to tell you how many boxes I am selling here daily, you would be readily excused for being somewhat incredulous. If I am asked to recommend a medicine, I unhesitatingly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and my confidence in them has never been misplaced. I have already said the demand for Pink Pills is astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the statements of customers. I have sold here and in Ontario, thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomoter ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A Friendly Sound.

"For years," said a steady going man, "I had never been away from home over night," and then things happened that made it necessary for me to travel a great deal. At first I found it very difficult to get to sleep nights. I stopped at good hotels, and almost always had good rooms and good beds, but there seemed to be something the matter, I couldn't tell what, and I found it hard to get to sleep.

"I mentioned this fact to a friend, who said: "Get a clock." I always have a clock in my room at home, and I am accustomed to the sound of its ticking. It is curious how silent and strange a room may seem without it. That was what I wanted, a clock, and I bought one. Now when I get to my room in a hotel, usually the first thing I do is to put my clock on the shelf. It ticks away bravely, a friendly and familiar sound, and I go to sleep without any trouble."

—Healthy digestion is one of the most important functions of the human economy. K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy action, and promotes healthy digestion. Try K. D. C. 46

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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

44 out of 48 Burned Alive.

A FEARFUL HALOCAUST IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

Dover, N. H., February 10.—The county insane asylum, four miles from here, was burned last night and 44 lives were lost. At 10 o'clock, when the watchman made a trip into the insane asylum, he found fire coming out of the cell occupied by a woman named Lafountaine. The watchman at once gave the alarm. William Dryscoll, the keeper, with his family lived in the building, and he at once broke the locks off the cells and tried to get the inmates out. He then got out his wife and the children, none of whom were dressed. Of the 48 inmates only four got out. When the fire was discovered the hose pipes connected with a tank of 30,000 gallons capacity in the attic of the main building were carried across the yard to the asylum. The building, however, was by this time a roaring furnace and the streams were utterly ineffectual. Screams of agony and the horrid laughter of the raving creatures inside the building added terror to the scene. A telephone alarm was sent down to Dover with an