Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

M. E. ARMSTRONG, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
University of New York, 1892.
Post-Graduate School and Hospital, 1892.
Office and residence on Queen Street, next door to MONITOR building.—☞Telephone connection.

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - - Solicitor,
Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

F. L. MILNER,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE.
MONEY TO LOAN.
Office opposite Central Telephone Exchange, Queen Street, Bridgetown. 31 tf
TELEPHONE No. 11.

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

DENTISTRY.
DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,
Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the first and second weeks of each month, beginning January 1st, 1898. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Will be at Annapolis the first and second weeks of every month, and third and fourth weeks at 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

JOHN ERVIN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

Progressive Bakers
Put up their Bread as it leaves the oven in
EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
Manufactured solely by
The E. B. EDDY Co.
LIMITED
HULL, Canada.

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS
The above works, for many years conducted by the late THOS. DEARNESS, will be carried on under the management of MR. JOHN DEARNESS, who will continue the manufacture of
Monuments,
in Marble, Red Granite, Gray Granite and Freestone,
Tablets, Headstones, &c
All orders promptly attended to.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

POSITIVE SALE.
We are instructed to sell that Superior Farm at West Paradise, belonging to Mr. McCloskey. Has Two Hundred Acres, including 60 Acres under tillage, and 7 of Marsh, with excellent well-watered Pasture; good Orchard, mostly young and nearly all in bearing. Average crop at present, 130 barrels of prime Shipping Fruit; cuts 30 tons Hay. Modern House; good Barn and Outhouses. Also, all the Farming Utensils, nearly new, and the entire Crop, now growing, including two hundred bushels of Oats, now harvested and all the stock in hand. Satisfactory reasons for selling. Will be sold at a bargain.
ERVIN & ALCORN,
Valley Real Estate Agency.

WANTED! WANTED!
5,000 Hides,
000 Pe

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 27. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1899. NO. 36.

ADVERTISED BY
GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS!

"I find your Soap invaluable for all household purposes."
MRS. M. A. BRIDGES, Maryaville, N. S.

"We use your Soap altogether and think very highly of it."
EVELYN C. STUART, Black Brook, N. S.

"I think WELCOME SOAP is better than any we have ever used. It does not injure my hands like most soaps do."
MRS. ERNEST WILLIAMS, Yarmouth, N. S.

Can show you hundreds of letters of similar import to above.

Consequently use
WELCOME SOAP

Notice to the Public

The Tailoring business lately conducted by Mr. McLellan has not been closed as has been reported. The public will still find a better selection of Worsted and Tweed Suitings, Overcoatings and Pantings than has ever been shown in this place before.

FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED
under the efficient management of
S. W. ROGERSON.

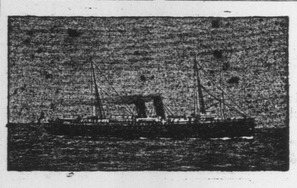
BRIDGETOWN
Boot and Shoe Store

Just arrived from the Amherst Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Company:
Five cases of Men's Fishing Boots.
Three cases of Men's Leg Kip Boots.
Three Cases Cow Hide Boots.
Four Cases Heavy Kip grain and Split bals for the hard work of the fall wear

Dont forget to call when in want of such. Also a full line of fine goods.
Wool Soles and Dressing.

MURDOCH'S BLOCK, GRANVILLE STREET. - **E. A. COCHRAN.**

Grain taken in exchange for goods.



Bridgetown to Boston
$6.50.
Bridgetown to Boston and return
$11.50.

Yarmouth S.S. Co'y, Limited
THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN
NOVA SCOTIA and the UNITED STATES.

2 - Trips a Week - 2

The fast and popular Steel Steamer **"BOSTON"** leaves Yarmouth for Boston every **WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENING** after arrival of the Express trains from Halifax.
Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every **TUESDAY and FRIDAY** at 2 p. m., making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railways for all parts of Nova Scotia.
U. S. and Royal mail carried on this steamer.
Through tickets to all points in Canada and to New York via rail and sound lines.
Ask for and see that you get tickets via the Yarmouth S. S. Co. from Yarmouth.
For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Central, Intercolonial or Coast Rail way agents, or to
W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treasurer. L. E. BAKER, Pres. and Managing Director.
Yarmouth, Oct, 11th. 1899.

CURRY BROS. & BENT CO., LIMITED.
Manufacturers and Builders.
WE KEEP IN STOCK AND MAKE TO ORDER
Doors, Windows, Mantles, Store, Bank and Church Fittings, Sheathing, Flooring, Mouldings, Stair Work Clapboards, Spruce & Cedar Shingles, Cement, Calcined Plaster, Hair, all kinds of building material.
☞**Agents for THE METALLIC ROOFING COMPANY.**
We have samples of Metal Ceiling.
Outside Steel Siding, Shingles and Gutters.

Also agents for the "Cleveland" Bicycle.
We have handled these Wheels two seasons and know they are in the front rank. Prices to suit the times.

WE INVITE YOU
TO THE SALE of Tweeds which must be sold to make room for NEW GOODS. The price TWENTY FIVE per yard and upwards.
Just The Thing for School Ware.

We can give the best
In the way of Fine Tailoring in every particular, to be found in the county.
☞ Please inspect our goods and leave us a trial order. ☜

BRIDGETOWN CLOTHING COMPANY
AYTON, Cutter - Bridgetown, N. S

Poetry.

A Song of Life.

[Frank L. Stanton in the Atlantic Constitution.]

I.

A little of love and light—
A kiss, and so goodnight;
And we say, with a sigh: "It is not goodbye,
For the dreamed of heaven is not so high;
There are beckoning stars in the farthest sky"—
A kiss, and so good-night!

II

A little of dark and bright—
A kiss, and so good-night;
A tear in the eye; but we say with a sigh:
"It is not good bye, it is not good bye,
For God's good-morning is in the sky"—
A kiss, and so good-night!

III

So little of love and light—
So many a sad good-night!
So many tears for the weary years—
So many pangs and answerless prayers!
We drift to the dark while we dream of light—
A kiss, and so good-night!

Select Literature.

Brave Bessie MacDougal.

Dark forests spread around on every side of the ten acre clearing where the house stood; forests of thick pine and balsam, with giant arms tossing majestically to heaven, and groaning long and heavily in the tempest, or else swaying gently with softest whispers in the summer breeze. Like serried sentinels, they stood around Jack Darrell's log cabin on the western shore of Lake Simcoe, with ranks unbroken save where one narrow bush trail led away in tortuous windings towards the village eight miles away. If they were solemn and dismal by night to the belated traveller, these forests were horrible, when through the keen air of a winter night arose, sudden and sharp, the long-drawn howl of wolves after their prey, or the shrill shriek of a "cat." But they were heroes, those early settlers, who in the forties took their lives in their hands and boldly ventured into the forest wilds, there to hew out homes and fortunes for themselves and their children. Privation and hardships, so far from overcoming, only served to mould into harder granite the native fortitude of these pioneers.

Jack Darrell, a young Englishman, and a late comer into a Scotch settlement in Simcoe county, had taken up a homestead near to that of Donald MacDougal, a native of Perthshire, Scotland. If there was a happier man than Jack Darrell when he won bonnie Bessie McDougal and took her to his log cabin in the forests that man would have been, as Jack's father-in-law might have expressed it, "ill to seek."

From the time of his first settlement among them, there had hung over Jack a suspicion, one of those vague rumors that come, no one knows whence, that his past life had been one of reckless extravagance and drunkenness. But few people who looked on the bright, handsome face of the young Englishman had ever believed the story. At any rate the fact that he had won Bessie was taken as sufficient evidence that his days of recklessness were over.

The winter of 185—was unusually cold. Early in November hard frosts set in and continued without a respite until late in the winter. The snow lay deep on the ground, and that winter, wolves were more savage than they had ever been known to be before. Tales of their bold maraudings were being told on every hand, and as Jack and Bessie sat before their cosy hearth, the howl of hungry wolves would ring out almost at their very door. Then the answering echoes would come from wolves in the clearing, wolves in the forest, and wolves on the lake.

"God help any traveller abroad tonight!" was the prayer that involuntarily sprang to Bessie's lips, little thinking how much that prayer would sometime be needed for herself.

"Bessie, this is the first day this winter that it has been warm enough for you to go to the village with me." Jack said one morning late in the season, as he came in from his chores. "It has been snowing, but I am sure it will clear up in an hour or two, and it is not cold at all."

Bessie demurred at first, but groceries must be had, and the thought of the drive was tempting, so in an hour they were off, packed snugly in the low unpainted "Jumper." This was only a square box, built by Jack himself, with a high back, and long pole runners curved upward in front. The one great advantage of these sleds was that it was well nigh impossible to upset them, no matter how fast they jumped along over the stumpy, bushy road—a fact for which many a pioneer had reason to be thankful.

The horses trotted along at a merry pace. The sleigh bells chimed out their sweet, musical clamor, calling deep, far-off echoes from the dark ranks of pines.

Before ten o'clock the clouds passed away, and through the tree tops a narrow vista of blue sky shone clear and bright. Contrary to Jack's expectations, the air became keen and frosty, but Bessie did not mind the cold a whit as she sat covered up in furs to her pretty dimpled chin, her face framed in a crimson wool hood—the sweetest, rosiest picture one could imagine.

They reached the village at about eleven, and as the jumper drew up at the stopping place. Jack uttered a quick exclamation of astonishment and delight, for the first person he saw standing at the door was his intimate friend and companion of his boyhood days in England. Joyfully he introduced the stranger to his wife, but Bessie did not like the man's face; it bore too strongly the marks of drink and dissipation. Soon after dinner she left them and busied herself for several hours in getting supplies. About the middle of the afternoon she hurried back, thinking Jack would be impatient to start home. When she found him, however, he seemed in no hurry, and she saw only too plainly that he had been drinking. Her heart stood still with the sudden miserable shock of it, and a numb sense of being deserted by all she held dearest. But her native resolution rose, strong and steady to her aid. She ordered the horses brought around to the door, with her own hands she packed in everything, including a large joint of beef; then she drove to the tavern for her husband—and such a man as came to meet her! A smothering cry of pain broke from her lips, as with maudlin farewells to his companions, he staggered toward the jumper and tumbled into the seat. His weak and shaking hands were unable to control the spirited horses, now grown restless with long standing in the frosty air, and they dashed recklessly forward; but Bessie's strong hands had the lines in a moment, and with a firm grasp she brought the team down to a sharp trot. Two miles of open country lay before them, and then the line of forests appeared dark and forbidding. Bessie thought of the wolves, and with pale, set face, glanced at the sky. The sun was already set, and she knew darkness would be upon them before they were well in the forest. Jack had fallen into a deep sleep and was leaning heavily against her. Just as the last rays of daylight were fading from the plain behind, they reached the line where the forest began, and entered the dim avenue. The horses trotted along smartly, but to Bessie's ears the music of the bells were gone, and their clangor only seemed to make more intense the brooding silence of the pines. Between the tree tops overhead the stars shone clear, cold and pitiless. Two more miles had passed, another and the road would leave the woods and skirt along the edge of the lake between the trees and shore—a path dangerous at all times because of the steepness of the banks and and narrowness of the trail.

Suddenly from almost beside the road, came a sound that made her heart stand still with one sickening throb—the long-drawn howl of a grey wolf—the howl that meant a signal to his companions that prey was at hand.

"Jack, Jack," she cried, and shook him wildly. "Jack, for God's sake, wake up and help me."

But the husband at her side was like one dead. A second later, and the howl was answered from the right, again from left, and far across the lake it rang, shrill and hungry. She fancied she heard the bushes snapping as the gaunt forms of the wolves plunged through the darkness. The horses knew the sound and galloped madly. To turn them back to the town was impossible, and besides she knew they must be as near Dick Brown's place, their nearest neighbor, as the village. The jumper struck a root and swayed horribly. The drunken man was almost thrown out, but Bessie's arm held him, and with all the strength of terror she thrust him down into the bottom of the jumper. One glance behind was enough. The wolves were coming. One by one, their gaunt forms slid, silently as shadows, into the road. There was no howling now, it was a race for life. They came with that long, hard gallop, which can tire hounds' deep bate and hunter's fire.

"On, on, Jip! On Bob!" she cried' and the terrified animals sprang forward more madly than ever. The trees flew by with the speed of the wind; the jumper pitched from side to side, now dashing against the snow. One long, dark fellow led far in advance of the rest. By this time the horses in their mad flight had reached the lake road. Suddenly, from the gloomy thicket to the right a wolf sprang almost under the feet of the horses, they reared and plunged forward; the jumper lurched over on one runner but almost immediately righted itself, and with the sharp recoil the iron-shod runner struck the brute in the head, either killing him outright or stunning him. The whole pack were upon him in an instant, and tore him from limb to limb. This delay was probably the salvation of Bessie and Jack, for the heavy farm horses, unused to galloping, were no match in a race with the lean denizens of the forest, and already were showing signs of exhaustion.

There still remained one long, rough mile before Brown's house could appear in the clearing. If only they could endure for that mile. Another five minutes, and life, faith, hope, safety would be theirs. But once again, closer and even closer, came the howling, pursuing pack, made mad by the taste of blood. Bessie shouted to the team, the snow flew from their feet and trees rocked and swayed dizzily past. Again and again she shook her husband and screamed in his ear. He roused himself slowly.

"What's the matter, Bessie?" he asked drowsily.

"The wolves, Jack!" she cried, "the wolves. Oh, wake up and help me."

The cry at last seemed to reach his inner senses, and he started up. As he did so the leader of the pack shot past them in a wild spring at the jumper. Another gaunt brute made a dash at the horses, and fell back, leaving on Jip's white flank a long rent where his claws had sunk. The horse shrieked in terror. Jack was now fully alive to the awful situation. He reached for the parcel of fresh meat and flung it at the bold landers. For half a minute they delayed. Another bend in the road and help was at hand; Brown's cabin was before them, the doors and windows streaming with light. Bessie's screams and the howling of the wolves had been heard, and Brown himself and his two stalwart sons came running towards them, armed with torches and rifles. Not until they were almost at the door did the greedy beasts give up the chase. After three of their number had fallen they turned, and swiftly, silently as they had come, sped, into the forest.

Poor Bessie! It was months before she recovered her old-time strength and nerves. Not one word of reproach did she ever utter to the husband who nursed her so tenderly, but the sight of the patient face and the poor, bandaged little hands caused him a remorse that was even more keen in its mental agony than the pain she endured.

While he lived, Jack Darrel was never afterward known to touch intoxicating liquor. His character acquired, in time, a strength, stability and gentleness which made him loved and respected among men. His brave little wife lived to see him fill with credit the honorable position of his country's chosen representative to parliament.

To Cure Catarrh and Stay Cured

You must use the most up to date and most approved method of treatment. This can only be had in Catarrhozone which cures by inhalation and is sure to reach the right spot. Treatments requiring the use of sprays, douches, snuffs, ointments, are a thing of the past, and the medicated air treatment supersedes them all. There is no danger of risk in using Catarrhozone. It is both pleasant and effective to employ in any case of Irritable Throat, Fetid Breath, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Asthma. For sale at all druggists or by mail, price $1.00. For trial outfit send 10c. in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 526, Kingston, Ont.

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum.
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Career of a Capitalist.

THE CAPITAL WAS ACQUIRED, BUT A TENDER HEART PREVENTED ITS PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

I had long had a desire to become a capitalist. Lucille seemed to think it smart to laugh at me for this extremely laudable and perfectly natural ambition. As for her, she wasted her substance in riotous living, spending every cent of her salary on opera tickets, imported toilet articles and tortoni biscuit with a reckless disregard for the future that could only mean one thing—namely, matrimonial hopes.

And, to tell the truth, Lucille was attractive enough to warrant her having some hopes in this direction and could have had her pick any time from half a dozen young fellows, each one of whom got almost as much salary as she did.

But that has nothing to do with my own ambitions, which were of a very different sort. I say were, for I'm not so sure about them now, my first experience as a capitalist having rather unsettled my views of life for the time being.

I was very young indeed when I first formed my ideas as to the desirability of wealth. It was way back in my childhood when old Mr. Higginson used to come to church in his great fur lined overcoat and dirty linen, and I observed how the minister and the elders crowded around him to shake his hand, when he was such a hateful old curmudgeon that I had privately thought the Lord ought to have made some sort of a public apology for perpetrating him on the community.

"Oh, Higginson has got a lot of money out at interest," my father would say when I ventured to wonder why people made such a fuss over a dirty and disagreeable old man.

What a marvelous power "money out at interest" must be, I thought, when it can transform even Mr. Higginson into an acceptable companion.

And so at that early age I was made acquainted with the potency of wealth, and I resolved that some day I, too, should have "money out at interest."

When I was made head stenographer in a big law office, I considered my ambition as good as realized. It had seemed so far away before that I'd never tried to save very much, but now that it was fairly within my reach I began to lay up money at a frantic rate.

"If you get another raise in your salary, you'll be so stingy you'll take to lunching out of the mucilage bottle and wearing your bicycle suit to church," declared Lucille in disgust.

But I just let her jaw and kept on economizing, and at last there came a day when I had $1,500 in the bank. Mr. Adams, a friend of my father's, invested it for me in a first mortgage on a suburban cottage, and when the papers were signed I went home flushed and triumphant.

"Congratulate me, Lucille," I cried, throwing myself into a chair and my hat on the couch. "I haf investigated mein moneys."

Lucille was trimming a hat to wear to the theatre that night, one of those silly white tulle affairs that a single shower will transform into an imitation custard pie before your very eyes.

"Huh!" she exclaimed, "I believe you think you've done something really fine. Sara Dunning, if you don't look out, your nose will grow hooked just like Mr. Dunkelspiels's down at the pawnbroker's shop."

"What do I care?" I retorted gayly. "I've got money out at interest, Lucille. Do you realize what that means?"

"It means that you've worked like a slave and denied yourself all pleasure for a year and a half to get it, and you're thin as a shad and yellow as a lemon. Come on and go to the theater to-night, and forget that you're a capitalist long enough to enjoy yourself, that's a dear."

But the fever was in my blood, and I wouldn't listen to her.

So I went on putting money in the bank and looked forward eagerly to the time when the interest from my investment would begin to come in.

It was paid promptly enough the first quarter and the second. Then it lapsed. Six months went by and no interest.

"It seems to me," remarked Lucille one day, "that you'd better 'investigate' that money in dead earnest."

"Oh, don't worry yourself," I retorted snappishly. I was nervous of late, and besides, Mr. Higginson was allowed to be as cross as he liked, I remembered.

"Well, it's a great thing to have money out at interest," she responded airily, tilting her sailor hat over her nose and shaking out her rustling skirts preparatory to going out. She was really outrageously pretty.

At the door she met some one coming in. A pale, forlorn looking old woman, with a pinched face and an appearance of having cried for six months.

"Is this Miss Dunning?" she asked.

I assured her it was, and she proceeded timidly, "I called to see you about that mortgage."

"Ah, yes," I said, hastening to shut the door on Lucille, who was lingering in the hall in an unprincipled fashion which I could not approve.

"We've been unable to meet our payments lately," went on my visitor in a depressed tone, "and yesterday your agent sent me word you intended to foreclose. Oh, Miss Dunning, don't! Please don't be hard on us. My poor husband has been sick in bed for a year, and if we lose our little home it will kill him."

Here the poor creature burst out crying, and, I reached for my handkerchief, feeling somehow that being a capitalist wasn't such fun as I'd imagined.

"Oh, Miss Dunning," proceeded my guest as soon as she was able to speak, "if you knew how hard we worked to build that house! We put the savings of years into it, thinking that in our old age we'd have a roof over our heads. And now we must lose it all."

A fresh burst of sobbing interrupted her, and I swallowed a succession of what seemed to be cobblestones. I tried to think what Mr. Higginson would have done in such an emergency and wondered if he ever felt as much like a chicken thief as I did at that moment.

"Why, don't cry," I managed to say at last. "I'll not deprive you of a home. I only bought the mortgage as an investment, you know."

Here I was actually apologizing for having "money out at interest." The poor woman went away a little comforted at last, and I went to bed with a nervous headache.

I rather lost interest in my mortgage after that. I didn't sleep well for some reason, and when I did doze a little my dreams were haunted by weeping old ladies. I got a bad habit of going into a brown study at inconvenient times and would stare gullibly when spoken to suddenly.

One day I got a note from Mr. Adams saying he was going to foreclose at once and assuring me that I'd get my money all right—I needn't worry. Somehow I didn't find the assurance comforting and went home without any appetite for supper.

"May the Lord preserve me from ever becoming a capitalist!" cried Lucille, looking at my face as I sat trying to read after supper. "You look, my dear, for all the world like Judas Iscariot after he was found out. A funeral would be cheerful beside you. Thank goodness, Bob is coming to-night."

Bob is Lucille's cousin, a young lawyer and the jolliest boy going. But, alas, when he came, Bob was in the blues too! He sighed like a furnace every few moments and finally announced that he couldn't stay.

"I want to see a man named Adams about a mortgage," he said, and I turned cold all over.

"It's the saddest case I ever heard of," he went on. "An old couple who are clients of mine had a mortgage on their home. It was bought a year or so ago by some shark or other."

I covered my eyes with my hand just here, and Lucille coughed in an embarrassed way, but Bob noticed nothing and proceeded in a troubled tone:

"Of course they couldn't keep up the interest. Whoever bought the mortgage knew they couldn't. Such people always figure on that, you know, and now the poor old chap has gone crazy over losing his home—clean daffy, you know—and his poor wife will be turned out unless something is done."

There was a dead silence for a moment when he stopped, and then I got up without a word, and going to my desk unlocked the drawer where I kept the precious mortgage. With trembling fingers I seized my pen and with a few strokes canceled the mortgage, and as I did so a load rolled off my heart.

"Here," I cried eagerly to the mystified Bob, "take this to that poor woman quick, to-night!"

"Oh, Sara!" cried Lucille, "you worked so hard for that money."

"So has she," I said. "And I am young and strong, while she is old and helpless. Oh, Lucille, if you knew how I've hated myself lately."

Lucille took me in her arms and then explained things to Bob, while I cried a little, though I couldn't help thinking what Mr. Higginson would have said at my behavior.

We got Bob off at last, as happy as a lord, and Lucille embraced me again.

"You were never cut out for a capitalist. I knew it all the time," she cried triumphantly.

"Thank you, dear," I said meekly. "And say, Lucille, let's go to hear Maude Adams to-night."

"Why," she exclaimed, her eyes as big as saucers, "the prices are way up in G."

"Who cares?" I said. "I'm richer to-night than I've been for years."

And we went.—*Edgar Temple Field in Chicago Herald.*

—Through an appeal made in the advertising column of the New York *Herald*, a new and happy light has come into the life of Mrs. Marie Donoher. She has found friends and helpers. Mrs. Donoher, who is a charming and cultivated woman, has been blind for two years. Since the death of her husband, a year ago, her loneliness has brought home to her more strongly than ever the fact that she was shut out and apart from the world. The greatest misfortune to her has been that she could not read, and that it was not always that she could find some one to read to her. Some friend suggested that she place an advertisement in the *Herald*, asking for volunteers to call and read to her occasionally.

When her sister called at the *Herald* office she found more than 80 answers to the appeal. They were from people in all conditions of life. Business men, students, a college professor, a man noted for his globe trotting, women whose names figure in society, girls in their teens, all were among those anxious to give of their leisure that they might bring brightness into a woman's life. Many of them have since called on Mrs. Donoher, and nearly every caller has helped to make the woman's apartments a bower of floral beauty. One of her callers spoke and read seven languages and wanted to know which his hostess would prefer. A young school girl wrote that she would be happy to call on Saturday afternoons and play the piano. From a mansion in River side Drive a wealthy woman wrote that her carriage was at Mrs. Donoher's disposal whenever she cared to go for a drive. Many of those who wrote frankly stated that they had little or no leisure, perhaps only one night a week, but this they would only be too glad to contribute.

She has answered all the letters, and many of the offers she has had to refuse, because she cannot bring herself to take the small leisure of those whose time is largely taken up with business cares. Others she has accepted, and she frankly says that among her new friends are some of the most charming and cultured persons she has ever met in her life.

—Pope and Byron were deformed, Milton was blind and many another literary genius has labored under some infirmities, but none of them, it is believed, has been so severely afflicted as Arthur D. Wilmot, of Salisbury, in this province, one of Canada's most talented verse writers. Since childhood he has sat in a chair or lay in a bed, unable to move a muscle except those of his face. Yet he has a contrivance by which he is enabled to read books and newspapers, and to write, holding a pencil between his lips. He has a delicate fancy and some of his lyrics are extremely fine. The following sonnet he addressed a few weeks ago:

TO H. L. SPENCER AT 70.

How swift the wheel of time can turn—how slow;
In vain we try, we children of a day,
To stop the wheel and lengthen out our play;
Around and round it turns and brings us woe
Or joy—and change to everything below.
The visions memory brings to waiting age
Of bright and happy scenes from youth's fair page,
Are sirens; the husk of things we need not know
Nor feel is falling off; and Nature's wheat
Is shining through the chaff; the joys of youth,
So real and deep when every breath was sweet;
The lasting pleasure of unconscious truth;
And golden dreams; and sympathy as keen
As love—for everything when life was green.

"Trust not to appearances," but put your faith in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which never disappoints. It is the best medicine money can buy.

The new hotel project at Halifax has materialized so far that a site has been obtained. The hotel will take in the whole block bounded by Barrington, Granville, Salter and Blower streets.

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

Telegraphing Without Wires.

Prof. A. E. Dolbear, in *Donahoe's Magazine* for November, throws some light on this process, which has come out of the range of theory and experiment into practical utility. He says:

For many years telegraphic work was carried on in what is technically called a closed circuit, which means a continuous electrical conductor from the generator through the telegraphic instrument back to the generator. The ground has often been made a part of this circuit. When the telephone began to be used it was noticed that telegraphic signals could often be heard coming from circuits wholly disconnected, sometimes even a mile or two away. Professor Trowbridge, of Harvard, showed how it was possible to telegraph across a river or even the Atlantic Ocean without having any connecting cable. An electric current in the earth spreads out in a wonderful way from its grounded terminals, and when it comes to a conductor better than the earth, a larger proportion will follow it wherever it may lead; hence a part of a current sent into the earth at one place may be utilized in another circuit quite apart from it, and the further apart the earth terminals of the first circuit the greater distance away may the second circuit be. Now if a telegraphic circuit had one terminal in, say Greenland, and the other in Brazil, and another circuit had its terminals, say in Norway and Liberia in Africa, any electric current in one would be felt in the other, and the signals with a Morse key made in one might be heard in a telephone in the other circuit. Such effects are due to conduction in the earth, and the observed phenomena has served to show that an intermediate wire is not essential for telegraphic communication. It was shown by the writer some years ago that a conducting circuit was not essential for electrical processes, for telegraph signals and talking have been heard in a telephone quite disconnected from any circuit, and fifty feet away from the nearest, and subsequently he found it possible to set up rapidly intermittent currents between two places several hundred feet apart, by discharging opposite terminals of induction coils into the earth, the second terminal of each coil being in the air so that telegraphic signals could be heard in one circuit without what is called a complete circuit in either apparatus. There is no special limit to this method.

Awkward Mistake.

It is always well that the heads of the family know when invitations are given by the sons and daughters of the house and accepted by their friends. In a certain large and hospital home on Staten Island where visitors are continually coming and going, and the young people are at liberty to give their own invitations, provided a certain number is not exceeded, an awkward incident happened to a shy young man in consequence of this latitude allowed to the juniors of the establishment. The young man having received and accepted a pressing invitation to stop at the aforesaid mansion from Friday until Monday, started with his bag on the boat designated. Seeing his host and hostess (the father and mother of his friend), with whom he had but a slight acquaintance, he went over to join them. To his embarrassment he saw that they did not recognize him, and he was obliged to introduce himself.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Smith, of course," said the woman, evidently cudgelling her memory. "How stupid of me! I remember you very well. And where are you going, Mr. Smith? If it is anywhere near us I hope you will come over and see us. 'Jim' is at home, you know, and the girls—I am sure they will be delighted to see you."

Here was a situation! The bashful youth who had already felt uncomfortable at their non-recognition, had not the courage to say boldly that he intended accompanying them to their house as a guest, and remembering there was a club to which he belonged in their vicinity, meekly announced that he intended going there, whither he betook himself, bag and baggage, on his arrival at the station. He ordered a lonely dinner, intending to go back to town in the evening. Just as he was taking his place at the table, however, his friend "Jim" burst into the room.

"Well, of all funny mistakes," he cried, "this beats all! Why, didn't you tell the mater you were going to us? She is in a great funk about it, and has insisted that they should all wait dinner for you—so come along quick."

Bananas in Typhoid Fever.

After a long experience with typhoid patients, Dr. Ussery of St. Louis maintains that the best food for them is the banana. He explains by stating that in this disease the lining membrane of the small intestines becomes intensely inflamed and engorged, eventually beginning to slough away in spots, leaving well defined ulcers, at which places the intestinal walls become dangerously thin.

Now, a solid food, if taken into the stomach, is likely to produce perforation of the intestines, dire results naturally following, and, this, being the case, solid foods or those containing a large amount of innutritious substances are to be avoided as dangerous.

But the banana, though it may be classed as a solid food containing as it does some 95 per cent nutrition, does not possess sufficient waste to irritate the sore spots. Nearly the whole amount taken into the stomach is absorbed, giving the patient more strength than can be obtained from other food.—*American Druggist.*

How one Woman Saved her Carpet.

A mequette carpet was recently saved from ruin by the prompt action of a woman who had just tipped over the contents of a large inkstand upon its delicate surface. She rushed to the kitchen and snatched from the table a pint bowl filled with milk. This was instantly poured over the spot without stopping to take up the ink. By the time the whole was wiped up the stain had almost disappeared. A little rubbing with soap and water to take off the grease left from the milk was all that was needed to obliterate the last vestige of the ink. It was in the home of this same woman that a careless maid dropped a lamp, deluging the hall carpet with kerosene. This time oatmeal was sprinkled quickly and liberally over the place and left until the next morning. When at that time the hall was swept the oil was found to be completely absorbed and the carpet rather fresher for its treatment.

—Either you are necessary to Providence and then you have no right to kill yourself by overwork, or you are not necessary to Providence, and then you have no need to kill yourself by overwork. I put that dilemma to you in all seriousness and leave you to escape from it if you can.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.