Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1893. NO. 29.

Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS.
Barrister, Solicitor,
Notary Public, &c.
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.
OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

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

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

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. 49tf

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. 51 tf

P. C. MELONSON,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER
MIDDLETON CORNER.
Repairing punctually and thoroughly attended to, and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.
I have constantly on hand complete lines of Watches Clocks and Jewelry.

NOTICE!
The Packet Schooner
TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N.B., during the season of 1893.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly Lime and Salt.
J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master.*
When Schooner is not in port apply to Capt. P. Nicholson, Bridgetown.
St. John address: SOUTH WHARF, care of G. S. DeForrest & Sons.
Bridgetown, March 28th, 1893. 52tf

REMOVAL.

The subscribers wish to announce to their many friends and patrons that they have removed from the Payson building on Granville Street, and are now located in the building on the corner of
Queen and Court Streets,
where they will keep constantly in stock full lines of
FRESH AND SALTED MEATS, FISH, VEGETABLES, ETC.
Look out for the first Spring Lamb on Saturday, June 9th.
Goods delivered free of charge.
A. VIDITO,
F. VIDITO.
Bridgetown, June 6th, 1893. 10 tf

Nova Scotia Wins.
A Tiverton Miracle.
Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by
DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
THE KING OF REMEDIES.
From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N. S.:—
"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 25 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all afflicted with sores of any kind.

Dr. J. Woodbury's
HORSE LINIMENT
Is Infallibly the Cure for
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles. Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR
MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

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

Full and Complete Lines
—OF—
LEADING GROCERIES,
Rubber Goods, Crockeryware,
AND OTHER GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
AT PRICES THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN IN THE COUNTY.
H. E. REED, - MIDDLETON, N. S.

TO THE FRONT AS USUAL WITH
WALL PAPERS, best and cheapest!
PRINTS, CHALLIES, JAPONICA STRIPE,
AND OTHER LINES OF
SUMMER DRESS GOODS
LADIES' UNDERWEAR, Etc., Etc.
L. C. MARSHALL.
Paradise Corner, April 25th, 1893.

BURGLARIZING AND ROBBERY AT MIDDLETON.

A few mornings before the robbery of Mr. Andrew's store Dr. Miller found a part of a skeleton key in his drug store lock, and the Dr. is puzzled to know what the would-be robbers wanted in his drug store, except they had read the following and wanted a supply of the goods:

Rev. T. B. Reagh, Rector of Milton Episcopal Church, P. E. Island, says: "My daughter had suffered for nearly two years from indigestion, &c., and nervous prostration. After using many remedies and consulting many physicians I was advised to try Dr. Miller's Tonic Dinner Pills, which in her case worked like a miracle."

The Rev. J. E. Warner, Rector, of Middleton, says:—

"For more than twenty years I have been afflicted with Chronic Constipation. Have been treated by several physicians here and in the States, and have tried many of the *cures* advertised through the press without receiving any permanent benefit.

In consequence of the complications arising from this disease I have been obliged to undergo a painful surgical operation, and was compelled last year to give up work. About six months ago I consulted Dr. Miller, why gave me a box of his DINNER PILLS, and I can cheerfully testify that their effect in my case has been little less than magical. Since then I have recommended them to some of my friends, who have experienced like good results from their use and returned me their warmest thanks, and I confidently give them a public recommendation, as I have found them, by far, the best medicine I have ever used."

(Signed.) REV. J. E. WARNER,
The Rectory, Middleton.

Use Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and all diseases of Mucous Membranes throughout the body.

S. R. NIXON, of Nictaux Falls, says: "I have used all the so-called cures for coughs, colds and bronchitis, but found none equal to Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture. *I believe it is the best on earth.*"

Rev. John L. Sponagle, Methodist Clergyman, Middleton, says:—

"Suffering from Bronchial affection—aggravated by cold—and having heard of the healing properties of your "Tar Cough Mixture" I was induced to make trial of it, and I am glad to inform you that I received much benefit from its use. In my case it soothed and allayed irritation, and added expectoration. I keep it constantly at my home."

For Sale by all Druggists and Respectable Dealers.

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.

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
HALIFAX, N. S.
Established 1878.
'CERES SUPERPHOSPHATE
(The Complete Fertilizer.)
POPULAR PHOSPHATE,
APPLE-TREE PHOSPHATE,
POTATO PHOSPHATE,
STRAWBERRY PHOSPHATE.
Our fertilizers are now being offered to the farmers for the 15th season. As these fertilizers have been used to such a great extent and for so many years the farmer knows that he is buying something that is no longer an experiment, but an established factor in the growth of all crops.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territories.
48 4m JACK & BELL.

TO THE PUBLIC!
LAWRENCETOWN, MARCH 20th, 1893.
Please take notice that the agency held by R. B. Durling, of Lawrencetown, for Jack & Bell's Fertilizers in the past has now been transferred to Dr. L. R. Morse, who will be prepared to supply the farmers in the future with our fertilizers at prices and time that will suit all.
JACK & BELL.

IF YOU FEEL TIRED EASILY OR SUFFER FROM NERVOUS EXHAUSTION IN ANY OF ITS MANY FORMS, SUCH AS LOSS OF MEMORY, WEAKNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, LASSITUDE, NERVOUS HEADACHE, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, NERVOUSNESS, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA, OR ANY NERVOUS DISORDER; TAKE HAWKER'S NERVE & STOMACH TONIC.
IT WILL CURE YOU.
IT SUPPLIES, TO THE SYSTEM, THE NECESSARY CONSTITUENTS TO FORM NEW RICH BLOOD, AND TO RENEW AND REINFORCE THE WEAKENED NERVE TISSUES. IT IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE WEAK, NERVOUS AND DELICATE CONSTITUTION OF FEMALES, AND TO THE EXHAUSTION PRODUCED BY CONSTANT BRAIN WORK. IT HAS MOST WONDERFUL RESTORATIVE POWERS, AND MAKES THE WEAK AND NERVOUS, STRONG AND VIGOROUS. TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED.
Price 50 cts. a bottle. Sold by all druggists and general dealers. Manufactured by
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

1893. "A." No. 469.

IN THE SUPREME COURT,

—BETWEEN—

The REVEREND WILLIAM BLOWERS BLISS, The REVEREND JOHN WORTHINGTON BLISS, LEWIS HILL BLISS, and the RIGHT REVEREND JAMES B. KELLY, surviving executors of the HONORABLE B. BLISS, Deceased, - Plaintiffs,

—AND—

MARY ALICE RICE, JEPTHA RICE, ALFRED RICE, EMMA RICE, JOSEPH N. RICE, and LILY SMITH, Defendants.

To be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, in front of the Court House in Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, on

SATURDAY, the 28th day of October,
A.D. 1893, AT THE HOUR OF 11 O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON,

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale, made herein on the nineteenth day of September, A.D., 1893, unless before the day of sale, the amount due to the plaintiffs for principal, interest and cost be paid to the plaintiffs or their solicitors, all the estate, right, title, interest, and equity of redemption which the late Asaph Rice, Senior, had at the time of the execution of the mortgage foreclosed herein, and which the above named defendants or any or either of them now have, and of all persons claiming by, through, or under the said Asaph Rice, Senior, or the said defendants, or any, or either of them, of in to or out of the following described lots or parcels of dyked marsh land, situate, lying and being in the township of Annapolis in the county of Annapolis, bounding on Bloody Creek, so-called, being a part and portion of the homestead farm of the said Asaph Rice, Senior, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:—

FIRST, Beginning at an apple tree at a knoll on the upland by the north boundary of John Rice's marsh lot, thence running westerly along a ditch between the said John Rice's lot, and the lot hereby conveyed until it comes to the stream called Bloody Creek, thence turning and running down the course of the said stream northerly twenty-one rods, taking in three beds so-called until it comes to a certain other ditch, thence turning and running easterly along the said ditch dividing the lot hereby conveyed from another lot of the said John Rice's lying on the north until it comes to the upland, thence along the upland southerly twenty-one rods to the apple tree or place of beginning, containing three beds or five acres.

SECOND, a certain other lot of dyke marsh land beginning at a willow tree at the east end of the old cross dyke, so-called, thence running westerly along the said old cross dyke to the aforesaid stream called Bloody Creek, thence turning and running northerly down the course of the said stream, until it comes to the Abolitionist, thence turning and running easterly along the running dyke from the said Abolitionist to the upland, thence turning and running southerly to the willow tree at the east end of the old cross dyke aforesaid. Together with the privileges, ways, easements, appurtenances, to the lots of marsh land belonging or in any wise appertaining.

TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of the deed.

Sheriff's Office, Annapolis Royal, September 19th, 1893.

J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff of the County of Annapolis.
J. J. RITCHIE, *Plaintiff's Solicitor.* 25 3i

Closing Out!
As I intend making a change in my business, I am now offering my goods at
GREAT BARGAINS
to close out my stock,
FOR CASH ONLY.
For Sale:
Saves, Headings, Laths, Shingles,
E. S. PIGGOTT,
Queen Street,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

—AT—
TAYLOR'S!
Crown Lavender Salts!
The most agreeable deodorizer that exists. Specially adapted for Sick Rooms and for Faintness.
BRUSHES!
Hair, Cloth, Tooth, Nail, Shaving and Hat.
COMBS, SPONGES, PURSES, PIPES, TOBACCO, TOBACCO POUCHES, CIGARS and CIGARETTES.
PARLOR GAMES!
Lotto, Old Maid, Store, Authors, Round the World, Tiddley Winks, Checkers, Chess, Go Bang, Steeplechase, Logmachey, Lost Heir.
Fancy Baskets, Stationery,
Hand Mirrors, Photo Frames, and Toilet Articles generally.
TAYLOR'S,
Queen Street, - Bridgetown.

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. 1o29

For Sale!
10 THOMAS ORGANS, direct from factory for Musical Convention, May 24th. Cash or easy terms.
Come and get a *BARGAIN*, as they must be sold.
N. H. PHINNEY

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
UNLOCKS ALL THE CLOGGED SECRETIONS OF THE BOWELS, KIDNEYS AND LIVER, CARRYING OFF GRADUALLY, WITHOUT WEAKENING THE SYSTEM, ALL IMPURITIES AND FOUL HUMORS. AT THE SAME TIME CORRECTING ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, CURING BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, HEARTBURN, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, SKIN DISEASES, JAUNDICE, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, NERVOUSNESS, AND GENERAL DEBILITY. THESE AND ALL SIMILAR COMPLAINTS QUICKLY YIELD TO THE CURATIVE INFLUENCE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

New Goods!
If the children require any NEW BOOKS before beginning school again send them to the
Central Book Store,
where a large supply of such goods has just been received.
B. J. ELDERKIN.
Bridgetown, August 15th, 1893.

Feed a Cold
Yes, but feed it with Scott's Emulsion. Feeding the cold kills it, and no one can afford to have a cough or cold, acute and leading to consumption, lurking around him.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites
strengthens Weak Lungs, checks all Wasting Diseases and is a remarkable Flesh Producer. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE SHORTHAND INSTITUTE
Our New Circular is in press, and will be issued in a few days. Send for a copy. It will tell all about our terms and courses of study. Also about some of our graduates,—where they are and what they are doing.
Specimens of Penmanship executed by Mr. Pringle will also be sent. You can judge whether they are likely to be excelled.
KERR & PRINGLE, Proprietors,
St. John, N. B.

Poetry.

The Happy Autumn Fields.

Ah, happy fields, at rest from fruitfulness!
No careless storm of the ungentle spring
Uptore your venturing roots, nor pierced the sting
Of spiteful frosts your early promises.
The skies were blue above you. With caress
Of gentle beams the sun lured you to bring
Your blessing blossoms; and from the wing
Of night were shaken dews their thirst to bless.
For shadows had yet but the bounteous clouds
That, passing, spanned you with arch of hope;
No canker worms made of your leaves their shrouds,
Nor envious hand sowed tares on every slope.
And now the jocund harvesters have blest you,
Ye happy fields, that from your labors rest you.

Kind Heaven! so order the uncertain days
Of my brief mortal season, so defend
From frost and drought and tempest, so befriend
With sun and dew, and bows of promise raise,
So temper to me all the cold world's ways
That not in vain my toiling strength I spend;
But come in ripeness to the perfect end,
And lie at rest in life's autumnal haze!
Nought were it then upon the heart to take
The ice of death and in it lie entombed,
As when on you the snows of winter break,
Ye mourn not for the springtime when ye bloomed.
Ah, let me know the harvesters have blest me,
Ere I from my labor come to rest me.

—*James Lane Allen, in The Independent.*

Select Literature.

Morrill the Burglar.

It was a holiday in the great prison at C——. In the huge stone court-yard five hundred men and more, clad in blue clothing and wearing tall, pointed caps, were enjoying their brief respite which the rules allowed them.

Some of them shouted and sang and some played leap-frog. But others were moody and silent and stoop apart from their merrier companions, in couples or alone.

Upon a flight of stone steps at one side was a knot of ladies and gentlemen curiously observing the surprising spectacle. One of them was an officer of the prison.

He said to a friend who stood close by:

"Do you see that tall fellow leaning against the western wall with his arms folded upon his chest?"

"Yes."

"He is Morrill, the great burglar. He is in for twenty years. He is forty now. He will probably die here. He has only one friend in the world. He is so savage and so vindictive that all his own companions have fallen away from him?

"Who is this friend?"

"A little fellow, a boy, the son of one of the turn-keys."

"A boy!"

"Yes, a boy. His name is Matthew. One recreation day like this he noticed that Morrill seemed to be by himself as if slighted or disliked by the others, and he went and spoke to him in his childish way and Morrill broke down like a baby. Look there goes Matthew, now!"

They saw a small, slim, light-haired boy picking his way through the crowd, and presently the tall convict started up from his leaning position and putting his hands out a smile crossed his savage face. He stooped down, and Matthew leaned against his knee and put his arms about his great neck.

They talked together for an hour. At times they both became very gay. It was a strange sight to see this delicate child and this terrible villain so closely bound together.

After a while Morrill began to grow sober. The more he looked into the boy's blue eyes the more silent he became and hung his head.

"What's the matter, Morrill?" asked Matthew.

"Nothin," said the prisoner, presently.

"But why don't you laugh? you laughed a little ago. Have I said anything you don't like?"

"No."

"Don't they they treat you well?"

"Yes."

"Then what is it, Morrill? I don't like to see you look like this. I know it's a pretty hard life here, but you can make it pleasanter if you only look on the bright side of everything!"

Morrill dropped his head still lower and a sob shook his huge frame.

"You don't know how unkind I am, Matthew. But you will some day, and then you'll hate me. It is that that makes me feel bad."

"Hate you! Hate you, Morrill! You who are shut up behind these thick stone walls and iron bars, I hate you! I who can go anywhere, and see anything, and have all I want! Oh, no, no!" and the boy patted the rough shoulder of his friend, and his own voice trembled.

"You don't know nuthin' that's hid here," and he touched himself on his breast. "I'd like to be honest to one being in the world, but I can't. I meant to be square to you—and you are such a little fellow and couldn't harm me, but I can't. I'm a villain, I's'pose, and I can't help it! Oh, Matthew—I don't know what a heart is, hardly—I don't like most people, fur they're all down on me, all yellin' at me—but when you come, I'm happy—and still—I'm cheatin' ye."

"Cheating me!"

The convict shook his head and buried his face in his hands.

Just then the prison bell sounded with a wild and dreadful clang.

The visitors knew what that meant. They began to leave.

"Good-by, Morrill—good-by till Thanksgiving," said Matthew, and the convict embraced him tightly. He could hardly permit the boy to leave him; he clung to him as if he were his own child, and as if about to be separated forever.

"Good-by, Matthew!—good-by! Try to to think I like ye! ay, I do love ye, boy! and may God furgive my sin!"

In a moment the child had flown. He looked back to nod to his friend, but he saw that he was still crouching upon the ground still communing with himself.

Matthew was filled with grief and perplexity. What could this mean!

As he was going up the steps with the other people out of the prison yard, he was touched upon the shoulder, and a quiet voice said: "Follow me."

He looked up and saw one of the head jailers, a powerful man with gray hair, who caught his eye with a single sharp glance and passed on.

Matthew turned out of the crowd and followed him. The jailor led the boy into the basement story where the kitchens were. When they were both out of sight, the jailor turned to Matthew and felt in the pockets of his jacket without saying a word. He immediately drew forth from one of them a bit of paper. He opened it. Upon it was some writing.

It was this, "Friday night if it is dark. If not then, the first night that is dark." It was written very roughly, and some slang words were used, but the above was the sense of it.

"Did you ever see this before?" demanded the jailor, bending his stern eye upon Matthew.

"The paper, sir? No, sir," said Matthew in the firm tone of conscious innocent.

The jailor nodded, and replaced the paper in the pocket whence he took it. Then he sent Matthew into the prison yard again, and told him to mingle with the visitors as much as possible while they passed out, but not to touch the paper, and then, after he had left the prison, to go into the warden's office, and close the door behind him.

Filled with mystery, Matthew obeyed, and obeyed to the letter. In fifteen minutes, he presented himself, in the warden's office.

The jailor and the warden were present. His pockets were again searched. The paper was not to be found. The jailor and the warden exchanged glances. They then dismissed Matthew, after sternly and solemnly commanding him not to divulge a word of what had taken place.

But this the boy could not wish or dare to disobey. The strange affair that he seemed to have become involved in naturally took possession of all his thoughts. He puzzled over it, and tormented himself with it hour after hour.

He suspected that he had, in some way, been made use of to forward a wicked scheme. His sensitive conscience resented this, and the very idea of such complicity worried him till it almost made him sick. Next day he begged his father to ask the gray-haired jailor to come and see him. The father complied and the jailor came. Matthew begged him to tell what the mystery meant about the paper that was put into his pocket and taken out again so secretly.

The old jailor looked hard into the lad's face and reflected a moment. He decided that it was not only safe to tell him what he knew, but that it would be cruel to permit him to be deceived any longer, as he had been.

Then he said in his terse way; "When you went over to Morrill yesterday, I was on the top of the south wall watching him with a field-glass. I saw him put his arm around you, and take something out of your pocket. Something that had been put there by one of the visitors, a confederate of Morrill's.

"Then I saw him put something back; that something was the paper I found. Afterwards the paper was taken out of your pocket by the same person who had put the other in. The person was, no doubt, one of those that were not permitted to go into the yard, but who stood in the rotunda of the prison."

Matthew gazed at the iron visage of the jailor with staring eyes.

"You," continued the other, "have been made the medium of a regular round of communications between Morrill and his old associates outside.

"To-day is Tuesday. On Friday night, if it is dark, he will attempt to escape, and we shall permit him to think that he has done so, until we can capture all the party including him. So you see, boy, he deceived you. His heart is made of stone. He has no interest other than his own, and while he was telling you how much he depended upon you, he was laughing in his sleeve."

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed the boy, "not that —not that! I can't believe that." Then the jailor went away, only repeating the solemn injunction to Matthew to keep secret all he now knew.

What a task was this to the trusting boy! How hard it was to believe that this convict, whom he had pitied and befriended, and whose heart he thought he had won, after all, been imposing upon him!

Poor Matthew was dreadfully cast down about it. He would have given all he had for one assurance that Morrill was not the wretch that he seemed.

Then he began to recall, one by one, the affectionate speeches of the man. He remembered how he had seen him sometimes shed tears, and even sob, and seem quite broken down, as he pressed his hand and kissed it.

"He is not deceiving me!" cried the boy. I am sure of it! I am certain of it!" Then he would think of the secret messages and his heart would sink within him again. And then once more his faith would triumph, and so, racked with doubt he passed the days, dreading what might happen on Friday night.

Friday morning came. Friday afternoon, with its heavier forbodings. Friday evening, with anxieties that made the boy sick at heart. It was cold and starless. A gray fog drew across the sky and completely enveloped the grim prison.

The bell clanged its last three strokes at six o'clock, and all the people in the region knew that the six hundred prisoners were locked safely in their cells for the night.

Matthew could not rest. He went to the prison and begged to be permitted to sit and wait until the coming struggle was over.

The permission was given. He watched and thought in solitude. All was silent save the occasional footfall in one of the distant corridors, or the rattle of a wardsman's musket, or a hollow growl of the night wind around the prison parapets.

It will not be necessary to describe the plans of the officials to capture the accomplices of Morrill, and, indeed, as the story would necessarily deal only with force and violence, it is much better to have it unwritten.

It will be sufficient to say simply that at half-past eleven o'clock a squad of policemen, in response to a low hiss given by the watching warden, who was hidden in an angle of the outer wall, ran forward, and, falling upon three men who had placed ropes over the parapet and ladders against it, gagged them and bound them fast. These were the confederates of Morrill, and they had been waiting in the drenching mist for over two hours, uttering from time to time a peculiar cooing like that of a dove, to signal him that all was ready.

Inside the corridors of the prison, also a quiet watch had been kept, but nothing here had gone wrong.

What was the matter? Why had not Morrill, whose way seemed clear to him, made the attempt to fly?

Had he heard of the discovery of the plot? Impossible!

Had his courage failed him? That was out of the question.

Why was it, then, that this bold, hardened man, incarcerated for life, hopeless of release by any pardon, doomed to perpetual labor and to perpetual confinement had not burst his cell and made a desperate effort to be free?

No one could answer.

The officers ascended to Morrill's cell. His iron door was fastened as usual. They looked in through the grating. Then they undid the locks, threw back the door and turned in the light of a lantern.

They drew back with surprise. There in the dreaded convict sat upon his stool in the farthest recess, with his arms folded, and his eyes glaring directly at them.

"What have you come for?" cried he in a fierce tone.

"To see if you were here."

He gave a start. "Did you know about it then?" meaning of course, the plot for his escape.

"Yes, everything."

For a moment the convict seemed overwhelmed with astonishment. He arose hastily and went to his bed. He took from it a strong iron hook and a coil of rope. "Did you know about these?"

"Yes," replied the warden.

Then he took out of his pocket three firm strips of steel notched in the form of saws. One could cut iron with them with great ease. He glanced at the warden again. "Yes," said the warden, "I knew about those, too."

"And about this?" He drew out from beneath his coat a "dummy" composed of clothing stuffed with papers, which was intended to represent to the watchman his figure lying in bed after he had gone.

The warden nodded a third time. The convict looked at him in doubt.

"I also know this," said the warden. He crossed the cell, mounted upon the stool, and seizing one after another two of the iron bars that guarded the window, wrenched them from their places and threw them upon the floor, saying:

"Those bars were sawn through with the watch-spring that you took from the boy Mathew's pocket on one of the prison holidays."

The convict sank upon his pallet.

His treachery to his one friend was known.

"Why didn't you try to get away when you thought you had the chance! After you had deceived the child, why didn't you go ahead?" The warden's face was full of scorn.

A moment passed in silence. Then the convict looked up. His face was convulsed with emotion.

"Mr. Warden," he said, slowly, and in a broken voice, "it was because I was helped by that boy, unbeknown to him, that I didn't go. All was ready, and I only had to turn around and walk out to be free.

The warden whispered to one of the keepers, and he went away.

"But all at once I stopped. Says I to myself, 'You've been a wicked man, and havn't any friends but those who buy for money—except one and him you are goin' to cheat—and he's only a little feller—a boy.'

"'No,' says I, 'I won't do it,' so after I got all ready (and we've been workin' a year to fix things for this), I jest sot down here, Mr. Warden, an here I stuck in spite of all, my signals, and I heard 'em all, every one.

"I don't know how a man like me could weaken so, Mr. Warden. P'raps it was alikin' for the little feller—p'raps it was a sort o' love and thankfulness to him—I don't know—I can't tell—I never felt such things often enough to get used to it. But I remember his soft cheeks, and his pretty hair and eyes and his kind way of speakin' to me. And it all came up to me just at the pinch, Mr. Warden, and I couldn't stir.

"Somethin' said if you go you'll be a worse man than you are now; if you stay you'll be better.

"I couldn't bear to cheat him, Mr. Warden—I—I—want to seem fair to him. He's the only one I've got to seem fair to. Everybody else says I'm a villain. He don't say it. He believes in me—and—and—and I ain't goin' back on him."

The convict buried his face in his hands and his strong frame shook with sobs.

At this moment Matthew was conducted into the cell by one of the officers. The warden told him in a few words how matters stood.

The prisoner raised his head and held out his arm, and the boy went forward and leaned in the old way against his striped knee, and put his arm around his neck.

The bad man seemed as happy and contented now as if he received some great reward. He had given up the chance of gaining his liberty, he had disappointed his accomplices, and he had consented to stay in prison until the end of his days, provided he could still have the trust and affection of this boy.

His strange heart, which had known so much wickedness, needed this consolation after the struggle of his first virtuous victory. He bowed his head upon the boy's shoulder and wept like a child.

Never was seen a finer spectacle of the power and triumph of innocence over hardened sin. The influence of the pure and gentle spirit of the boy and the love his kindness had inspired, had wrought the rough criminal to his own tender temper and softer mould.

Morrill remained a prisoner five years after this, and Matthew still visited him and continued to be his friend.

The governor of the state, the Thanksgiving day of 1892, granted three pardons. One of these was to Morrill. In the fierce tremor of delight which shook him like a raft upon hearing of his good fortune, the convict asked:

"What made the governor do this for me?"

Matthew replied slowly: "He heard what you once did for honesty."—*The Household.*

Have you Neuralgia!

If you are suffering the agonies of neuralgia, and have failed to get a remedy that will afford relief, we want you to try Polson's Nervine. No remedy in the market has given anything like the same degree of satisfaction. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvelous, and as it is put up in 25 cent bottles no great expense is involved in giving it a trial. Polson's Nerviline is the most pleasant, powerful, and certain pain remedy in the world. Sold by druggists and all dealers in medicine, 25 cents a bottle.

A PLACE OF ROSES.—Kezanlik is beyond all dispute the sweetest smelling place on earth. It lies on the upper Tundja, near the foot of the Shipka pass, in a valley full of rose fields. Kezanlik is the chief seat of the industry in attar of roses. It takes 20,000 of the roses that grow in that valley to yield, by distillation, as much genuine attar or otto of roses as equals in weight a 50-cent piece.

A Rare Combination.

There is no other remedy or combination of medicines that meets so many requirements, as does Burdock Blood Bitters in its wide range of power over such chronic diseases as dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaint, scrofula, and all humors of the blood.

A NEW DANGER.—An odd thing happened a day or two ago that suggests a caution to travellers. A lady was seated in an express train near an open window, leaving Philadelphia, reading a book. Smelling something burning she looked down and found her dress on fire. A good sized hole had been burned, but there was no flame. A spark from the engine of a freight train had entered the window.

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A LAKEPORT MIRACLE.

AN EXPERIENCE FEW COULD PASS THROUGH AND SURVIVE.

Broken down by Congestion of the Lungs and La Grippe—Weary Months of Sleepless Suffering—A Narrow Escape.

(From the Colborne Enterprise.)

The village of Lakeport in the county of Northumberland is beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, two and a half miles from the town of Colborne. The location of the village is picturesque and healthy, and as a rule the inhabitants of Lakeport are a vigorous people, with very little troubled sickness. But there are exceptions, and even in this healthy locality occasional cases of suffering and long months of weary sickness are found. Among those thus unfortunate was Mrs. Milo Haight, who for nearly two years was a great sufferer, sickness having made such inroads in her constitution that she was almost a complete wreck physically. Although a young woman her system had run down until life had become a burden. She had consulted physicians and tried many remedies, but no relief was found. Her attention was finally directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and having read of the many wonderful cures accomplished through the use of this great life-saving remedy, was induced to give them a trial. The result exceeded her fondest expectations, and before long she was restored to her former health and strength. Having heard of this case the *Enterprise* reporter called on Mrs. Haight, andenquired into the facts, which are given almost verbatim in the following statement: "I was ill for about twelve weeks in the latter part of 1891, while at home with my father in Trenton. I came to Lakeport, but was here only a few weeks when I was taken with inflammation of the bowels. After I sufficiently recovered I returned to Trenton. I had not been at home long when I was attacked with la grippe, which nearly brought me to death's door. A physician was called who said my system was badly run down. This was in February, 1892, and I was under his care for some twelve weeks before I was able to get out of doors. When I was taken down congestion of the lungs and spine set in and then the trouble went to my throat, and lastly to my ear, causing an abscess which gathered and broke three times, leaving me quite deaf. I suffered the most excruciating pains, sleep left me and I could not rest. I suffered continually with cold chills and cold hands and feet and severe headaches. The doctor gave me no hope of recovery. As soon as I was able I returned to Lakeport, but did not improve in health and I felt that death would be a relief. In June, 1892, I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and had not been taking them long when the chills left me, my appetite improved, and sleep returned, something I had not enjoyed for many long weary months. After using the Pink Pills for some weeks I began to feel as though I could stand almost anything. In the month of June, 1892, I weighed 114 pounds, and in April, 1893, I weighed 151 pounds, my greatest weight. I took the Pink Pills for about four months, but I now resort to them for any trouble, even a slight headache. I truly believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold, and I owe my health and strength, if not my life to them. My eyes were weak at the time I was sick, but I have had no such experience since I began the use of Pink Pills. I take great pleasure in thus making known my case, hoping that some fellow creature may be benefitted thereby. I allow no opportunity to pass without speaking well of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I know of several persons who began their use on my recommendation and were greatly benefitted by them. My father, who is some seventy years of age, is receiving great help from their use. I can truthfully say I cannot speak too highly of Pink Pills, and I would not be without them in the house under any circumstances."

Mrs. Haight's husband is also taking Pink Pills for rheumatism, and being present during the interview gave his testimony to their benefit to him. Mrs. Haight's present appearance indicates the best of health, and no one who did not know of her long suffering would imagine from her present appearance that she had ever been sick. Her case is one that cannot but give the strongest hope to other sufferers that they too may be cured by Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills whose action upon the human system seems almost magical.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y. Pink Pills are not a patent medicine but a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anæmia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after-effects of la grippe, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness building anew the blood and restoring the glow