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Weekin



Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 23.

Trust

What Time

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Since A. D.

Has Endorsed 1810. I. S. JOHNSON, ESQ. My Dear Sir:—Fifty years ago this month your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to this.

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This certifies that Dr. A. Johnson, whose remove than fifty years in my family, led it for colds, coughs, sore throat, cramps, sore stomach, rheumatism, scolic, toothache, neuralgia, etc., and always good every way. I would not ouse be without it. I am a man ry years inson's Liminent is my family remedy.

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This certifies that Dr. A. Johnson, whose name is signed to every genuine bottle of Jan., 18,0, first left at my store some of the same, six of the cought of the property of

The Doctor's Signature and directions are on every bottle, if you can't get it send to us. Price 35 cents; six \$2.00. Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., Sole Proprietors.



THE CELEBRATED "TYKE" AND "BLENHEIM" SERGES.

Call and Inspect Goods. It is a pleasure for me to show them.

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LIMITED.

We are now making soft mud, sand-moulded Brick at the rate of twenty-five thousand

These Brick are 10 p.c, larger than any other made in Western Nova Scotia. They are Hard, Straight and Square. No better

in Canada. We also have a stiff mud machine for making Wire Cut Brick, with a capacity of sixty housand per day. These are smooth, hard and straight, and we make them this year half pound heavier than usual. We have on hand five hundred thousand Wire Cut Brick left

Come and see us and get prices, and before concluding a purchase take a look at the aildings made from our Brick and compare with those made from stock obtained elsewhere. the Moir Building in Halifax, built three years ago, and the County Asylum here, built

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Is Infallibly the Cure for Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,

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.

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K CURRY.

CURRY BROTHERS & BENT.

Bridgetown Wood-Working Factory.

We beg to notify the public in general that we have recently purchased the premises on ranville street, formerly known as the J. B. Reed & Sons furniture factory, and are now equip

Contracting and Building,

Doors, Sashes, Frames, Stair Work, Mouldings, Clapboards, Sheathing, Flooring, Shingles, Laths, etc., and will constantly have on hand a full stock of Lime and all other Building Materials. motto will be "give every man a good job." We have come to stay, and if you want of any kind put up let us know, and we will give you a figure that will suit the times.

WANTED: -Seasoned Spruce and Pine Lumber.

ANOTHER

The "QUEEN," so favorably known for prompt and liberal settlement of loss, has appointed

Poetry.

Love Lightens Labor. A good wife rose from her bed one morn And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed and mor Than a dozen of mouths to be fed;
The meals to get for the men in the field,
The children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned:

And all to be done that day. It had rained in the night, and all the wood Was wet as it could be; There were puddings and pies to bake, be

sides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said:
"If maidens but knew what good wives know
They would be in no haste to wed."

"Jennie, what think you I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said, and, coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek: "Twas that you were
the best
And dearest woman in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,

In a smiling, absent way,

Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day,
And the pain in her head was forgot, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light and her butter was sweet
And as golden as it could be.

'Just think," the children all called in breath
"Tom Wood has run off to sea! "Tom Wood has run off to sea!

He wouldn't, we know, if he only had

As happy a home as we."

The night came down, and the good wife

smiled

To herself as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,

It's not strange that maids will wed."

Select Witerature.

Samantha's Secret.

s-not a particularly attractive occupa tion, nor could any one, even the most romantic dreamer, have seen anything pictur

esque in the picture she made. Had anyone noticed her, or having caught a glimpse of her cared to look again, this is what they would have seen: An old farmhouse, once painted yellow, but now so worn by years of winter blasts and summer sun, that it had a dirty, mottled appearance, a broad door where vegetables, dishes, brooms, and kittens were mingled in delightful confusion; on the worn wooden step, a young girl, whose face, framed by a mass of tumbled hair of varying shades of brown, was not that of a rustic beauty; it was broad and freckled, the eyes were of an indescribable greenish gray, the lashes that shaded them so few and light in color as to be almost indistinguishable. The nose was well shaped,

the mouth large and irregular. There was in fact nothing attractive in the whole figure, for everything from the soiled, torn calico dress to the old boots that lacked a sufficient number of buttons to keep them on well, betokened a careless indifference to anybody or anything in the world about her. falling into the pan of the apples, as they fell n the girl's hands and the ticking clock on the shelf beside the door.

Then in the distance came the sound of a she turned and walked home. slow shuffling tread. Nearer and nearer it came. Now a puff of wind drew a cloud of dust from the wake of the impetuous footsteps into the face of the girl, but she made

sight of the figure in the door, quickened his pace until he reached the gate, then stopped, leaning both elbows on the fence and staring at Samantha. Still, Samantha sat on the step, never looking up nor showing by any outward sight that she was aware of any presence save her own and the kittens, as leep in the sun at her feet.

"I say, Samantha, can I come in?" This time the silent figure moved, the face actually lifted a moment, and then a voice But she made no attempt to follow her said slowly, almost mechanically: "Don't see anything to prevent, the gate daughter. ain't fastened and Bruin is shut up in the

The voice did not sound particularly inviting, but the answer seemed to satisfy the open the gate with a shove that sent it rattling back with a bang, coming up the path and seating himself on the step. But Samantha kept on paring apples.

"I say, Samantha, can't you say nothing to a fellow? I want to talk."

fellow, but I'll be hanged if I can if you set there a-paring and a-paring and never saying a word that you're glad to see me, nor ain't one way nor t'other. I say, just drop that work, will you?" and the question was em-phasized by his taking the pan of apples from Samantha's lap and placing it on the ground just beyond her reach. There was a momentary struggle on the

girl's part as the strong hand caught the pan with an energy that sent the apples rolling one against the other, while one bounded over the side of the pan and rolled away, as if glad to be free once more. Then she dropped her hands into her lap, gave herself little stretch, leaned her head against the

"All right, talk away and I'll listen." "Samantha, I've made up my mind to one thing. I'm going away. I'm sick to death of this life and this place. Here I ain,t no count, only just Sam Orr's chore boy, and I'm going off somewhere where nobody don't know me, where nobody can't point at me and say: "Oh, he ain't no good, his father's in rrison, you can't expect much of him."
"I'll be hanged if I'll stand it one day

longer. Only this morning as I was ploughing up a piece of meddar land, I heard Jim Wilkes say to Sam: "Young Brad there, he seems to be quite a worker—must make something out of him." Sam smiled that durned smile of his—I call it prayer meeting smile-and says: "He's a pretty good worker," then speaking up loud so I could hear—"but it isn't every one that would take a convict's son into the family, you know, there's no telling how he may turn out." And then I just put the plough through the ground at a great rate, as if I was grinding up all them old hypocrites into mince meat together. I'm just going off, that's what I am, and if I don't make myself

noses at, then my name ain't Brad Foster. of that name were a man or woman that Folks needn't be down on a fellow because his

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1895.

father went and done something wrong!"
"I know Brad," and the listless expression left his hearer's face and there was a kindly gleam in the eyes, "it's a mean shame and I don't blame you one mite. It would that, and her name was Susie. Jameso be easier for you to go somewhere else, only hate to have you go, Brad. There won't be any one to cheer me up when I get down-hearted, and how can I get along without you to help me in my—you know," and the girl lowered her voice and glanced around as if she feared even the trees might snatch

word of her secret.
"That's so, 'Manthy, 'twill be just like pulling teeth to leave you, but what has to come has to come, and there ain't no way to come 'round it. Mayhap I can help you more by going. I say, when will you have it done? I'm going pretty plagued quick, and I might take it along with me." He paused a moment, waiting for an answer, then broke out, "Oh, I forgot, I saw the first meddlar pink to day; stuck a stick side of it so we could find it again easy.
"You did?" and the girl's face lighted up

as she jumped to her feet. "Where? Come and shew me," and catching up her hat from the window seat, she was at the gate before more moderate Brad had arisen from his hard seat.

Down the road they went together, a curious looking couple so thought the Rev. Mr. Menson as he rode slowly down the dusty village street. The girl with her illfitting calico dress fluttering in the wind, and her quick, jerky walk; the youth with his awkward, heavy tread, and hands buried deep in his pockets.

triumph four stately "pinks," bulbs and all black mire and roots in Samantha's hand-Her face was radiant with pleasure as she

put the flowers tenderly in water, saying: "Now, Brad, do go home. I haven't a moment to spare; here's all this work to be done, and I can't bother to talk," and she began to sweep so vigorously, raising such a dust that her companion was only too glad to beat a hasty retreat.

But he didn't go far before he turned back

"I say, Samanthy, tell me again the name of those pinks, will you? I'll be blest if I "Arathusa bulbosa," came from the depths of dust, and a shower of dirt was sent vin-

dictively over the doorsill. "Arathusa bulbosa, bulbosa on account o the little bulb it grows from. It's an orchid," and Samantha stood in the doorway, leaning on her broom. "You can't forget it if you only stop to

think. It's the same family as callapogan, ladyslipper and ladytresses—good-by," and Brad gazed a moment at the open doorway, put his hands in his pockets, muttered something to himself, gave a low whistle, then turned and went slowly down the road.

A week from that day saw Brad taking his departure. Samantha walked with him the whole of the two miles and a half to the railroad

station. stood on the platform and shook hands, that was all. There was no romance about these There seemed to be no life about. For of the hand, no tearful glance. They said years at the village school but she has spent fully five minutes the only sounds were the good-by, and the train was off, leaving Samantha on the platform waving her handkerchief till the train was a mere speck, and Brad, on the rear platform invisible. Then

> One, two, three weeks passed, but no word came from the wanderer. But one night, after eating a hearty supper Farmer Fielding drew from his pocket a letter, then, with a cunning wink at his

wife, said: "Here, 'Manthy, he couldn't stand it no longer, he had ter write, so see what he has She seized the letter, tore it open, read a few lines, turned first white, then red, then

rushed from the room to hide the tears that would come. "Well, I am beat," declared her mother ings. "there must have been more to it than I thought on. Somehow it didn't pear to me she cared very much when young Foster went off. Who would have thought it?"

three chairs and a pile of books against it, sat Samantha on the Soor, her head resting against the casement of the open window. In her lap lay the letter open to these lines: "I took your paper to the man and he said call in a few days, so I did. He was real polite and made me sit down in his smart office, and he said he would take the piece. Said he, I am particularly attracts with the whole settled. articularly struck with the whole article, it hows such an intense love of nature, a true poetic instinct and a thorough acquaintance with the subject in hand. The drawings are

write them down so I could tell you just right, but he said he'd write himself to you. But what is best of all he said he'd pay you \$50 for it, and by and by when you get a name he'll pay you more. I told him I did not see what that had to do with it, you had a pretty good name now and weren't likely to change it soon. He smiled, but didn't say any more about it." In the magazine reading world there was

a little excitement as to who the new author was, for in a recent issue of one of the most prominent magazines of the day had ap-peared an article entitled, "Wild Flowers of the Connecticut Valley." Written in a pure, simple style, thorough ly treating the subject, and daintily illustrated by engravings of the rarest and most

curious flowers, it had attracted consider-This was followed by others, all con ing flowers, their growth, habits, etc. The name S. A. Fielding gave no clue to the authorship, whether the botanist be a man

In a pleasant study, discussing literary matters, magazines and authors sat a group of young people.

Some of them were authors themselves

just beginning to make names in the literary In the midst of a confusing babble of tongues the door opened and a young man en-tered. Hardly was he seated before a bright, energetic voice greeted him: "Well, old boy, have you found the fair

"The fair unknown, that sour ious, what is it?" queried one.
"Why, you see, Jameson has been off to

the country hunting; not exactly deer hunting, not unless you spell it with an "a."
We have talked considerable about this new author—S. A. Fielding—and our curiosi-

Jameson vowed he'd find out. This much we learned, she is a woman and in one of those out-of-the-way places in the Connec ticut valley. I declared she was young and charming, blue-eyed, golden-haired, and all

maid who wore glasses."
"Oh, cruel man," turning to Jameson and clasping his hands in a most tragic manner, "tell me or I die-is it Susie?" There was a twinkle in the eye of the late omer, and his voice was full of laughter as

didu't agree, the name was Sarah Ann, he

knew. She was strong-minded, a prim old-

he replied: "Nor the ideal, but the realistic, my boy -not Susie, but Samantha."
"Samantha!" and a series of groans finishe the sentence. "But go on, Jameson, I think I can stand anything now," and the speaker

"Well, Rob, I'll relieve your mind. found the town a miserable, thinly-settled farming place. When I got off the train I saw only one farmer, who looked at me as though I was a new specimen of humanity.
I asked him if he could tell me where Miss
S. A. Fielding lived. He gazed at me a moment, then withdrew his pipe from his mouth and managed to mutter: "I dunno. 'Surely,', I said, "you must know, she came a regular country grin. "I don't know

way," pointing to a long, dusty turnpike "Take your first right, second left, 'till you come to a yeller house that's it." "With little persuading I managed to ge him to harness up and drive me over. Be of possible charming maidens had vanished and I cursed myself for going on such a fool-

She lives two miles and a half down that

mean Jim Fielding's daughter, S'm

"The house was old and dilapidated, not at all like an ideal farm house, such as one expects to see. "I was met by a middle aged woman, who

answer to my query, said:
"No, 'Manthy want to home, but I'd find her down in the south meddar," and she offered to show me the way, but I declined for I preferred to find the young lady my "Well, I found her!

"I met her running home. She had been gathering sweet flag, and her apron was filled with the roots. Her dress was old and worn, spattered with great daubs of black mud; her hat was off and swinging on her arm; her hair was flying about her head and her face was-well, absolutely homely. There was not a particle of grace or beauty "I introduced myself as well as possible

under the circumstances; told her how I admired her articles and all that. "Well, we went back to the house, when she entertained me in a stuffy parlor by showing me her herbarium. Then, and only then could I realize that this awkward,

uncouth girl was the author of these articles.

Only with the flowers did she seem at home

and she told me their names, their curious habits, and all sorts of interesting things about them. are common farmers, with no education. She has never been educated beyond a few years in the study of nature. Her botany is torn and soiled with use; she knows when

grows for miles about."

one, half musing. "Probably, there are still a few rustice left, she may settle down with one of them." "It's such a farce!" and he laughed heartily at the remembrance of the glimpse into a life so new to him.

And so the talk went on. Far away, Samantha, in her own quiet com under the shade of the apple tree, thought for the moment of the visit she had from the stranger from the great world. Then Then she took from the great world. Then she took from her pocket a worn and crumpled letter, read again the well known words. looked up into the sky and smiled. Brad was coming home. -Arthur's Home

Get Rid of Catarrh.

If every sufferer from catarrh could be aduced to make a trial of Hawker's catarrh cure, the disease would very soon be far less prevalent than it unfortunately is at the

present.

Catarrh is easily developed in this climate at this season. True, it is also easily avoided, but people are generally so careless regarding colds that it steals upon them unawares.

But they know when they have it. It makes itself known and felt. It is a disagreeable disease, and it is dangerous, because of the certain complications that sooner or later result from it when it is not looked after.

Hawker's catarrh cure will at once give

sooner or later result from it when it is not looked after.

Hawker's catarrh cure will at once give relief in mild cases, and a thorough course of treatment, accompanied by the use of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, in extreme cases, will cure the most aggravated case of Chronic catarrh.

The reader will perhaps remember cases, some most remarkable ones, of persons who had used other treatment without benefit, but who were completely cured by Hawker's catarrh cure and Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. There have been many such.

Hawker's catarrh cure will knock out a cold in the head quicker than any other remedy. It costs but 25 cts. per box, is sold by all druggists and dealers, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.), St. John, N. B., and New York City.

-It will probably surprise a good many

partment of Marine has a fleet of no less than sixteen steamers under its control, which are used in the lighthouse and fisheries protection services. Of these sixteen vessels, fou are of steel, four icon, three composite and five wood. A very complete table, giving their names, dimensions, tonnage, horse power, etc., has just been compiled by the Denatrial of Marine at Ottawa for use in Clowes naval pocket handbook.

in the West Indies is not likely to hold out long. Spain, England and the United States were sending potatoes down there and the crop being large, the price would naturally go down. Canadian potatoes are considered superior to those raised in the other countries, but on account of the competition the

—The body must be well nourished now, to prevent sickness. If your appetite is poor take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

NO. 34.

A Sweet Singer Gone Home. Our readers will be interested in the fo lowing extract from a London newspape kindly sent us by a friend. Mrs. Alexander beautiful hymns are well known wherever the English language is spoken, and their thrilling pathos has touched many a heart. "One of the sweetest singers of this half-century was Cecil Frances Alexander, who

died on Oct. 12. She displayed her poetical gifts in severs She displayed her poetical gifts in several directions, and had the satisfaction of knowing that her hymns were appreciated by every section of the religious world. The daughter of Major Humphreys, of Strabane, Ireland, she began writing poetry in the days of her girlhood, and met with immediate ap-

She married in 1847, the Rev. William Alexander, who, twenty years later, became the Bishop of Raphoe and Derry, and is one of the most eloquent of living prelates.

To name only a few of Mrs. Alexander's

many hymns, one may cite "There is a green hill far away," "The roseate hue of early her mind and body. Her fai dawn," and "Jesus calls us o'er the tempest," as a proof of her world-wide popularity. of a famous preacher, as the author of of her most popular books.
"The Burial of Moses," has been a favour-

and the late Poet Laureate is said to have declared that he would have been proud to claim it as his own.

Mrs. Alexander will have an enduring

monument to her consecrated genius in the many beautiful hymns which are sung the wide world over. It is note-worthy, also, that this generous and gracious woman de voted the profits resulting from the sale of her books to various philanthropic institutions in which her interest was keen."-Ea

Deaths of English Kings.

William the First got a bruise from his Miliam the First got a bruise from his horse,
A random shot arrow made Rufus a corse.
Henry the Clever on fish too well fed,
Stephen of Blois died quietly in bed.
Henry the Second of grief broke his heart,
Cœur de Leon got killed by a dart.
John by the fever and nobody sighed,
Henry of Winchester naturally died.
Edward the First died marching to fight,
Edward the Second was murdered at night.
The warrior Edward passed calmly away,
Richard, deposed, was starved out of the
way.

Henry the Fourth died of fits to excess, Henry the Fifth in the noon of success. Henry the Sixth died of grief in the tower, 'Twas lust brought Edward the Fourth his

last hour. Edward the Fifth in the tower too was killed, By Richard the Third, slain at Bosworth field. Henry the Seventh owed death to the gout, Disorders untold put his namesake to rout Edward the Sixth died a natural death, Mary in quitness exhaled her last breath. Queen Bess closed in anguish an ill-spen

pain.
The First King Charles died under the kuife,
Charles, his son, passed off without strife.
His second son, James, died an exile from
his thorne.
William the Thirdbroke his right collar-bone. Queen Ann very suddenly went to her doom, Apoplectical fits sent King George to the

age.
The Fourth King George and William, his brother, With an osseous heart left this life for an-

And she'll be greatly cure for all trouble

given a fair trial they that above related. Sold by all de A few mornings ago some herders or Clay Bank ranch Texas, came across the body

of the blood or shat

of a man lying in a little hollow among some rocks. About his neck was coiled a large rattlesnake, while another huge monster had mark is on all packages. crept in at the open collar of his flannel shirt The men attacked the first snake and killed it without being aware of the presence of th ond, but when one of the party tried to slip his hand under the shirt in order to ascertain if the man was really dead, the snake

raised its head and struck at him, giving him only time to hastily snatch his hand out of reach of the creature's fangs. On examination it was found that the man had only been dead a few hours and from his healthy appearance it is believed that he lay It is down to sleep in the hollow when the snakes crawling from the rock heap close at hand, it may had coiled themselves about him for warmth, the nights here being still cold. The body D. W ated no bite from the reptiles, and the man's wide open eyes full of a silent horror, give the impression that he woke to find the snakes upon him and died of terror. The The Ca man was decently dressed, and had a silver

on the inner side of the case. "A Thousand Thanks."

Rev. M. E. Siple of Whitevale, Ont., writes, July 24th, 1894:—"I had suffered indescribable torture for two years or more, that is at times, from dysepsia. Fearful pain and load in stomach, pain between shoulders, and sensation as of being pulled right in two, in small of back. I dieted, used patent medicines, and different doctors' medicines, all to no use. Your K. D. C., third dose, completely relieved me, and four bottles, I believe, have cured me. A thousand thanks. I can study, preach, and do my and thanks. I can study, preach, and do my work now with energy and satisfaction, as

watch with the initials "W. J." engraved

We May Live a Hundred Years. Sir Benjamin Richardson, M. D., of Eng

land, thinks that the normal period of human life is about one hundred and ten years, and that seven out of ten average people could live that long if they lived in the right way. will likely go to court. They should cultivate a spirit of serene c fulness under all circumstances, and should like to learn physical exercises in a scientific way. No man, he says, need be particularly abstemious in regard to any article of food,

—The quotation beginning, "I expect to pass through this world but once," has been inquired for many times, and sought diligent-Somebody has found the idea expr in a little poem by Joseph A. Torrey:

Through this toilsome world, alas, Once and only once I pass! If a kindness I may show, If a good deed I may do To-my suffering fellow-man, Let me do it while I can, Nor delay it, for 'tis plain I shall not pass this way again.

P. E. ISLAND LADY RES



a stimulant had at first to be While this gloom hung over family, she was indi life and restored her to

for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Willi Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or She tady, N. Y. See that the registered trad

The Dominion government is colle data with reference to a Canadian-Ital trade treaty, which the latter country de-Snow has fallen every day for over a we in portions of Michigan,

ents more th The first inst ademnity, £8,0 tatives of China and Sweden has a curiosity

accepting toba farme

1 they are al

able to traverse a short stre that of its own engines The coroner's jury in To dered a verdict that Percy properly treated he would have been and condemning the Christian treatment accorded deceased. The case

York Thursday morning, Oct. 31, with a full complement of passengers, arriving at Los Angeles in 2 days 9 hours and 45 minutes. San Francisco was reached in 3 days 2 hours and 45 minutes, the fastest time ever made in the history of railroads over an equal This year 100,000 more logs went down the Kennebec than during 1894. Kennebec lumbermen are planning for a greater assault on the spruce forests this season than ever. Already the different concerns that have be-

The Sunset limited express train left New

gun operations indicate a cut of 60,000,000 feet, and this, together with those who will start in later on, will probably bring the Moose River and lake cut up to 100,000,000. By the Queen's wish, the room in the Kensington Palace where her majesty was born, and which was closed for years, has been specially done up this year, so as to present the exact apearance which it had in 1819. It is understood that her majesty will in future allow the room to be visited by special friends of the court. The gold and brass work of the room, although much worn, is still in a fair state of preservation.

For Spasmedic Coughs-MINARD'S