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BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

CURE for the DEAF!

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums.

PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, and whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs *free*. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway N. Y. 17y

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The whole Stock of

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HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS, OVERBOOTS, RUBBERS AND LARIGANS, GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, ESSENCES, EXTRACTS, AND PATENT MEDICINES, large stock of LAMPS, GLASS, EARTHEN, STONE, TINWARE, HARDWARE, AND CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES

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

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—FOR:—

CASH!

FLOUR,
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Harnesses made to Order,

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

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

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THE subscriber offers for sale that very nicely situated property in MIDDLETON, County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, on the Post Road and in the immediate neighborhood of Railway Station, Telegraph Office, Post Office and Churches, consisting of about forty-five acres superior soil, a thriving young orchard of about one hundred and fifty Apple Trees of choice selected fruit, and conveniently divided into hay, tillage and pasture lands. Is well watered, has a commodious and thoroughly finished house, woodhouse, barn, stables, etc., in good repair. Terms easy.

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September, 1888.

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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

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Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1890. NO. 47.

MAKE HENS LAY

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.

WE SEND BY MAIL A LARGE 2¼ POUND CAN FOR $1.20, TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CTS. POST PAID.

Sheridan's Condition Powder

is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send at once to us. Take no other kind. We will send postpaid by mail as follows:—A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMERS' POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents; tells how to make money with a few hens), and two small packages of Powder for 60 cents; or, one large 2 1-4 pound can and Guide, $1.20. Sample package of Powder, 25 cents, five for $1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, for $5.00. Send stamps or cash. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

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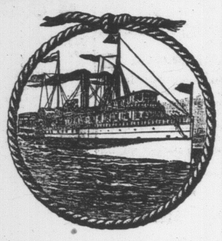

FROM ST. JOHN.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 11th,

ONE of the Fine Steamers of this Line will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every MONDAY and THURSDAY MORNING at 7.45 Eastern Standard Time. *Returning*, leaves Boston same days.

☞ Connection made by Bay Fundy S. S. Co.'s Steamer every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY from Annapolis.

☞ The Direct Line from Annapolis to Boston is discontinued for the season.

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For further information apply to

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R. A. Carder, Agent, Annapolis.

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JUST WHAT YOU WANT

to enable you to gather it in good order with ease and rapidity.

I AM JUST IN RECEIPT OF

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CONSISTING OF

20 Two-Horse Mowers,
46 One-Horse Mowers,
75 Ithica Rakes.

All the Very Latest Improved.

The Mowers have the only perfect Floating Bar Tilt of any manufacture.
Prices within reach of all, and terms as good as can be given.
Exchange made for old machines.
A large quantity of EXTRA PIECES constantly in stock.
Illustrated Catalogue furnished *free* upon application.
All Machines Warranted. Apply to

A. C. VanBuskirk, Manufacturer's Agent,

Agricultural Warehouse, Kingston Station, N. S.

Or to the following Agents:—

GEO. L. MUNROE, Paradise.
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THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

LOOK HERE FRIEND!

DO you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes a faint all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing?

If you suffer from any of these symptoms

USE SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS.

Prepared only by

FRANK SMITH,
Apothecary,
St. Stephen, N. B.

Price, 25 cents; five boxes, $1. If not kept by your local dealers, we will send a box by mail on receipt of price. 1y

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late ARTHUR RUMSEY, of Torbrook, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to.

SARAH EMMA RUMSEY,
FLETCHER WHEELOCK,
Administrators.

Torbrook, Nov. 12th, '89.

LOCAL and TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED

to represent us. Exclusive territory. Unequalled facilities. Success assured. Highest percentage; or salary and expenses paid. Experience not necessary. Write for terms.

E. C. SELOVER & CO.,
NURSERYMEN, Geneva, N. Y.
Nov20 5m

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

Work is Not Vain.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK, ANTIGONISH.

No work is vain, if rightly done;
It cannot wholly go unblest;
E'en though no glittering prize be won,
It gives to life a healthful zest,
And sweetens all the after rest.

No work is vain, if rightly done;
The seeming failure may not be
A failure to the Holy One,
Whose goodness never fails to see
Or recompense fidelity.

No work is vain, if rightly done;
Since work is oft its own reward;
And God, though God, for aye works on,
And thus with Him, creation's Lord,
Work brings us into grand accord.

No work is vain, if rightly done;
Each deed is meetest in its place;
And our poor work, in faith begun,
May end in good, and shine with grace
Before our heavenly Father's face.

No work is vain, if rightly done;
The good is ne'er with good at strife;
But, linked to worlds beyond the sun,
All honest worth, with blessings rife,
Must blossom in the after life.

One Day at a Time.

One day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks—
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing wild wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! But a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That, according to each, shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The one only countersign sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Select Literature.

Being Engaged.

When Mehitable's mother leaned on the chair back and looked at her daughter, after the departure of Parrot Smith, that daughter felt that she would almost be willing to forego the pleasure of hearing a man ask if he might come to see her Sunday night, if that pleasure was to result in such a gaze as this. She could not account for her suffering from such a guilty feeling when she was not guilty of anything, unless it were of being so attractive that a gentleman desired her society. At this thought she blushed, and then common sense whispered to her that she was not attractive.

It was of no use to try to look her mother in the face, and she gave up the attempt. After a terrible silence Mrs. Green cried out:

'I never. I declare I never did!'

Mehitable trembled.

'He was a-weighin' the roosters,' she said, feebly.

'He wa'n't a-weighin' no roosters when you 'n' he was stan'in by the fence, without bein' nigh no roosters,' was the stern reply.

Mehitable felt that there was nothing for her to say, and so she said nothing. She only tried to hold herself so that her mother should be as little aggravated as possible.

'Has that man buried his second wife?'

'He has.'

'Oh, gracious land!'

Here Mrs. Green deliberately withdrew her hands from the back of the chair, sat down in that chair, and then, with ostentatious carefulness, began to untie the handkerchief from her head and to fold it on her knees. When she had done this, she looked up at her girl and made this inquiry:

'When d' he bury her?'

'About six months ago.'

'He's been a mourner ever sense, I s'pose?'

'I s'pose so,' dejectedly came from Mehitable's lips.

The poor thing was endeavoring to brace herself in some way. She knew that she had a right to receive Mr. Smith's addresses, but this knowledge was of singularly little avail to her.

She was immensely astonished and indefinably alarmed when her mother said, rising to her feet as she spoke:

'We mustn't be a foolin' here if we want to get them bunnits sewed 'fore the man comes.

Mehitable eagerly sat down to the straw work. For two hours she expected, every time her mother opened her lips, to hear something more of the dread subject. But no, Mrs. Green was remarkably amiable, and 'the gentlemen' were not mentioned in any way.

So the days passed, and nothing was said. It will be guessed that Mrs. Green not only inherited the Farnsworth look, but the Farnsworth shrewdness as well. What she said to herself was: 'If I go aginst that Parrot Smith, she'll take up all the more for him, so I'll hold my tongue.'

She was one of those exceptional women who, having resolved to hold her tongue, can do so.

Thus it came to be Saturday night. When Mehitable went upstairs to her cold and dismal room she stood with her small kerosene lamp in her hand before her four-square looking-glass. She was meditating the act of doing her hair up in 'crimps.' She had not hitherto had any occasion for crimps, but it seemed to her now that the time had come for this adornment. When she had gone to the library that afternoon she had stepped into the store and bought a pair of crimping pins. These instruments were shaped like very stout hair pins, each furnished with a slide which confined the hair. When she had come into the house she had felt as if her mother could see these articles, although they were wrapped up at the bottom of her pocket, and her circular was over her pocket. She never felt exactly certain how far her mother's knowledge extended.

It was cold in her chamber. The wind made a loud whistling when it was on that side of the house. At this moment, however, the occupant of the room was not cold. She looked at herself full front, quartering, and tried to see her face in profile, with but poor success. Finally, she set down the lamp, with a dreary sigh.

'I'm jest a fright, that's what I be,' she said aloud.

She held the crimping pins for a long time in her hand. She wondered how they would make her look. She wished her mother were going to stay over Sunday somewhere, and then she, Mehitable, might experiment with those pins. But her mother never went away. She was always there to oversee everything. Mehitable shuddered at the thought of what might be said when her hair was seen to be done up in those pins.

Then a kind of convulsion of courage came to her, and she did what she believed to be the bravest act of her life. She twisted her hair up in those instruments, and without considering what she had done or what she should do on the morrow, she hurriedly crept to her bed.

When she went down stairs next morning, Mrs. Green did not seem to see that her girl had her head bound up in a handkerchief which carefully concealed her brows. The excessive amiability continued even up to the time when Mehitable came from her room after their late dinner, in her best black woollen dress, and with a wavy fluff of iron gray hair over her forehead. That Mrs. Green experienced a shock at that moment cannot be doubted, but she did not make it manifest.

The two women sat in the kitchen. The elder one had a book of the Psalms, in very large print, open on her lap,. She appeared to be reading diligently. The younger was holding a Bible, but she did not even make the pretence of perusing it.

Sh was thinking that the fire was ready to 'touch off' in the sett'n' room stove, and wondered how long it would be before the room would be warm if Mr. Smith should come. And if he came, what would he say? She had done the barn chores a full half hour earlier than she had ever done them before, and her mother had made no remark.

If he came, what would he say? This question occurred again and again. She could not, by any possibility, put it from her mind. It hummed over and over in her thoughts.

It is pitiable to have to relate that Mehitable had never had 'Sunday night company' in all her life. She had a hazy belief that it might never be said with truth of her again.

Surely somebody had driven into the yard; somebody said 'Whoa' very loudly and emphatically.

'I guess we're goin' to have callers, M'hitable,' said Mrs. Green sweetly. 'You run right 'n' light the sett'n' room stove, 'n' I'll go to the door.'

While Mehitable was 'lighting the stove' her mother ushered into the kitchen Mr. Alphonso Smith. He said he guessed he 'might 's well take out his hoss 'n' stan it in the barn, an 'twas kinder bitin' out.'

He immediately disappeared, and was evidently 'stan'in' his hoss in the barn.' When he returned Mehitable was in the kitchen, and he shook hands with great cordiality with both women, and said with gusto that he had an idea that two women alone so might be lonesome like, 'n' he jest dropped in to be sociable.

He unwound a gray 'comforter' from his neck, and as he did so one might have observed that his overcoat was not as long, by about a foot, as the garment beneath it. This kind of disparity in length does not give an agreeable appearance to a gentleman, and when a lover appears with this relatively wrong position of coat skirts, it is very hard indeed to bear. Not that Miss Green was fastidious in such matters. Still she could not control the fleeting wish that Mr. Smith's coats had agreed with each other better.

When, however, his outer garment was removed, and he had hung it on a nail in the back entry, where she used to hang her father's hat, she saw, as her visitor stood rubbing his hands by the cook stove, that she ought not to blame him for not having anything long enough to conceal the immense extent of his frock coat. The skirts of that article of apparel were so wide and long, they waved and flapped so when their wearer moved, that they were almost awe inspiring. Mehitable, in spite of the great significance of this visit, suddenly found her mind almost completely occupied by the wonder as to where Mr. Smith found that coat. Did they have those coats ready made anywhere? Could any man go and get one?

As for the rest of this person's dress, his black pantaloons were very short and small, as if all the cloth had been used in the coat, and his shirt front bulged a great deal, and seemed threatening to crack.

It had an effect as if it were veneered.

Mrs. Green made some inquiries about the hen business, and found that Mr. Smith had permanently taken the place of that young man who had 'gone up.' He was only driver now, but he 'figgered on gittin' in with the boss.'

After a while Mrs. Green suggested that the front room was probably warm enough now, and Mehitable conducted her suitor into that apartment, where they both sat down somewhat awkwardly. But Mr. Smith was too much accustomed to this 'kind of thing,' as he would have said, to be much at a loss. He did not attempt the sentimental. He talked a good deal about what an advantage it would be for them two women to have jest the kind of a man he was come there and set the old farm ter goin' agin. He said he should bring his cow over, 'n' his pigs, and M'hitable could take care of 'em while he was pickin' up hens. His children were all shirkin' for themselves now, though his youngest was only 12.

As she listened to him Mehitable was conscious of the most curious mixture of disappointment and exultation. She exulted over the mere fact that she now had a 'gentleman friend' of her own, and there he was visibly before her. Still there was an underlying sense that this mere fact was not so very interesting after all. Was it so lacking in interest to every woman? She couldn't understand it in the least. She tried to listen when he related how much meal he gave his cow, and when he expressed a firm conviction that 'shorts did a critter more harm than good.'

His upper lip was certainly very dreadful, and it was particularly dreadful when he smiled. She supposed she would marry him, of course. It was almost as good as an engagement that she had allowed him to come on Sunday night, and she knew he thought so. Her mind went forward to the time when she should have to ask the librarian to change the name on her membership card from Miss Mehitable Green to Mrs. Alphonso Smith. What would be her sensations at a moment like that?

Would her mother rule Parrot as she had ruled every one with whom she had ever lived? Why did Parrot—looking at his mouth she found herself obliged, mentally, to call him thus—propose to come to his bride's home instead of taking his bride to his home? She could not know that a foreclosure of a mortgage was about to take place at the Smith estate.

After her guest had conversed an hour about 'critters,' and hens, and cotton seed meal, and cracked corn, and kindred subjects, and she had done her best to listen and reply occasionally, it became evident that the visitor was getting very sleepy. His sentences grew more isolated, so to speak, and he would close his eyes for some minutes, then open them with a snap, and hold his head up straight. After what seemed an interminable time, the clock struck nine. Mr. Smith tried to sit a while longer, then he decided mentally that it was a pesky foolish thing to spend much time in courting M'hitable Green. He rose from his chair, saying something to the effect that he 'hoss was mighty uneasy if it was out much, 'n' he s'posed it was all settled between 'em, and he'd come over next Sunday night again, 'n' she might have a talk with her mother, 'n' be sure 'n' tell the old lady 't he meant the fair thing by 'em both, 'n' they needed a man. When he come ag'in they'd set the day, as 'twa'nt no use put'n' things off when they knew their own minds; 'n' he'd like to git settled all comfortable 'fore New Year's.'

He stood looking at Mehitable, where she still sat in her chair, with her work worn hands folded tightly on her lap.

'I guess it's all settled, ain't it?' he said. She looked up at him, her honest, patient eyes having an unusual appearance under her fluffed hair.

'I guess 'tis,' she said, feebly.

'All right, then,' he responded, with briskness, 'I'll be a-goin',' and he walked out of the room.

She did not follow him. She remained quiet. She heard him bustling on with his coat and talking to her mother; then the outside kitchen door shut, and soon after came the sound of a horse and wagon leaving the yard.

She was engaged. She kept telling herself that she was engaged, while she was doing the little things she did every night before going to bed.

In half an hour she was upstairs. Her mother had continued amiable. She would try to inform her in the morning. It would be time enough in the morning.

It was between 12 and 1 o'clock in the night that Mrs. Green became aware that her daughter was standing beside her couch, with a bed comforter wrapped about her, and holding the lighted lamp in her hand.

'Mother,' exclaimed Mehitable with explosive force, 'you tell him I can't do it, I can't do it, 'n' I won't, I won't!'

Mrs. Green smiled as soon as she could recover herself sufficiently to do so.

'So you've ben an' ingaged yourself, have ye?'

'Yes, but I ain't goin' to stay engaged, I can't bear him. I—oh—mother, you tell him!'

Mehitable showed symptoms of hysterical sobbing.

Her mother reached out and patted her daughter's arm.

'Don't you worry,' she said, 'the Farnsworths ain't afraid of nothin', 'n' I ain't lived to this day to be afraid of that Parrot Smith, I guess. I'll tell him I wa'n't goin' to let him git ye, anyway. He's arter this farm. I'll tell him it was left to me, 'n' I sha'n't will it to Parrot Smith's wife. Sakes! did you think I didn't know what I was up to? Go to bed, child. We'll git 'long by ourselves a spell longer, I reckon.'

Must it be confessed that, as Miss Green again climbed the narrow yellow stair, in the midst of her sensations of relief, there was a dull pang that her mother should have thought, and have said, that this gentleman friend was 'arter the farm?'—*New York Tribune.*

A New Fish Product.

A company has been organized in Halifax, with a capital of $200,000, of which 30 per cent. has been paid in, for the manufacture of steam-compressed codfish. The process is thus described in the Halifax *Herald:*

The fish are taken in the cellar, are skinned and thoroughly washed: The skins, fins, and tails are utilized in the manufacture of glue. The fish are then elevated to the top story, where they are cooked by steam in compartments. Next the bones are all taken out and the fish passed through blanketed rollers, under which process the moisture is all extracted. Then they pass into the 'shredder' on the third floor, where they are reduced to a fibre, having the appearance of fine wool.

Thence by means of an endless band, it passes to the dry box, where it is partially dried by steam and fan blast. From this box it descends through a shute to a large drying drum on the second floor, where the drying process is completed. After remaining in this drum, heated 120 degrees, about an hour, it is retaken by bucket belts to the floor above, and packed by machinery into one pound cardboard packages. These pasteboard boxes are lined with wax paper so as to render them impervious to moist air. These packages are labelled after the style of a lobster can and shipped in cases containing 40 lbs. each. The pasteboard packages are made by machinery in the building.

The advantages claimed are that it is cheaper than other fish. Each pound package of steam compressed contains equal to more than three pounds of ordinary green salted or boneless fish; and more than two pounds of ordinary dry fish. The consumer gets nothing but fish—the very essence of fish, all ready for eating. It is more convenient for consumption as it can be prepared quicker than any other article of diet. It is the most convenient for ship's stores, and for shipment. All the nutrition in the fish is retained. It is the cheapest fish in the market. It is the most compact and cheapest for transportation, and having the great advantage of not being affected by climatic changes—as other salt fish are.

The factory now has 25 hands at work and expects to increase the number to 40. It is now manufacturing at the rate of about two tons a day, and has a capacity of ten tons daily or 120,000 quintals yearly.

Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy.

An amusing story is told of a member of the House of Lords, who was riding up to London to assist at a trial of some well known divine for heterodoxy. He travelled with a bishop, noted for cleverness and wit, and said to him, 'To tell you the truth, I am a little uncertain just what constitutes the difference between orthodoxy and herterodoxy; I wish you would give me some information.' 'I can tell you exactly,' replied the bishop; 'orthodoxy is your doxy, heterodoxy is the other man's doxy.'

It would be hard to find a more brief and satirical definition of orthodxy and heterodoxy than this, and it is well to take it to heart. It is very easy to feel shocked at the expression of a form of belief different from our own, at an opinion which is entirely opposite to what we hold, and at an idea which never entered our heads; but it is much more difficult to clearly discern which is right.

The ability to even see both sides of a question is rare, let alone that of being able to do justice to the other side; but the quality is well worthy of cultivation. It is said that women are specially deficient in this quality of fair judgment,—that they are narrow and prejudiced; and it is to be feared that, while there are noble exceptions, this is true of the great majority of women. It is not to be wondered at, for women are only now commencing to know the world and think for themselves; but it is one of the first things to be struggled against. Unless you can bring genuine arguments to support your orthodoxy, you should be careful in assailing others' heterodoxy.

And it will do no harm to be careful even then!

—Dr. Thomas Chalmers says of the telescope and microscope: 'The one led me to see a system in every star. The other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people, and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity. The other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon. The other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament.

'The one has suggested to me that beyond and above all that is visible to man there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe. The other suggests to me that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore there may lie a region of invisibles, and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded; a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the miscroscope, but where the wonder working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds and fill and animate them all with the evidences of his glory.

—Could we know that we were certainly making the entire character of a single individual, and that we alone must bear the responsibility, how great a trust we should deem it, and how careful should we be! Yet, in truth, we are doing far more than that. Every one who approaches us owes something of his character to our influence; and the effect does not stop there. Like a magnetic current, it passes on from one person to another, and no human power of computation can ever measure its strength or its extent.'

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 60 cents, to run the risk and do nohing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Drs. DeBlois & Primrose, Bridgetown, and Dr. Morse, Lawrencetown.

—A pretty good definition of a lady is this description from George Eliot's 'Silas Mariner:' she had the principal attributes of a lady—high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits.'

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—One pint of milk, four eggs beaten separately; be careful in putting in the flour not to get the batter too stiff; one teaspoonful salt.

Imitation

Is sometimes called the sincere form of flattery. This may account for the number of imitations of the original and only positive corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. All such fail to possess equal merit, so when purchasing get the genuine 'Putnam's.' Safe, sure and painless. All druggists.

NEW

Xmas Goods,

Splendid Assortment

—AT—

CENTRAL BOOK STORE

DOLLS OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES, TOYS, ETC, ETC.

Fancy Goods,

IN PLUSH AND LEATHER.

B. J. Elderkin.

A Strange Story From Halifax.

A correspondent of the London *Messenger* writes to that paper:

An interesting and strange fact had been related to me some fifty ago. As there was hardly any hope that it could be authenticated, I was afraid it could never be put on record. But I have had the good fortune to ascertain it beyond a doubt.

Toward the end of the last century, the only priest who was then at Halifax, Nova Scotia, was called to a dying man. He knew all the members of his flock, but he had never heard of that man. Wondering who he might be, he hastened to the place. It was at some distance from the city. He found the cabin as it had been described. It was beginning to be dark when he arrived and there was no light within. He pushed open the door.

'Is there anybody here?'

From a corner a feeble voice answered, 'Yes.'

'It is you who sent for the priest?'

'Yes.'

The priest went forward. 'How long is it since you went to confession?'

The sepulchral voice answered, 'One hundred years!'

When the priest had recovered from the shock of the awful answer, he asked again:

'What do you say? What do you mean?'

'Just one hundred years ago, at the battle of the Boyne, I was a powder boy, carrying powder to the soldiers. When I saw God gave the victory to the English, I swore I would not serve him any more. He has waited one hundred years for me; I must surrender!'

The priest prepared the old soldier, who died a Christian death.

Now, how was I made sure of the fact? A few years ago old Father J. Carroll, of Chicago—who had just died at the age of ninety-six years—came to New York, and I had a talk with him. He mentioned his having been ordained at Halifax sixty-five years before. It occurred to me he might know the old soldier, and when I related to him the history, just as I have done now, he exclaimed at once: 'My uncle was the priest who prepared the old soldier; I have heard him relate the story a number of times!'

That priest, his uncle, was Father Burke, who became Vicar Apostolic, and was the first bishop in Halifax.

Woes of the Dentist.

IN A CONFIDING MOMENT HE TELLS SOME SECRETS OF HIS OFFICE.

'A man might as well be a hangman as dentist, as far as expecting any gratitude for his services,' remarked an aggrieved member of that unappreciated profession to a *Globe* reporter. 'I have worked for hours over a back filling in a woman's mouth where I had to nearly dislocate my neck and tie my backbone into a bow-knot, and at the end, if I ventured to straighten up with a sigh of relief, I have been rewarded with a stony glare of indignant condemnation.

'A woman will stand more pain than a man, for a woman has an inborn instinct of showing herself to the best advantage,' he continued. 'A rubber dam or a mouth stretched to its utmost capacity are not conducive to personal beauty, and therefore a woman will not add the further disfigurement of lack of courage.

'I had rather a funny experience the other day with an old darkey who wanted a tooth pulled. His face was elaborately tied up in red flannel and his expression was the embodiment of woe. The tooth was a hard one to handle and just as I gave it the final yank he gave a prolonged howl and fairly shot himself through the open window, out on to the shed roof beneath. He rolled over this roof still howling, and finally dropped from it to the ground all doubled up like a black rubber ball. All this instead of hurting him served to help his case, for he picked himself up and walked off apparently sound in wind and limb and quite regardless of the fact that he had not paid me.

'I had a man once give me more than I wanted for pulling his tooth. He was a big, strapping fellow, and I thought the tooth would never come. The forceps slipped off three times, but the fourth time I clinched it. The man never moved or made a sound until the tooth came out, when he doubled up his fist and landed a blow on my chest that slapped me up against the wall as flat as lump of putty. Then he took his hat and stalked out, without waiting to see whether I ever got my breath again or not."

TAKEN FOR GRANTED.—A few weeks since I attended divine service in a neighboring town. A clergyman whom I well know preached a sermon and read an original poem. Some days later I chanced to meet one of the sisters of that church who remarked to me, 'I saw you at our church the other day. Didn't you think Mr. Blank's sermon and poem the most beautiful things from beginning to end that you ever listened to?' 'Well,' I replied, 'I am sorry to disagree with you, but I confess I thought the sermon an exceedingly dull one, and as for the poem (if it was a poem), it was incomprehensible to me.' 'Did you?' exclaimed the sister, 'Why I *am* surprised.' Then waiting a moment she said, 'Well, you know I am *so deaf*, I couldn't hear a word of either, but I supposed that, coming from so eminent a divine, they must have been above the ordinary.' This was an actual experience, and it seemed so true an illustration of certain human natures that I couldn't resist the temptation (in fact, I didn't try) to preserve it. Such is the flimsy foundation of contemporaneous fame.—*Book Notes.*

—The reigning families of Italy, Austria, Germany and Portugal are in mourning, the court of Spain is in a state of intense anxiety and suspense, and the czar is said to be almost crazy at times. 'God no longer smiles on royal families,' said ex-Queen Isabella of Spain.

Remarkable Cure of an Ulcer.

SIRS,—Two years ago I had an ulcer on my ankle. Knowing Burdock Blood Bitters to be a good blood purifier, I got a bottle and a box of Burdock Healing Ointment, and after using three bottles and three boxes I was completely cured, and recommend B. B. B. everywhere. MRS. W. V. BOYD. Brantford, Ont.