Weekly Monitor.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR PATRONS.

VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1888. NO. 38.

FARMERS

OF

Kings and Annapolis,

are respectfully requested to send their

Berries, Fruit, Butter, Eggs,

AND OTHER PRODUCE, TO

FULTON, FOSTER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Halifax, N. S.

Who guarantee Best Prices and Prompt Returns.

THE M. K. ELLIOTT

ELECTRIC BATTERY

IN A BOTTLE,

is not a Snuff, Liquid or Salve,

But a perfect Electric Battery,

which forms a

Speedy Cure

—FOR—

Catarrh, Headache, Neuralgia, Asthma, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, etc.

A perfect Electric Battery in a Bottle. A cure guaranteed. Send for circulars.

Price, $1.00 per Bottle.

AGENTS WANTED. Apply to H. FRASER, Bridgetown, N. S.

Several marvelous cures already made in this town. Write for particulars. tf

New Goods,

—AT—

R. D. BEALS!

—Comprising—

DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY,
Ready Made Clothing,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS and SHOES,
Crockery ware,
SHELF HARDWARE,
Best Groceries.
TIN WARE, ETC.

EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.

Eggs for Goods or Cash.

Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange

Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors. TORONTO

BRIDGETOWN

HARNESS STORE!

STOCK COMPLETE!

An extensive assortment of

Trunks, Bags, Valises & Satchels.

AN extra assortment Whips, Brushes and Halters, also in Rugs, Surcingles, Horse Trappings, of all kinds.

A good assortment

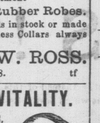
Goat, Woollen & Rubber Robes.

HARNESSES of all kinds in stock or made to order. Team and Harness Collars always in stock.

J. W. ROSS.

Bridgetown, Oct. 2nd, '88. tf

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.



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.

BY ONE MAN. Greatly improved. Also TOOL for filing saws whereby those least experienced cannot make a mistake. *Sent free with machine.* To others, for common grindstone, saws, by mail $5.00. Hundreds have sawed 5 to 9 CORDS daily. We want all who burn wood and all interested in the timber business to write for our illustrated *Free* Catalogue. We have exactly what you want, the greatest labor-saver and best-selling tool now on earth. First order from your vicinity secures agency. No duty to pay. We manufacture in Canada. FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 303 to 311 W. Canal Street, Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

SPLENDID!

—One of the—

Finest Stock of CLOTHS,

For Men's Suitings, to be found in the Western Counties, is now shown by

JOHN H. FISHER,
Merchant Tailor,
Bridgetown, N. S.

Having secured the services of MR. JOHN GOLDIN, a strictly first-class workman in every respect, and with an able staff of assistants, I am prepared to turn out custom tailoring second to none. Call and inspect.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. Will positively cure since. One box will do more to purify the blood and cure chronic ill health than $5 worth of any other remedy yet discovered. If people could be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Make New Rich Blood!

LAWRENCETOWN

PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

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

INSPECTION

is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

Monuments, Tablets,

HEADSTONES, Etc.

Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,

OPPOSITE RINK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

ANTIGONISH HEARD FROM.

ANTIGONISH CO.,
October 11th, 1888.

MESSRS. C. GATES, SONS & CO.,—

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to make known to the world the wonderful things that your medicine has done for me. For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia, and, though during that time I employed a physician and tried many kinds of medicines I found nothing that gave me more than temporary relief. I became reduced to almost a skeleton and thought that death must soon intervene and put an end to my suffering—a deathly weakness would often seize me. By the advice of a friend I was induced to try your

LIFE OF MAN BITTERS

—AND—

Invigorating Syrup.

It built me right up, and after taking five bottles I felt sufficient for my work and have remained so ever since, a period of six years. I thank God that your medicine has been the means of restoring my health. It has done more for me than all the rest put together. No tongue can tell its real worth. I would recommend it to all the sick and afflicted.

Yours very truly,
JOHN J. TAYLOR.

DO YOU WANT Bargains IN CLOTHING?

IF SO,

Try the Subscriber.

JUST RECEIVED, A FINE STOCK OF ENGLISH AND SCOTCH

Suitings and Trouserings,

WHICH I WILL SELL FOR CASH AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

H. J. BANKS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Murdoch's Block, ... Up Stairs.

Ask your Grocer for them

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

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

To Loan!

Money on Real Estate Security.

J. G. H. PARKER,
Solicitor.

Bridgetown, Oct. 27th, '87. tf

REMEMBER

THAT

Simson's LINIMENT

Has Taken the Lead,

and is the best preparation ever offered to the People of Canada, for the

RELIEF & CURE

—OF—

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, CATARRH, CUTS, BRUISES, SWELLING, SCALD HEAD, COLIC, DYSPEPSIA, CONTRACTION OF THE MUSCLES, LAME BACK, DIPHTHERIA, SORE THROAT, TENDER FEET, CORNS, STIFF JOINTS, &c

FOR Distemper in Horses, Enlarged Joints, and other diseases incidental to those useful animals, it is unrivalled.

Certificates are constantly being received, telling of the good work performed by SIMSON'S LINIMENT.

Manufactured by

Brown Bros & Co.,

DRUGGISTS, ... HALIFAX, N. S.

To all to Whom It May Concern!

—: All in need of :—

FALL SUITS

—OR—

OVERCOATS,

now is the time to order them at

Morrison's the Tailor,

MIDDLETON.

The largest Stock in the Counties to select from and prices away down.

OVERCOATS & REEFERS

for Men and Boys at a Bargain.

FUR GOODS, GLOVES AND FURNISHINGS,

at prices that will astonish you. A fine line of

HORSE RUGS AND LAP ROBES.

A. J. MORRISON,
Merchant Tailor,
Middleton, N. S.

Notice of Assignment.

TAKE notice that Walter W Saunders, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Merchant, has, by deed of assignment bearing date the 7th day of December, 1888, assigned to me all his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors. By the provision of said deed certain creditors are preferred, and all creditors desiring to execute said deed must do so within ninety days from the date thereof. The deed has been filed at the Registry Office for the County of Annapolis, and a duplicate thereof lies at the office of J. G. H. Parker, Esq., Bridgetown, where the deed may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Bridgetown, the 7th day of December, A. D., 1888.

WILLIAM HART,
Assignee.

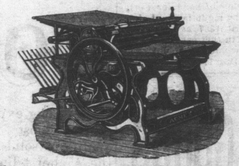
3m

Pictorial Poetry.

This is the steamer that's built aright,
That has been going day and night
Bringing goods from every clime,
Bought for cash in the nick of time,
To please the buyers at Sancton's.

This is the train with its precious freight
That met the steamer at the dockyard gate,
And carried the goods with lightning speed
Till they thought it would jump the track, indeed,
To please the buyers at Sancton's.

This is the horse, as firm as a rock,
That hauled the goods from the seaport dock.
All spread out by a careful hand
Midst novelties of our own dear land,
To please the buyers at Sancton's.



This is the press of modern make,
Run with such speed the rafters shake
That spreads the news in town and province
And tells of what has been done of late
To please the buyers at Sancton's.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

The Souls of the Children.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who bids for the little children—
Body, soul, and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young, and without a stain?
Will no one bid?' said England,
'For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil,
The world on their page may write?'

'We bid,' said Pest and Famine,
'We bid for life and limb;
Fever, and pain, and squalor,
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places
Where none may hear their moan.'

'I bid,' said Beggary, howling,
'I bid for them one and all!
I'll teach them a thousand lessons,
To lie, to steal, to crawl!
They shall sleep in my hair like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine,
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine.'

'And I'll bid higher and higher,'
Said Crime, with a wolfish grin,
'For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay.

'Prison, and hulk, and gallows,
Are many in the land,
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand.
Give me the little children—
I'll take them as they're born,
And feed their evil passion
With misery and scorn.

'Give me the little children,
Ye rich, ye poor, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round,
While ye shut your idle eyes;
And your judges shall have work,
And your judges wag the tongue,
And the jailers and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young.'

'Oh! shame,' said true Religion,
'Oh! shame, that this should be!
I'll take the little children—
Oh! I give them ALL to me!
I'll raise them up in kindness,
From the mire in which they've trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
And lead them up to God!'

Select Literature.

Bob's Debt.

He was only the newsboy and candy butcher of the train. All day long and half the night you might have heard his 'he-ay's yo' ripe banannays, he-ay's yo' fresh candy and chewin' gum, prize in every package,' as he edged his way with his basket down the narrow aisles of the rocking, swinging passenger coaches of the fast mail. Such a commonplace looking little fellow, with his clean, stumpy figure clad in a dingy blue uniform, only too obviously a bequest of his predecessor in the business, and miles too big for him! Dusty and travel-stained, with the grime of many a trip over the 'air line' from north to south of a great railroad, was this old suit. Even the battered cap that surmounted the freckled face and the thatch of closely cropped red hair had a rather tired and pathetic droop to it, as if it could tell stories of sleepless nights when the train plunged on through the darkness, and of weary days when the public showed a distaste for overtipe bananas, and the veriest baby refused to be taken in by the attractions of rolling pins filled with pasty, French candy.

But no one noticed either him or his clothes. He was such a waif in the great tide of travel, such a bubble on the stream of life, he was swept onward without a thought. He had not even the distinction of a name. By some process of logic the great autocratic public is its own sponsor for certain names, and the power that made every footman Jeames, and every street car driver Gallagher, had dubbed him and his fellow train boys 'Bob.'

It was quite true that far away in a cabin in the piney woods of the Mississippi there was an old family Bible where his name was written down in big, sprawling letters as Robert Edmund Lee Smith, but no one knew or cared for that but the two women who spelled out a chapter every night in that well-thumbed old book by the flickering light of a tallow dip.

At first, when, as he said afterwards, 'he was so green he had to keep dodging the cows to keep from being eaten up,' he tried to set it right with the big, joke-loving public about his name. To the day of his death he will never forget how, when the first man addressed him as 'Bob,' he exclaimed: 'My name is Smith, sir, Robert Smith;' or the scalding tears of mortification that rushed into his eyes as the man jerked off his hat, made him a satirical bow and cried: 'Beg pardon Mr. Smith, glad to have the honor of your acquaintance.' After that Bob accepted his name as he did the uniform and basket and trashy novels as part of his calling and stock in trade.

You see he was of the least possible importance in the world. He came and went on his dreary rounds with fruit or candy or papers or books, sometimes cursed by the impatient traveler. Sometimes in the freemasonry of youth a fresh young face would smile sympathetically upon him, and occasionally a babe would reach out its tiny hands to him and touch his grimy hand with rose leaf fingers. At such times Bob's honest eyes had a trick of growing big and soft with unshed tears, and he would look very hard out of the window at the flying landscape to keep, as he said in his slang way, 'from slopping all over himself,' and as he made his way out of the car with the little tie of human kinship, with the world warm about his heart, he would forbear to press ill-timed sweets upon the lovers and bridal couples, or to vaunt the merits of his especial brand of chewing gum to old ladies without teeth.

It was a hard life, and at night when he curled himself up on his little chest of wares in the corner of the baggage car, while the men swore at the heavy trunks and excessive baggage, Bob's thoughts would go wandering back to the little cabin in the piney woods where he was born. He had only to shut his eyes and he could see the homely little room in which his mother sat at smouldering fire. There was the trundle bed in which his little sister lay asleep, and at his mother's feet, pillowing his head against her knee like a dog, was Jim. Poor Jim, a man in size, yet never to be more than a little child, with his great hands beating the empty air, and his tongue repeating an idiot's gibberish.

'Poor Mamsey,' said Bob with a groan, thinking of the patient face bending above that unlovely form. 'Sometime, when I'm a man'—he set his teeth hard together—'sometime I'm going to fix her up like a vestibule palace car.' He paused, fairly overcome by the gorgeousness of the idea 'with a buffay and a porter, an you bet she'll be a cut on wheels then.'

Perhaps Bob was thinking rather more than usual about home, because the Colonel was aboard the train. The Colonel had not called him 'Bub.' He had laid his hand on Bob's shoulder and called him 'my boy' in tones that went to the lonely little heart, and told him all about the 'folks at home,' for Bob's mother was the Colonel's nearest neighbor. Finally, when Bob would have left the Colonel to his cigar, he had turned to a friend and actually introduced the train boy to the President of the road. Bob could hardly believe it even when he heard the Colonel saying:

'You should have known his father, sir. Finest soldier I ever saw. Went in to the war, sir, without even a gun. Said: 'If there's any fighting and they need me, there'll be guns enough and to spare.' Fought all the way through the war and cried like a baby when Lee surrendered. Named this boy here after his old commander. And Bob's a chip off the old block. Father died, and he's making a brave fight for the mother and the little one; and the Colonel, whose heart was as soft as a baby's where women and children were concerned, drew out a big bandana and blew his nose with a violence that left his eyes quite red and moist.

When the Colonel spoke of brave men Bob might have told a story he had heard repeated often enough around the hearthstone or the little cabin. How the Colonel had dragged his father, in the heat of the battle, out from under the feet of the horses in a charge of cavalry. If he had retreated with his company he might have done so in safety, but in the instant he stopped to succour his comrade a ball tore off his right arm and left him with the empty sleeve that, in Bob's eyes was a patent of nobility. And after the war, when Bob's father was hopelessly invalided and finally died, it was the Colonel who provided out of his own ruined fortune for his poorer neighbors.

You may be sure that in the little cabin these stories were told over often enough, and it may have been that in Bob's mind the idea of his duty in life was a good deal more what he owed the Colonel than what was due any higher power.

After a while, curled up in his comfortable box in the baggage car, the lad slept. The night deepened and darkened, the lights in the little towns, as the cannon ball flashed through them, became fewer and fewer, the lamps in the coaches burned lower, and still the train fled onward through the night.

All of a sudden, coming swift and sharp as death, was the shock of a great crash, the sound of shivering timbers, the shriek of the engine like a live thing in mortal agony, the hiss of steam, and above all the sound of human voices, cries for help and groans of the unfortunates caught in the wreck.

'A special had run into the sleepers!' It took only an instant for the unfujured to gather around that awful mass that a that a moment before had represented the human embodiment of power, health, wealth, happiness and that now was only death—death in its most horrible form.

Bob, white as a ghost, felt his way in the darkness to the little crowd gathered, about the wreck. He thought of nothing but that the Colonel was somewhere in that awful mass. Already they were bringing the dead and injured by him and laying them on the sweet, dew-wet grass. He looked eagerly in every face, but, torn and disfigured, they were strangers. The Colonel must still be imprisoned in the car.

Presently a spark, then a ribbon of light and then a sheet of flame burst from the end of the car.

'My God,' cried a man, 'the wreck's on fire, and still there's another man in there. He must be stunned.'

Bob clutched the man's arm. 'It's the Colonel,' he cried. 'I must save him.'

'You cannot,' was the answer, 'it's madness to try.'

'Break in the car windows,' cried another. 'If he's willing to risk it'—with a curious glance at Bob's shabby figure.

'Hurry, hurry, for God's sake. The fire is spreading every instant.'

In a minute they had broken the window and Bob had let himself down into the overturned car. Already the flames were curling along the beautiful woodwork, and by their light he could see the Colonel's still white face. He seized him and with the strength of desperation, lifted him to where eager hands could draw the unconscious man out into the safe, fresh air. The smoke and heat were getting stifling. Bob felt his burden lifted out of his arms and then he clutched at the window to save himself.

How close the air was, how dark it was getting, and how far the voices seemed. It was almost as quiet as the piney woods at home.

Afterwards—long afterwards—they told him that he reeled and would have fallen just as the side of the car fell in, but that some one caught and pulled him out. And someone—it was the Colonel, who never left him all that cruel time, even when the surgeon cut away the mangled arm—someone told him that the papers were full of his heroism. But Bob only smiled. He knew he had paid back his father's debt to the Colonel. After a bit he asked: 'Does Mamsey know?' and he begged to the Colonel to go and tell her.

It was night in the little cabin in the piney woods. The old woman took down the old Bible and spelled out little by little the beautiful story of Nain. 'He was the only son of his mother and she was a widow.' The younger woman leaned over and laid her hand abruptly on the reader's wrist.

'Do you reckon,' she asked, 'that boy was like Bob? He was dead and he gave him back to him, it says. I—I'—her voice trembled, 'I love him for that'—she paused as the door opened, and the Colonel stood before her. Something in his face told her of disaster. 'Bob!' she cried, springing to her feet. He took her trembling hands in his and with tears streaming down his face told her all. She listened like one dazed. But the older woman came and stood before him with the open book still in her hand.

'It was what you did for his father,' she cried, and then, misquoting the scriptures, perhaps she read by faith and not by knowledge, she said half under her breath, 'an eye for an eye, a limb for a limb and a life for a life.'

When Bob was well enough to leave the hospital he refused all offers of assistance.

'I am much obliged to you, Colonel,' he said, when his old friend would have aided him, 'but I'm going to make a man of myself in spite of this,' touching the empty sleeve. 'And I promised myself I was going to fix mamsey up like a palace car and I'm going to do it.'

So, looking very white and thin, and with the old uniform looking a little shabbier than ever, he went back to the old life and the old work.

Where is he now? God knows. Who keeps track of the bubbles that rise and break in the great current of life?—*Elizabeth M. Gilmer, in Picayune.*

Rome, Dec. 11.—A sensation has been caused by the pope's refusal to bless medals and reliquaries sent to Rome by an Irish priest, who intended them for distribution in Ireland. The pope sternly said: "I cannot bless them. The people of Ireland are disobedient. They seem to prefer the gospel of Dillon and O'Brien to the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Beyond Dispute.

There is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cures Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

A Cow worth Keeping.

Under the heading of 'The Minister's Cow' in the American Agriculturist, the Rev. J. C. Fernald, of Ohio, gives an interesting narration, full of suggestions, well worthy of being pondered by all who keep even a solitary cow, and especially by those who have more than one. It became necessary to get a cow for 'our baby.' Then came a long search for a good one. Farmers were visited who had herds of a dozen or fifteen cows. Yes, they had one or more for sale. But invariably, when a choice was made, the answer came, 'I shouldn't want to sell that one.' The minister is evidently a judge of milch animals, and had a knack of selecting the best every time. But that particular cow was not for sale. One farmer told him in regard to a particular cow, 'That's the only thing on the place I won't sell.' The bulk of the herds inspected were composed of cows not worth keeping,—cows that would demoralize a ledger account, if the cost of their food were put against their yield of milk.

Some amusing things came out in the course of the hunt, or rather they would have been amusing if they had not been so serious in their practical bearing on the profit and loss of cow keeping. One farmer had a 'fresh Jersey' for sale at $40. She was a forlorn, emaciated, melancholy looking 'critter.' Near her stood a pretty heifer, that looked, if possible, more forlorn. The owner said, 'That's a three-year-old. She came in a while ago, but pasture's been rather short, and she hain't done very well. I cut off a piece of her tail the other day to freshen her up a bit.' Think of it! Not doing very well on bare pasture, trying to give milk on insufficient food, and her tail shortened to freshen her up! Better pasture, or a ration of bran and meal was what she wanted. Shortness of victuals, not length of tail was what ailed her, and 'that's what's the matter' with a great multitude of cows. The cow is a machine for turning food into milk, and her tail has nothing whatever to do with the process except to keep the flies off and make her more comfortable while milk secretion is going on.

Another farmer confessed that his whole herd was not giving as much milk as one good cow ought to yield. They, too, were under-fed. When green corn or bran were suggested to help out the bare pasture, the owner doubted if it would pay. Those cows would go into winter quarters half-starved, eat a whole barnful of hay, give next to no milk, be only a bill of expense, and come out lean and wretched in spring. If in calf, so much the worse for them and their owner. Both mother and progeny would be unprofitable.

'The 'farrer' cow put in an appearance on every hand. She could be bought for $25. A gallon to six quarts of milk might be expected from her, and she had a splendid frame of bones to build meat on when you wanted to sell her to the butcher. There was an evident need of 'meat' for the support of the poor creature herself. When snow comes she will probably be seen standing in some fence corner, or under a leafless tree, musing on man's inhumanity. Only a placard, 'Pure, Raw Bone,' would be needed to complete the picture.

There were cows whose peculiar merit was that they did not show much bag, but when you begin to milk them, then the milk comes. But the minister is ready to testify that it does not come, and he believes that a good cow, like a good business man, will have some visible assets. If she has much milk, she must have a place to keep it. She will have a capacious udder, shapely even after milking, with four conspicuous teats, each of which makes a handful. If the bag all falls together, like an old glove, no matter what endorsements may be given her, she won't have milk to any extent.

At last, 'a staving good cow' was heard of. She belonged to a doctor, who asked 'an awful price' for her, no less than fifty dollars! A great, stately cow of the short-horn breed, with just a dash of the native blood in her; head and limbs small for her size, and well-formed; eyes large, soft, and kind; deep chest and body; prominent milk veins; and roomy bag. She had never been starved or abused, and her record was of the best. Her milk yield was abundant, her calves had never gone to the butcher, and one of them a three-year-old heifer, could not be bought for less than seventy-five dollars.

The 'awful price' was paid, and a one-cow dairy started. When her beautiful calf came, about Thanksgiving time, there was a deluge of milk. Thirteen quarts at a milking, twice a day, six gallons *per diem.* Her skim-milk better than the professed whole milk bought of the milkman. Her cream churning into butter of the finest quality. All through the summer, an average of four gallons of milk daily kept up, and all through the following winter, a reasonable yield obtained. Now she is fresh again, and there are the brimming pails, the choice butter; while the two calves are winning reputation at the hands of those to whom they were sold at good prices.

Does not this cases how 'a way out' for discouraged farmers who complain that their cows 'don't pay?' How can they? They are not properly constructed milk-machines to begin with, and they are not sufficiently fed. They literally eat their heads off, and yet do not get enough to eat. They are unprofitable servants, but it is not their fault. Badly bred, and badly fed, what more or better can be expected of them; It is the natural and inevitable law of cause and effect, whose operation no earthly power can stay. No cow can possibly be a good milker, if she is not 'built that way,' and even if she is, there will be no profit unless she is well-kept in addition to being well-bred. Many are trying to achieve the impossible, and, of course, they fail, for they are in arms against the natural order of the universe.

The plea is often urged, 'we cannot afford to keep blood stock.' It is not 'blood stock' that is wanted. Good cows can be raised or bought, without resource to the herd-book and fancy pedigree. If those who have one good cow would breed from her, choosing a sire possessed of milking points, and sell off the unprofitable cows at any price they will bring, putting the money into really good cows, however few, and continue breeding in the same way from them, only a few years would elapse before a herd would be got together that would be a constant source of pleasure and profit. Five or six first-class milkers are better than a dozen or fifteen inferior ones. The minister's girl, newly hired from the country, exclaimed, as she lifted the great pail of milk to strain it off: 'Mercy! is all that milk from one cow?' He well asks: 'Would it pay to have every cow on the farm like that one?' Let every reader of the *Witness* who keeps cows lay that question to heart.—*Lunderbank in Montreal Witness.*

A Single Trial

is all that is needed to prove that Polson's Nerviline is the most rapid and certain remedy in the world for pain. It only costs ten cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove Nerviline to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy, and for pain of every description it has no equal. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents. Avoid substitutes.

—A well-dressed lady went into the Pictou post office the other day to post a a mourning letter. She wanted six half-cent stamps to put on it as new 3 cent stamps were too highly colored.—*The News*

SOUTH WATERVILLE

Machine WORKS!

J. I. LLOYD,

—Manufacturer of—

SHINGLE MACHINES,
BOX BOARD MACHINES,
CYLINDER STAVE SAWS,
STAVE PLANERS,
STAVE JOINTERS,
HEADING ROUNDERS of various style,
BUZZ PLANERS, ETC. 71y

Loyalty in the Family.

There is nothing more delightful in social life than a family whose members are loyal one to another; and few things are less pleasant to behold than a family whose members have a knack of showing, on every occasion, the outlines of the attenuated form said to exist in every man's closet. Would that it always stayed there under the lock and key of silence and reserve!

Oftentimes, it is true, we find those not of our own kin who fill a brother's or a sister's place in our affection, yet even from these true friends it is well to reserve a few confidences. 'Every man must bear his own burden,' and it is not always necessary to advertise just how large that burden is.

I know of families where the members criticise each other's little faults and peculiar home ways freely, even to accidental callers, who can only feel disgust at such a lack of friendship shown to those who have the best right to claim it, and the question immediately proposes itself, 'How much better shall I fare, when I, too, am absent?'

In bright relief to these are families where honor, truth and loyalty are not mere words, where brother is defended against all comers, not only because they believe him to be in the right, but because he is their brother.

Where family secrets are never divulged, where faults of temper and manner are lovingly forgiven, and hidden from the too curious gaze of strangers, where Julia is not publicly laughed at because she wears her dress an inch shorter than fashion requires, nor Tom raved over because he talks slang when visitors are absent, where each is ready to set aside selfish interest to aid and encourage the rest, commend us to such a family! True to themselves, they will be true to their friends; they cannot help it.

The ties of friendship are easily loosed a word, a look will do it; but ties of kinship exist always; and when kin are friends who shall come between them? There is no home, and no credit in a disjointed family. Confidence given at home ought to be sacred, and so in all well regulated families.

Home ought to be the place where a poor mortal ought to throw off reserve, unburden his mind, relieve his feelings, and be sure his actions will not be criticised, nor his words repeated to his future confusion and dismay.

Boy and girls don't tell strangers how particular your father is, or how fussy your mother is. The day may, and in all probability will come, when your confidante will laugh at you openly. Don't tell your brothers' or sisters' faults to all who choose to listen, for 'charity begins at home,' and covereth a multitude of sins.'

Parents, don't mention Johnnie's and Nellie's faults to any one but themselves. It is best so, and don't forget to present a smiling front to all the world, whose pity is but a poor substitute for unity within.

—Of happy parrots remarks, one of the quaintest is that attributed to the parrot who had been brought up in a public house bar, where business was brisk. The poor bird escaped and got lost, and the sorrowing barkeeper went in search of his pet. In a field close by he discovered a flock of angry and cawing crows, rising and falling over some dancing object, and on creeping up by the hedge saw his beloved bird hopping about and trying to ward off the indignant peckings of her irate enemies. In her terror, unhappy Polly kept ejaculating, 'One at a time, gentlemen, if you please; one at a time. I'll attend to you in a moment, sir. Coming, sir. Less noise there please. One at a time, gentlemen, and I'll serve you all.' At a parrot show, which took place in the north of England once, the birds were not only to be judged for size, weight, plumage and 'point' generally, but a sort of competive examination was to be held touching their relative conversational powers. The test fixed on was that each bird's cage should be uncovered, and the bird watched until it said something, its words taken down, and points given for such speeches as were neat, smart, clearly articulate, and above all, appropriate to the occasion. Bird after bird was uncovered, and said its say. Some swore, some laughed, some sang songs, and some called the judges names. At last the cover was removed from the cage of a certain old gray parrot, who looked around him, surveyed the scene, and then calmly said, 'Bless my soul! what an infernal lot of parrots!' The gray parrot got the prize.

FOR THE WOMAN FOLK.—There is an endless variety of tea-gowns.

Black hats and bonnets will be worn by everyone.

Bridal toilets are trimmed with pure white flowers.

Lace holds its own as the favorite trimming for evening dresses.

English walking dresses are made quite short, but retain the bustle.

Triple capes are a feature on long redingotes.

There is quite a revival of the fashion of wearing morning or breakfast caps.

One of the novelties this season is the decoration of seal caps with bunches of violets.

Dress bonnets are made quite flat to the head, with light aigrettes set in lace on top.

Dotted veils made to cover the face entirely will be worn by the most fashionable women this winter.

Long ostrich plumes float off the back of some of the new hats worn by some of the stylish young women.

A new hat made for the daughter of Queen Isabella is of black velvet, and is heavily embroidered with gold and velvet.

WARMING WATER FOR FARMING ANIMALS.—The question, Does it pay? has been propounded to several dairymen who have warmed the drink for their cows in cold weather, and every one has answered, Yes. How could the answer be otherwise? If the water is not warmed for the animal, it must warm itself. In the stomach the water is brought to a temperature of nearly one hundred degrees. When the animal warms the water, it uses its food for fuel. If corn, hay, etc., were burned by the stockman to warm the water, then there might be no gain; but he uses much cheaper fuel. It is hardly more trouble to put fuel under a tank than to give the animal the extra good required for the heating of the food in the stomach. Tank-heaters are now manufactured, and by using them the water can be heated easily and economically. Heating the water pays, for the further reason that cold water taken into the stomach arrests digestion and thus causes a loss of food, whereas warm water stimulates the digestive organs to vigorous action. The animal that drinks water at the freezing point, is chilled and enervated.—*American Agriculturist for December.*

BROWNED POTATOES.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with two of butter in a stewpan, add one very small onion sliced, two sprigs of parsley, one slice of carrot, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half saltspoonful of pepper, and add one pint of milk gradually; when the milk boils set it back on the stove, where it will only simmer, for about five minutes; cut up one quart of cold, boiled potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, put them into a dish and pour the hot sauce over them, sprinkle the top with cracker crumbs, and put on some small pieces of butter; place in the oven to brown.