ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1883. NO. 43.

Job Work!

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $3.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months $ 2.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

THE UNION MUTUAL

Life Insurance Company of Portland, Maine. U. S.,

INCORPORATED IN 1844.

JOHN E. DeWITT, President.

Government deposits at Ottawa,...$130,000.00
Surplus about all Liabilities,.....$678,545.53
Dividends to Policy holders, to 31st December, 1881,.....$4,032,915.54
Total payments to Policy-holders,.....$18,579,285.07

This is the only Company that issues all Endorsement Policies, giving the benefits of the Maine non-forfeiture law, and specifying in definite terms by its Policy Contract, that there can be no forfeiture of the insurance by non-payment of premium after three annual premiums have been paid, until the value provided for is exhausted in extended Insurance.

Head office for Nova Scotia and P. E. Island: Queen Insurance Building, 177 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S.

F. B. K. MARTER, Manager.

ALBERT MORSE, Bridgetown, aug24] Special Agent.

Photograph Gallery

THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice.

VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a specialty, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

Enlarging.

Portraits copied, enlarged, framed and finished, either in oil or colors. The portrait to be copied must be either a good tintype or photograph.

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

Charges reasonable.

Please call and inspect samples of his work at his rooms,

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.

Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

Notice.

ALL persons having any claims against the estate of MAJOR MESSENGER late of Granville in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to

EDGAR BENT,
Executor.
EMILY L. MESSENGER,
Executrix.

Dated Nov. 8th, 1882.—3m

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal claims against the estate of GRANT A. PARKER, late of Nictaux, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within three months from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate for amounts due are requested to make immediate payment to

ROBERT MORSE,
or GUILFORD MORSE,
Executors.

Nictaux, Nov. 3rd, 1881.—3m

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having legal claims against the estate of

JAMES MESSENGER,

late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

L. S. MORSE,
Administrator.

Bridgetown, Oct. 25th, 1882.—3mos

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having any claims against the estate of the late Ward Nelly of Salem, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased are requested to render the same duly attested to within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to

GEORGE NEILY,
or JOHN W. REAGH,
Executors.

Prince Albert, Wilmot, Dec. 20th, 1882. 3m pd

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of W. L. Marshall, late of Clarence, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render their accounts against said estate duly attested to within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

EDWIN K. LEONARD,
Administrator.

Paradise, Dec. 29th, 1882.—n39 3m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having any claims against the estate of the late John A. Morse of Annapolis, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to

MELBOURNE MORSE,
Sole Executor.

Nov. 14th, 1882.

Middleton Hotel,

MIDDLETON, ANNAPOLIS CO., N. S.

C. C. DODGE, Proprietor.

THE Subscriber wishes respectfully to say to the general public that the old well known Middleton Hotel still stands on the old site, and its proprietor is still on the acting side, "hale and hearty."

He thanks the public (travelling and local) for past patronage, and with confidence solicits a continuance of their favors.

No exertion shall be spared (in the future as in the past) by the Proprietor, to make his house a pleasant and agreeable home for all who may take up their abode at his house, permanently or temporally.

A COMFORTABLE CONVEYANCE will attend all trains to convey passengers to and fro.

Good Stabling,

and a respectful, attentive hostler always at call.

Charges Very Moderate.

C. C. DODGE.

Middleton, March 27th, 1882. 1y

THE

"BLUE" STORE.

I take great pleasure in announcing to my numerous customers and the public at large, that my Fall Stock is now complete, comprising ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS, ENGLISH WORSTED SUITINGS, and WEST OF ENGLAND BROADCLOTHS.

Persons wishing clothing made up at short notice can be accommodated at my establishment, as I can complete a suit in twenty-four hours after receipt of order. I am pleased to show my goods at all times and to all persons. Call and see them.

JOHN H. FISHER.

New Store,

New Goods.

MIDDLETON STATION.

THE subscriber having just completed the enlargement of his premises respectfully invites the inspection of his new and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes.

Especial attention is invited to one of the LARGEST STOCKS of Boots and Shoes to be found outside of the Cities, and at prices that defy competition. Ladies' and Misses' Fine KID BOOTS and SLIPPERS a specialty.

Ladies' and Mens' Overshoes and Rubbers.

Ale, Crockery, Tinware, and everything found in a well stocked country store.

Always on hand, Flour, Meal, Lime. Salt, etc., at prices as Low as the Lowest.

It is not my intention to advertise impossible prices, but a comparison of prices is cordially invited. Close cash buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

WANTED—100 doz. Good Home-knit Socks, at 25c. per pair; good double and twisted Yarn, at 60c. per lb; Cloth, butter, eggs, at the highest market rate — also, Lumber, Shingles, cordwood, etc,

J. H. CHUTE.

Jany. 16th, 1882. n40tf

DON'T FORGET

THAT THE

CHEAPEST PLACE

IN ANNAPOLIS COUNTY TO BUY

WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES & PLATED WARE

IS AT

SANCTON'S

IN

BRIDGETOWN.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted.

Thirty Years Experience.

Flour and Meal.

THE Subscriber has a large consignment of FLOUR, CORN MEAL and OAT MEAL which he offers for sale at

LOW RATES,

EITHER

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, SUCH AS WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, RYE-STRW, BEANS, POTATOES, ETC.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, January 5th, 1882.

Fall Goods!

Just opening, a splendid assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS,

Fur Goods, Gloves, Caps, Muffets, Overcoats, Ulsters, Ulsterettes, Reefers and Suits Yarmouth Homespuns.

Just arrived:

One Carload Strathroy Flour.

To arrive:

One Carload Shorts and Feeding Flour.

Selling Low.

N. F. MARSHALL.

Middleton, Oct. 10th, 1882.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insurments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA

CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

PUMPS, PUMPS!

A FULL STOCK ON HAND ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN. A C,

PLOUGHS. PLOUGHS.

THOSE IN WANT OF

First-Class PLOUGHS

of different patterns, should call at once on

JOHN HALL,

LAWRENCETOWN.

TERMS, SIGHT. tfn40

FARMERS, Attention!

FARMERS or others wishing

CELLAR ROM

—FOR—

APPLE STORAGE,

can be accommodated on application to the undersigned. Cellar built purposely for this object.

CAPACITY, 800 Bbls.

JOHN H. FISHER.

Bridgetown, Sept. 27th, '82 tfn24

ENTERPRISE.

STEAM TUG Eva Johnson.

HAVING purchased the above TUG BOAT, I intend putting her on the Annapolis river about the 25th of the present month, for the purpose of

Towing Ships, Rafts, Scows, &c.

Apply to

Geo. E. CORBITT
Annapolis, or to

Capt. James A. Hughes, Agent, Digby.
J. F. Miller, Agent, Bear River.
Samuel Potter, Agent, Clementsport.
C. FitzRandolph, Agent, Bridgetown.

Annapolis, July 11th. 1881.

MACHINERY

RARE CHANCE!

SEALED tenders will be received up to

September the 10th,

for the entire Plant, Machinery, &c., of the

Truro Boot & Shoe Co pany!

Tenders may be for the whole or in parts. Apply for Catalogue to

GATES' ORGAN & PIANO CO.
Truro, N. S.

Sep., 5th 1882.—tf

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?

We call your attention to the

Averill Paint

—FOR—

House Painting.

Remember it is a pure Linseed Oil and Lead Paint, combined with ingredients to render it glossy and hard.

See testimonial of a practical painter of 16 years' experience:—

I have used the Averill Paint and am fully satisfied that it is far superior to lead and oil mixed in the old way. It gives a heavy body and high gloss, and I am confident that it will prove far more durable. One gallon of it will cover as much surface on an exposed building as one and a half gallons of lead and oil. I consider it as cheap if not cheaper than the best lead. I cheerfully recommend it to the public as a first class article.

W. WHINARD,
Painter.

S. N. JACKSON,
Clarence, Agent.

N. B.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand a general stock of GOODS, low for cash or prompt barter. may28

1882-Fall-1882

New Fall and Winter

GOODS

AT

S. L. FREEMAN & CO'S,

MIDDLETON CORNER.

New Opened:

New Straw Goods, New Felt Hats, New Fur Hats.

NEW! NEW! NEW!

Corsets, Gloves, Hosiery, Black and Colored Velveteens, Satin Ribbons, Plush Ribbons, Watered Ribbons, Black and Colored Plush.

NEW! NEW! NEW!

Dress Goods, large variety; Ulster Cloths, Mantle Cloths; Ulsters, Mantles, latest styles.

Millinery done at short notice.

Mens' Ulsters and Overcoats, low.

Boots and Shoes, cheapest.

Choice Tea, Finest Demerara Molasses.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods. Call and see for yourselves.

S. L. FREEMAN & CO.

Middleton, Oct. 14, 1882. 27

The Subscriber

HAS REPLENISHED

—HIS—

HARDWARE

DEPARTMENT,

in which will be found:—

Nails, Spikes, Screws, White Lead, Glas Putty, Machine and Burning Oil, Cow and Ox Bells, Monkey Wrenches, Lanterns, Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Iron and Steel, Shovels and Spades, round pointed and Square Sickles, Gong Bells for Sleigh Shafts, Hames, Horse Blankets, Halters and Sircingles, Curry Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail, Shaving, White Wash, Paint, Scrub, Shoe, Horse, and Dandy BRUSHES, Brooms, Whisks, and Pails, Axle Grease, Rope, Mill Saw Files, Axes, Emery Cloth and Sand Paper, Carpenter's Bitts, Chalk & Lines, Shoemaker's Knife Sharpeners, Knives and Forks, and Spoons, Spectacles, Pocket and Butcher Knives, Razors, Straps, Apple Parers, Whips and Whip Lashes, Horse Nails, Brass Rivets and Burrs, Tin Ware, Breech Loading Guns, strong, safe and good Shooters, only $5.00 Powder, Shot, Caps, Shells and Cartridges, &c., all of which will be sold at REASONABLE PRICES.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, Aug. 30th, 1882.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated KIDNEY-WORT as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed. If you have either of these troubles,

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Cures the same time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.

Post Office Box, 450.

Poetry.

Some City Days.

Dear are the days, though far apart
When summer's genial sorceries flow
Full on the city's turbid heart
From where kine feed and daisies blow;

When breezes loved by brooks and glades
Float peaceful over greed's raw strife,
And give the untuneful clash of trades
Melodious hints of ampler life!

Such days with soft compassion seem
The infrequent captive trees to greet,
That dewless from dull pavements gleam
In torrid square or sultry street.

They make the pent grass vaguely sigh
For distant meadows, rich in balm,
They swept to where the untrammelled sky
Leans low and clasps them with its calm.

They rouse to delicate surprise
Those rare scant shrubs the court-yard sees,
And bid some faded flower surmise
A murmur as though of phantom bees
....

But other messages they send,
While gladdening thus the town's turmoil,
To pitcons lives that yearly bend
Below the tyranny of toil.

Sad! women, gaunt with need's worst throes,
Will feel the buoyant air's cool thrill,
And flutter like the sickly rose
That pines upon their window-sill.

Rude grimy men that drudge for bread
With spade and trowel, axe and hoe,
Will pause in transient dreams to tread
The old leafy lanes their boyhood trod.

Pale ragged children, reared in woe,
Will vainly view, by instinct's law,
That narrow heaven, the best they know,
Dome a green earth they never saw....

And yet with each fresh breeze that rolls
Through lairs that vice and frailty seek,
To still more melancholy souls
These dear unusual days may speak.

Ah, would that Nature's holier sway
At such kind hours new strength could win,
And full upon their impious way
Curb the wild reeling feet of sin!

Select Literature.

Captain Jack.

A SKETCH FROM THE BAY OF FUNDY.

Captain Jack was known all over Grand Manan, and particularly at Whale Cove (where he lived in a little house near the water), as 'the fog horn,' firstly, because his voice has grown husky from shouting to his fellow fishermen through the thick fog that often hangs for weeks over the Bay of Fundy, and secondly, because he was long and lank, and wore a broad-brimmed hat that gave him a tubular appearance. The more subtle youths often referred to him as the 'whistle,' because they found in his looks a more striking analogy to the steam fog whistle that was put up at the northern head about ten years ago. The nicknames were meant good-humoredly and so he took them. He knew well enough that no one on the island would have hurt his feelings. The old fishermen, with whom he had grown up, loved him as a brother, while the young fellows regarded him as a kind of permanent institution, and respected him accordingly. When the children caught sight of him, they came flocking around him, for they were sure that if Mrs. Dixon, the storekeeper at Whale Cove, had got in a fresh supply of candy sticks from St. Andrews, Captain Jack would have some in his pockets for them. His gentleness with these children—indeed, his kindness to all folks—was in strong contrast to his rugged exterior; so rugged that he seemed as much a part of the weather-beaten island as the tall pines overhanging the long line of cliffs, against which the wintry winds have lashed the waves these many years. He was about fifty years old, and until six or seven years ago, when strangers began coming to the island for the summer, had been a fisherman. Then he had turned his smack into a pleasure boat, which he let to parties by the day, always, however, going along himself; for he knew the reefs and the setting of the currents better than any one else thereabout, and was so sure of his bearings that he could find his way through the fog without a compass.

Captain Jack's headquarters were at Mrs. Dixon's store, where of a day he was not out sailing he spent the most of his time sitting on the steps, puffing away at an old clay pipe. If, when the smacks came in from the trawls, the young fishermen saw that he was high and dry, they would join him awhile before cleaning the morning catch, and get him to gossip about folks that he had been taking out sailing. These folks furnished him with a prime topic and when he once got started he stopped only now and then to take an occasional whiff, or to refill his pipe from any one of his nearest auditor's pouch—for a pipe of tobacco from any one of his hearers was a privilege Captain Jack had claimed these many years, and the young men had come to regard it as a kind of tribute to his conversational powers. Nor would any one have questioned his right to sit on Mrs. Dixon's steps, least of all Mrs. Dixon herself, for Captain Jack did her many a good turn. When he had spun his yarn of gossip and the young fellows had gone to clean the catch at the lakes, he would help her to set things right in the shop, and even take charge of it himself when she stepped across the way to have a chat with a neighbor or two.

Mrs. Dixon's being the only store in Whale Cove, she could claim to be the sole agent in the vicinity for all the wares in her shop, and she made the most of her monopoly. You could get a yard of calico or a cut of pork, a pound of tea or tobacco, clothing, fishing gear, and all the little knick knacks which would appeal to the tastes of the simple islanders. Another inducement to her customers was her willingness to take 'merchantable fish' in payment for her goods. But there was another attraction besides this primitive and accommodating financial arrangement. There was no exaggeration in Captain Jack's frequent remark that Polly Dixon was such a smartish, downright pretty little woman, with such takin' ways about her, as yer'd never go into her shop without buyin' something anyway; an' maybe yer'd end by buyin' something more than yer'd thought of gettin' afore yer went in.'

I had often heard this from Captain Jack, for he and I were frequently out sailing together. But its truth never struck me so forcibly as one August morning when I went to the store to get some fishing tackle, and came out with about twice as much as I wanted. Captain Jack and I were not going out until noon, and he was setting as usual on the store steps.

'If yer've any o' that backy from the States about yer, I don't know as I mind fillin' a pipe,' said Captain Jack; and I sat down beside him, and he began filling his pipe, he continued: 'It strikes me as yer's been buyin' enough line to run a trawl from Whale Cove to Nova Scotia.'

I simply repeated his tribute to Mrs. Dixon's accomplishments.

'Well,' he said, very deliberately, 'I kind o' think as she's more takin' ways than ever just now, for I hear as she's had what some folks call a streak of luck. Maybe yer'd like to hear about it—it'll be plenty of time afore the wind and tide sets toward Northern head, ain't much use a goin out afore then. I've just been tellin' the lads about it, and it kind o' tickled 'em.'

'Maybe yer don't know,' he continued, taking assent for granted, as he always did when he had a yarn to spin, 'as Mrs. Dixon ain't from Whale Cove. She's from St. Andrews, over on the main shore, 'Pretty Polly Goodwin o' St. Andrews' we used to call her, before she got spliced to Ned Dixon, some twenty-five years since. I can't say as she was as joyful looking just about that time as she's now, an I can't say as I an' the other young fellers—for we old chips was young then—felt joyful about her being spliced to Dixon neither. Yer see, there was a feller as was named John Daggett as we'd been runnin' about Polly for sometime. He'd growed up with us, been to the little school yonder with us, played with us as a youngster, and as a lad chipped in with us at the trawls; an' yer know on an island like this, where yer didn't see many strangers in those days, when a feller's growed up with yer, and been out with yer many a day and many a night in the storms and fogs, why, yer kind o' feel toward him like a brother. So yer may think as the fellers felt kind o' sorry one day when John Daggett came back from St. Andrews an' says, as they began to nag him about Polly Goodwin: 'Boys, Polly's gone an' took Ned Dixon!' But it wasn't Daggett alone as they felt sorry for; it was Polly too. They knowed Daggett had set his heart on Polly, and that he'd love an' cherish and care for her all his life long. But they wasn't so sure o' Ned Dixon. At that time he was a strong, big fellow, with a jack hair hangin' over his forehead, an' shiny black eyes. Folks would ha' called him han'some if he'd only been able to look 'em straight in the face. But his glance kind o' slid off from young as though he'd been doing somethin' wrong and was afraid yer'd find it out. He'd been a school mate with John Diggett an' the rest of us too, but it hadn't been much we'd seen o' him. We was sons of honest fishermen an' every day in summer when there wasn't no school in' we'd help the old folks at the trawls an' the flakes, so that when we was growed up we was ready to win our livin' from the sea, hard work though it was. But not so Ned Dixon. He never worked with the rest of us. He was off in the woods all day, an' often till late at nights, and if he ever did happen around while we was cleanin' the last catch at the flakes, he'd saunter up with his hands in his pockets, an' jeer at us for workin' so hard.

'It ain't such mean work I'm a-join',' he'd say, 'an' yet I guess it'll pay me better in the end than all yer haulin' an' scrapin'.'

'At first we thought he was only braggin'; but by-an' by folks began to say that bad as he was he was a-workin' with a band o' smugglers plyin' between the States an' one o' the coves near the Southern Cross, at the other end o' the island. An' after awhile we made certain as it was so; for when his old mother died he quit schoolin' an' went to live at the cove where the smugglers had their headquarters an' sold what they smuggled. For we fishermen here at Whale cove had kind o' old-fashioned ideas about right and wrong, an' didn't want any o' their goods. After that we never see'd much o' Ned Dixon. His house here was empty most the time an' when he did come over we left him pretty much to himself.

'So yer see, mister, it was because they had a kind o' dislike for Dixon that caused John Daggett's friends to feel sorry for Polly. But they were surprised, too. They all knew Polly. She lived near the long dock at St. Andrews, where the smacks larded, and whenever the boats from Whale Cove hove in sight she was sure to leave whatever play or work she was about and go and stand at the end of the long wharf awaitin' their coming. Then when the smacks had laid to, and while the old folks were sellin' off the cargo, we young ones would go a rompin' along the shore. In some o' the rough games Polly sort o' looked up to Daggett as the strongest of us to protect her, an' she had good cause to trust him, too; for it was once, as Ned Dixon was surly to Polly, that Daggett gave him such a lickin' as I guess he never forgot nor forgave. He was always tryin' to be kind and gentle to Polly, was Daggett, an' she seemed loyal like to him. An' so they growed up—he to be a plain fisherman an' she to be one o' the likeliest lasses about St. Andrews. But long after the childish games were given up, she was always a waitin' for the boats; an' of all the smacks in the fleet, Mister Daggett's was mostly the first in. There was hardly a short cut up in the harbor—it might be but a strip o' water between a cluster o' rocks on' the shore—as he didn't know, an' so he got ahead o' his fellows toward the long wharf where Polly stood a waitin' for him. An' so matters went on till the fishermen at Whale Cove felt pretty certain as he was soon a-goin' to bring pretty Polly Goodwin, o' St. Andrews, to the house his father had left him; and yer may guess, Mister, as his friends was surprised when he came back from St. Andrews that day, and says, when they begins a runnin' him about Polly, 'Boys, she's gone and took Ned Dixon.' Fact is, Mister, they was too surprised to say anything right off, an' it was some time afore Ike Harrington asks:

'How did yer find out about it?'

'She told me herself.'

'An' I'll lay a wager,' says Ike, 'o' all my share o' to-morrow's catch as the match sin't none o' her makin'. Why, man, we ain't so blind but what we've seen as she's been dead set on yer these many years. Didn't she say nothin' else?'

'Not just then—not just then,' faltered Daggett. 'She couldn't, poor child, for she was tryin' too hard to keep from cryin' to say aught. I knew then as she didn't care for Ned Dixon, and I was sure o' it when she could speak an' tell me all. Her father's in with Dixon and his gang, and he knows Dixon's got a bigger pile than I. And then she's afeered of Dixon too; for it ain't so safe for smugglers a-shore as it is at the Southern Cross; and if Dixon should get mad, and peach, there's no knowing what might come of it all. It's hard to bear, as yer all knows. Poor Polly an' I ha' been friends these many years, and many a time in the storms and the fogs the thought of her has warmed me like sunshine. All I hope for is as Dixon will be good to her—so good as to make her forget me, though she said as she never could. I know yers all feel sorry for me, for we've growed up together and worked hard together: But grumblin's no use, and I ain't a going to make Polly feel bad by moping aroun'!'

'An' that, mister, is how Polly Goodwin came to get spliced to Ned Dixon, an' Dixon no sooner got spliced than he fitted up his house at Whale Cove right opposite to where Daggett lived, an' took Polly to live there. That was kind o' hard on Daggett; but I told yer how I didn't believe as Dixon had ever forgot the lickin' Daggett gave him, an' I guess he settled at Whale Cove just out o' spite. Daggett was more quiet like than before, but he went about his work as usual, an' tried to be friendly as ever with the fellers. Polly, too, became kind o' quiet, an' folks got to say after a while as she was somewhat sad like. Not that she hadn't a smile for everyone, but there were lines in her face as never changed even when she smiled. She an' Daggett saw precious little o' one another, for he worked hard, going out early in the boats an' coin' back late. An' so matters went on year after year, till it began to get around how as Dixon who had kept steadily at smugglin', was beginnin' to smuggle some o' his crooked whiskey into himself. He stayed away a good deal from Whale Cove, an' when he did come here he was noisy and quarrelsome. Polly still wore a smile for us all, but it seemed as the lines on her face were gettin' deeper. It wer'nt many years after that afore folks began to say as Dixon was a smugglin' more an' more spirits into himself, an' was beginnin' to give Polly hard words. At any rate, he got to quarrelin' more, an' if it hadn't been that folks were fond o' his wife, he'd a had trouble time an' again.

'Daggett had nothin' to say when he heard 'em talkin' about Polly an' her troubles; he never stayed to hear 'em out. But he got more quiet like as years went on; an' when work was over he went home an' sat near the window a-lookin' out through the dark at the house across the road. There was mostly a light there, an' he often saw a shadow fall on the hangin'. An' why should he ha' staid an' heared people talkin' about Polly's troubles, when he knew about 'em himself? Many a time he had watched the light a-burnin' till late into the night; an' had seen a shadow come an go, an' now an' then a hand drawin' back the hangins', an' a face peerin' up an' down the road, till at last, when there was no chance o' Dixon's comin' home, the light would vanish. An' wonder it was she waited for him at all; for now, whenever Dixon came, he would go staggerin' past her upstairs, unless he had only enough aboard to be ugly, an' then he'd stop to cause awhile.

'One night it was very late before the light went out; Daggett had left the window, an' was goin' upstairs when he heard a noise across the way. There was a loud knocking at Dixon's door, an' a moment later he heard Dixon's voice: 'Hurry up yer blamed idiot! What are yer leavin' me standin' out here for? What ain't yer waitin' for me?'

'Just then Daggett, who had gone back to the window, saw the light again, an' heard some one at the door. At last a slight, white figure held it open. Then he heard Dixon say again: 'Yer blamed idiot, why weren't yer down waitin' for me as I told yer to be? I'll teach yer to do what I tells yer next time.'

'A moment later Daggett heard a cry of pain. He knowed that voice, mister—the voice as he had heard when he played with little Polly Goodwin along shore. He heard another cry, but before another come he was across the road an' his hand was at Dixon's throat.

'Unhand her, yer villain!' he shouted, 'unhand her, I say, or I'll throttle yer like a dog.'

'Save me! save me!' he heard Polly call out, at the sound of his voice; an' then he clinched with Dixon, who let go o' her as soon as he felt Daggett's hand at his throat. There was a short, fierce struggle, an' then Dixon went a spinnin' over the threshold out into the road, where he lay for a moment without movin' while Daggett felt Polly's tremblin' form clingin' to him.

'Don't yer come back here again,' he cried to Dixon—'Don't yer come back here again to harm the lass, or by God I'll kill yer!'

'Dixon was up again, an' his face was white with anger as he hissed:

'I'll come back, mind yer, I'll come back; an' I won't come back alone. If there's law for me to be got in St. Andrews I'll get it; an' if I can't lay yer out the law will. I'll go to St. Andrews to-night, an' I'll come back to-morrow, an' if I find yer here, I'll have yer in irons—That's right, yer hussy!' he called to Polly. 'Hang on to him, an' shake agin' him, for yer won't have him long to hang on to.'

'Daggett pushed Polly back, an' closed the door, an' stood alone facin' Dixon. But Dixon turned away with a curse, an' walked toward the Cove, where the boats were moored. Daggett, though didn't think he'd go to St. Andrews that night. The sky was dark, an' he saw other signs o' one o' those storms as yer know of that comes up so sudden here, an' plays the devil while it lasts. But he felt as he must be near Polly until daybreak, for he knew it would go hard with her if Dixon was to come back. So he sat on the steps through the night an' the storm, while the wind howled around him and the rain beat down.

'The next evenin' when he came ashore from the trawls, one of the fellers comes up to him an' says to him:—

'Daggett, I guess its best as yer should tell her.'

'Tell who?'

'Why, Polly Dixon.'

'What about?'

'Why, don't yer know as Dixon's boat ha' come floatin' ashore near Seal Cove. He must ha' been out in last night's storm.'

'It wasn't much Dixon had left, so Polly opened the store here, an' it's been a-goin' now these three years. Folks used to ask Daggett how she took the news about Dixon's drownin', but he never told. Fact, mister, he didn't talk much about her any how. But last evenin' some of them as has growed up with him seen him a comin' toward 'em from the store, an' when he got to where they was a-cleanin' the catch, he stops an' says, quiet like: 'Boys, Polly's gone an' took me this time!' An' that, mister, is why Polly has more takin' ways than ever just now. John Daggett's a weather-beaten old chap, but I reckon she knows as his heart beats as warm for her to-day as it did the day he first asked her to marry him.'

'An' who is John Daggett?' I asked Captain Jack, who seemed to have finished and was knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

'Well,' he said, deliberately, 'I guess yer know him; but I guess yer ain't never called him by that name. His name's John Daggett; but folks hereabouts calls him Captain Jack, likewise the 'fog horn.'

'Likewise the 'whistle,' I heard from behind, and turning around I saw Polly standing in the store door and smiling down upon Captain Jack, just as happily as if she were still pretty Polly Goodwin o' St. Andrews.'

GUSTAVE KOBBE.

— The body of a young man was recently found in the river Mersey, drowned. On a paper found in his pocket was written: 'A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me; drink was the cause. Let me die: let me rot.' Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received over 200 letters from fathers and mothers, all over England, asking for a description of the young man. How suggestive is this fact! What a story it tells of houses desolated by strong drink!

Smoke Prevenung Death.

Some one has at last been found to say a good word for smoke. Burslem town council has been discussing the death rate in that town, which appears just now to be rather high, and the medical officer consoles them by pointing out that the deaths would be more numerous still were it not for the smokiness of the town. The evil effects of their bad system of drainage are largely counteracted by the smoke from the factories, which blends with the atmosphere, to act as a deodorizer; and he was at a loss to imagine how intelligent men and even members of his own profession, could complain of the 'smoke nuisance.' The doctors may be left to settle the matter for themselves, but one must admit that smoke certainly has some of those offensive qualities which belong to recognized deodorizers.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

— Three coal trains in Virginia, in going down a steep grade became unmanageable, left the track and went down an embankment one hundred feet in height. All the persons on board, fifteen in number, were killed.

— Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savage, they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure but with poisoned points.