Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1888. NO. 30.

Salesmen Wanted!

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

465 Acres. the largest in Canada. 465 Acres.

Head Office, Toronto, Ont.; Branch, Montreal.

Hardy Canadian We want agents to sell our NURSERY STOCK

Steady employment at fixed salaries. MEN and WOMEN can have pleasant and profitable work THE YEAR ROUND. Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month, and expenses.

Send photo with application. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,

J. W. BEALL, Manager. Montreal, Canada. Aug. 8th, '86 1y.

SCHOONER

Temple Bar,

Capt. Longmire.

THIS well known packet schooner will ply regularly between St. John and Bridgetown during the season.

The first trip will be made, if possible, either the 30th or 31st of this month. Freight rates reasonable. Apply on board to

CAPT. J. LONGMIRE.

LIME! LIME! Always in Stock. When vessel is not in port apply to Capt. Peter Nicholson.

Bridgetown, March 25th, 1888. tf

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, Dull Ache in the Head, etc.

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

Price, $1.50 per Bottle.

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

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

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.

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.

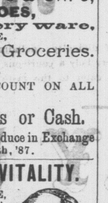
EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.

Eggs for Goods or Cash.

Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange

Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

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 Jeweled 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.

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

John Ervin,

Barrister and Attorney at Law,

OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING,

03mpd BRIDGETOWN

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

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 4 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. 22tf

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. 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!

$1 ONE DOLLAR LESS $1

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

FOR BostoN DIRECT

EVERY THURSDAY, P. M.

FROM

Annapolis.

THE STAUNCH, COMMODIOUS SIDE-WHEEL STEAMER

"NEW BRUNSWICK,"

Having been Thoroughly Overhauled, and had New Boiler and Surface Condenser placed in her, and also Newly Furnished throughout, will leave

Annapolis FOR Boston DIRECT Every Thursday,

p. m., after arrival of the Express Train from Halifax, Calling at Digby,

Returning leave, Commercial Wharf, Boston, at 8.30 every MONDAY morning.

FARE FROM W. & A. RAILWAY STATIONS

ONE DOLLAR LESS

THAN BY ANY OTHER ROUTE.

Return Tickets Two Dollars Less.

Steamer STATE OF MAINE or CUMBERLAND leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY Morning.

Steamer SECRET leaves Annapolis for Digby and St. John every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY P. M.

F. CROSSKILL, Agent. BRIDGETOWN.

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 underdraining 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.

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Bowlby, J. Haddon Balcom, and Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has, by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said deed lies at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Lawrencetown, this 31st day of August, 1888.

L. R. MORSE, ALEX. OSWALD, Assignees.

NOTICE.—The above mills of Bowlby, Balcom & Co., will be run as usual until further notice.

L. R. MORSE, ALEX. OSWALD, Assignees.

10 per cent. DISCOUNT 10 per cent.

THE subscriber offers for sale the Stock of Goods in the store, for the next 30 days, at 10 per cent discount for Cash, Eggs, or Oats, consisting of Tea, Molasses, Lap Robes, Oil, Factory, Whips, Stationery, and Groceries, &c. In addition I offer for sale on terms to suit, 1 Driving Horse, 1 Brood Mare, 1 Superior New Milch Cow, 1 Fat Cow, 2 Express Waggons, 2 Set Harnesses, 1 Pung, 1 Sleigh, 1 Set Blacksmith Tools, complete. I will also Let the Store, which is one of the best stands in the County.

E. L. HALL.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 6th, '88.

RUBBER STAMP with your name in Fancy Type, 25 Visiting Cards, and INDIAN INK to mark Linen, only 25 cts. (stamps.) Book of 2000 styles free with each order. Agents Wanted. Big Pay. THALMAN MF'G CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Frost & Wood's

PLOWS!

Another carload of those celebrated Steel Plows Just Received,

CONSISTING OF

25 ONE HORSE PLOWS.
60 NO. 6, ALL STEEL.
50 NO. 16, LIGHT TWO HORSE PLOWS
15 NO. 6, CAST BEAMS.
10 SIDE-HILL PLOWS, AMERICAN PATTERN.

All will be sold on EASY TERMS and WARRANTED.

A. C. VANBUSKIRK, General Agent for Western Counties.

AGENTS FOR ANNAPOLIS COUNTY.

A. B. ARMSTRONG.....Nicaux Falls.
GEO. L. MUNRO.....Paradise.
S. D. R. RITCHIE.....Annapolis.
W. C. WOODWORTH.....Granville Ferry.

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.

JUST RECEIVED:

A quantity of

HORSE'S CLOTHING.

RUGS, from 60 cts. to $5 00, SURCINGLES, LAP ROBES, KNEE & ANKLE BOOTS, SWEAT PADS, HEAVY & LIGHT COLLARS, WHIPS, BRUSHES, CURRY COMBS, HARNESS SOAPS, and HALTERS, which will be sold LOW for CASH.

FLOUR, MEAL, and GROCERIES,

always in stock.

Coarse Salt by the sack.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 17th, 1888.

SPLENDID!

—One of the—

Finest Stock of CLOTHS,

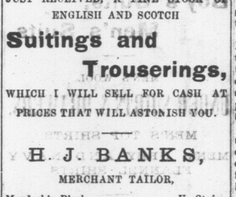
For Men's Suitings, to be found in the Western Counties, is now shown by

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.

(Best is Cheapest)

Ask your Grocer for them



THE TOUCH WORKMANSHIP AND DURABILITY Every Piano FULLY WARRANTED FOR 5 YEARS.

—SOLE AGENCY—

HALIFAX PIANO & ORGAN CO.

137 & 139 HOLLIS ST. HALIFAX, N.S.

NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of INGRAHAM C. BANKS, late of Meadowvale, in the County of Annapolis, yeoman, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JANETTA S. BANKS, Administratrix, or HENRY MUNROE, Administrator.

Meadowvale, Aug. 10th, 1888. 3m

To Loan!

Money on Real Estate Security.

J. G. H. PARKER, Solicitor.

Bridgetown, Oct. 27th, '87. tf

Poetry.

Charity.

A beggar died last night, his soul
Went up to God, and said:
"I come uncalled; forgive it Lord;
I died for want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of Heaven;
"Son, how can this thing be?
Are not my saints on earth? and they
Had surely succoured thee."

"Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said,
"Live holy lives of prayer;
How shall they know of such as we!
We perish unaware."

"They strive to save our wicked souls,
And fit them for the sky;
Meanwhile, not having bread to eat,
(Forgive!) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spake out of heaven
In wrath and angry pain;
"Oh, man, for whom My Son hath died,
My child hath lived in vain!"

—*Arthur Symons in the Woman's World.*

Select Literature.

Old Mr. Dover's Story.

I am an old man, now. Folks used to be more romantic when I was young. They used to fight duels instead of going to law, and they used to elope instead of waiting and waiting till they get sick of waiting, or giving up and marrying to suit the old folks.

It wasn't so curious about Miranda Bates eloping, but the things that came of it were funny.

You see, Grandfather Bates wouldn't have anything to say to Jeremiah Jones when he asked him whether or no he couldn't have Miranda. And so she just packed up her bundle, and he was to have a carriage waiting at the gate at twelve o'clock to carry her off to the parson's.

Well, she was all packed up and ready in a big cloak with a hood, and was creeping down stairs softly, not to wake any one, when she saw some one else in a cloak and hood creeping down before her.

It was her grandmother, old Mrs. Bates, going out to pick herbs. Some herbs, as folks knew in those days, wouldn't do any good as medicine if they weren't picked at midnight.

So that was her idea; but, of course, Miranda was scared back, and hid behind the door, and old Mrs. Bates went pottering about looking for her herbs, and up drove the carriage. She didn't hear it; she was as deaf as a post; but it so happened Grandfather Bates did, and up went his window.

'Who is there?' bellowed he, and Jeremiah Jones, scared to death, and taking old Mrs. Bates for Miranda, jumped out, caught her by the waist, crammed her into the carriage, and was driven away like wild.

Miranda saw it all; so did old Bates. Miranda shrieked, old Bates bellowed; down stairs he rushed and met Miranda coming up.

'Who was that as the gate?' he yelled.

'Oh, Grandpa!' screamed Miranda, Jeremiah Jones has carried off grandma!'

Now old Mrs. Bates had been very pretty, and old Mr. Bates had been very jealous, and it all came back. He stormed and swore and got his pistols and wouldn't listen to a word Miranda said, and mounted his horse and rode after the carriage.

Inside it was pitch dark, and old Mrs. Bates was as deaf as a post, and thought robbers had carried her off.

Jeremiah kept her wrapped up in her cloak and called her his sweetest, and his duck and dove, and all the while she thought he was threatening to kill her, and didn't dare to speak, but only sobbed and cried; and when they got out on the road a piece, clatter, clatter, clatter came the horse's heels behind them, and—

'Stop!' yelled old Grandfather Bates. 'Stop! I demand that lady!'

Jeremiah looked out of the window.

'Never!' said he.

'We'll see,' cried old Bates, and fired at him.

The ball missed him.

'Drive faster,' said Jeremiah to the coachman.

Then he pressed old Mrs. Bates to his heart.

'Don't weep, Miranda,' said he. 'He shall never take you from me. Oh, if it were only daylight, that I might see your face.'

'I haven't got any money with me,' sobbed the old lady, but he did not hear her.

On they drove, faster and faster, and after them rode the old man, faster and faster too. At last, on the high road, in a lonely place, with no body near and the parson's house miles away, off came one of the carriage wheels, over went the carriage, all on one side, and there was an end of the running away. As soon as he found there was no help for it Jeremiah jumped out of the carriage, shut the door on poor old grandmother Bates, and stood out in the road with a pistol in his hand, ready to meet old Bates. Up came the old gentleman, more furious than ever, and jumped down from his horse, and stood facing him with his pistol.

'Villain!' cries he, 'I demand that lady.'

'Sir,' replied Jeremiah, 'she is mine. I respect you, but I will never yield.'

'Wait a moment. Does she go with you of her free will? Don't dare to lie!'

'Yes, sir, of her free will and choice,' replied Jeremiah. 'Do you think me a highwayman, to carry off a lady against her will?'

And now they were yelling so loudly that even deaf old Grandmother Bates, who had managed to get the window down, heard every word.

Out came her head over the door. The hood of the cloak had fallen off, and under it was her cap. I don't know what the moon had been doing before, but now she shone bright and clear, and everything was as plain to be seen as at noonday. Out came the old lady's head into the moonlight.

'That's a dreadful falsehood,' said she. 'I did not come with him of my own will. He picked me up and carried me off while I was picking herbs in the garden for the lotion for your rheumatism, squire. I've have been screaming all the way, and he's been kissing me, the wretch. To think this should have happened to me at my age, when I've been so properly conducted all my life!'

'Lord have mercy on us!' says Jeremiah. 'Is that you, Madam Bates?'

He flew to the carriage door and opened it.

'Sir,' he said to the squire, 'I am willing to meet you wherever you please. You have the right to challenge me. I have insulted you; I have insulted this lady, but unintentionally—unintentionally, sir. I beg ten thousand pardons. I believed that I had carried off your granddaughter, Miss Miranda, who had promised to be my wife.'

And just then up rattled a little gig, driven by Peleg, the hired man, with Miranda sitting in it.

'Oh, thank heaven,' she cried, 'no one is killed. Oh, dear grandma—oh, dear grandpa, forgive me. Jeremiah—Mr. Jones—I trust you have explained?'

'Madam, I have,' said Jeremiah, bowing low.

Now it seemed to the young folks that the end of all things had come, but it was just the happy turning point.

The old gentleman liked a joke, and here was a good one; and the old lady was mightily pleased with being taken for a girl of eighteen.

'Husband,' she said, tucking her hand under his arm, 'we were young ourselves once, and you know you would have run off with me if you could not have me otherwise.'

'So I would, indeed,' said the old squire.

'You were twice as pretty as Miranda, then, in those days.'

'Well, perhaps I was,' said the old lady. 'But now, my dear, to please me, let Mr. Jones know you no longer refuse your consent to his marriage with Miranda.'

And with that the old squire offered his hand to Jeremiah, and there was a wedding at the Hall before Christmas came.—*Mary Kyee Dallas.*

(*For the Monitor.*)

From Liverpool to Valparaiso.

(*Continued.*)

LETTER II.

Early on a Sunday morning we left Rio Harbor and headed for the Rio de la Plata. The run down the Brazilian capital to Montevideo was the pleasantest part of the trip and the water being very smooth we could have our "meals" without fear of receiving a plate of hot soup in one's lap. The nights on deck were most enjoyable, so cool and refreshing that in the way of climate one could wish for nothing better. The ocean at night in these latitudes is wonderful for its phosphorescent light, particularly when the night is very dark. From the stern of the steamer we passengers used to delight in watching the water lashed into foam by the revolutions of the rapid and powerful screw. Each particle of water seemed a drop of liquid fire, each wave a mass of seething light. You could trace the steamer's path back into the dark waters behind for miles, and each little ripplet that broke in a white cap shone through the darkness like a lamp. It seemed as if the ocean was lighted up from caverns below, and even the fish could be seen from the phosphorus that gleamed on their scales. In daytime we amused ourselves by watching the flying fish, passing sails or steamers—by games and music, etc., and so the time passed rapidly. One day we were in a perfect shower of thistle down, and also saw numerous butterflies and landbirds, and the captain told us there had been a heavy storm from the west which we had just missed. It seemed strange considering we were 400 miles out at sea for the air to be filled with floating down said to be able to catch butterflies. One of the finest winged beauties which we caught we preserved. It measured four inches from tip to tip of wing. Five days from Rio de Janeiro brought us to the Rio de la Plata, and here we had a jolly rough time. This river is a hundred miles broad but nevertheless is very shallow, so a wind makes a heavy sea. The steamer rolled so that even the sailors had to cling on to the rails, etc., when walking, for fear of losing their balance and falling overboard. Very few passengers had any appetite that day.

There is one feature of these foreign countries the terrible quarantine stations, which are unknown in England or the U. S. in the same way. Just a month before we were at Panillac, some miles from the city of Bordeaux, where there was typhoid fever. No one on board had had the fever, or indeed any sickness, and yet our passengers for Buenos Ayres were compelled to go in quarantine for two days on "la Isla de Flores." This is the station the "Island of Flowers," simply a rock cut into three parts, and connected by a wooden tramway. On one side was the boarding house—on the middle rock, the largest, the hospital, and on the other the burying ground. Quite significant and comforting for those who were forced to land.

Of course it is generally known that the Rio de la Plata is the great basin for draining the Argentine Republic. We lay at Isla de Flores for one night. Next morning we steamed up to Montevideo. Our ship now was deserted, as we landed all the emigrants at the quarantine station. It was hard to imagine that we were in a river, for our Southern horizon was the same as on the boundless ocean. A peculiar feature of the river is its shallowness—so shallow that although we were sailing along three miles from shore our steamer was ploughing up the soft mud, leaving a great track for miles behind. Many will be surprised to know that Montevideo has a population of 90,000, and yet is only a small town in comparison to Buenos Ayres, which is forty miles up on the opposite shore, situated where the river begins to narrow. The climate appeared perfect (the word Buenos Ayres means good air), but one needs to live in a country to judge of this very unstable subject, weather.

The Argentine Republic is to the Spaniards what the United States is to the Englishman, and is called the "Estados Unidos" of S. A. There is a tremendous rush of Spanish Portuguese and emigrants of other nations, also to the great pampas of the west. Here they have, I believe, comparatively free land, and under the favorable conditions of climate and soil, can soon acquire a position of independence. The great industry of course is ranching, and the cattle and sheep on the fenceless, almost boundless plains flourish as did the buffalo on the western prairies of North America. This country is said to be equal to Australia, and free from the terrible dry seasons that render the business of sheep farming so uncertain in that country. The locomotive too rushes along over these plains, and the iron girdle penetrates to Mendoza, at the foot of the Andes. When the "Cordillera" is crossed this railroad will be the favorite passenger route from the west coast to Europe. But it is a tremendous, arduous, and expensive task to break through this iron barrier, the great range of the Andes.

We had a chance to see the class of cattle that are raised on the ranches here. A large scow full of these long-horned, untamed beauties from the western plains was towed to our steamer's side, and we witnessed the work of taking them on board from a safe spot. They have enormous horns, and as they are wild they have to be driven down to the place of slaughter, or embarkation, as the case may be, and here lassooed. To lift them on board, a rope is passed around their heads under the horns, the "donkey engine" is started, and before the surprised bullock can move he feels himself rising rapidly to a position of relative importance, but alas for bullock pride, he is soon landed on the deck a confused heap. When he feels the deck beneath him he begins to show of what stuff he is made, and his struggles are terrific, until he is finally brought up to his position by the combined help of muscle, rope, and steam, an unequal contest, and so the poor creature seems to think for when he feels his head firmly planted in a sort of rack, he subsides with a snort of disdain.

This is a great country for partridges, and this was a prominent feature in our bill of fare when we left Montevideo. The voyage of five days from the Plata river was very rough, and at the mouth of the Magellan Straits we had some waves worth looking at, and it was truly wonderful how they tossed our great steamer. In the Straits where the Andes break off so abruptly, and where the winds make such a disturbance in drawing in from one ocean to the other, I saw some fine scenery, wild and rugged, diversified by glaciers and snow capped peaks, and mountain ranges. The Straits are so dangerous that they can only be navigated in the day. Here I saw for the first time some real savages—natives of Tierra del Fuego, men who are said to be cannibals. It is customary for the P. S. N. Co.'s boats to throw overboard a barrel of food from each steamer that passes through the Straits, and so when our steamer came in sight of an inhabited island a canoe came out to pick this barrel up. Though the day was very cold these poor wretches were almost naked, and kept themselves a little warm by a fire burning in the bottom of the canoe on some stones. The Church of England has a missionary out here, the Rev. Mr. Aspinwall, and he, with other helpers, is trying to teach these people the arts of common life and a knowledge of our blessed Saviour. Mr. A. now has around him quite a number of the natives who are learning to take care of sheep and also becoming initiated into some common trades. Having heard a lecture in the Union Church, of Santiago, from Mr. A. on these people I might tell a good deal, but time will not permit. The sail up the Pacific coast was magnificent. Such a climate it is hard to rival. In the Pacific we first met the albatros, and a wonderful bird it is; nearly as large as a sheep, and wings in proportion. It is a pretty sight to see these birds follow a steamer. They simply use their wings as sails and let the wind do the work. The third day from the Straits they left us, as they are not found except in Southern temperate waters, or where it is windy. Whales too were a novelty as they lay lazily on the water "spouting." Our first call in Chili was at Coronel, which I might call the Pictou or Sydney of Chili, for coal mines are as numerous here as in N. S. In many directions I could see the great shaft machinery of the different mines. Near Coronel is Lota, a town built over copper mines and having also great coal mines, and what is rather curious, possessing, or being the dwelling place of the richest woman in the world. Two days more and we are at Valparaiso, safely anchored. We had spent forty-seven days on the steamer and were just five days late.

Here I will stop, refraining from saying anything on Chili until the next letter.

There are many things left out that I might say, and probably your readers are devoutly thankful. I remain, Mr. Editor,

Yours truly, A. F. TROOP.

Trade With South America.

OTTAWA, Oct. 21.—Simeon Jones, who was sent to South America by the Dominion government last winter to report upon the best means of promoting trade between that country and Canada, was here yesterday. His report will be presented and made public shortly. From statements made by Mr. Jones, in an interview published here, it appears that he has recommended the government to grant a subsidy to a line of steamers of twelve or fourteen hundred tons, to ply between the maritime provinces and South American ports. He thinks a ready market can be found in the Argentine republic for the lumber and soft coal of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and that as the vessels will not be able to obtain return cargoes for Canadian parts, the productions of the Arcentine republic being similar to those of Canada, they should be permitted to take return freights to United States ports. This he believes, is the only way by which an export trade to South America can be built up. With regard to the fish trade Mr. Jones says the business of exporting fish from Canada to Brazil may now be said to be wholly in the hands of two Gaspe firms. He does not propose any interference with the fish trade, and the South Americans are now obtaining supplies of fish from the cold waters of the southern coasts of their continent.

A FARMER'S AWFUL DEATH.—A farmer named Wenceslas Dubois, living in the upper part of the parish of St. Cuthbert, came to a horrible end near his home last week. He had been unwell for some months past but on the morning of the day in question he took a pair of oxen and left his home with the expressed intention of going to work in a wood a few acres away. Coming to the place indicated the terrible idea of taking his own life seems to have entered the man's mind. Dubois seem to have taken a long rope, fastened one end around a tree and the other end around his neck. This done he wound the chain, which was already attached to the team, around his body and started his oxen with fatal effect as can be easily surmised. It is supposed that he cried out with pain—as the animals had stopped—or his head would have been severed from his body. As it was the poor man was found by his wife and children, who came out to see what was keeping the husband and father so long from home, strangled to death.

—Hon. Edward Blake has resumed the practice of law. The Montreal *Witness* says:

In 1883 during the West Northumberland election, he declared he had taken off his gown and would devote his entire time to the party. To this resolution he faithfully adhered until nature broke down under the strain. The announcement now that Mr. Blake has again taken an active part in the firm of which he is the head and accepted a brief from the C. P. R Co., brings out the sharp distinction between business and politics. As a public man he has had to severely criticise the company whose retainer now secures his valuable advocacy. Mr. Blake was, and will probably be again, the leading equity counsel in the Dominion. The holding of choice briefs will not, of course, entail half the work and none of the worry incident to political leadership.

All will sincerely wish that Mr. Blake's health may be fully restored, and that he may continue to take some part in public life.

THE SHIPBUILDING BUSINESS.—Will shipbuilding ever revive here? is a question that is being frequently asked just now. Some people think that it will to a certain extent, others that it will not. The latter claim that at the present time it would be impossible to build a vessel as cheaply as it could be done three or four years ago, and that if there is any shipbuilding to do it will be done in the country ship-yards. The small timber, which could be procured so easily from the country people a few years ago, will cost twice as much now, those engaged in cutting it having gone out of the business. Iron is also dearer, as well as many of the other commodities which enter into the construction of a ship. Besides, the ship-carpenters have got scattered, and a large proportion of them have adopted other callings, which give promise of being more permanent than ship-building. These would scarcely give up their present employment.—*St. John Globe.*

—Deacon—'I saw you at our evening services, last night, sir. Strangers are always welcome.'

Young Man—'Thanks.'

Deacon—'I suppose you find churchgoing is a great comfort?'

Young Man—'Yes, sir. Did you notice the little girl whose prayer book I helped to hold up?'

Deacon—'Yes.'

Y. M.—'She's a great comfort, too.'

For Frost Bites.

There is no better remedy for frost bites, chilblains and similar troubles, than Haggard's Yellow Oil. It also cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, deafness, and lameness and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally.

—The Rev. F. L. H. Pott, a young Episcopalian clergyman, of Greenwich, Conn., who went out to China about a year ago has married Miss S. N. Wong, whose father was the first Chinese convert to Christianity.

DENTISTRY!

A. J. McKenna, D.D.S.,

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Annapolis from 1st to 8th, Middleton from 17th to 24th,

IN EACH AND EVERY MONTH.

All work guaranteed to be satisfactory. Teeth made, repaired and filled.

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A Strange Story of the Sea.

The New York *Herald* is responsible for this curious story: Two years ago Charles Murtagh, Jr., the sixteen-year-old son of a well known citizen of Brooklyn, while looking over a large map of the world noticed the South Sea cluster of islands. The furthest was the island of Ojee. A boy's pride to write a letter to such a place seized him and he asked his grandfather about the matter.

Grandfather Murtagh had been a seafaring man in his earlier days, and among his bosom friends had been a Captain Green. The latter had left these shores many years ago in a vessel, and was never heard of afterward. As a freak Mr. Murtagh told his grandson to address his letter to Captain Green. The letter was delivered to a captain of a vessel bound for Australia. After many months waiting for a reply and none coming, the boy and his grandfather gave up all hope of ever hearing from the isle.

Last Monday the boy received a letter. The edges were badly crumpled and the missive had the appearance of having been handled over and over. When the letter was opened no date was found therein. Further down, however, it was seen that it had been written some time in July, 1887. Strange as it may seem the letter that young Murtagh wrote had really reached a man named Green, who was an inhabitant on the island. The reply was a lengthy one, and in its opening the writer spoke of having received the letter of young Murtagh from Brooklyn, and said that he would hasten to answer it.

The writer and a number of people, the letter said, were alone on the island. More than thirty years ago a vessel left New York for St. Helena. The commander was Captain Green, and there was a crew of fourteen men, besides two women. Everything went well until the vessel almost reached the Canary Island, when a gale sprung up and the ship foundered.

The crew took to their boats and finally after months of drifting, they landed on the coral reefs on the Island of Ojee, or about seven thousand miles from their original destination.

No signs of habitation were visible when the crew landed. They were castaways, with no prospect of hearing from home unless by chance a passing vessel came that way. So it continued for years. Those on the island intermarried until the population reached sixty-four. Plenty of game was found on the island, and finally a whaling vessel came that way. When the ship reached there, some of the survivors went on board and engaged themselves as seamen. Who they were is not known. The original number on the island dwindled down year by year and many died, until only three men and nine women remained.

The writer next said that for four years there had not been a vessel in sight of the island. The letter, he added, had been written some time, and it could not be dated, as it was not known when the next vessel would pass the island. The writer further declared that it was a lonesome spot, but that there were now plenty of cows and pigs, besides other cattle and plenty of game, that would keep them alive for years.

London, Oct. 18.—There is a fast growing fear among the Egyptian natives that the present low stages of the Nile, unprecedented in recent times, is due to the machinations of the Mahdi. It is argued that the Ancients were fully aware that it was possible to deflect the course of the Nile, and in support of this argument the exponents of this theory quote Ezekiel xxii., 8, &c., and xxx., 12, and Isaiah xix., 5, threatening the desolation of Egypt and the turning of her waters from their course. It is further alleged the King of Abyssinia in 1740 threatened the Turkish Pasha at Cairo to avail himself of his power to turn the Nile from its course at some point in the unexplored region through which the great river runs, and many persons not sharing the fanaticism of the Mahdi followers are inclined to the belief that he, too, has discovered the place and the means of putting Egypt to death slowly by drying her fountain of life.

A VAST GOLD AND SILVER BED.—*Ottawa, Ont., October* 16—Mr. R. J. McConnell of the Canadian Geological Survey, has returned here after making a geological exploration of the Yukon River, which for 200 miles forms the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. The Yukon he describes as a stream 2,300 miles long. It is navigable for three quarters of this distance. The region is a vast gold and silver bed. Gold can be seen with the naked eye in ledges along the banks of the stream. Mining yields from $10 to $20 a day for two months in the year. American capitalists hope to overcome the difficulties presented by the weather. On the Alaskan side they have erected works, where 190 heads of stamps are in operation. The gold yields $20 to the ton. Mr. McConnell will be joined here shortly by his colleague, O Gitvie, who will submit a report to the Dominion Government on the Alaskan boundary question.

NOT A NEW ONE.—'Julius, it appears to me that this is the third time this week you've been brought up here for drunkenness. The last time you were up here you promised me I should never see you here again for another such offense. Didn't you?'

'Dasso, jedge, an' I hain't neder.'

'Why, you black varmint you, ain't this another offence?'

'Beggin' yo pardon, jedge, but yo'm mistook. I'se took p'ticker 'cusin ter keep 'toxicated right erlong—hit ain't no new drunk, jedge! Swar ter goodness 'taint.—*Yonker's Gazette.*

Have you Neuralgia?

If you are suffering the agonies of neuralgia, and have failed to get a remedy that will afford relief, we want you to try Polson's Nerviline. No remedy in the market has given anything like the same degree of satisfaction. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvellous, and as it is put up in 10 cent sample bottles no great expense is involved in giving it a trial. Polson's Nerviline is the most pleasant, powerful, and certain pain remedy in the world. Sold by druggists and all dealers in medicine; 10 and 25 cents a bottle.

—The proprietors of the Big Marsh are arranging to cut a canal in shore, extending from the Cumberland Basin to Black Point on the Bay of Fundy shore. The distance is about half a mile, the average depth will be about 8 feet, the estimated cost about $1,000. It is calculated this work will reclaim about 500 acres of sunken marsh, adding to its value at least $10 per acre, thereby making a property now almost valueless worth from $5,000 to $10,000.—*Amherst Sentinel.*

—Boston has got into quite a flutter of excitement over a controversy about a school text book. Over 25,000 women have registered their names in order to be able to vote at the annual election of school committees in December. This privilege they have held unused for years, but this year are bound to vote on the "question of the hour."

An Open Letter.

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co. Nov. 25th, 1886.

I wish I had used B B B sooner, which would have saved me years of suffering with erysipelas, from which I could get no relief until I tried B. B. B., which soon cleared away the itching, burning rash that had so long distressed me.—Mrs. Edward Romkey, Eastern Passage, Halifax, N S.