Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1894. NO. 13.

Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.

GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.

Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
Members of the United States Law Association.
Real Estate Agents.

OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

G. O GATES,
PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pianos & Organs.
Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Visits Annapolis Valley twice a year. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.
MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38tf

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, he last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

A. B. PARKER,
SOUTH FARMINGTON,
CAN SUPPLY
PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE,
ALEXANDRA CREAM SEPARATOR,
AND
THE STEEL HARNESS,
For Farmers and Lumbermen. No Whiffletree.
ALSO
THE POPULAR DOOR CATCHER.
All the above will be delivered at manufacturers prices. 48 26

NOTICE!
LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49tf

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

P. C. MELONSON,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER
MIDDLETON CORNER.
REPAIRING punctually and thoroughly attended to, and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.
I have constantly on hand complete lines of Watches Clocks and Jewelry.

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 1y

—MAGISTRATES BLANKS AT THIS OFFICE.

Dr. J. Woodbury's
HORSE LINIMENT
Is Infallibly the Cure for
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY
IT HAS NO EQUAL.

In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles. Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.

F. L. SHAFNER, - - PROPRIETOR
MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

HATS! HATS!

Every Christian wears a Hat on Easter Sunday, and the place to get the

Largest Range,
—AND THE—
Latest Styles,
—IS AT—
A. J. MORRISON'S,
MERCHAN TAILOR - - - MIDDLETON, N. S.
His stock of SPRING CLOTHS is complete.

"Once a King." "Always a King."
STEP BY STEP **The "WHITE"** Triumphantly Progresses!
The Pride of its Friends!
The Enemy of its Competitors!

CINCINNATI, 1888. PARIS, 1889.
World's Columbian Exposition. 1893.
Awarded the HIGHEST HONORS covering the essential and vital points claimed.
IT'S THE BEST—first, last, and all the time.
JAS. A. GATES & CO., SOLE AGENTS, MIDDLETON, N. S.

LOOK HERE!

Now is the time to order your Spring Suits. I have now in stock some of the

FINEST GOODS

that can be seen anywhere. Call and see them. The

Prices are Away Down!

I guarantee every garment to be a good fit, well-made, and the best of trimmings used.

FRANK SCOTT,
CUSTOM TAILOR, - ROOMS OVER MONITOR OFFICE.

SPRING GOODS
—ARRIVING AT—
H. E. REED'S.
GROCERIES, FRESH AND NICE,
at H. E. REED'S.
A Few Nice Lamps will be sold Low, to clear, at
H. E. REED'S, Middleton, N. S.
PRODUCE HANDLED.

Carriages
—AND—
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!
As the season for Carriages, Road Carts, and other appliances for the spring and summer travel is again approaching, I take the liberty of informing past patrons and intending purchasers that I am in a position to supply them with anything in that line they may desire, and that I am also interested in the sale of all kinds of
Agricultural Implements
from the well-known firm of
BLIGH & PRINCE.
Mowers (single or double), Rakes, Ploughs, Harrows, Forks, &c.
Call and inspect. Prices as low as any or all dealers.
W. C. FEINDEL.
Middleton, March 6th, 1894. 48 13i

Special Inducements in Cloths for Suitings.
Having decided to dispose of the balance of my stock of
Cloths and Gents Furnishings,
I now offer to anyone wishing a suit for the Spring and summer wear, their choice at the invoice prices. No such bargain has been placed before the public for years, and those who wish to save from $6 to $8 on a suit of clothing, should give me a call.
WM. C. BATH.
Bridgetown, April 3rd, 1894 1 tf

BRIDGETOWN
LIVERY STABLES.
N. E. CHUTE, Proprietor.

THE subscriber, having purchased the entire outfit and good-will of the Livery Business enjoyed by Mr. Wm. C. Bath for a number of years past, begs to notify his many friends and the travelling public that he is prepared, at a moment's notice, to furnish any kind of an outfit in single, double, tandem, or other styles, with or without drivers.
The capacious stables are roomy and centrally located, affording every facility for boarding and baiting.
Teams always on hand at station on arrival of all trains.
A specialty will be made of Trucking with moderate charges.
When you want a nobby fit-out, a place to bait your horse, or any information connected with the livery business, ask for
N. E. CHUTE,
Proprietor of the Bridgetown Livery Stables.
Bridgetown, April 25th, 1893.—4

WANTED TO HIRE!
A man, with wife, to take charge of large farm on salary. Man to manage farm and, wife to do usual indoor work. Satisfactory wages to right parties. Permanent employment i.s. Apply at this office.

GRASS SEEDS,
ROOM PAPER,
—AND—
Ready-made Clothing!
Large Stock,
—AND—
Lowest Prices!
G. W. ANDREWS.
Middleton, May 2nd, 1894.

MISS FLORA MCDONALD.

AN ACHING HEAD.
DEAR SIRS,—I had severe headache for the past three years, and was not free from it a single day. I used doctors' medicines and all others I could think of, but it did me no good. My cousin said I must
TRY B.B.B.
because it is the best medicine ever made, and I took three bottles of it, with the result that it has completely cured me. I think Burdock Blood Bitters, both for headaches and as a blood purifier, is the
BEST IN THE WORLD,
and am glad to recommend it to all my friends. MISS FLORA MCDONALD, Glen Norman, Ont.

CARRIAGES!
To My Friends and Customers:—
I beg to inform my friends and patrons, and the public in general, that I have now on hand a lot of Fine Carriages, nearing completion, consisting of
Open and Top Buggies,
—AND—
Jump-seat Double Carriages,
for the spring trade. They are all built of the choicest stock; all grade "A" standard wheels, with leather trimmings, and painted and finished throughout in a first-class manner.
Parties wanting an extra vehicle at reasonable cost, are requested to inspect the stock to be found at the "Old Reliable Carriage Works," at Victoriaville.
D. FALES, Proprietor.
April 4th, 1894. 2 26i

'SQUIRE TAPLEY.

The ex-Police Magistrate of the old Town of Portland, N. B.

Interesting Interview Had With Him By A St. John Sun Reporter.

There is no more familiar figure in St. John, N. B., than ex-Police Magistrate Tapley, who for so many years presided over the court of the old city of Portland, now a part of the city of St. John. "Squire Tapley," as he is familiarly styled by everybody, has been before the public so long in an official capacity that he is known far and wide, and is not less widely respected. The venerable ex-magistrate was recently brought to death's door, and the secret of his complete restoration to health is a matter of interest and importance to men and women everywhere. It having been stated that the restoration was due to the use of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills, a St. John Sun reporter investigated the case. He was heartily greeted by 'Squire Tapley, who spoke freely of the case. It was absolutely true, he said, and the case could not be put too strongly, that Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills had restored him to health and vigor from a state so serious that it caused both himself and his friends the greatest anxiety. Loss of appetite, weakness, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, and a general breaking down and decay of vital powers, were, in brief, the symptoms; but they had all vanished under the influence of these wonderful restorative remedies. He began to take Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills, and within a week after beginning their use he was frequently stopped on the streets and asked the secret of the marvellous change in his manner and appearance. To all such enquiries he had but one answer: Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills had wrought the miracle. After having used about eight bottles of tonic and two boxes of pills at a cost of only $4.50, 'Squire Tapley declares himself a new man. His appetite returned, his sleep restful and refreshing, and he feels thoroughly renewed and invigorated in every respect.

"You may use these statements freely," said 'Squire Tapley to the reporter: "I feel that I ought to recommend Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills, and I am doing it every day. Many of my friends are using them on my recommendation. In fact, I consider these remedies the best in the world."

Fellow sufferer here is encouragment for you. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh-builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, an impoverished or impure state of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, loss of memory, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hysteria, and the prostrating effects of la grippe or any nerve weakness of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body, or excesses of any nature.

Hawker's tonic is especially adapted to the diseases peculiar to women, giving tone to the nerves and stomach, vigor to the mind and body, and strength to the blood, restoring the bloom of health to the pale and delicate.

These remedies can be obtained of all druggists and dealers, price as follows; tonic, fifty cents a bottle, or six bottles for $2.50; pills, twenty-five cents.

—Little Dot—"Mamma, I was playin' with your best tea-set while you were away, an' when you bring it out for company you'll be shocked, 'cause you'll think one of the cups has a hair in it; but it isn't a hair." Mamma—"What is it?" Little Dot—"It's only a crack."

—Perfect health is seldom found, for impure blood is so general. Hood's Sarsaparilla does purify the blood and restore health.

The Postmaster At Folly Village, N. S.,
Mr. D. F. Layton, gained fourteen pounds last season while taking "Groder's Syrup" as a stomach regulator and tonic. He recommends "Groder's" most heartily. His wife and daughter think there is nothing like "Groder's Cure" *to build them up.*
Their words concern you. This remedy is fast becoming the family favourite.
At Druggists and of general dealers at $1 per bottle or, better still, 6 bottles $5. Guaranteed.

Poetry.

Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear.
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair;
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm moist fingers folding yours so tight,
You do not prize this blessing overmuch—
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness. A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day;
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine ere it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sat down to rest,
You missed this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
The laping tongue that chatters constantly—
If from your own the dimpled hand had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown,—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

—Margaret Sangster.

Select Literature.

A Change of Purpose.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

Two horsemen, broad-hatted and heavily armed, rode swiftly along a dim trail that threaded a level stretch of wild western prairie. It was night, but the moon shone round and full from a clear sky, giving the plain, with its tall, breeze-swept grass, the appearance of a calm summer sea.

"Jim," spoke one of the men, breaking a long silence, "are you sure it's all right about that money?"

"All right how?" the other questioned.

"Are you sure the man has got it?"

"Sure as I am that we are here, Joe. He sold his claim yesterday an' received the cash in hand for it. There's no mistake this time, sure."

"Well, that's all right, Jim. If he's got three hundred dollars, that mean a hundred an' fifty for each of us. Pretty good pay for one night's work, provided there ain't too much risk."

"Just about as much risk as there would be in robbin' a prairie-lark's nest. Why, there's nobody but a man an' a child there, an' the man don't look like he had life enough to kill a flea. Guess he's about dead with consumption or something."

"He won't be able to give us much trouble then," Joe replied. "An' even if he shows fight we can soon quiet him."

"Yes; but he won't show any fight, Joe. All we'll have to do will be to ask for the money, an' give the chap to understand that we are in earnest, an' it will be ours. It is the softest snap I ever struck, an' it's almost like pickin' that much money up out of the road."

There was a short silence, broken only by the clattering of the horses' feet on the hard, dry ground as the horses galloped on. Directly Joe spoke again:—

"Jim," he said, "that $300 is all the money an' property that feller owns, ain't it?"

"Yes; about all. He's got an old wagon, a couple of old plug horses, an' a few old traps in his cabin."

"An you say he's 'most dead with consumption or something?"

"Yes."

"Then, don't it seem like it's kind of mean to rob him, Jim?"

Jim indulged in a long and boisterous laugh.

"Joe," he cried, "what's comin' over you all at once? Who ever heard of a highway robber talkin' such stuff as that? I hope you ain't got no notion of givin' up our business on the start and turnin' parson."

"No, I ain't got no such notion as that, Jim; but it does seem kind of mean and unfeelin' to steal from a man that's 'most dead. But then we ain't responsible for his bad health, an' in this business everything goes. If the feller is goin' to die soon he won't need that money very long anyhow, an' the chances are that it will do us more good than it would him."

"That's the talk," agreed Jim. "I pity the sick an' distressed, but at the same time, if they happen to have any loose cash about where it's handy to get at, I feel that it's our duty to relieve them of it."

Away across the prairie, at the foot of a lonely mound, a dim speck of light came into view.

"That's the place," Jim announced. "That's a light in the cabin where the settler lives, an' he's still there. I was a little afraid he might have gone away, though I knew it wasn't his intention to go before to-morrow."

"An' to-morrow he won't have much to go away with," Joe added.

"Not much," Jim agreed.

They rode on in silence, and in a few minutes later landed in front of a little desolate-looking cabin. There was a saddled horse standing tied to a post near the door. They waited a moment, listening breathlessly, but no sound reached them from the cabin.

"I don't know what that horse means here," Jim finally remarked in a low tone. "It's queer that anybody would be here at this time o' night."

"It is," Joe assented; "more especially as it ain't a neighbor."

"How do you know it ain't a neighbor?" Jim asked.

"Know it by the horse. There ain't a settler in this section that owns a horse like that."

"That's a fact," Jim agreed. "That's a fine animal, an', whoever it belongs to, I guess it would be a good idea for him to change owners. Don't it strike you so, Joe?"

"I reckon," Joe replied. "But the first thing to be attended to is that $300."

"Yes, of course. But say, not knowin' who that chap may be in there, it might be just as well for us to use a little caution. He may be a feller that know's how to handle a pistol, an' he may show fight."

"That's so; an' such bein' the case, I move that we steal up to the window an see if we can't get a view of the lay of the land. If the chap looks dangerous, we'll get the drop on him."

Jim nodded his assent to this proposal, and the two robbers stole cautiously forward to the one window of the cabin. There was a pane broken out, and they could not only see all that was being done within, but could hear all that was being said.

In one corner of the room, on a small bed, lay a child with thin, sharp features and great hollow eyes. On a chair near by sat a great, rugged, burly man, with black hair and beard, who had buckled about his waist a pair of huge villainous-looking pistols.

"Are you dead shore your pap took that money with him?" the man was heard to say.

"Yes, sir;" the child replied, in a weak, piping voice.

"Wal, it would 'a' been an accommodation to me if he'd left it here, but since he didn't it can't be helped, I reckon. All I can do is to wait till he comes back."

There was a momentary pause after which the man went on:

"How long yo' reckon your pap'll be gone?" he asked.

"Not long now, I guess," the child replied. "He was just goin' to git some medicine an' come right back."

The man made no answer and a long silence followed. After a while the child looked up into the rough, bearded face, and speaking in eager, though trembling tones, said:

"Please, mister, you won't take all of pa's money, will you?"

"I reckon I will," the man answered, unfeelingly. "That's just what I came here for, and I calc'late I'll not leave a dollar that I can get my fingers on. 'Taint my way o' doin' business."

"If you take it all we can't go away from here," the child said, sadly, "an' the doctor said if we don't go pa an' me will both die 'cause pa's got the consumption and I've got the fever."

"That ain't anything to me," the man replied with cold indifference.

The child put her thin hand over her face and something like a sob came from it. It was almost a minute before it looked up at the man again, both eyes full of tears, and lips trembling with suppressed emotions.

"I do want to' go back to our old home so bad," it said, plaintively; "'cause I was always well there an' it was so pleasant. Every night I dream about it, an' I see the big, shady blue-grass pasture, an' the red-clover meadow, an' the clear spring branch that runs down through the orchard an' under the big elm-trees, where I used to have a swing. I dream it all over every night, an' I'm so happy till I wake up an' find it's just a dream."

The child's words and tone were pathetic, but they had no effect on the man to whom they were addressed. He appeared oblivious to it all.

"It is so lonely out here on the prairie with nobody but pa and me," the little voice went on, "an' I ain't never happy like I used to be back at the old home. I used to cry every day till pa sold the claim an' got the money so we could go away, 'cause I didn't want to die an' be buried out here, where there ain't nothin' but prairie, an' where the cricketa in the grass make me feel so lonesome with their cries. It ain't nice, like it is back at the old home, where the birds sing, an' where there are flowers an' trees an' little branches of clear water."

The little child paused for a moment and looked anxiously into the face of the man, who sat immovable. Then pleadingly she continued:

"You won't take all of pa's money, will you? It won't take much to take us back home, an' if you knew how much I wanted to go, and how much I grieve to think of dying here, you'd let us have that much. You will let us keep a little won't you?"

"It ain't likely that I will," the man replied with an oath. "It don't make any difference to me whether you go back to your home or whether you die here. It's money I want, and I ain't apt to let a chance to git it slip through my fingers on account of any pitiful stories."

At that moment there came the sound of a horse's feet beating on the hard earth. The man in the cabin arose and placed his hand on his pistol.

"It's pa," the child said fearfully.

The man waited with his eyes fixed on the door. The horseman rode up, dismounted and approached the cabin. There was the click of a pistol at the window, and the man in the cabin looked around to see a head thrust through the broken sash and a pistol levelled at his breast. The head and pistol were Joe's.

"Throw up your hands!" the latter said, and the man could only obey, for he was in Joe's power.

"Jim," said Joe, "go in an' relieve the chap of his guns while I hold him quiet. He's made a mistake in supposin' that that three hundred dollars was intended fer him."

Jim acted on Joe's instructions, and a moment later the man was driven from the house and allowed to depart. The settler had entered and watched the proceedings in silent wonder. At last he managed to ask:

"What does this mean?"

Joe and Jim exchanged a look, but both hesitated to speak. The child's voice broke the silence.

"The man had come to steal the money," it said; "and he was waitin' for you to come back when these men came and drove him away."

There was a momentary pause, and then the settler turned to the strangers and said:

"You have rendered me a great service, gentlemen, and placed me under lasting obligations to you. You have saved my little possession, which, though small, is a great deal to me, since it affords me the means of saving my child's life. The doctor says the little one must have a change of climate and the care of friends, in order to recover from this dreadful malaria. If you had not saved my money from the robber we could never have been able to leave here for our old home, back east."

Jim looked at Joe and nodded toward the door. Joe understood, and followed Jim out. They walked a little distance from the cabin and stopped.

"Joe," Jim said, "that man and child don't dream that we are robbers, do they?"

"Of course not," Joe replied. "If they did, an' knew what we come here for they wouldn't feel so thankful to us, I reckon."

"Hardly," Jim answered.

There was an awkward silence, during which Jim shifted about in an uneasy manner. Finally he spoke again, saying:—

"Joe, that little one is purty bad off, ain't it?"

"Reckon it is," Joe replied. "Guess the doctor is right, an' if it don't git away from here it won't live long."

"That's so," agreed Jim. "An' it can't git away from here without that money can it?"

"'Pears like it can't," Joe said.

"It was right touchin' to hear it talk about the old home an' the way it grieved to go back there, wasn't it, Joe?"

"Yes; right touchin', Jim."

"An' it seems like it would be a great pity if the little one couldn't go, when its so set on it, don't it?"

"Yes, it does."

"An awful pity, Jim said, musingly. "But," he added, "I reckon it can't be helped, because if we take the money——"

"Jim," Joe interrupted, "what's the use o talkin' all over creation? Why don't you come square out an' say you're opposed to takin' the money?"

"I ain't said I was opposed to takin' it, Joe."

"No; but if you got a speck of heart in you, you are opposed to it."

"Are you opposed to it?"

"Of course I am. I've been opposed to it ever since I see that little one an' heerd its weak voice a-beggin' that onery rascel not to take 'all the money. That sneakin' scamp looked so cussed mean settin' there waitin to rob that sick child that I jest wanted to kick him out o' the country. I made up my mind then an' there that nobody wasn't goin' to touch that money if I could help it."

Jim made no reply, but took Joe's hand in his hand gave it a hearty pressure. They stood for some time in silence, then Joe resumed in a softened tone:—

"Jim," he said, "I never felt so cussed onery in all my life as I did when I stood thar by that winder an' watched the sneakin' thief an' that poor leetle sick gal, an' remembered what we had come thar for. It's bad enough to steal at best, but when it comes to robbin' a sick child that ain't no mother, it's so pizen, lowdown mean that old Satan himself 'ud be ashamed of the feller that does it. I jest looked at that feller settin' thar an' I imagined he was me, an' I felt like a bloody wolf ready to spring down on a pore leetle helpless lamb."

"Them was jest my feelin's, Joe," Jim replied, "I felt sneakin'er than a suckin' dog. Somehow the way that leetle gal pleaded with that scamp teched my heart awful deep, an' her talk 'bout her old home took me right back to my boyhood days, when I was as young an' innocent as her. I could jest see my old home with its shady blue-grass pasture an' its red-clover meaders an' the little branches of clear-water, an' all that. But plainer than all, Joe, I could see an old couple settin' on the long porch in the shade of the big locust-tree, one of 'em a gray-halred man and the other a gray-haired woman, but both of 'em as kind an' lovin as a father and mother could be. An' Joe, when I see my old mother's face jest as it used to look, and remembered what I came here for, 'peared like I jest wanted to sink right slap down into the ground an' never see daylight ag'in. I had a good mother, if ther ever was one, an' she never dreamed that I'd ever come to be a thief."

Joe was silent save for a sound that was like a long, low sigh. He drew his hand across his eyes and turned his head away, and for almost a minute stood perfectly still. Finally he said:

"Jim, I've got a long way from my home an' its early teachin's, but I ain't got away from my mother. Now I'm goin' to lead a a different life. We ain't stole nothin' yet an' it ain't too late to turn back. I'm goin to be an honest man, an' that little gal has saved me. God bless her!"

A moment later they entered the cabin and asked permission to remain till morning.

"You see," Jim said to the settler, "the robber might come back again an' if he does you'll need somebody to protect you."

"Yes," the settler replied, "an' I'm glad to have two honest men like you in the house."

Jim and Joe exchanged a sheepish glance, but ventured to make no reply.

At an early hour the next morning the settler harnessed his team and prepared to begin the long eastward journey. Jim and Joe helped him to arrange a bed in the wagon, and when all was ready Jim brought the little girl in his arms and placed her on it. He handled her almost as tenderly as a mother would, and after laying her down saw her perfectly comfortable. Then he stood for a moment, hesitating and undecided, casting yearning looks at the little child's face. Finally he said, a little pleadingly:

"Sissy, if you don't mind it too much I wish you would kiss me jest once."

"I don't mind it, at all," the child said, putting up her arms and lips, "'cause I like you. You saved the money for us so we can go home, an' you're honest an' good too, ain't you?"

Jim flushed scarlet, and for an instant cast his eyes down. But directly he looked boldly up, and with his eyes on the girl's face, replied:—

"Yes, Sissy, I am an honest man, thanks to you, an' I'll always be one, too."

Joe stepped forward, and without a word stooped for a kiss. There were tears in his eyes when he raised his head and, turning about, walked back and stood against the cabin door.

A few minutes later the wagon rolled away across the broad, level prairie. From the rear of the wagon, where there was an opening in the cover, a childish face, thin and sharp, peered out at the lonely mound, the old cabin and the two men who stood there with their eyes to the east. After a while the face faded away in the distance; and then a little white handkerchief fluttered in the soft, balmy breeze of the beautiful autumn morning. At last that, too, passed out of view, and only the old wagon, like a speck on the horizon, could be seen.

With a sigh, Joe turned to his companion.

"Jim," he said, "I think that she never knew what we came here for."

"Me, too," he agreed. "But she's saved us, Jim."

"Yes, she's saved us."

—Hall's Hair Renewer cures dandruff and scalp affections; also all cases of baldness where the glands which feed the roots of the hair are not closed up.

Jas. J Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER
—AND—
SOLICITOR!
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies
Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

A HURON CO. MIRACLE.

AN OLD LADY'S STORY OF DEEP INTEREST TO OTHERS.

Mrs. Robert Bissett, who was Crippled with Rheumatism for Nine Years, Despite Advancing Years, has found Relief—She Relates Her Experience that Others May Profit by it.

From the Goderich Star.

For upwards of three years the Star has been republishing articles from various papers in Canada and the United States recounting miracles in healing, wrought, often in forlorn cases, by the use of the preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A more or less intimate acquaintance with the publishers of several of the newspapers warranted us in believing that the cases reported by them were not overdrawn or exaggerated advertisements but were published as truthful statements of remarkable cures from human ills worthy of the widest publicity, that other sufferers might be benefitted also. For some time past we have heard the name of Mrs. Robert Bissett, of Colborne township, mentioned as one who had experienced much benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after years of painful suffering. Curious to know the particulars, a representative of the Star called upon her son at his flour and feed store on Hamilton street, and asked how far the story was true. Without hesitation or reserve Mr. Bissett launched into praise of Pink Pills, which he said had a most wonderful effect in relieving his mother from the suffering of a bedridden and crippled by rheumatism, and restored her to the enjoyment of a fair degree of health and activity for a person of seventy years of age. "See her yourself," he said, "I am sure she will freely tell you all about her case, and you can judge how much she owes to Pink Pills. I am sure that it is owing to them that she is alive to-day.

Acting on this cordial invitation, the reporter drove out to the well known Bissett homestead. Mrs. Bissett was found enjoying an afternoon's visit at the residence of a neighbor, Mrs. Robertson. She laughingly greeted the reporter with the assurance that she knew what he had come for as her son had told her the day she was in town what was wanted, and although she had no wish to figure in the newspapers she was quite willing to tell the facts in her case. "It is about nine years," she said "since I was first taken down with rheumatism and for seven months I lay helpless in bed unable to raise or turn myself. I doctored with local physicians and I suppose the treatment I received must have helped me for I was able to go around again for quite a long while, until another attack came on, and for two years I was again laid up, never being able to put a foot under me, or help myself in any way. I tried everything, bless you—doctor's baths, liniments and medicines, and of course suffered a great deal, being troubled also with asthma. But although I finally got on my feet again I was not able to do anything, and could get across the room only with the help of someone and leaning on a chair which they would push before me. By and by I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and though of course I had no faith in anything, I bought some at Wilson's drug store and began their use, and when I had taken two boxes I felt they were helping me. I continued them quite a while, improving gradually until now I am as you see me, although I have not taken them for a couple of months. I can now go around alone, and although I always keep my stick with me to guard against an accident or a mis-step, I can safely say I am wonderfully improved from the use of Pink Pills. I am no longer a helpless burden and care on my children that I was, and Pink Pills did it."

Mrs. Bissett has been a woman of great activity and industry, and is possessed of an unusually bright and vivacious mind; she is a great reader and talks with all the charming interest of one of the old time mothers in Israel. In her long residence of 48 years in the country she has seen many changes, and to her patient toil and untiring labors may be attributed much of the prosperity and beauty which is characteristic of the old homestead.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of lagrippe, diseases depending on humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealers for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes of $2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

"Pointed."

In early life, a clergyman had met with an accident which left him with a broken nose—a deformity about which, in spite of his passiveness, he was known to be a little sensitive. One day a new inquirer propounded the old question, "How happened you to break your nose?" The minister answered solemnly, "To tell the truth, my friend, the accident was caused by my poking my nose into other people's business.

—Like Magic. "It always acted like magic. I had scarcely ever need to give the second dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints." Mrs. Walter Govenlock, Ethel, Ont.

—They had been talking of the different occupations of men and of men in general when the teacher asked the head of the class if he knew what a wag was. Failing to give a satisfactory answer, a little boy spoke up. "I know mam."

"Well, what is a wag?" "A happy dog's tail, mam," said the boy promptly.

—No other blood medicine so utilizes the results of scientific inquiry as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—In order to keep food hot for late comers, place it in a close covered dish over a vessel of hot water. This will keep it from drying up as it is apt to do if kept in the stove oven.

—The Suffering caused by biliousness is removed at once by Hawker's liver pills.

—Minard's Liniment is the Best.