BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

SIRS,—I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. I assure you that it gives perfect satisfaction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

Professional Cards.

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—

CARD.
W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - N. S.
Office in A. BEALS' STORE.

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Dentistry a Specialty.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, . . N. S.

G. E. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.
House Residence for the present: MRS. AARON CHUTE'S.
Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 1y

THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

Burdock Blood Bitters
PROMOTES DIGESTION.
CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA.
Mr. Neil McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes:
DEAR SIRS,—For years and years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B., which I did, and after using 5 bottles I was completely cured.

Burdock Blood Bitters
ACTS ON THE BOWELS.
Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION.
Rapid Recovery.
DEAR SIRS,—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me ever so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B. B. B.
MISS F. WILLIAMS,
445 Bloor St., Toronto.

Burdock Blood Bitters
REGULATES THE LIVER.
Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS.
Direct Proof.
SIRS,—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.
MARY A. E. DEACON,
Hawkstone, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters
REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.
Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE.
A Prompt Cure.
DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.
ANNIE BURNETT,
Tilsonburg, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters
PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD.
Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B., by regulating and toning these organs, removes the cause and makes new rich blood, removing all blood diseases from a pimple to a scrofulous sore.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., - WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1891. NO. 52.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.
One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 20 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

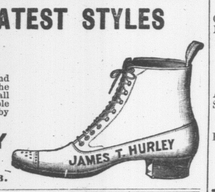
The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.

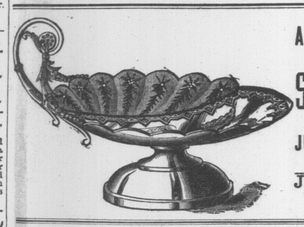
JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICS, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

BUY MY MAKE OF
Boots & Shoes
And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my
LATEST STYLES
which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.



JAMES T. HURLEY
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,
23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

W. H. BANNISTER,
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.



A Beautiful Line of
SILVERWARE!
JUST RECEIVED.
J. E. SANCTON.

NOW IN STOCK!
At Wholesale or Retail,
the following choice brands of FLOUR:
50 bbls. "PEARL,"
25 bbls. "ACADIA,"
75 bbls. "WHITE DOVE,"
50 bbls. "FIVE ROSES,"
75 bbls. "ANCHOR,"
25 bbls. "MYRTLE,"
25 bbls. "FUSCHIA,"
30 bbls. "CLOVER,"
25 bbls. "A. B. C."
CORNMEAL:
200 bbls. KILN-DRIED CORNMEAL.
OATMEAL:
20 bbls SUPERIOR OATMEAL, Tilson's Standard Brand.
A few bags MIDDLINGS left in Stock.
Grocery and Provision Supplies constantly on hand.
Stock the best. Prices low as the lowest.
P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, Oct. 21st, 1890. 29 1y

Frank E. Vidito,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

Bermuda Bottled.
"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE NORWECIAN COD LIVER OIL.
I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of
CONSUMPTION,
Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold
I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of the late WILLIAM H. NIXON, deceased, of Nictaux Falls, transacted since September 1889, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within three months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make payment to
SAMUEL NIXON.
Nictaux Falls, Dec. 16th, 1890. 37 3m

Soup Little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, O. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work, and live at home, wherever you may. Even beginners are earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. An work in spare time or all your time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free.
E. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

Poetry.

EASTER TYPES.

A bird white-winged, a pearly butterfly,
A baby angel clad in plumes of snow,
One Easter morning not so long ago,
Chanced to meet while softly floating by
This green barth swinging noiseless in the sky,
And, feeling each a longing wish to know
The others' thoughts, where clouds rocked to and fro,
They sat them down to question and reply.
For one quiescent many days had lain
Hid in a dappled egg; another crept
Through weary months a loathsome, crawling thing;
The last, the snow-white angel child, in pain
And utter poverty, alone had wept,
And spent its little life in suffering.

The bird its white wings preened, its downy throat
Swelled soft and full, as timidly it said,
Awed something by the angel: "Think, instead
Of flying free with rise and dip and float,
Singing until the winds take up my note
And fling it back to me, in narrow bed
Close-pressed I lay, nor could I lift my head
To light or air, until at last there smote
Some force mysterious on my prison-cell,
And I went forth, too young, too weak to care
If sunshine flooded space or winds blew free
But ah! this Easter morn I know full well
The pure delights of warmth and light and air.
And this is what the Easter means to me."

The baby angel smiled a soft caress,
As one who had great store of love to spend;
Then asked the butterfly: "Well, little friend,
This day of days hast thou, too, cause to bless?
He fluttered where a gleaming, golden tress
Lay soft across her arm and seemed to lend
Thereto a glow. Said he: "If joy can mend
A broken spirit bowed in weak distress,
Humiliated all its weary way
By living pent within a noisome guise,
Trod underfoot of men, then none should see
More thankfully this morn; for yesterday
I crawled, to-day I sweep the skies,
And this is what this Easter means to me."

The child raised thoughtfully her wondrous face,
Her eyes, wherein a light celestial beamed,
Reflected from the Master, as beseemed
One of His lambs who had a constant place
Nearest His heart, gazed straight through sky and space
To Heaven, her home, with smiles as one who deemed
Her welcome sure, then soft: "Last year I seemed
At infinite remove from Heaven's grace,
So keen my pain, so racked my tiny frame,
I did not know my Saviour rose to-day,
Bursting His sealed tomb in victory.
But now I know He rose that I the same
Might share. Through stars I cleave my way,
And allelulia! Easter means to me."

—Harriet Francis Garvin.

Select Literature.

'Lisbeth's Easter Lily.

BY MAUD BARTON.

Her clothes were certainly very ragged, no one could dispute that. Her toes were rebellious and objected to staying in her boots. 'Lis'beth looked at them despairingly. She was only nine, yet she could reason. "If I was as cold as my feet am," she mused, "and had any place to go, I just wouldn't stay out in the cold. So now!" And made a desperate attempt to get her resolute little members under cover. It was useless. They would persist in peering out at the world, so 'Lis'beth gave in and started on her travels once more. Nearly all that day she had wandered up and down Washington street looking for a home. Her father had left her three days before on a drunken spree, with no place in particular to lay her head. She was not greatly disturbed at that, however, being used to it. It was not the first time she had been left to herself since her mother died. What troubled her was the fact that during those three days she had eaten nothing but a piece of bread an old Irish woman had given her. A nine-year-old stomach isn't proof against everything, and 'Lis'beth, too proud to beg, couldn't always keep back the tears. Somewhere in all that big city, she thought, there must be something for her; but the ragged boots had flopped on all day, obedient to the tired little feet, and still 'Lis'beth was hungry.

Suddenly she made up her mind she would go up where the rich people lived and see if they didn't want a little girl. "So much money to spare," said 'Lis'beth, "somebody'll surely take me." Poor little trusting soul! Not to know that among all those riches there was no corner of a home, no single penny to spare a tiny outcast.

She turned her steps and went towards the west. It had been a cold, February day, and the short, winter twilight had already commenced to deepen into the long winter night.

"Boston's a big place," said 'Lis'beth cheerily, watching the electric lights one by one flash into being. "Guess it's most as big as the world." She could afford to be philosophical now. She could even talk cheerfully to herself for company. Wasn't she going home—somewhere?

She turned into Commonwealth avenue, and paused a moment before one of the long flights of steps, praying a little prayer her mother had taught her. Prayed with all her baby might for a home, in the only words she knew—"Please, God, bless everybody and make me a good girl." Yet I think the listening angels understood, and laid a blessing on 'Lis'beth's head.

The child climbed the long stone steps and timidly rang the bell. How warm it looked inside, she thought. Through the long draperies at the windows she could look in where the soft light flooded beautiful pictures and rich furnishings. "I guess I'll like to live here," she said. Just then a servant came to the door and 'Lis'beth raised her eyes. The girl regarded the ragged mite before her curiously. "What do you wish for?" she asked, not unkindly.

"Please, marm, a home," said 'Lis'beth. The girl laughed. "There is none here for you," she answered, and closed the door.

'Lis'beth sank down on the door-step, stunned and sobbing, feeling as Rasselas might have felt when the gates of the Happy Valley clanged behind him. The snow had begun falling, and 'Lis'beth watched the soft flakes through her tears, almost envying the harsh, bare pavement they covered so tenderly. "There ain't no place for me," said she.

The door behind her opened softly once more, and a little boy looked out. He had heard the servant's description of the little waif who so coolly demanded a home, and his childish heart was touched, so he had quietly crept out, intending to follow that poor little girl and bring her back. A little startled at having his search so suddenly rewarded, he stood motionless for a moment, looking down at the shivering, ragged heap before him. Then he stooped over and touched it. The heap stirred and moaned, then two bright eyes, that all the tears and hunger had not been able to dim, looked up at him.

"What is the matter?" asked the child.

"I'm hungry," sobbed 'Lis'beth, "and I'm cold, an'——" she broke down and cried bitterly.

"Hush!" said the child, "don't cry. You shall come in and have somefin' to eat. I'll ask Nurse."

"No, don't yer!" cried 'Lis'beth. "They would send me off an' I'm only restin'."

"Then I won't," answered the boy, "but I'll bring you somefin. You wait a minute," and he closed the door only to open it again in a few minutes with a large napkin in his hands, filled with hastily snatched goodies from the dining-room. "Eat it quick!" he said, "before Nurse finds me."

'Lis'beth's eyes dilated as she took the proffered food. "Thank you," she said, gratefully. "You're awful good."

The small boy was not at all averse to compliments. He liked them, and rather gloried in what he had done, but he bore his laurels modestly, nevertheless.

"That's all right," he said. "I'm sorry, and I've brought you ten cents my mamma gave me to-day. Where is your mamma?"

"Dead," said 'Lis'beth, briefly, taking the money and smiling at the velvet-clad child.

"What is 'dead'?" he asked her curiously.

"Oh, I don't know," said 'Lis'beth. It's different from bein' drunk. Father, he's drunk——most always."

"Oh!" said the child, regarding 'Lis'beth as a woman of wide experience. "Which had you rawver be—dead or drunk?"

"Dead," answered 'Lis'beth. "Mother is."

The child nodded as though he understood. "Do you like flowers?" he asked presently.

'Lis'beth's eyes sparkled. "Yes," she said, with her mouth too full to talk easily.

"You wait a minute then, and I'll get you a present," he answered, and ran into the house. His little heart was filled with pity for this poor little girl whose mamma was dead, and whose papa was drunk—most always. He came back in a moment and pressed a flower-pot into 'Lisbeth's hands.

"Keep it where it's warm and sunny," he said hurriedly. "By-and-by it'll be pretty. It's an Easter lily. I must go now. Nurse is calling me. Good-bye, little girl."

He stooped and touched his childish lips to hers, then shut the door, leaving 'Lis'beth alone once more, this time thoroughly dazed.

No one had ever kissed her since her mother died, and the unfamiliar caress burned deep into her warm little heart and comforted it.

She finished the remainder of the food, then carefully folded the napkin and placed it close to the door, considering in the meantime, with a gravity far beyond her years, what her next move should be.

Presently she arose, and after fastening the pennies in the corner of her dress, she went down the steps, hugging the flower-pot as though it were something living.

Down the avenue, past the beautiful houses she went, looking wistfully at them once in a while, yet knowing now they were not for her.

It snowed faster and faster, and 'Lis'beth's tired little feet just managed to drag themselves over the ground. By-and-by she crawled under the shelter of a friendly porch, and sank down in a little shivering heap, too utterly exhausted to move another step, and wrapped her precious plant tight in her skirts to keep it warm.

If she had been some well-fed, well-clad little child, she would, in all probability, have frozen that night. Being only "Lis'beth," a waif, accustomed to the street from her earliest childhood, she only moaned a little occasionally, and tried to warm her purple hands next her skin, or rubbed her tired little limbs with despairing energy, in a fruitless attempt to cure the ache.

All around her, that night people lay in soft, warm beds, and shivering said, how cold it was. 'Lis'beth said nothing. She only waited. God must have made a mistake, she thought, that would come right in time. Perhaps her prayer hadn't reached him yet. It was a long way to Heaven.

So the night wore away, and in the early morning 'Lis'beth carefully shielding her flower-pot, trudged on again, seeking she knew not what.

Towards noon she wandered down towards the wharf, where a rough workman shared his scanty dinner with her. Then she came back, talking to the plant she held in her arms, as she went along. It had become a companion to her, so soon, and was an unspeakable comfort.

"We'll go down, down," said 'Lis'beth, "and look for work." She had not the faintest, most remote idea what "looking for work" meant, but remembering is as one of her father's pet phrases, used it with a child's love for effect. "We's a lonesome couple," she went on, "you an' me is, Lily. Don't seem to be no kinder place fer us, does it? I wonder if God's got my prayer yet. It's an awful bother for prayers to have to go such a long ways. I wish I could find a Lord with a *skin* face. Maybe he'd understan' better. Course we can't 'spect anybody such a far ways off to think much 'bout us, Lily." She turned into Bedford street just then, and startled at something, slipped and fell, never losing hold of her treasured lily, however, which, strange to say, was not injured in the least. Not so with 'Lis'beth. When she tried to rise it was only to moan and fall back again with a strange, shooting pain in her back. Then everything grew dark, and she knew nothing of the curious faces that bent over her, nothing of the quick alarm of the ambulance, nor of the ride to the hospital. When she opened her eyes again, it was to find herself in a clean, white bed, with sunlight streaming in at the window opposite, and a pleasant warmth in the air. On a little stand beside her bed was her pet companion, the Easter lily.

I have seen many sad sights, many heart-rending things in my hospital life, but nothing that ever touched me more than the pitiful, questioning face raised to mine.

"Is this Heaven?" said 'Lis'beth. "Has God got my prayer? Do you help God take care of folks?"

"No, dear," I answered. "This is only the hospital, and I am your nurse. I am going to take care of you and get you nice and strong. Can you tell me your name, dear?"

"*I'm* only 'Lis'beth. But this"—speaking with infinite affection and pointing to the plant beside her—"this is Lily. She's my friend, please ma'am."

"Yes," I said, "I thought you cared a great deal for her. No, don't move," for she had attempted to turn, and moaned a little with the sudden pain.

"You have hurt your back, dear, and must lie very quietly. Do you understand?"

"Yes ma'am," said 'Lis'beth patiently.

I gave her a cooling drink and then sat down beside her. Little by little her sad bit of history came to light.

"I've been thinkin' I'd have to go to Heaven long o' mother," she finished. "There don't seem to be no place for me an' Lily here. I've got ten cents the little boy gave me. Do you s'pose God'll charge more'n that fer us two?"

The tears rolled down my two cheeks. "No, little one," I said. "When you are ready to go there'll be a place for you."

February passed, March came and went, and April dawned. 'Lis'beth still lay in her bed, making no complaint, but wasting day by day. We had all come to love the patient little soul, and could not bear to think of the parting we knew was coming slowly, but surely.

The wonderful lily had a wonderful bud, and 'Lis'beth watched it grow and swell from day to day with eager eyes. "It will be open for Easter, dear," one of the nurses said to her one day.

"What's Easter?" asked 'Lis'beth wonderingly.

So Nurse Mary told her of the Lord of children, pointing Him out in the picture that hung on the wall, among the little throng. Told of how He died, and how on the third day the angels rolled the stone away from the tomb, and the living Lord came out, "and that is Easter," said Nurse Mary.

'Lis'beth pondered and her eyes turned wistfully toward the lily bud, but she said nothing.

The days went on. 'Lis'beth was in high fever, and we feared for her life, but the Easter morning dawned clear and beautiful, and with it came a return to consciousness for 'Lis'beth. The lily had opened and the first thing her eyes rested upon were its perfect petals. The fresh morning sun bathed the flower in its streams of pure light as 'Lis'beth eagerly stretched out her lean little arms—an eagerness that told how close the flower had been to her thoughts—perhaps even in her hours of sleep.

"Will you break it off for me?" she asked. "Is it Easter? Nurse Mary said it would bloom for Easter."

"Yes, dear," I said. "It is Easter-day," and gave her the beautiful blossom.

She looked at it attentively for a moment, then turned to me. "I think it is very pretty" she said, "but I don't know about the Lord. I meant to give it to him. Is it good enough, do you think?"

Her voice was very weak, almost a whisper. I felt her pulse and knew the messenger was near, whom 'Lis'beth would welcome.

"Darling," I said. To-day you shall go to the Lord and take him your lily. He will like it, I know."

She heaved a contented little sigh. "It will be a long ways," she whispered. "I guess I'll go to sleep and rest a bit. Will you kiss me, please?"

I bent over the dying child with my eyes filled with tears.

"Rest well, dear little girl," I said, and watched the breath flutter between the pale lips a little longer. It was only a slight flutter, fainter and fainter!

Then it went out, and 'Lis'beth gave her Easter lily to the Lord on Easter morn.

The Dangers of Spring.

Poets and novelists go into ecstacies over what they romantically call "beautiful spring," and "gentle spring," and while, no doubt, every one is glad to see winter release its icy grasp, "beautiful spring" is, after all, one of the most deadly seasons of the year. Sudden transitions from warmth to extreme cold, with piercing, chilling winds; from dry to sloppy, "muggy" weather, all combine to make the season a most trying one, even to the hardiest constitution, while to those with weak constitutions the season is one of positive danger. Undoubtedly the greatest danger at this season of the year is from cold in the head, which very few escape, and which if not promptly and thoroughly treated, developes into catarrh, with all its disagreeable and loathsome effects. Catarrh, neglected, almost as certainly developes into consumption, annually destroying thousands of lives. At this trying season no household should be without a bottle of Nasal Balm. In cases of cold in the head it gives almost instant relief and effects a speedy cure, thus preventing the development of catarrh. Where the latter disease has already secured a hold it is equally efficacious, and with persistent use will cure the worst case. From the outset it sweetens the breath, stops the nauseous droppings into the throat and lungs, dispels those dull headaches that afflict the sufferer from catarrh. Nasal Balm is not advertised as a cure-all—it is an honest remedy which never fails to cure cold in the head or catarrh when the directions are faithfully followed, and thousands throughout the country have reason to bless its discovery. Nasal Balm may be had from all dealers or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents, small, or $1, large size bottle) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

At the Bottom of the Sea.

At the depth of about 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the north pole to the bruning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet wide were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the water travelled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms the waves are more than forty feet high and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamship. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square rod.

Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet thick, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burdens into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields to flow back at last through rivers.

The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered for 6,564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland.

This is the plan on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy.

The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves. It has been found difficult to get the correct sounding of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty; and a shot weighing thirty pounds carried down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line and a sling holds the shot on. Whenever the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooks and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the sand in. When the ground is reached a shock is felt, as if an electric current had passed through the line.—*Ocean.*

Safety in Travel.

It has been said that there is more danger in walking the streets of London than in crossing the Atlantic ocean. The chief supervising inspector of steam vessels in the United States, General Dumont, in his annual report for 1889, says that "no mode of travel at the present day, whether by railroad, horse car, carriage, or even the common farm waggon, presents so slow a percentage of accidents as travel by steam vessels." He basis this conclusion on the fact that the number of lives lost through accidents to steam vessels during the year was 245, a decrease of 50 from the number lost in 1889. Gen. Dumont estimates that 500,000,000 passengers were carried on steam vessels during the twelve months, and the number of lives lost seems to be very small. On the railways, particularly in America, there have been relatively more lives lost. In the United States last year one passenger was killed in every 1,523,133 carried, and one injured in every 220,024. In England the passengers killed were one in every 6,942,336, and one injured in every 527,277. The employees suffered more severely. The total number of these is 704, 743; in 1889 1,312 were killed, and 20,028 injured; of 138,323 trainmen, 1,479 were killed and 11,304 injured. The total shows one death for every 327 employees, and one injury for every 12. In 1888 the English railways employed 346,426 men, of whom 336 were killed, or one in every 875, and 293 injured, or one in every 158. For trainmen alone the rate was one killed for every 329, and one injured for every 20. These facts were brought out in the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Foretelling Storms.

The telephone is about to have a new application—that of foretelling storms. A new discovery has been made as to one of the properties of this means of transmitting sound. By placing two iron bars at seven or eight meters distance from each other, and then putting them in communication on one side by a copper wire covered with rubber, and on the other side with a telephone, a storm can be predicted at least twelve hours ahead through a dead sound heard in the receiver. According as the storm advances the sound resembles the beating of large hailstones against the windows. Every flash of lightning, and, of course, every clap of thunder that accompanies the storm produces a shock similar to that of the stroke of a stone cast between the diaphragm and the instrument.

Stand Your Ground.

When you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation instead. Clerks may claim that "ours is as good as Hood's" and all that, but the peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore have nothing to do with substitutes and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and building-up medicine.

—It requires over 15,000,000 cows to supply the demands for milk and its products in the United States. To feed these cows 60,000,000 acres of land are under cultivation, while the agricultural and dairy implements used in the industry aggregate a value of 200,000,000. The men employed in the business number 750,000, and the horses over 1,000,000.

—Nasal Balm is used for cold in head and catarrh from the Atlantic to the Pacific and everywhere gives the best satisfaction. It has cured others—it will cure you. Try it. Sold by deBlois & Primrose.

—Minard's Liniment cures distemper.

Why Children Leave the Farm.

In the first place they are not brought up to love the country. They are early accustomed to hear both father and mother grumble about the hardships of farm life. Then there is too much work and too little play for them. The boy works in the field all day, and his little opportunity for amusement in the evening is cut short by a long range of "chores" till bed time; meanwhile the sister has much the same experience in the house. And no agricultural college in the land will restore what their parents have blindly allowed them to lose. Study the "bent" of your children. If a boy hates one kind of farm work and likes another don't make him do what he dislikes all the time, but so far as possible let him do the agreeable work. When he offers suggestions or forms plans, don't laugh at him, however impractical they may be; but if there is anything in them make the most of it, point out his mistakes, and encourage him to use his thinking powers. Keep your daughter at home by getting for her, as far as you are able, some of the things she practically likes—a magazine, a croquet set, or an organ—and let her carry out some of her pet plans for improving the flower garden and front yard. And if you have given her some domestic animal and allowed her to pet it and regard it as her very own, don't sell it and pocket the money. Let her keep it and dispose of it as she will. Let a gift always be a real one. Don't drive your children about farm work, but teach them and train them so that they may consider it happiness to follow in your footsteps. Teach your girls to discriminate between a dude or a tailor-made man and one made by the almighty; at the same time teach your boys to dress better, and if possible, see that they have means for doing so. A Sunday suit and a working suit, which is more than likely patched and faded, are not enough. Let each have another corresponding to the business man's every day suit in town, so that when he goes away from home on a week day, he may neither feel humiliated by his old clothes, which are good enough to work in, nor feel foolish in his Sunday best at any time. Teach your children to be proud of farm life for its independence, freedom from petty annoyances and temptations, and its importance as one of the world's industries. Another essential plan is to give ambitious children some piece of ground to cultivate for their own, or something in which they have the income to use as they please. And in everything about the farm try to show them the reason of things and processes, that they may feel that they are learning something, and that the farmer's lot need not be one of ignorance. Lastly, the social leanings of young people must be gratified. Provide them with plenty of good reading matter, and encourage all legitimate literary, musical, social entertainments. Youth is not contented without society, and ought not to be.

The Earth's Population.

STARTLING CALCULATIONS PRODUCED AT A MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that at one of the meetings of the British Association there was a joint assembly of the Geographical and Economic Sections, to consider the subject of the lands of the globe still available for European settlement. Sir Lambert Playfair dwelt upon the importance of the subject, especially after the official enquiry recently held in London upon the question of colonization, which showed that many old fields of emigration were being closed to European emigrants. Mr. E. G. Ravenstein produced an elaborate set of statistics to show that the world will, in the ordinary course of things, be fully inhabited in about 182 years, which estimate considerably extends the period at which some learned men believe humanity will be crowded out. Having previously swept away the arctic and antarctic regions as not being essential for his argument, he parcelled the remainder of the earth out into:—Cultivable land, 28,469,000 square miles; steppe, scrub, poor grass, etc., 13,900,000 square miles; barren deserts, 4,108,000 square miles. The population living upon this he reckoned at a little over 1,467,000,000, divided thus: Europe 360,200,000; Asia 850,000,000; Africa 127,000,000 (a much lower estimate than most people compute); Australia 1,730,000; North America 89,250,000; South America 36,500,000. Mr. Ravenstein showed how, supposing the standard of life among the various peoples to remain the same, supposing the population increases at the rate of 8 per cent in every decade, and supposing there are no extraordinary improvements in agriculture, the population of the world in the year 2072 will be 5994 millions. In speaking of the population that these areas would bear (mentioning 207 individuals to the square mile as a fair average), he suggested that the productiveness of the earth might be better utilized when the people understood economy. In expressing a general opinion that the tropical countries are not fit for Europeans, he granted exceptions to the rule, as, for example, in certain well known highlands of Africa. One of the theories propounded is that there is a gradual emigration of the people southwards, so that in time a race of European origin will be acclimated in the tropics. On the whole, Mr. Ravenstein does not despair that the world will be overpopulated, because as new developments occur new adaptations will be found to meet them. The Rev. J. Mackenzie expressed the opinion that the Zambesi will, all in the course of time, be suitable for European residents. Mr. J. W. Wells, who has travelled 3000 miles in Argentine and Brazil, thought that there is every prospect of a speedy construction of a vast system of rail and fluvial communications all over the country. The sum total of the discussion was assurance that there are plenty of places in the world fit for population, that there is a demand for population all over the world, and that we need not particularly worry ourselves as to whether the globe will be overpopulated in generations to come.

An Accident Policy.

The best Accident Policy is to keep Hagyard's Yellow Oil on hand. As a pain cure it is unrivalled, while for croup, sore throat, quinsy, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., its results are often almost magical. Used externally and internally. Price 25c.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.