Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1895. NO. 48.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store)
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Consular Agent of Spain.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

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.*

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.
GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.
ommissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
ommissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of H. 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

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.

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

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

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.

P. C. MELANSON,
—DEALER IN—
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY SILVERWARE, SPECTACLES, Etc.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.
NOTICE.—Any goods sold by me which do not prove to be as I represent them, the purchaser upon returning the article will receive the sum of $20.00.
Middleton, N. S., September, 1893.

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

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. 29ly

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of SINCLAIR BOLSOR, late of Havelock, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from he date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
WILLIAM WORTHYLAKE,
Administrator.
Brighton, Digby Co., N.S., June 27th, 1894. 1y

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of ELIAS BEALS, late of Williamston, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby 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
JAMES R. CURRELL,
of Bridgetown, or
ROBERT FITZRANDOLPH,
Lawrencetown.
September 12th, 1894. 6m *Executors.*

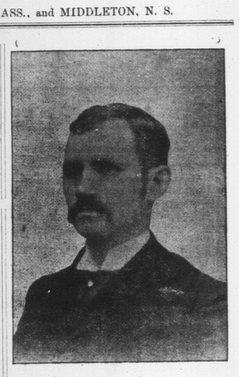
NOT SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
—BUT—
SIMPLY THAT WE DEFY COMPETITION
—IN THE—
TAILORING LINE

Besides having a First-Class Stock of CLOTHS and TRIMMINGS I have the
Celebrated "Tyke" Serge.
It is a cloth of the highest character and especially sound colors. The Black is a *direct* Black, and the Blue is the *best Indigo.*
REMEMBER I guarantee my stock to be of the highest order, and the prices are as low as can be put for first-class stock, and the work turned out of this establishment is **second to none.**

FRANK SCOTT.
MEDICAL HALL BLOCK. GRANVILLE STREET.

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.

Stock-Taking
Clearance Sale!
FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS
Everything in the Store will be sold at a
GREAT SACRIFICE
TO REDUCE STOCK.
A nice lot of **New Cloths** just received a week ago.
I guarantee Fit or no Sale!



A. J. MORRISON,
MERCHANT TAILOR. - - - MIDDLETON, N. S.

PIANOS!
GREAT INDUCEMENTS
Offered during the Holidays and until the middle of January, to sell stock befor moving to our New and most Commodious Building,
101 to 103 Barrington Street,
(Formerly A. Stephen & Son's Furniture Warerooms.)
PIANOS BY THE BEST MAKERS.
NEW PIANOS from $250 to $650.
SEVERAL PIANOS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE (ONLY LITTLE USED AND WILL BE SOLD LOW.)
SECOND-HAND PIANOS, IN GOOD ORDER, from $75 to $200.
ORGANS
BY THE BEST MAKERS, AND IN PRICE FROM $75 to $250.
LARGE NUMBER OF SECOND-HAND ORGANS (SOME ONLY SLIGHTLY USED) from $50 to $100.
Repairing and Tuning attended to by competent staff of workmen.
MILLER BROTHERS,
116 AND 118 GRANVILLE ST.
H. R. PIERCE, Agent, Wilmot.

BLACKSMITHS NOTICE!
We have just added a Complete Line of
REFINED BAR IRON,
and offer at a VERY LOW PRICE. Also in stock
Iron and Steel Shoe Nails and Rasps
AT OUR USUAL LOW PRICES.
Get our Quotations before buying.
WALKER, HANSON & CO.
Middleton, October 10th, 1894.

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

—THE—
INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO'Y,
LIMITED.
Works: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
Correspondence solicited.

DO YOU
Wear Pants?
If you do, call and inspect my new stock. I am offering
GREAT BARGAINS
IN THIS LINE.
Men's Pants: $1.00, $1.35, $1.45, $1.50 and $2.00 per pair.

TOP SHIRTS AND UNDERCLOTHING!
Men's Black Sateen Shirts, **$1.00.**
Men's Blue and White Stripe Sateen Shirts, **85 cents.**
Other lines, **45 cents to $1.10.**
I will close out the balance of my **Winter Underclothing at cost.**

LARRIGANS! LARRIGANS!
36 pairs of Larrigans. *CHEAP FOR CASH.*

MEN'S SNOW EXCLUDERS!
12 pairs Men's Snow Excluders, $1.50 per pair.

Flour! Meal!
FEED!
I have the following well-known brands in stock: "Goldie's Sun," "Goldie's Best," "Ocean," "Five Lillies," "Dimand D."
Shorts, - - - $1.25 per bag.
Middlings, "Goldie's Best," 1.35 " "
Cotton Seed Meal, - - 1.45 " "
Goldie's Feed Flour, best grade, - - - - 1.50 " "
Corn Meal, "Yellow Rose," 3.35 per bbl.

JOSEPH I. FOSTER.
GRANVILLE STREET.

FINEST
GROCERIES!

Raisins! Raisins! Raisins!
CONNOISSEUR CLUSTERS, CALIFORNIA MUSCATELS, SULTANAS, VALENCIA LAYERS, VALENCIAS.
Connoisseur Clusters and Valencia Layers in quarters and halves. Just the thing for family use.
CURRANTS. In bulk and packages, washed and common.
CANDIED CITRON, ORANGE AND LEMON.
SPICES in bulk and packets. Guaranteed absolutely pure.
ESSENCES, all flavors.
Half a Ton of CONFECTIONERY,
embracing standard makes and latest novelties.
GRAPES, ORANGES, LEMONS
H. E. REED.
Middleton, Dec. 5th, 1894.

HEART FAILURE,
FAINTNESS,
ACUTE DYSPEPSIA,
with
Complete Nervous Prostration,
Cured by Using
HAWKER'S NERVE & STOMACH TONIC,
A LADY'S EXPERIENCE.
Mr. Wm. Thompson of Musquash, N. B., says: "For 2 years past my wife has suffered with *Acute Dyspepsia* accompanied with complete *nervous prostration* and a *smothering sensation about the heart* which frequently produced an attack of faintness. She became weak and nervous, lost all energy, and had a constant *feeling of dread.* She suffered with *intense pain in the stomach* after eating, which was usually followed by the smothering sensation about the heart and *fainting spells.* She tried a great many remedies and was treated by the doctors for some time, but obtained no relief. She became so *discouraged* that she gave up all hope of ever getting better, when *our pastor suggested* that she try HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC and LIVER PILLS, *which had produced remarkable cures in several cases he knew of.* We did so and she obtained immediate relief from the distress after taking the second dose, and has continued to improve ever since until today she is as well as ever, and can enjoy her food without fear of suffering. I cannot speak too highly of these valuable medicines which have restored my wife to health and strength and saved much suffering and expense."
Rev. Henry M. Spike, Rector of Musquash, N. B., says: "I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Tompson's case, and am greatly pleased that the medicine which I recommended to her produced such remarkable results."
Sold by all druggists and general dealers.
TONIC 50 cts.; PILLS 25 cts.
Manufactured by the
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.
St. John, N. B.

WM. RAND,
CANNING, N. S.
—REPRESENTING—
FRANK RAND & CO.,
FRUIT BROKERS.
SPITALFIELDS MARKET, LONDON,
—AND—
BERRY & HOWARD,
WHOLESALE PRODUCE AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
86 Commercial St., Boston.
Consigners to either of our houses may depend upon prompt returns at highest market rates, and drafts made against consignments if forwarded with Bill of Lading attached will be accepted to any reasonable amount.
Shippers to our Boston house will be furnished free with blank invoices, shipping cards, and stencils with register number.
Cable address of London house "Rand, Spitalfields, London."
☞Telephone at Canning. 22 6m.

FOR SALE!
THAT well known business stand situated in Melvere Square, well known as the Spinney Corner, and owned by Arthur W. Smith, consisting of a
Fine Store and Dwelling House
combined, and seven and three-fourth acres of choice land, a young orchard of 72 trees commencing to bear; besides several large trees turning off from eight to ten barrels of apples yearly. It is one of the best business stands in the province, and will be sold at a bargain. Three churches, a graded school, post office and an establishment of mills, all within a half mile.
For particulars apply to Arthur W. Smith, Kingston; or J. Randall, on the premises.
Terms easy.
Kingston, April 16th, 1894. 3 tf

—Uncle—Well Johnnie, I hear you go to school now?
Johnnie—Yes.
Uncle—What part of it do you like best?
Johnnie—Comin' home.

Poetry.

Me and Jim.

We were both brought up in a country town,
Was me an' Jim;
An' the hull world somehow seemed ter frown
On me an' him.
At school we never was given a chance
To larn that Africa wasn't in France;
Patches we wore on the seat's o' our pants,
Did me an' Jim.

But we grew up hearty, an' hale, an' strong,
Did me an' Jim;
We knowed ev'ry note in a thrush's song,
Did me an' him;
An' we knowed war the bluebirds built their nests
When the spring tripped over the mountains' crests,
Why the robins all wore their scarlet vests,
Did me an' Jim.

Then we fell in love, jest as most folks do,
Did me an' Jim,
We was arter the same gal, though, we two,
That's me an' him,
An' she treated us jest alike, did she,
When at quiltin' party or huskin' bee,
We was even up in the race, you see,
Was me an' Jim.

I popped at last an' she answered me "No,"
Jim follered suit,
But she wouldn't hev him, an' told him so,
Forbidden fruit
We called her then, an' I'm rather afraid
That we cussed a little. An' then we prayed
That she'd live and she'd die a plain old maid,
Did me an' Jim.

Then the war broke out an' Company B
Caught me an' Jim.
We both on us fit fer the union—see?
Did me an' him.
An' we heerd the screechin' o' shot and shell,
The snarlin' o' guns, an' the rebel yell,
An' follered the flag through the battles' hell,
Did me an' Jim.

'Twas the day that we fit at Seven Oaks
Death came to Jim.
An', excuse me, please, but I sorter chokes
Talkin' o' him,
Fer his rugged, brown hand I held in mine
Till his soul passed out through the picket line,
Whar an angel waited the countersign
To git from Jim.

Then I fit along till the war was done
Without poor Jim;
Was given a sword instead of a gun,
An' thought o' him.
An' I wore an eagle when mustered out
On my shoulder straps, an' I faced about
Fer the startin' p'int o' my hull life's route,
But not wi' Jim.

I was quite a man in that country place
I'd left wi' Jim;
She gave me a smile wi' a blushin' face
An' asked 'bout him.
So I told her how, as she sat 'longside
Like a soldier brave he had fought an' died.
An' then—well I kissed her because she cried—
Kissed her fer Jim.

Then I married her one bright day in June
Fer me an' Jim.
Oft under the light o' the stars an' moon
We talked o' him,
An', arter awhile, when a baby came—
A boy—an' we looked fer a proper name,
His memory comin' up fresh again,
We called him Jim.

Select Literature.

Miss Pattie's Romance

"Charlie Cotesworth desired me to hand you this, Miss Pattie," said old Mr. Overbore to Miss Pattie Pearce, as she greeted him.

Perhaps you have had a letter handed to you, which you must pocket with a smile when you would give the world to tear it open and read it on the spot, and you can guess Pattie's condition of mind as she sat listening to Mr. Overbore's prosy talk until such time as her father's entrance relieved her.

Then she could bear it no longer, and with housewifely excuse hurried away to her own room, where, locking the door, she broke the seal and sat down to read the precious missive. It contained an offer of the hand, heart and fortune of the writer.

Pattie caught her breath, gave a little sob, and said softly to herself:

"He loves me—he loves me just as well as I love him," and then sat silent.

"Send me your answer, I pray, favored by Mr. Overbore," had Charlie written, "that I may be spared some suspense." And Pattie sat down to her answer at once.

It was demure and quiet, but it said what she meant that it should. It told Cotesworth that she loved him.

When Mr. Overbore went back home—he had only come to bid his old friend Capt. Pearce adieu before his departure for England—he took this answer with him.

It never came into her mind that he was rich and that his wife would wear diamonds and ride in her carriage. A rarer thing in those days of our republic than it has since come to be. Any little log cabin in the settlement would have been heaven if shared by Charlie. They had known each other only a little while but there was more sympathy between them than Pattie had ever felt for any other living being and now that she dared, now that he had spoken and there was no shame in the thought, how she loved him.

Meanwhile Mr. Overmore hurried homeward, but "more haste, less speed" proved a true adage in his case. He was obliged to delay two days upon his road, so that when he reached New York he found that the vessel in which he was to sail started that very day. There was no time to see Charlie, but Mr. Overbore felt the letter heavy upon his conscience—and that and a rare book which his young friend had loaned him. Before he did anything else he wrapped the book and the precious letter up together, penciling a line from himself upon a scrap of paper, sealed the package well and sent it to Cotesworth.

Then he scribbled a note to Miss Pattie.

"My dear," he wrote, "I have proved a wretched postman. I was delayed upon the road two days and am just arrived in New York. However, Mr. Cotesworth now has your letter with my apologies for the delay. Yours truly, SIMEON OVERBORE."

Pattie received this note, but none from Charlie; he neither came nor wrote. After the assurance given by Mr. Overbore, she could not doubt that the letter had reached him and now she believed that he must be ill. She watched and waited and hoped and feared. At last some one came from the city who had seen Charlie, well and in good spirits, the day before.

After this came grief of another kind, the grief hurt pride brings. That Charlie should use her so seemed incomprehensible. What could it mean? And then she would try and believe that all must come right at last—that there was some mistake—that he had written and his letter had not reached her. Hours glided into days, weeks into months, and a year had made its journey, and still the pain at her heart had grown greater and her sorrowing wonder more, when opening the newspaper one morning she read therein the announcement of Charles Cotesworth's marriage.

It was over then, all over! Her happiness had been very brief and she was very young, but the end had come. The only comfort she had was that she had kept the affair a secret; no one knew how she had been hurt.

Then Miss Pattie settled down, quietly and sadly, to untimely middle age. She donned sober gowns and unbecoming bonnets; she went no where but to church. Soon people began to say that she would be an old maid. In five years they said she was one. In five more it was true.

Ten years since she sat with those golden curls above her rosy face, and read the love letter which she fancied made her life's whole happiness and which had marred it instead. Her father was dead, and she had gone to live on their tiny income with a cousin in New York.

She taught her cousin's boys. She went to church and visited the poor.

At last something happened which told her that her heart was sorer than she even knew. The long vacant house next to her cousin's residence was occupied at last. A widower with a family of little children came there to live. The widower was Chas. Cotesworth. She knew him at once—he was not greatly altered. A bald spot where curls used to glitter, the foreshadowing of a stoop, a line or two about the eyes—no more. Pattie stood before her glass and sighed. "He would not know me," she said, "I need not fear meeting him."

There were three children and a foreign-looking nurse, besides Charlie. At her lonely window Pattie used to watch them. She saw, too, another well-known face. Old Mr. Overbore often sat with the master of the house upon the porch—he of all men. It seemed to bring the past nearer to Pattie as she sat and looked at them.

So the summer went by and the winter came, and the children played no more in the garden, and the friends talked within doors, and the curtains were dropped and windows closed in the long evenings, making Pattie very lonesome. When quite alone, one afternoon, she was startled by a cry without and a beating of hands upon the door, and opening it, found there the foreign nurse weeping and wringing her hands.

"Come and help me, madame," she cried. "I am alone; the servant is gone and the master is out, and the case of books has fallen on Master Harry! He will die! Oh, come, madame! come!"

Into Charles Cotesworth's house! There, of her own free will! But in this case she could do nothing else. She followed the woman.

A bookcase—happily a light one—had fallen upon the child, in truth. They took him from beneath it, quite insensible—a pretty, dark-haired boy, very like his father. Pattie held him in her arms.

"Go for a doctor," she said to the nurse. "I will stay here."

And she was alone with Charlie's children, the boy lying quite unconscious on her knee, the two girls crying as they stood beside her.

The evening twilight changed to darkness, and the nurse did not return. One of the children lit a lamp. By its light the pallid face upon her arm looked ghastly. Would no one ever come? What if the child should die!

She pressed her lips to the pale cheek that lay against her breast, and her own grief swept over her. Her tears rained fast upon the little creature in her arms. She had not time to wipe them away, when the door opened. Charlie was there; with him Mr. Overbore.

"Do not be too much frightened," said Pattie. "An accident has happened. I am a neighbor. I have sent the nurse for a doctor."

He had knelt down beside her, looking into the child's face, touching unconsciously her hands.

"Does the heart never grow old?" asked Pattie, as she felt herself grow hot and cold by turns. "Can a woman love when she has been insulted—despised as I have been?"

And just then Mr. Overbore said:

"It is Miss Pattie!"

And Charlie answered:

"Yes, we are neighbors. I have known that all along."

They said no more.

The doctor came soon. The boy was not dangerously hurt, he said. The broken bones were set.

There was no more need of Pattie.

"How can I thank you?" said the father.

And Miss Pattie said she needed no thanks, and went home.

Charlie Cotesworth sat down beside the boy's bed and Mr. Overbore, tidiness and precision itself set to work to pick up the scattered books assisted by the servant. Suddenly as he lifted a small package from the ground, his face changed. It was what seemed to be a book sealed with red wax, and directed to "Charles Cotesworth, Esq."

"My handwriting, I am sure," said the old gentleman. "The package I sent to Charlie before I left for England. It has never been opened."

Then Mr. Overbore tore the package open. Within he found the old book, the letter Pattie had given him and his own hasty note. Mr. Overbore had always fancied that Pattie had refused Charlie and had avoided a sore subject. Now the truth flashed upon him.

"I have done all this mischief," he said, and flung himself into a chair overcome.

So Charles found him, an hour after.

"You are not ill?" he asked.

But Overbore only groaned and shook his head.

"You'll never forgive me?" he said, at length. "I must tell you the truth, I suppose. You remember giving me a letter for Pattie Pearce?"

"Yes."

"Had you ever any answer?"

"If I had—if it had been the answer I hoped, my life would have been a different one. Margaret was a good woman, and a good wife to me, but—but not what Pattie would have been. No; but she never answered.

"She did answer. I brought the letter home with me. I sent it to you sealed in that confounded package, which you never opened. There it is, just as she put it into my hand."

Charley said nothing. He tore the letter open—the letter dated 10 years before—and read it. Then he covered his face. He had rolled the stone away from the sepulchre of the past, and looked upon the ashes of dead happiness.

But before morning, as he watched by his boy's bed, it came into his mind that perhaps a phoenix might rise from those ashes. At least Pattie must know the truth; and before many hours she learnt it.

She heard the story calmly enough, outwardly—just a tear or two crept down her cheeks—but when Charlie took her hand and said, "I love you still, Pattie—will you be my wife even now?" she answered.

"What good would it do to try and blot out the past? I have suffered so much—and we have both lost faith in each other—it could never be the same again. I will be your friend, but I could never be anything more now."

And so Pattie thought; but nevertheless a great comfort had come to her, and the bitterness of her sorrow had quite vanished. She began to smile once more, and dimples returned to cheek and chin, and before the year was over Pattie Pearce, looking nearly as young as ever, went to church in bridal veil, and Mr. Overbore, in atonement for the mischief he had done, gave the bride away.
—K. D.

K. D. C. brings prompt relief to sufferers from Indigestion.

The Salmon's Migration.

A LONG JOURNEY CONDUCTED LEISURELY AND WITH PRECISION.

Every year as the summer season approaches, the salmon of the Atlantic ocean leave their fishing ground in the northern seas and enter the clear, cool rivers of the extreme eastern United States and the Canadian provinces. Impelled by a singular instinct, this noble fish day after day, week after week, works its way toward the head of the streams, up the swiftest rapids and through the quiet pools, leaping every obstruction. During the whole summer this great army pushes onward, dividing at the forks of a river and breaking up into still smaller bands when tributaries enter. Of the great multitude that left the ocean, every fish has reached the very spot, the very pool where it was born and lived the first eight months of its life—except the many that never pass the cruel nets, and those that jumped, at silken lines, or else dazzled by the gleam of torches, were pulled into canoes by men with spears. At length the object of their weary march is attained, and so the army disbands. The long journey has been conducted in a leisurely way, only a few miles each day, but with wonderful persistence. Enemies in the water, fishermen with rods and reels, and poachers with spears thin their ranks; but those that reach their homes at the heads of the rivers are protected by a wise law, which prohibits their capture from the time when they begin to lay their eggs until the anchor ice, choking the streams, drives back to the sea the fish, now lean and hungry with long fasting for the salmon is a dainty feeder in its summer home, touching the most tempting and alluring flies only occasionally. Yet a tiny young salmon, called a "parr," having attained the first six or eight inches of its length in fresh water, returns the following year, a year-old salmon or "grilse," of four pounds weight.

The Bank of Nova Scotia.

Such agreeable happenings as the recovery of a sum, previously written off as bad, sufficient to pay three per cent. to one's shareholders, is not a frequent one to bankers. But such was the happy experience of the bank of Nova Scotia last year. The net earnings of that bank for 1894 were $171,151, equal to 11.41 per cent. on the capital. With the addition, however, of $47,000 of an "old debt written off as bad" and now recovered, the amount appropriated amounted to $218,151, which, with the sum brought forward from 1893, sufficed to pay eight per cent. dividend and to add $100,000 to reserve, making that fund $1,300,000. With two more years of like appropriation the reserve will be equal to the capital, a goal at which a bank's earning power is regarded as fully established. This important bank has now close upon eleven millions of assets, of which $2,099,000 is invested in provincial, municipal and other bonds, and the best part of another million is in cash or fairly liquid assets. The overdue bills and other moribund assets are small. Of the liabilities to the public, $6,411,000 consist of deposits, barely one-fourth at call, and $1,160,000 in circulation, the proportion due shareholders is $1,500,000 paid capital, $1,300,000 accumulated earnings and the remainder dividend, payable this week. The bank has concluded its sixty-third year, and its position and extent of its business do credit to the country.

Push of the D. A. R. Company.

Mr. A. W. Duval, a commercial traveller, pays the management of the D. A. R. the following compliment in the last issue of the *Wolfville Acadian:* "Those who say there is no push in Nova Scotia would cease to talk in this strain had they been on board of the D. A. R. train coming east Wednesday p.m. 6th. We thought we were in for three or four hours wait at Berwick. Ran into a snow-bank and had to be dug out. We felt under personal obligations to Mr. Kenneth Sutherland when we learned he had ordered by telegram to "furnish all hands with shovels or if train hands not sufficient, get other help out. Get that train out in double quick time." In about an hour and a half we were on our way rejoicing. This is the kind of go ahead which makes a road popular and I say keep this up Mr. Sutherland and the D. A. R. will be second to no railroad under the sun.

Brother Peter,

House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, Mass., writes: My only desire in adding this testimonial to the great number you have already received in favor of K. D. C., is to induce sufferers from indigestion to try this remarkable remedy, which I believe will be lasting. Makers of such a valuable medicine are doing much good to humanity.

Free Samples of K.D.C. mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Boys Beware.

Boys beware of the first wrong act. Preserve your innocence. If you never take the first drink you will never acquire the accursed habit, and will never be a drunkard. Drink leads to all other crimes. It destroys character, conscience, manhood, health, and the soul itself. Preserve your innocence. It will be worth more to you some day than all else besides. Keep away from places where drink is sold. Shun all immoral places. Avoid companionship that will pull you down, and choose that which will lift you up and will help you to an upright, honest, clean, noble, Christian manhood. Keep your souls clean. You can never get rid of the effects of sin. Every wrong act leaves a scar that will always remain, even though by repentance the wound is healed.

—Mrs. L. E. Snow, Matron Infants' Home, Halifax, writes: "Puttner's Emulsion has proved valuable in all cases of pulmonary Complaints, for building up the system of our little ones. They often ask for it.

—The best way to carry a gun is at half cock. No well made lock will "pull off" at half cock, and no jar on the hammer will cause a half cocked gun to explode. A breech loader should not be loaded until it is required for actual use, and the muzzle of the gun should either be pointed in the air or on the ground. An old writer advises all sportmen to treat a gun as if it was on the point of exploding, and we think that if his advice was followed the lamentable accidents which occur nearly every year would be far less frequent.

—If a child is troubled with a cough at night, Hawker's balsam will soothe it instantly and enable the little one to go to sleep. A short course of the balsam will completely cure the cough.

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

Experimental Farm Reports.

The farmers throughout Canada are deriving great advantages from the experimental farms operated under direction of the Dominion Government. We summarize as follows from a report just published:

Dairy Commissioner Robertson referring to a question as to the dairy business being overdone, says: "When I went to Guelph in 1886 to take charge of this work for Ontario I was met with the enquiry whether the output of cheese was not about as large as the English market could take care of. The cheese business in the following seven years has nearly doubled, having increased from six and three-quarter million dollars to nearly thirteen and a half millions. Notwithstanding this, last year's prices were higher than the average of five years. I think the market there can take just as much as we can send, if we keep up the quality."

In 1881 the U. States exported $16,000,000 worth of cheese; in 1892 it had fallen to less than $8,000,000.

Prof. Robertson says that at a temperature of 65 to 70 deg., cheese is at its best in this country after being kept three to four months; that cheese can be made, extra salted, to keep two years; that well made cheese from fine milk should keep six to eight months, after which, unless in cold storage, the flavor becomes strong.

The Dairy Commissioner states that owing to the depression of the U. States, New York butter has been competing with ours in Montreal, after 4c. a pound duty has been paid on it. He says the oleomargarin business steadily increases in England, Scotland and Ireland. He finds no fault with its wholesomeness, but does with its unfair competition as a butter imitation. It sells for about 2c. a pound less than butter, of which it is a perfect imitation in color, flavor, and texture. It is a compound of fats obtained from tallow, lard, and cotton seed oil. In the best qualities 20 p.c. of butter is added. The mixture is run in buttermilk or sour skimmilk, churned with it, and then granulated by means of a stream of cold water.

Referring to cotton seed oil for feeding, he says it plays an important part, but he is hopeful that our sunflower oil will displace it. An acre will displace 72 tons of the heads, which are now considerably used for ensilage. Four pounds of seed should be planted to the acre, as early as possible in the spring, the rows three feet apart and plants a foot apart in the row.

To Band of Hope Workers.

The recent Grand Division session, held at Port Williams, shows our old order of *Sons* in a prosperous condition and on the upgrade, also our "youth-work" progressing. To succeed well in the future we must take hold of our Band of Hope work with the energy and determination which the agency of our times demand.

Let me appeal to the earnest, devoted christian men and women of our country—in our Churches, Day and Sabbath-schools, and especially to the active "willing-workers" of our divisions to take hold of this Band of Hope work in earnest. Lay yourselves out in this thing and you will reap here and hereafter a rich reward. Do it out of love to God and weak humanity. It is a Christ-like work to "lift up the fallen," to save the young from the pit-falls so thickly set for them, by getting them pledged and into "working lines." The children are ever ready to do their part. The failure is almost invariably on the part of the leaders. To so train the young and save them from a life of sin to one of happiness in this life and the world to come is indeed a noble, worthy work.

We want our Divisions filled up in the future with well-trained youth, whose hearts will be in the work. Our country must and shall be freed from the curse of strong drink, and we are bound to place men in power who will do it. Who will volunteer to devote themselves to this all important work!

Our Band of Hope ritual is interesting to the members and an excellent educator, yet the rules are not cast iron.

Even in sparsely settled districts a warm-hearted sister or brother might gather the innocent together in small subaltern bands, and thus become associated with the Band of Hope movements of the Province, presenting each member with our beautiful pledge-card. There are men and women to-day occupying exalted positions, who look with pride on their framed Pledge-card in their parlors, and with pride point to it and say "here is one of the steps that led up to my present position." Who will help others into high places. Even our late Premier could have said this much. Fraternally,
W. J. GATES.

Nova Scotia Legislature.

On Saturday, 9th inst., the commissioner of works and mines brought down the 37th annual report of the hospital for the insane for the year ended Sept. 30, 1894. The year began with 354 patients on the register; 109 were admitted during the year; 71 were discharged and 21 died, leaving 371 on the register at the end of the year. The report contains the usual statistical information, and a valuable article on the duty of the state towards the insane. Mention is also made of the good work done by the training school for nurses, and acknowledgements are made of the pleasant entertainments given by various parties.

The Provincial Secretary on Monday brought down the financial returns of revenue and expenditure of Nova Scotia for the fiscal year ended September 30, 1894. The year closes with a surplus of $25,370. The revenue totalled $888,213, the principal items being Dominion of Canada subsidy, $432,813; mines department, $242,657; hospital for the insane, $54,833.99; Windsor and Annapolis railway, $14,064; Western Counties railway $131,021; less refund of loan of 1883, credited to capital account, $50,000.

Chief expenditures were: Agriculture, $20,041.74; debenture interest, $122,072; education, $221,173; legislature expenses, $46,964; road and bridge grants, $97,892; steamboats, packets and ferries, $29,771; works department, including normal school, provincial buildings, government house, provincial museum $22,187; public charities, including hospital for insane, Victoria general hospital, transient poor, $123,604. The expenditure on capital account was $127,525, including bridges, $97,882.95 and $27,000 for railway subsidy. Total liabilities of province at the end of fiscal year amounted to $3,167,493, assets were $1,258,182; showing net debt to be $1,809,310.

The first party division in the new house occurred Wednesday, when the government was sustained, 23 to 11. Two Liberals and one Conservative were absent and the speaker completes the house of 38.

The Raw, Cutting Winds

Bring to the surface every latent pain. A change of even a few degrees marks the difference between comfort and pain to many persons. Happily disease now holds less sway. Science is continually bringing forward new remedies which successfully combat disease. Polson's Nervilene—nerve pain cure—has proved the most successful pain relieving remedy known. Its application is wide, for it is equally efficient in all forms of pain whether internal or external. 25 cents a bottle, at druggists.

Abandoned Farms.

A new (the fifth) edition of the "Descriptive catalogue of farms in Massachusetts, abandoned," has just been issued by the State Board of Agriculture, and may be obtained gratis on application to the secretary, Wm. R. Lessions, of Boston. After looking carefully through the state, they find on the market 314 abandoned or partially abandoned farms for sale, aggregating 38,920 acres. No such condition of affairs as this catalogue reveals can be found in any Province of Canada.

—Acting through the blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla not only cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc., but gives health and vigor to the whole body.

—Mr. Grogan (telling the story of the argument)—An' I had to sthand there lukin' at him, shmoilin' th' best Oi oud, an' all the toime I was so mad Oi was grittin' me teeth behind me boick.

MINARD'S FAMILY PILLS are purely vegtable.