GANG SAWN, DRY SEASONED
Pine Boards,
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NARROWS — Shippers, nearly clear.....$10.50.
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SCHOONER
Temple Bar,
Capt. Longmire.
The well known packet schooner will ply regularly between St. John and Bridgetown during the season.
A trip will be made, if possible, by the 31st of this month. Freight offering. Apply on board to
CAPT. J. LONGMIRE.
SAMPLES Always in Stock. When vessel is in port apply to Capt. Peter Longmire.
Bridgetown, March 25th, 1888. tf

THE M. K. ELLIOTT
ELECTRIC BATTERY
IN A BOTTLE,
is not a Snuff, Liquid or Salve,
But a perfect Electric Battery,
which forms a
Speedy Cure
—FOR—
Gout, Headache, Neuralgia, Asthma, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, etc.
A perfect Electric Battery in a Bottle. A cure guaranteed. Send for circulars.
Price, $1.00 per Bottle.
AGENTS WANTED. Apply to H. FRASER, Bridgetown, N. S.
Several marvelous cures already made in this town. Write for particulars. tf

New Goods,
—AT—
R. D. BEALS'
—Comprising—
DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY,
Ready Made Clothing,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS and SHOES,
Crockery ware,
SHELF HARDWARE,
Best Groceries.
TIN WARE, ETC.
EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.
Eggs for Goods or Cash.
Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange
Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
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—One of the—
Finest Stock of CLOTHS,
For Men's Suitings, to be found in the Western Counties, is now shown by
JOHN H. FISHER,
Merchant Tailor,
Bridgetown, N. S.
Having secured the services of MR. JOHN GOLDIN a strictly first-class workman in every respect, and with an able staff of assistants, I am prepared to turn out custom tailoring second to none. Call and inspect.

To Loan!
Money on Real Estate Security.
J. G. H. PARKER,
Solicitor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 27th, '87. tf

MANHOOD
How Lost, How Restored!
We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only 4 cents, or two postage stamps.
The celebrated author in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Address,
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Weekly Monitor.
SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.
VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1888. NO. 35

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.
Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.
THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

$1 ONE DOLLAR LESS $1
INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
FOR Boston DIRECT

EVERY THURSDAY, P. M.
FROM
Annapolis,
after arrival of the Express Train from Halifax, Calling at Digby,
Returning leave, Commercial Wharf, Boston, at 7.30 every MONDAY morning.
FARE FROM W. & A. RAILWAY STATIONS
ONE DOLLAR LESS
THAN BY ANY OTHER ROUTE.
Return Tickets Two Dollars Less.
Shippers of Freight for Boston by this Steamer will please bear in mind that car loads should arrive in Annapolis by Freight Train Tuesday Night, as it is greatly to their advantage.
Steamer STATE OF MAINE or CUMBERLAND leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY Morning.
F. CROSSKILL, Agent.
BRIDGETOWN.

LAWRENCETOWN
PUMP COMPANY,
(ESTABLISHED 1880.)
N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
THE CELEBRATED
Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,
—ALSO:—
FORCE PUMP,
with Hose attached if required.
We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

INSPECTION
is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in
Monuments, Tablets,
HEADSTONES, Etc.
Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.
Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,
OPPOSITE RINK. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Notice of Assignment.
NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Bowlby, J. Haddon Balcom, and Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has, by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said deed lies at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.
Dated at Lawrencetown, this 31st day of August, 1888.
L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
Assignees.
NOTICE.—The above mills of Bowlby, Balcom & Co., will be run as usual until further notice.
L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
Assignees.
22tf

FARMERS
OF
Kings and Annapolis,
are respectfully requested to send their
Berries, Fruit, Butter, Eggs,
AND OTHER PRODUCE, TO
FULTON, FOSTER & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Halifax, N. S.
Who guarantee Best Prices and Prompt Returns.

John Ervin,
Barrister and Attorney at Law,
OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING,
03mpd BRIDGETOWN

J. R. HART,
—AGENT FOR—
W. N. WHITE,
Fruit Brokers,
London, Eng.
FRUIT SHIPPED BY REGULAR BOATS, CAREFULLY HANDLED, PROMPT RETURNS MADE AT BEST MARKET PRICES.
October 20th, 1888. 3m

Farm for Sale.
THE subscriber offers for sale his desirable property situated on the
Thorne Mill Road, Dalhousie,
consisting of about 200 acres, 40 acres cleared, cuts from 18 to 20 tons hay; about 40 apple trees grafted with standard varieties; comfortable Dwelling House and Barn; plenty of Timber, both hard and soft. A portion of the purchase money may remain on mortgage if so desired.
THOS. ANDERSON.
Dalhousie, Nov. 5th, 1888. tf

FLOUR, MEAL, &C.,
Just received ex-Emma C., from Boston,
200 Bbls FLOUR,
White Dove, Anchor, Acadian.
50 Bbls. Corn Meal,
50 Bbls. Feeding Flour,
50 Bags Middlings.
The above having been purchased before the rise, are offered at bottom figures for cash.
—: Also in stock :—
10 HALF-CHESTS OF THAT DELIGHTFUL TEA. Selling low.
5 CASES BOOTS AND SHOES,
5 CRATES CHINA, GLASS AND CROCKERY.
—: Just arrived :—
30 BBLS. AMERICAN WATER WHITE OIL, which will be sold low in 5 gallon lots.
All kinds of produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.
A. W. PHINNEY.
Middleton, N. S. tf

BRIDGETOWN
HARNESS STORE!
STOCK COMPLETE!
An extensive assortment of
Trunks, Bags, Valises & Satchels.
AN extra assortment Whips, Brushes and Halters, also in Rugs, Surcingles, Horse Trappings, of all kinds.
A good assortment
Goat, Woollen & Rubber Robes.
HARNESSES of all kinds in stock or made to order. Team and Harness Collars always in stock.
J. W. ROSS.
Bridgetown, Oct. 2nd, '88. tf

AGAIN
THE MASCOT SPRING STOP SHADE ROLLER,
SELLING LOWER THAN EVER.
—OUR STOCK OF—
Fall GOODS
is now complete in every department,
INCLUDING a nice variety of DRESS MATERIAL, for 12 cents per yard upwards, in all shades and textures.
In *WOOLLEN GOODS*, Boating and Breakfast Shawls, Children's Sacques, Hoods, and Fascinators.
Ulstering, Astrachan, Fur Trimming, Fur Caps and Muffs, nice Underwear, for both ladies and gentlemen.
Highest Market Prices paid for Butter and Eggs.
C. H. SHAFFNER.
South Farmington, Oct. 18th, '88.

(Best is Cheapest)
Ask your Grocer for them

NOTICE!
ALL persons having claims against the estate of WM. A. RICE, late of Bridgetown, farmer, deceased, and NANCY N. GREENWOOD, late of Bridgetown, trader, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estates will make immediate payment to
ALFRED RICE,
Admr. Rice, Extr. Greenwood.
Bridgetown, Nov. 10th, '88. 5t38

TO LET.
Two New HOUSES,
Apply to,
E. L. HALL.
Lawrencetown, Nov. 8th, 1888. 5t36pd

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

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

(*For the Monitor.*)
True Nobility.
BY THE REV. J. CLARK, NICTAUX.

Kind words and deeds will ever bring
The best of all renown;
A man may be a real king
Without a golden crown.

A poor world this for rest or ease;
Its joys are bought too dear;
And he who self alone would please,
Will find small comfort here.

And yet this is a grand world, too,
For toil, for hope, for prayer;
And he who wants true work to do,
Will find it everywhere.

Not glittering wealth, not blood, nor birth,
Not pomp, nor pedigree—
But honest hearts and sterling worth,
Make true nobility.

A noble soul will labor still,
For others as he may,—
As flowers the air with fragrance fill,
By night as well as day.

He toils for all, he cares not where,
In kind and gentle ways,—
As suns and stars shine grand and fair,
Yet never ask for praise.

He courts no bribe to prompt his hand
To timely helpful deeds;
His heart is quick to understand
A friend's or stranger's needs.

What men may think, or men may say,
Comes not within his thought;
From generous love and not for pay,
Are worthiest actions wrought.

Uncheered or praised, with lofty aim,
He does what good he can;
And such, whate'er his rank or name,
Is aye a kingly man.

Kind words and deeds will ever bring
The best of all renown;
A man may be a real king
Without a golden crown.

The Reward.
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?
And through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind,
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of fashion's evil course?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse?
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
At times a sad and half reluctant look,
Regretful of the past?

Alas, the evil which we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer in some ennobling cause
His fellow men?

If he hath bidden the outcast let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin?
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain. And while he gives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from His works he never more
Can henceforth part.

Select Literature.

Old Lovers.

(*Concluded.*)

Slowly the sunshine crept out in the garden, the sky above grew gray, and now and then on the quiet evening air came distant sounds—the rumble of a wagon going laden from the fields, the voices of the reapers who were trudging homeward, the rippling laughter still at play. Suddenly Janet shivered, and Matthew, clumsily but tenderly, drew her shawl more closely about her; their eyes met, and they forgot to try to deceive each other with cheery questions and answers about commonplace matters.

They paced up and down the paths in silence, and their footsteps on the gravel, the whispering of the breeze in the tree tops, the flapping of a blind at an open window arrested Janet's attention and held it. By some strange inconsistency, when, presently, she went back alone into the house, the sound of the flapping blind, of the monotonous footsteps on the gravel footpath, of the rustling leaves and branches, was clearer in her mind than Matthew's voice as he had wished her godspeed.

It was holiday time, and the days hung heavily on Martin's hands. He strolled disconsolately about the town, looked absently at the revolving lady in the barber's window, and read the prices of babies' shoes and early peaches, the Waverley novels and Irish whiskey, in the windows beyond the barber's, and returned home with a vague sense of the unsatisfactoriness of life. He did not even smile when his landlady brought him a burnt chop for dinner on six successive days.

He stood at the window of his stuffy little sitting room and looked out, with no feeling of interest or amusement, into the narrow, sunny street. Two errand boys stopped to toss coppers on the pavement, a man went by selling mackerel, and a dirty sprouted woman carried cherries from door to door. When the postman came swinging briskly up the street, Matthew stood on the alert. He had not been waiting for a letter; yet when the postman had passed he turned away from the window with a heavy heart.

The holidays were over, and Miss Grey's boarding and day school for young ladies was opened; and Martin gave his drawing lessons on Tuesday and Friday afternoons as he had done in Miss Daymore's time. But the two hours were longer than of old to him; the blue sky from the schoolroom window, the sunshine on the grass, the cloud-shadows drifting across the garden from wall to wall, the golden sunflowers rearing their heads in the sunlight, were only gaudy sunflowers, shadow, sunshine and sky to him now, and nothing more.

Miss Grey, a brisk, lean, thin haired lady, sat at the window where Janet had set, and knitted with needles that clicked obtrusively; when she dropped her wool and stooped to recover it, Matthew was not immediately aware of the fact; when the lesson was over, he bowed to the brisk little lady and escaped from the room before his pupils. There was no buoyancy in his step as he came and went; his eyes did not light up at the remembrance of Janet and her words and smiles. Suddenly he had lost the romance in his life, and as suddenly he had grown old and dull.

September and part of October were away. One letter had come from Janet, which Matthew, after many days, had answered. He spent a great amount of thought over that answer; it cost him a week of wakeful nights and a long evening's hard labor. It was a very cheerful and excellent production—the paper was of the stiffest and smoothest, the calligraphy was unimpeachable, the sentences were grandly rounded; there were beautiful spotless spaces between the lines, and there was a goodly margin on each side of the pages. And Janet, when she received it, sat with it in her hand and sobbed over it because it was such a clever, satisfactory letter. Its cheerfulness did not deceive her for a moment; if he had not missed her, if he had not loved her, she could have borne it, she told herself.

Matthew received no other letter from Janet. After a week or two he left off watching for the postman's coming. He haunted the reading room in the town, and read the local papers slowly and diligently, as a man who finds cure for thought, but not food for thought in printed matter. He lingered about when the reading room was closed at night, and chatted aimlessly with the late readers who were turning out like himself—lonely men for the most part, going home reluctantly to comfortless lodgings—querulous men with private grievances, argumentative men with public grievances. They wanted a listener, and Martin was a willing victim; he was very lonely, and eager not to realize his loneliness—a little afraid of his own companionship. There was a bitterness too in his solitude—he had thought that Janet loved him, but Janet had forgotten him.

Then suddenly, and unexpectedly, Janet came back. It was a Tuesday afternoon late in October, and Martin was standing looking down critically at an unfinished drawing of some primitive building which cast its shadow in an unusual way toward the setting sun. The lazy little red-haired girl whose handiwork he was inspecting made a grimace of disgust at her own production, and looked up at the master with an air of unconcern that disarmed criticism.

'It's horrid!' she said, comfortably.

'Yes,' said Mr. Martin. 'You have hit upon a very apt adjective, Miss Magee.'

'What's the good of drawing horrid barns and gateways? What's a barn? There's nothing very pretty in a barn!'

Miss Magee was inclined to be loquacious. There was a gleam of kindly laughter in her master's eyes; she felt that she was entertaining him, and clasped her freckled little hands behind her head and grew more confiding.

'Who do you think is here, Mr. Martin? Did you know Miss Daymore has come back? She has come to see us; and she brought us a great big bagful of things—chocolate creams and Turkish delight and cocoanut ice! Lovely! Wasn't it thoughtful of her? I'm awfully tired, Mr. Martin, Do you think I need draw any more horrid old trees and barns?'

Matthew had drawn a long breath of happiness; it was as though he had lived for months away from the light of the sun and the fresh free air, and now stepped forth into the glad sunshine and breathed freely again. He was no longer weary—he was as light hearted as a lad. There was nothing but happiness and kindliness in his eyes as he looked down at Miss Maggie and her unfortunate drawing.

Janet, meanwhile, in a cheerless little class room at the back of the house, was sitting alone, waiting. She did not notice that the room was cheerless; her eyes were bright with excitement. Her lips half parted now and then smiles at her own thoughts. She watched the little clock on the mantelpiece, the hands of which travelled on slowly toward four. Every ten minutes she rolled and unrolled a little heap of manuscript pages which she held, rolled them up and put them away from her then took them again, unrolled them, and read little bits of the writing, and smiled to herself and looked at the clock once more. She was waiting for Matthew Martin, and she had a plan which she meant to carry out. It was a plan which needed courage; but her courage was not failing her.

She touched her manuscript lovingly; it was a story written for Matthew—a story with a purpose—the pathetic history of two people who were no longer boy and girl, no longer fickle and foolish, who loved each other as only a man and a woman can love, who trusted in each other's love as they trusted in the love of heaven, who were only happy when together, whose lives were failures when they lived apart. The heroine of this fiction was a commonplace woman who did commonplace work which the commonplace world desired and paid for; the hero, with nobler aims and truer views of art, did work which the foolish world in its folly failed to appreciate. The woman was rich in 'poor material wealth,' the man had all the dignity of honorable poverty.' Yet, because 'the mistaken world threw its base gold to her and bestowed none upon him,' and because in the primitive days of our great-grand mothers a notion had prevailed that a woman's work was to do nothing and to do it elegantly, he let her go her way in the world and went his own way alone, spoiling both their lives and believing himself heroic. The story was a tragedy. Janet, as she wrote, had blotted her manuscript with tears. It was not often that she wept over the pathetic woes of her heroes and heroines.

The idea of writing this story had come to her suddenly one day, and she had seized upon it as a happy inspiration. She could not speak it in her own person, but she could speak it in parable, and Matthew must understand. She would give him the story to read—she had often lent him her newly written stories—and when he had read it he could not fail to understand.

Four o'clock! Every stroke of the bell of the little clock sent a thrill through Janet. She rose up restlessly, then sat down again and drew the bench on which she sat a little nearer to the fire, and stirred the coals into a brighter blaze. The house was very quiet until suddenly a door opened and there was a clatter of light feet upon the stairs and much laughter; then there was quietness again. Presently heavier footsteps came along the passage.

'Miss Daymore is in the back school room, I think,' a brisk, incisive voice was saying; and Janet rose up again and went toward the door.

The next moment she and Matthew were standing alone in the room together, looking at each other with smiles on their lips and tears not far from their eyes, and feeling that they had never known before how they had hungered for the sight of each other. They did not speak for fully a minute, and, when they did, it was nothing very original that they found to say.

'You have come back?' said Matthew, with a sigh of happiness.

'Yes, I have come back?' replied Janet, with another sigh of supreme content.

She sat down upon the wooden bench before the fire, and Martin seated himself beside her. There was a long pause, of which neither was conscious, and then Martin sighed again.

'It's good to see you back,' he said.

'It's good to be back,' she answered, with a glad smile.

They were too happy to talk much; it was enough to be together again. Minutes passed before they found anything more to say; then Martin broke the silence.

'It has been dull without you,' he said—'you don't know how dull!'

'It has been dull in London,' returned Janet—'oh, very dull!'

'But this is the dullest place in the world!' he declared.

'No, no—London,' maintained Janet—'London is duller!'

The clock on the mantelshelf ticked loudly. Matthew had a lesson to give in the town at 5 o'clock, and the town was two miles away; but the clock ticked its loud reminder in vain—there was no room for thoughts of drawing lessons in Matthew Martin's mind just now. He put down the portfolio of drawing copies which he was carrying to his class, and afterward moved it from the bench to the desk, behind, and still was not reminded of his waiting pupils.

After the first few minutes he and Janet found that they had much to say to each other. For three months they had been parted. In three months hundreds of little things had happened—amusing incidents, trivial humorous experiences which now, for the first time, seemed laughable or important, worthy of being related. In pure gladness of heart they smiled and laughed; for three months—so it seemed to them—all their smiles and laughter had been reserved for this hour. Their hearts were light; they wondered how they had lived so patiently through these past three months.

The little back room was growing dim, the clock ticked on loudly. Martin looked up absently now and then at its round face, and was happily unconscious of its reiterated reminder. When his eyes travelled away from Janet, it was still Janet that he saw—her eyes with their deep sweet smile, her lips tender yet merry, the loose soft coils of her brown hair, her pretty womanly gown, the pose of her head, the peaceful way in which her hands were folded.

'What made you think of coming?' said Martin at last. 'It was a happy thought. Miss Grey be praised for inviting you!'

'Miss Grey did not invite me; I wanted to come—I wanted—I wanted to see every one,' returned Janet.

'I shall be late,' he said, making an effort even now to hasten away. 'It has been like old times to see you again—like old times. I am sorry sometimes, you know, that those old times are gone; but they were bound to end—bound to end. Changes come. Well, well, we mustn't regret the changes. A story?' His eyes had followed Janet's and rested upon the little roll of manuscript which was on the desk beside him.

'Yes,' said Janet—and she put out her hand hurriedly to take it from him—'yes, a new one.' Her face had flushed, her heart was beating fearfully.

'You should give yourself a holiday,' said Matthew.

'Oh, yes, I am giving myself a holiday!'

'And you bring your work with you to help you to enjoy it!'

Janet was holding her manuscript firmly in one hand, which was half hidden in the folds of her skirt. She wanted to forget the story—to put it out of sight—for he might ask to have it lent to him. She talked fast and at random lest he should think of asking.

It was almost a relief when he went at last. She sank down upon one of the ink-bespattered benches, and heard his footsteps die away along the passage. She put her arms upon the desk and bowed down her face upon them. Her plan had failed. It was an impossible thing which she had planned to do—impossible now and forever—as long as he remained a man and she a woman.

Matthew Martin had shut the garden gate behind him and turned his face townward, when she remembered the portfolio which he should have been carrying. He went back for it. Fate, he thought, evidently intended him to be very late for his lesson to-day.

The light in the passage was dim; the door of the little classroom was just ajar, and the room within was as dark as the passage.

'Janet is gone,' he said to himself, as he pushed open the door and saw the empty bench by the fire where she and he had been sitting.

In the stillness he could hear the sound of some one crying—crying softly, in a weary way as a child never cries. In a moment the crying ceased; Janet heard his footstep, and raised her head with a startled look. Matthew was standing close to her, looking down at her silently with a tender, pitiful, wondering gaze.

The tears were still in her eyes, but she looked up at him and smiled gaily, as though all thought of tears and of cause for tears were far away from her mind. She thought of something gay to say, but she could not say it; she felt that she could not trust her voice just yet.

'Janet?'—'Yes,' she said.

'Once upon a time, you told me—you used to tell me—do you remember?—all your troubles.'

No answer. At his tender tone her tears had overflowed; she could not hide them. She looked up at him, smiling through them, and laughing at herself for her folly.

'It is coming back again,' she explained, little incoherently—'seeing everything. Every one and everything are the same—the same as ever! And the children—the children have been so glad to see me! It makes me so—so happy!'

'Do not be happy in this way again,' he said tenderly. Then he sat down beside her upon the form where the little schoolgirls sat and wrote their themes and exercises, and he took her hand in his—there was no good reason for taking her hand just then—for the thought of the drawing lesson in town had slipped from his memory again.

'Be happy, Janet,' he said sorrowfully and pleadingly—'be happy, dear!'

'Are you happy?' she asked quietly.

'I—I? No!'

'Why should I find it easier to be so?'

New boldness had come to Janet, for Matthew was holding her hand and looking into her eyes as only a lover may, with no calm, friendlike touch and gaze. It was easy, with her hand held tightly in his, to ask soul-searching questions.

'Janet—forgive me for saying it this once—it is I who am spoiling your life!'

'Do I spoil your life?' she said.

'You? You have made my life, Janet! Dear, I have loved you as no other man, I think, ever can have loved a woman! The dream of my life has been that one day I might win you for my own. If things had been different—if I could go back 20 years and choose my profession again—if—if——but things are not different I. You must go away, Janet—you must go away again. It is best for you to go away!'

Janet was looking at him with straight, frank, fearless gaze, her face pale, her lips grave, her eyes grave too, but with a smile deep down in their depths.

'I will never go away,' she said, steadily—'never—never!'

A Debtor's Life Insurance.

Washington, Nov. 14.—The Supreme Court of the United States, through Chief Justice Fuller, has rendered an opinion of unusual interest to the holders of life insurance policies, in the case of Thomas L. Hume of the District of Columbia, who died insolvent, but left $35,000 in life insurance policies payable to his widow and children. The administrators and creditors sought to force the application of the policies to the payment of debts. The court holds that the beneficiaries are entitled to the proceeds of the policies, holding that the husband and father has full right to insure his life in the interest of wife and children, and where such policies are effected in the name of the beneficiaries, they are no part of the estate of the deceased insolvent, and therefore cannot be regarded as a fraudulent assignment of any part of his estate when so effected.

SOUTH WATERVILLE
Machine WORKS!
J. I. LLOYD,
—Manufacturer of—
SHINGLE MACHINES,
BOX BOARD MACHINES,
CYLINDER STAVE SAWS,
STAVE PLANERS,
STAVE JOINTERS,
HEADING ROUNDERS of various styles
BUZZ PLANERS, ETC. 71y

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Canada a Dairying Country.
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In Canada's resources, developed and undeveloped, the field, the forest, the fisheries, the mine, manufactures and commerce, all occupy no mean place. It is, however, no depreciation of the other resources to say that both in actual results and in future promise, the first named stands highest in importance. Our exports are an illustration of this fact. In 1887 our agricultural exports amounted to more than half of the total exports. The industry which, by virtue of exports, is second in importance is that of the forest, and the exports of the latter were less than half those of the field. In round millions of dollars, our total exports, in 1887, were as follows:—

The field	$41,000,000
The forest	20,000,000
Fisheries	7,000,000
Mines	4,000,000
Manufactures	3,000,000
Furs	2,000,000
Miscellaneous	1,000,000
Total	$78,000,000

In this classification I have made a departure from that of the trade and navigation tables. In the 'field' (agriculture) I have included 'animals and their products,' except 'furs,' which I have classified separately.

These figures, striking as they are do not fully express the relative importance of agriculture. Among the considerations which emphasize that expression are the following:—1. The forest products exported are more nearly in a raw state, like deals, planks, etc., and do not represent the employment afforded that field products do, the latter including such products as cattle, cheese, butter, grain, etc. (2.) forests products belong only to the new phase of the country, and must wane with its development, while the field is the present backbone and the future promise of the country; and our highest prosperity in the future will be contingent upon its best and continuous expansion and improvement, which both are possible.

Now, an analysis of the exports of our most important and valuable agricultural resources will show there is one special branch of the industry which overtops the other branches, even as agriculture itself stands higher than our other resources. We exported in 1887 in round million dollars:—

Cheese and butter	$ 8,000,000
Horned cattle	6,000,000
Barley	5,000,000
Wheat	4,000,000
Peas	2,000,000
Flour	2,000,000
Horses	2,000,000
Eggs (nearly)	2,000,000
Sundries	10,000,000
Total	$41,000,000

The dairy export here stand highest of all. Indeed, they exceeded our combined exports of sheep, fruit, bacon, hay, oats, hides, potatoes and wool! They were nearly 20 per cent. of all the agricultural exports, and over ten per cent. of our total exports!

These facts indicate, as far as exports have any meaning, that the dairy is a factor in our industrial economy which is second to no other. It is such a factor in a sense not indicated by figures, for milk production rather than being unduly exhaustivo to the soil is favorable to a system of cultivation which will help to renew the fertility of soil already impoverished by grain cropping. It is the Canadian experience that the intelligent production of milk and the skilful manufacture of its products, brings prosperity to the agriculturist.

The manifest advantages of dairying, and the large place it has in our industrial economy, bespeak a condition of things favorable to the future prosperity and progress of the country.

Unhappily, a further analysis of our dairy exports will greatly modify any self-congratulations. While in a general splendid expansion and rapid growth of our exports, our dairy products, as a whole, have kept pace with the most important of our other exports, one of these dairy products has been steadily falling behind in a most marked degree. The years 1872 to 1887, which increased our total exports from 61 to 78 million dollars or 22 per cent., increased our cheese and butter exports from $5,500,000 to $8,000,000 or 48 per cent.; while our butter exports, instead of showing their share of increase, have actually fallen off from three and a half millions to one million dollars, or no less than 73 per cent.! It, of course, follows that the exports of cheese must have had an almost phenomenal expansion, in order to have given the combined exports so good a showing as they have made. And the actual increase of our cheese exports have, indeed been something striking. From less than two million dollars in 1872 they have grown to over seven million dollars in 1887, an expansion of about 286 per cent.!

The actual reputation abroad of Canadian cheese, compared with what it was before the trade began to assume noticeable proportions, is a flattering confirmation of the conclusions which naturally follow from the study of the above figures. At one time Canadian cheese was exported under an American brand, to give it a better hold on the English market; to-day it is to be feared that shrewd Americans know too well that American cheese will sell better in England if put upon the market as Canadian. The reputation of Canadian cheese is now so good at home, and the success of the Do nion in cheese production has already awakened considerable enquiry as to our methods among our competitors. Both in Denmark, the present butter country *par excellence*, and in Holland, the premier country for milk production and dairy exports, I saw indications of a disposition to study the reason of Canada's success. Incidentally I might remark that for four years the southwestern counties of Scotland have been steadily improving the quality of their cheese under the personal instruction of Canadian cheese makers, who are introducing the Canadian system. The first season the canny Scots were content with the importation of one instructor; but now they are not satisfied with less than two of our best men whom they secure in the most practical, business-like way, by liberal remuneration for what they find to be exceedingly valuable service.

(*See third page*)

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The still form of a little boy lay in a coffin surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. 'You wonder that I care so much,' he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; 'but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time, I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and before I had time to answer, he said, 'Ah, I know why you were not afraid; you had said your prayers this morning before you began your work. I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that time to this, and by God's blessing I never will.

Of Great Utility.
There is no other medicine of such general usefulness in the household as Hagyard's Yellow Oil for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and all internal and external pains and injuries.