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 ly

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7. 1891. NO. 27.

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 ly

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

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

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

G. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence in the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. L. G. deBlois.

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 ly

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

THE
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA,
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

$1,000.00
GIVEN AWAY
:BY:
THE WILMOT CORSET CO.,
South Farmington, N. S.
For particulars apply to:
Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, Mrs. L. C. Wheelock,
C. H. Schaffner, R. D. Beals,
S. Harris & Son, Mrs. Anakey,
G. I. Letteney & Bro.
Feb. 11th, 1891. 1y

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS
THOMAS DEARNESS
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.
N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Halifax Commercial College
Opens September First,
in the commodious rooms over Le Bon Marche, 93 BARRINGTON STREET.
A Live School for the Training of Live Business Men.
Thorough instruction in Book-keeping, Banking, Commercial Law, Business Penmanship and Correspondence, Business Arithmetic, Stenography, Type Writing, etc.
Persons of both sexes taught to earn a living, and carefully prepared for good positions.
Business men supplied with competent assistants—GRADUATES OF THIS COLLEGE.
Terms reasonable. For information address S. E. WHISTON, Principal,
163m 7 Brunswick St., Halifax, N. S.

$6000.00 a year is being made, by John L. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader you may now make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE to every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & Co., PORTLAND, MAINE.

A. W. MOORE,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Painter, Grainer and Decorator.
Fresco Painting in all Branches.
Paper Hanging, Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewashing, Coloring, Etc., specialties.
Ceilings thoroughly whitened and cleaned without injury to Furniture or Carpets.
Estimates given. All jobbing punctually attended to.

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

DR. FOWLER'S
EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC and CRAMPS
DIARRHŒA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any daily intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year. Reader, if you want SOLID, Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY FOR PATENTS
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.
Feb. 11th. 1y

Executors' Notice.
ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES G. CHARLTON, late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to
JOHN H. CHARLTON, } Executors.
HENRY S. CHARLTON, }
Lawrencetown, March 31st, 1891. tf

UNDERTAKING.
Messrs. ROOP & SHAW
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Beg to announce to the public that they intend carrying on the Undertaking Business at Middleton, and have now in stock a varied and comprehensive line of
Caskets, Coffins, Trimmings,
AND ALL OTHER FURNISHINGS.
Parties requiring their services can rest assured of prompt and satisfactory attention, at most reasonable charges.
ROOP & SHAW.
Middleton, June 16th, 1891. 11 tf

BURDOCK
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.
BLOOD
CURES
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE. SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH. DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES
BITTERS

TIRED
How often we hear people say, "I'm tired," and when they have really not done any thing to make them feel so. It is not that they have been working hard, but that
TIRED
feeling that they experience is caused by the system being run down, and they require a good bracing medicine to build them up—to bring about the desired result they should take Estey's Iron Tonic—then that
TIRED
feeling will soon pass away. It builds up the system; strengthens the muscles; tones the appetite, and makes you feel like a new person. Sold by all dealers.

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

NOTICE.
The Packet schooner TEMPLE BAR will ply as usual between this port and St. John, N. B.
LIME and SALT
constantly kept for sale.
J. H. LONGMIRE, Master.
Also—Schooner NANCY ANNA, W. R. LONGMIRE, Master, will run on same route.
When schooners are not in port, apply to
Capt. P. NICHOLSON,
150 tf Bridgetown, N. S.

Dr. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
are not offered to the public as a remedy for all diseases, but for every form of
INDIGESTION,
and the innumerable train of sadly distressing symptoms arising therefrom, these Pills are decidedly the most infallible remedy ever offered to the public.
For the removal of DYSPEPSIA in all its forms, CHRONIC DISEASES OF THE LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE, IRREGULAR ACTION OF THE HEART, etc., these Pills are emphatically
THE REMEDY.
Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.
PREPARED ONLY BY
F. L. SHAFFNER, Middleton, Annapolis Co., N.S.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO
JOB WORK
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
We have increased facilities for turning out
FINE WORK
—such as—
NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, MEMO. HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS.
POSTERS, DODGERS, PROGRAMMES, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, TICKETS, ENVELOPES, ETC., ETC.
Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
always on hand.
Estimates Furnished, Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.
Address,
"MONITOR" OFFICE,
Bridgetown, N. S.

PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.
I am devoting my time to tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs, and any orders sent to me at Truro will receive my attention in my annual turn through the province. Intending purchasers will do well to communicate with me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am willing to order for small commission.
4 tf G. O. GATES, Truro, N. S.

A Large Stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S HAND-MADE LONG BOOTS.
CLOTHING IN GREAT VARIETY
TWEEDS AND FLANNELS.
—A Fine Line of—
HORSE BLANKETS, SURCINGLES, HALTERS, ROBES, &C.
All of which will be sold way down Low.
B. STARRATT.
Paradise, Oct. 29th, 1890. 30 tf

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.
JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, 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.

Established 1873.
THE WEEKLY MONITOR.
ISSUED ON WEDNESDAY,
At Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S.,
M. K. PIPER, Proprietor and Publisher.
TERMS $1.50 per annum, if paid within three months; if not, $2.00.
ADVERTISING RATES.
One square, (12 inches), one insertion.....$1.00
Twenty-five cents each continuation.
One square, one year.....$10.00
Two squares, one year.....15.00
A liberal discount to regular advertisers, and full information given on application.
Advertisers are respectfully requested to hand in their matter as early in the week as possible.
Copy for changes, to secure insertion, must be in our hands not later than TUESDAY NOON.
JOB PRINTING
of all kinds, plain and fancy, executed at short notice. Neat work, good paper, and reasonable prices. Pamphlets for lodges, societies, and catalogues, put up in any style required.
News items from all parts of the County respectfully solicited.
Births, deaths and marriages inserted free of charge.
Address all business letters or correspondence to "MONITOR" Office, or
R. S. McCORMICK, Manager.

Poetry.

In Good Time.

Oftimes, in sunny morning hours,
The cheeriest season ever,
We say: "This day must not pass by
Without some grand endeavor."
And this we mean from honest hearts
To make and not to shun it;
But when the evening curtain falls,
Alas! we have not done it.

But we, perhaps, take up instead
Some little grievance gladly,
And magnify its puny form
And gaze upon it sadly,
When, maybe, this faint, tiny spark
That we are hourly fanning
Is but a part of some good work
That God for us is planning.

"There is a wheel within a wheel,"
Albeit we little heed them,
And some machines need sharpened blades
And needle points to feed them.
And so it is, in this strange life,
Through which we journey blindly,
But when the needful knife probes deep
We do not take it kindly.

The time will come for those who bear
Their ills as God anointed,
When they shall read earth's mysteries—
A time by Heaven appointed.
Then let us calmly watch and wait
With trusting spirits ever,
Still carrying out from day to day
Some good and grand endeavor.

A Bright Little Bird.

A bright little bird, perched upon a lone spray,
Swelled its throat in a song, loudly thrilling, one day;
So clear the notes rang through the wild, leafy grove
That I paused in mute wonder, forgetting to move.
"How happy that bird!" I thought with a sigh,
As her sweet, plaintive notes on the breeze wafted by.

I drew near the singer, by music entranced;
My eyes o'er its brier perch rovingly glanced;
Ah! a nest lay there wrecked, her birdlings were slain,
And hence rose that soul-stirring, plaintive refrain.
Like the song of this heart-broken bird on the wing,
Are some noble lives—deeply sad while they sing!

Of deep, deadly sorrow each heart hath a share;
Don't repeat your own troubles for others to bear;
Let them lie deeply hidden; sing proudly and high;
Let your soul thrill with song, wafting up to the sky;
Smile on, and sing on; cheer the sad and the weak;
'Tis the noblest "career" that a true heart can seek.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Select Literature.

The Diamond Necklace.

She was one of those pretty and charming girls who are sometimes, as if by a mistake of destiny, born in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectation, no means of being known, understood, loved, wedded, by any rich and distinguished man; and she let herself be married to a little clerk at the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was as unhappy as though she had really fallen from her proper station, since with women there is neither caste nor rank, and beauty, grace and charm act instead of family and birth. Natural fineness, instinct for what is elegant, suppleness of wit, are the sole hierarchy, and make from women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

She suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born for all the delicacies and all the luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her dwelling, from the wretched look of the walls, from the worn out chairs, from the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who hid her humble housework aroused in her regrets which were despairing, and distracted dreams. She thought of the silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, lit by tall bronze candelabra, and of the two great footmen in knee breeches who sleep in the big arm chairs, made drowsy by the heavy warmth of the hot air stove. She thought of the long salons fitted up with ancient silk, of the delicate furniture carrying priceless curiosities, and of the coquettish perfumed boudoirs made for talks at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner, before the round table covered with a table cloth three days old, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup tureen and declared with an enchanted air, "Ah, the good pot au feu! I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry which peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvellous plates, and of the whispered gallantries which you listen to with a sphinxlike smile, while you are eating the pink flesh of a trout or the wings of a quail.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that; she felt made for that. She would so have liked to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go and see any more, because she suffered so much when she came back.

But, one evening, her husband returned home with a triumphant air, and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "here is something for you."

She tore the paper sharply and drew out out a printed card, which bore these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Ramponneau request the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had awful trouble to get it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated eye, and she said, impatiently:

"And what do you want me to put on my back?"

He had not thought of that; he stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theater in. It looks very well, to me."

He stopped, distracted, seeing that his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

But, by a violent effort, she had conquered her grief, and she replied, with a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress, and therefore I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I."

He was in despair. He resumed;

"Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress, which you could use on other occasions, something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally, she replied, hesitatingly:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with 400 francs."

He had grown a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun and treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre, with several friends, who went to shoot larks down there of a Sunday.

But he said:

"All right. I will give you 400 francs. And try to have a pretty dress."

The day of the ball drew near, and Mme. Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? Come, you've been so queer these last three days."

And she answered:

"It annoys me not to have a single jewel, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I shall look like distress. I should almost rather not go at all."

He resumed:

"You might wear natural flowers. It's very stylish at this time of the year. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

But her husband cried:

"How stupid you are? Go look up your Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're quite thick enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy:

"It's true. I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told of her distress.

Mme. Forestier went to a wardrobe with a glass door, took out a large jewel box, brought it back, opened it and said to Mme. Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross, gold and precious stones of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the glass, hesitated, could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"Haven't you any more?"

"Why, yes. Look. I don't know what you like."

All of a sudden she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds, and her heart began to beat with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, outside her high-necked dress, and remained lost in ecstasy at the sight of herself.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anguish:

"Can you lend me that, only that?"

"Why, yes; certainly."

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel made a great success. She was prettier than them all, elegant, gracious, smiling and crazy with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, endeavored to be introduced. All the attaches of the Cabinet wanted to waltz with her. She was remarked by the Minister himself.

She danced with intoxication, with passion, made drunk by pleasure, forgetting all, in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness composed of all this homage, of all this admiration, of all these awakened desires, and of that sense of complete victory which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She went away about 4 o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight, in a little deserted anteroom, with three other gentlemen whose wives were having a very good time.

He threw over her shoulder the wraps which she had brought, modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wanted to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

"Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will go and call a cab."

But she did not listen to him, and rapidly descended the stairs. When they were in the street they did not find a carriage; and they began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen whom they saw passing by a distance.

They went down toward the Seine, in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of the ancient noctambulant coupes which, exactly as if they were ashamed to show their misery during the day, are never seen around Paris until nightfall.

It took them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and once more, sadly, they climbed up homeward. All was ended, for her. And as to him, he reflected that he must be at the Ministry at 10 o'clock.

She removed the wraps which covered her shoulders before the glass, so as once more to see herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She had no longer the necklace around her neck!

Her husband, already half undressed, demanded:

"What is the matter with you?"

She turned madly toward him:

"I have—I have—I've lost Mme. Forestier's necklace."

He stood up distracted.

"What!—how—impossible!"

And they looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere. They did not find it.

He asked:

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?"

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes. Probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you, did you notice it?"

"No."

They looked, thunderstruck, at one another. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route which we have taken, to see if I can't find it."

And he went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without fire, without a thought.

Her husband came back about 7 o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to Police Headquarters, to the newspaper offices to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies—everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least suspicion of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face; he had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. "That will give us time to turn round."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and they went to the jeweler whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madam, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler, searching for a necklace like the other, consulting their memories, sick both of them with chagrin and with anguish.

They found, in the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they looked for. It was worth 40,000 francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for 34,000 francs, in case they found the other one before the end of February.

Loisel possessed 18,000 thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking 1,000 francs of one, 500 of another, 5 louis here, 3 louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked his signature without even knowing if he could meet it; and frightened by the pains yet to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and of all the moral tortures which he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, putting down upon the merchant's counter 34,000 francs.

When Mme. Loisel took back the necklace Mme. Forestier said to her, with a chilly manner:

"You should have returned it sooner. I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Mme. Loisel for a thief?

Mme. Loisel now knew the horrible existence of the needy. She took her part, moreover, all on a sudden with heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rosy nails on the greasy pots and pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts and the dish cloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, her basket on her arm, bargaining, insulted, defending her miserable money sou by sou.

Each month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked in the evening, making a fair copy of some tradesman's accounts late, at night he often copied manuscript at five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything, with the rates of usury and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Mme. Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households, strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew and red hands she talked loud while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window, and she thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so feted.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? who knows? How life is strange and changeful! How little a thing is needed for us to be lost or to be saved!

But, one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Ulysees to refresh herself from the labors of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Mme. Loisel felt moved. Was she going to speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid she was going to tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good day, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain good wife, did not recognize her at all, and stammered:

"But—madam!—I do not know—You must have mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough since I have seen you, days wretched enough—and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace which you lent me to wear at the Ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another just like it. And for this we have been ten years paying. You can understand that it was not easy for us, us who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad."

Mme. Forestier had stopped.

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very like."

And she smiled with a joy that was proud and naive at once.

Mme. Forestier, strongly moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth at most 500 francs!"

A True Snake Story.

REPTILES ATTACK A MAN AND HIS HORSES AND FORCE THEM TO FLEE.

While Frank Oldham, a young farmer living southeast of Pendleton, was harrowing a piece of new ground one Saturday he aroused from slumber two ugly and enormous black snakes, measuring about twelve feet, that immediately showed fight. They first made a rush at the young man and tried to coil themselves around his legs, but he escaped from their slimy embrace and made for the fence, closely pursued by the serpents.

When the snakes saw that Frank was out of their reach on the fence they returned to the horses, which had been left standing still attached to the harrow. Soon the horses were noticed to be rearing and kicking and performing acrobatic feats that would surpass Barnum's trained equines.

The man, mustering up his courage, armed himself with a fence rail and hastened to the relief of his team. He found one reptile coiled around the fore leg of one horse and the other snake around one of the hind legs of the other horse. The serpents struck the defenseless animals repeatedly, while the air resounded with a peculiar hissing noise. After a struggle of about thirty minutes the farmer succeeded in beating off the reptiles and releasing the scared team. He then mounted the harrow and a chase commenced, the horses at full speed dragging the harrow and Frank, with the snakes in close pursuit. The fleeing team raised a cloud of dust, and when it reached the opposite side of the field the snakes were lost to view. A party with guns and clubs were quickly organized to search for the snakes, but was unable to find them.

—The accumulations of the Dead Letter office are a constant proof of the lamentable ignorance that prevails relative to the postal laws. The packages of unmailable matter, the documents with short postage, the misdirected letters, the attempts to smuggle goods in the mails, all show how much time, trouble and expense is lost to those who fail to obtain information which can easily be procured.

STELLAR WORLDS.—In the last generation the astronomers had found, with telescopic aid, some 320,000 worlds in the deep blue; but the star-seekers of to-day have called to their aid the wonderful power of photography, and thereby have found no fewer than 100,000,000, while they expect to double the number. Great and marvellous are the works of God!—*Selected.*

Beautiful Banff, N. W. T.
"I was induced to used your Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and general debility and found it a complete cure which I take pleasure in recommending to all who may be thus afflicted."—James M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T.

—There are two ways of getting through this world. One way is to make the best of it and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay.

—Rev. A. W. Mann, the pioneer deaf mute preacher, writes: "The ratio of deaf mutes to the hearing is as 1 to 1,600, so there are over 40,000 in the United States and about 1,000,000 in the world."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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

The Way to Speak to Boys.

Many years ago a certain minister was going on Sunday morning to his Sunday-school room. He walked through a number of streets, and, as he turned the corner, he saw assembling around a pump, a party of little boys, playing at marbles. On seeing him approach, they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, before he could succeed in gathering up his marbles the minister had come close to him and placed his hand upon his shoulder. They were face to face, the minister and the little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? That is what I wanted you to notice.

He might have said to him, "What are you doing there! You are breaking the Sabbath! Don't you deserve to be punished?"

But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?"

"No," said the boy, "I haven't."

"Then," said the minister, "I'll help you." Whereupon he knelt down and began to look for the marbles; and as he did so, he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when I was a little boy, very much; and I think I can beat you; but," added he, "I never play marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was now arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister said:

"I'm going to a place where I think you would like to be; will you come with me?"

Said the boy, "Where do you live?"

"In such and such a place," was the answer.

"Why, that is the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as he did not suppose that a kind man and a minister of the Gospel could be the same person.

"Yes," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you'll come with me, I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; I can't go."

"But," said the minister, "here's a pump—why not wash?"

Said the boy, "I'm so little I can't wash and pump at the same time."

"Well," said the minister, "if you'll wash I'll pump."

He at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and pumped, and the boy washed his face and hands till they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet and I don't know how to dry 'em."

The minister pulled out a clean pocket-handkerchief and offered it to the boy.

Said the boy, "But it's clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in the streets of a large city when a tall man rapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to Sunday-school, and you pumped for him, and spoke kindly to him, and took him to Sunday-school?"

"Oh!" cried the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman," I was that boy. I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you and say that it is to your kindness, and wisdom, and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me persuasively, that I owe under God, all that I have attained, and that I am at the present day."

A Divorce Case.

What is, under the circumstances, a singular divorce case has been recently decided at Rome. A couple—the man a Protestant, the woman a Catholic—were married over four years ago, at Bridgeport, Conn., by a Methodist minister. The man subsequently joined the Catholic Church and applied for an ecclesiastical divorce, claiming that a Methodist marriage was not recognized by the church. The ecclesiastical board at Hartford declared the marriage valid; the man then appealed to the archiepiscopal tribunal at Boston, and there the Hartford decision was reversed; then the question was appealed finally to Rome, where the marriage has been declared binding and the divorce refused. The man had meanwhile been living with a second wife.

—An old soldier, named Maloney, who has just died in Greenwich Workhouse, and was buried in a pauper's grave, claimed to have saved the Queen's life sixty-nine years ago. According to his story the Queen then a little girl, was being driven in Kensington Gardens by the Duchess of Kent when the ponies bolted. The little Princess was jerked out, and Maloney always contended that he caught her in his arms, thus saving her life. The Duchess of Kent gave him a sovereign and promised him further reward, and from time to time he received sums from Windsor in answer to appeals, but his full claim was never admitted, although it was acknowledged that he acted with promptitude and gallantry on the occasion.

—Women are rapidly making their way into the faculty of medicine in England. No fewer than 107 students attend the London School of Medicine for Women. Nine ladies who presented themselves for examination at the University of London all passed and took their M. B. degree. One gained triple first-class honors and another had a remarkable success in the examination of the Royal University of Ireland.

True Faith.
"I have great faith in Burdock Blood Bitters as a blood purifier. I have taken three bottles for bad blood and find it a perfect cure. It is a grand medicine and I recommend it wherever I go."—Ida Sanderson, Toronto, Ont.

—It is 131 years since Canada passed into the hands of Great Britain, and when the French dream of domination on this continent came to an end.

—The worst cases of scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases of the blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—The London and Westminster Bank, of London, G. B., was robbed of a million dollars by sneak thieves last Monday.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.