Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1894. NO. 14.

Professional Cards.

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Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.

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Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

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BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
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Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

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

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

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

NOTICE!
LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN.
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O. S. MILLER,
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Real Estate Agent, etc.
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BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

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

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
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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 first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29tf

—MAGISTRATES BLANKS AT THIS OFFICE.

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

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

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

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

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

HATS! HATS!

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

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

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

CINCINNATI, 1888. PARIS, 1889.
World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.
Awarded the HIGHEST HONORS covering the essential and vital points claimed.

IT'S THE BEST—first, last, and all the time.
JAS. A. GATES & CO., SOLE AGENTS, MIDDLETON, N. S.

LOOK HERE!

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

FINEST GOODS

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

Prices are Away Down!

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

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

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

Carriages
—AND—
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!

As the season for Carriages, Road Carts, and other appliances for the spring and summer travel is again approaching, I take the liberty of informing past patrons and intending purchasers that I am in a position to supply them with anything in that line they may desire, and that I am also interested in the sale of all kinds of

Agricultural Implements
from the well-known firm of
BLIGH & PRINCE.
Mowers (single or double), Rakes, Ploughs, Harrows, Forks, &c.
Call and inspect. Prices as low as any or all dealers.
W. C. FEINDEL.
Middleton, March 6th, 1894. 6 i 131

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

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

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

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

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 19 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

CARRIAGES!

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

GAVE HER MORPHINE.

The Story told by Mrs. Justus Mowry of St. John, N. B.

To a reporter of a St. John paper Mrs. Justus Mowry of of that city told the following story: Mrs. Mowry was for two years a horrible sufferer from chronic indigestion. She could not sleep without the use of morphine. Her stomach was so weak she could scarcely eat any kind of food without suffering immediate pain. In fact she seemed to have pains and aches all over her body, and became so nervously weak and prostrated that she was unable to attend to her household duties. She tried a great many medicines and the doctors were prescribing for her nearly all the time, but she could get no relief. Sometimes for 24 hours at a time her suffering from cramps would be almost beyond endurance. Many a night it was necessary to sit by her bedside and administer dose after dose of morphine. After such an experience she would be thoroughly exhausted and was never in good health. She could not eat or sleep, and these horrible attacks made even the dread of death seem less than the torture of living. To be sure morphine relieved her, but the after effects of its frequent use were almost as bad. Words are powerless to describe her sufferings. Her friends feared she would die. Finally she told her husband to get a bottle of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and she would try it instead of morphine. Now mark the result. Before she had finished the first bottle, taken in conjunction with Hawker's liver pills, she could eat meat without any discomfort, something she had been unable to do before for months. She only took three bottles of the tonic altogether, and it completely restored her to health. Mrs. Mowry is still in splendid health, with no return of her former trouble, and she states she has no hesitation in telling any one that these remedies have restored her from a state of horrible suffering to perfect health.

Fellow sufferers hear is encouragement for you. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh-builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. Is is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure condition of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hysteria, and the prostrating effects of la grippe or any nerve weakness of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body or excess of any nature.

Hawker's tonic is especially adapted to the diseases peculiar to women, giving tone to the nerves and stomach, vigor to the mind and body and strength to the blood, restoring the bloom of health to the pale and delicate. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic can be obtained from all druggists and dealers. Price fifty cents a bottle or six bottles $2.50.

Dr. Weldon's Bill.

The bill to disfranchise corrupt electors introduced by Dr. Weldon, of Albert, and which is now likely to become law, principally provides, (1) that the election court shall be the court for the election of this act; (2) that twenty-five electors may, within sixty days after an election, demand an enquiry into alleged bribery at an election, and the court shall assign a judge to make such enquiry, and following this comes a series of provisions arranging machinery for enforcing the act, and the conduct of the court and trial; (3) the judge shall report the names of all bribe takers, but not until opportunity for defence has been offered; (4) the report is to be published in the Canada *Gazette*, and the revising barrister shall then disfranchise said corrupt elector for the next seven years; (5) the taking of a bribe may be directly or indirectly and disqualifies equally for agreeing not to vote as for agreeing to vote; (6) and with each petition for enquiry must be deposited the sum of five hundred dollars.

Marrying Deceased Wife's Sister.

The Earl of Dunraven lately moved in the House of Lords the second reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister bill. He said that the experience of the United States and Canada which did not forbid a man's marrying his deceased wife's sister, was a sufficient refutation of the objection of the bishops. It was a hardship and a cause of expense that a man, to marry his deceased wife's sister and legitimize her children by her, must go abroad to have the ceremony performed. Lord Herschell, the Lord Chancellor, spoke in favor of the bill. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lords Selborne and Dudley spoke against it. The bill was lost by a vote of 129 to 120.

The Prince of Wales, Lord Rosebery and most of the liberals supported the bill. Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Norfolk, most of the other Tories and some twenty bishops opposed it.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—All cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relieved in 30 minutes, and quickly cured by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by DeBlois & Primrose.

Poetry.

A Sermon in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart,
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's eyes,
Share them, and by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying:
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the hand.
Should a brother workman dear,
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seed of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow;
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a Friend.

The Boy and the Birds.

A merry boy one summer day,
Within a garden fair was found;
His heart was full of childish play,
While sunshine beamed on all around,
When o'er his head a bird he spied
Alighting on a branching tree;
And picking up a stone he cried,
"Now swift and sure my aim shall be!"

Just then there came a gush of song
So sweet, the boy grew hushed and still:
He heard the notes so clear and strong,
Which seemed the summer air to fill.
His arm fell down, his heart was stirred,
He felt he could not harm the bird.

Select Literature.

(Written for the Monitor.)

The Wreck of the Hungarian.

BY BERYL G. JAMES.

CHAPTER I.

Thursday morning in the last of March—a typical spring day in old England. In the country lanes the yellow primroses are timidly peeping from underneath the hedges. In unexpected places the passer-by would meet a faint spicy odour; perhaps he is some honest smock-coated labourer who scarce discerns the difference between it and the aromatic perfume of the spruces. Another step, and lo! where lately golden kirtle trailed, the ground is purple with great clusters of violets. A few fleecy white clouds rival the hue of the lambs racing over the meadows, and the air is all a-twitter with the songs of birds.

Standing on the cliff at Plymouth, another but not less fair sight meets the eye,—the broad expanse of water blue as only the sea can be on a summer day; the little fishing hamlet nestling close to the base of the cliff, with its weather-beaten cottages so near the sea that the spray on stormy days splashes the windows. But to-day there is no suspicion of a storm. It would be too cruel to hint of wreck and possible death in the face of the sparkling water. There may have been wreck, many a good ship might lie buried near those rocks over there, many a fishing smack been thrown bottom uppermost on the shore; but to-day the waves are dimpling, and with soft gentle murmurs curling around the sides of the good ship *Hungarian*, whose huge hulk lies motionless on the water waiting for the tide.

The *Hungarian* was an English vessel, bound for Nova Scotia with a load of goods of English manufacture. Most of the crew were already on board, but the golden sunbeams were witnessing a few sad farewells which wrung the hearts of the rough sailors as hard as ever were wrung hearts of ancient knights setting off in quest of fortune.

"Doant's tak' on so, Doris," and a stalwart young sailor gently unclasped a pair of clinging arms: "'twill only be for a few months, and if all goes well the next time I ship I'll be leavin' you in a cot of our own, and for now mother 'll tak' care of you, wont'ee mother?" "Aye, that I will lad, that I will," and good bustling Mrs. Martin gave her son's young bride a hearty pat on the shoulder, "Why Doris, that's not the way for a sailor's wife to act; why, if I'd took on so every time my man left"—"O Doris'll mak' as brave a sailor's lass as you were mother. See there, now, she's smiling," said Tom Martin in a tone of relief, man-like not noting the agony which lay behind the glimmer of the smile which lighted up his wife's pale face; and Tom began putting on his cap and jacket.

"There goes Jake and his sweetheart: you'll come down to the wharf and see us off, wont'ee Doris?" "Do you think I wouldn't see all I can Tom," and Doris ran into her little bedroom for a moment to nerve herself for the parting. Only a poor unlettered sailor's wife, but to her was given some of that wisdom which is said to be revealed unto babes. For the sight, the very sound of the name *Hungarian*, seemed to numb her very heart-strings. With tears and prayers she had besought Tom not to take that trip. She could give no reason, but that she felt it would be unlucky, and although Tom would have stayed for her sake he would not be laughed at by the boys as having been swayed by a woman's whim.

But Doris has dried her eyes and risen from her knees. If Tom must go, she will send him off with as calm a face as the other women sent their husbands: and what was in her heart—God knew.

The wharf presented a gay spectacle. The girls and women in holiday attire, and the men with smiles on their lips, laughing and joking, filled already with some of the buoyancy possessed by the dancing waves; and when the ship weighed anchor and like a bird, spreading her sails skimmed over the water, a great hurrah burst from the sailors and was answered by those on shore.

"Eh, but she's a brave sight," they told each other, "happen we'd like to sail in her ourselves." But to Doris the beautiful ship, with her white sails and gentle motion, suddenly took the form of a huge, black coffin. The golden sunshine glimmered for a moment, then was blotted out; the soft murmur of the sea changed to a hoarse roar; angry billows swallowed her up.

"What's the matter up yonder?" cried one of the spectators, turning regretfully to go home.

"Nowt, but Tom Martin's wife in a fit or swond or summat like that," was the light reply.

"Ah well, poor thing, she'll get used to it after a while," and as they walked homeward they talked of what Alf. and Dick were going to bring them when they came back from Nova Scotia.

Aye, throw away the grasp of care lassies, bask in the sunshine, elude the hand of grief as long as possible, pluck every golden grain in your sheaf of life; but when you come to the whitened mildewed ears,—alas! the awakening.

CHAPTER II.

When, on a Sunday morning in April, the people of Shelbourne drew aside their curtains and looked over the water, nature with tender pitying fingers was spreading a soft cloudy coverlid over the waves, perhaps deftly hiding from sight some ghastly, stricken wreck. They came to her, these "toilers of the sea," in their strength and beauty. Why should careless eyes wonder over them now as shattered and shivered they are sinking into oblivion! But they who looked turned back, in their blindness exclaiming at the fog. The people of Nova Scotia are essentially a church-going people, and when the bells pealed out their invitation that Sunday morning, from all parts the people wended their way to the different churches. One stood on a hill near the water's edge, and the fog having lifted by noon, as the congregation re-crossed the threshold, a fine view met their eyes.

As they carelessly scanned the horizon, one called out: "What's that right over there, boys? Look! see that speck?"

For a moment all strained their eyes. "Well," said an old sailor, slowly, "I don't just like the look of that there speck." "Here, Joe, run and fetch my glass till I spy it; run now, lad!" All waited anxiously until Joe, breathless but triumphant, returned with the glass. It was eagerly raised: then as quickly lowered with the cry,—

"My God! a ship in distress, and sinking before our eyes!"

The glass was quickly passed among the horror-stricken group, but it was seen that the vessel was too far off and sinking too rapidly for them to be of any assistance. Even the rigging was crowded with men, who at that distance, looked like flies. Nevertheless, the men ran for their boats, in the hopes of at least picking up a few poor sailors who might swim until they reached them. But while they were manning the boats,—and in such an hour Nova Scotians are no laggards,—in the light of the peaceful Sabbath morn, before the eyes of those who would have risked their lives to save them, in sight of safety, the ship gave one mighty roll, paused for an instant, with every nerve and sinew quivering,—then plunged bow foremost beneath the waves.

With long, steady strokes, the rowers bent to their oars, and the little crafts seemed to skim over the waves. It was but a very few minutes in reality, although it seemed an age to the watchers, when they began to near the spot where the vessel sank. Nearer, nearer yet! At last they are there. But where lately a terrible tragedy had been enacted, over the spot where doomed eyes have cast a last despairing glance to Heaven and frenzied hearts have with a last wild throb ceased to beat, there is a dead calm. A few pieces of cordage are tossing about as old ocean sullenly rolls to and fro, but look where they will, strive as they may to see some poor struggling wretch, naught meets their eyes but a dull, green waste, with here and there a streak of gray.

The little town of Shelbourne was thrown into quite an excitement, and the weirdness of the tale invested the mysterious ship with an additional halo of interest. But by the time divers could be engaged to begin their gruesome work, ship-owners had begun to fear it might be the *Hungarian*, as she had had sufficient time to reach there since leaving England, and was still unreported. Suspicion was soon changed to conviction, and when it was known for a certainty that the *Hungarian* lay at the bottom of the sea, that, of the gallant young English lads who manned her, not one would ever again pass through the English meadows where the yellow primroses bloom, or ever again lift happy faces to the fair English sky, many a man's face blanched, and many a fair woman's heart grew faint as they read of the terrible tragedy.

The divers were eagerly interviewed. They scanned the corses lying locked in the seas embrace; they brought up cases and cases of goods; but even they could give no reason why a ship, in good condition, should suddenly sink with all on board. Surely no ship would have come from England without knowing anything of the Nova Scotian coast whither she was bound; and above all, right in front of the Shelbourne light house. It was more than a nine days wonder, this terrible tragedy of the sea! But, before the diving was over, one young fellow lay battling with fever, in his delirium babbling about the terrible sights he had seen near the wreck; and with starting eyes, springing from the bed, and again burying his face in the pillows, crying out to his attendants to "take it away! the terrible thing that was haunting him."

He was hastily gathering up goods beside the wreck. There was something awesome to him in the sight of the huge ship, with all her sails set, manned by her ghostly crew, moving with the long slow motion in the swell which was the only sign of the billows tossing overhead. A piece of rigging moved towards him, and as the long, deep sough met his ears, he looked up—to see,—O Heaven, the pity of it! A woman clad in a white flowing garment, with dark hair streaming around her, hands outstretched, as if in supplication; and to complete the terrible picture, where the wide open lids should have revealed eyes, even if fixed with horror, naught was there but two empty sockets,—both eyes were gone. Fixed in the rigging, she seemed to be floating in the dull green ether and the swell suddenly brought her up face to face with the diver. A sudden, violent jerk on the rope; but when his companions had pulled their burden to the surface only an insensible form met their eyes.

Ah! woe to the young and fair who took passage in the *Hungarian*, that ship of ill omen.

CHAPTER III.

The fifteenth anniversary of the wreck of the *Hungarian*. For fifteen years have summer and winter passed, one by one, on their way. The joys and sorrows of fifteen years have blotted the memory of the *Hungarian* entirely from the minds of men. Entirely? Well, perhaps not. In her lonely home beneath the Plymouth cliff, an old gray-headed woman still speaks of her bonny boy who went down in the *Hungarian*, and of his gentle wife who never lived to hear of the disaster; but, broken-hearted at the terrible presentments in which she fully believed, lay beneath the daisies ere the June sun was kissing their golden heads.

In a home on the Shelbourne coast in fair Nova Scotia many lights may be seen flitting about. With bated breath and noiseless, gliding footsteps, the attendants move around, for the lighthouse keeper lies dying.

The blinds are all drawn tightly, but the angel of death has already passed in and laid his mystic sign upon the pallid features of the sufferer. Two hours ago he imperiously ordered a magistrate to be sent for, and so morose and taciture has he become within the last ten or twelve years that, although they feared his words were but the ravings of delirium, a messenger was despatched and was even now returning with the magistrate. A few minutes hurried consultation, then a hasty call brought the doctor to the bedside, and again the bolted door shut out the eager, curious acquaintances.

Within, the thin, querulous voice rose and fell; now high pitched with agony, now broken with remorse, as the dying man described the long, torturing years which had followed the night when his had been the guilty hand which had wrecked the *Hungarian*: his the only form that stood between those brave young lads and life and happiness. The hearts of the two listeners grew chill as they realized how slight a matter had wrecked so many lives. Only a broken bolt which threw the machinery out of working order and made the revolving light stationary. The lighthouse keeper knew of no vessel being expected, and thought it could wait until the next day, and it was that fatal delay which had wrecked his life with the *Hungarian*.

* * * * * * *

When the winter snows were drifting along the highway, they softly covered two graves,—those of Doris and the lighthouse keeper,—which lay, one on each side of the Atlantic, waiting for the cry, "O sea! give up thy dead!"

60,000 Plague Deaths.

AWFUL ACCOUNTS FROM THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

The New York *Herald* has advices from China telling of the plague in Canton and other places. These advices bear the date of May 10, and state that in Canton the disease has carried off tens of thousands of victims in the last two weeks. It reached Hong Kong last week, the alarm became great, threw the colonists and the government of that island, as well as the foreign and native residents of the coast ports into a state of terror and alarm. On Saturday night, May 5, the French and Portuguese consuls there issued a notification proclaiming Hong Kong an infected port. On the Monday following the entire body of foreign consuls united in a representation calling upon the Chinese authorities at Shanghai, to impose quarantine regulations upon all vessels coming from Hong Kong or Canton. The French mail steamer which left Shanghai for Europe on May 12 refused to call at Hong Kong for either mail or passengers, and since then all vessels are giving the port a wide berth. The disease is attended with purplish and black swellings in the glandular regions, in the groin, arm pits, under the knees and in the neck, accompanied by terrible fever, the temperature going at a bound up to 105 and over 108.

It is frightfully rapid in its course. Purging diarrhœa at once sets in and a state of delirium, followed by coma, is reached in three or four days. In bad cases death ensues, the body turning black, putrid and swollen to twice its usual size in the course of twelve to twenty-four hours. Six thousand fatal cases are known to have occurred in one district of Canton—in the old Mohammedan quarter—within a week. A foreign missionary resident in Canton avers that at least sixty thousand people have been carried off. Several medical and other experts were despatched from Hong Kong to enquire into the cause of the plague and they all agreed that it was due principally and primarily to the incredible filth, the abominable habits and dirtiness and poverty of the Cantonese, aided, no doubt, by the prolonged drought, which caused the filth in the open sewers to germinate into hideous forms of life. Some believe that the fondness of the Cantonese for rats as an article of food is largely accountable for the pestilence. None of the European residents of Canton or Hong Kong have been attacked by the plague, which is entirely confined to the Chinese.

Miss Frances Willard.

HONORED ON HER DEPARTURE FROM LONDON FOR NEW YORK.

Liverpool, June 13.—Miss Frances Willard, president of the national Christian Temperance Union, sailed for New York today with her secretary, Miss Anna Gordon, on board the steamer *Teutonic*. Lady Henry Somerset, whose guest Miss Willard has been during her nearly two years' stay in London, escorted the American temperance advocate to Liverpool. Sixty members of the national executive committee of the British Women's Temperance Association bade Miss Willard farewell at the London depot, singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Lady Henry Somerset, previous to the departure of Miss Willard, said: "No woman ever received a more enthusiastic welcome in Great Britain, or rendered more signal service to the various reforms associated with her name, than Miss Willard." She has addressed two immense meetings in Queen's Hall, London, within a month, and no gatherings attracted a greater number of intellectual, thoughtful people, who showed their warm appreciation of her abilities and devotion. Miss Willard leaves friends in all ranks whose universal desire is to have her come again soon. She received hundreds of farewell letters and many beautiful gifts as parting souveniers. The rarest of these gifts was presented to Miss Willard by the officers of the National British Women's Temperance Association. It is an ancient, illuminated missal of the seventeenth century. The pages are adorned with copies from the best specimens of mediæval art. Miss Willard's health has much improved, but her physician, Sir Benj. Ward Richardson, enjoins great caution against overtaxing her strength in routine work and public speaking.

Be Warned.

Don't be a fool; know what you want and refuse to be imposed upon by greedy dealers when they attempt to palm off sore producing substitutes for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure and painless corn cure. Putnam's Corn Extractor is the best, the safest, and only painless corn remedy. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Will be no Congo Trouble.

London, June 21.—Special despatches from Berlin agree with the Berlin Post's statement that Great Britain has agreed to waive the clause of the treaty by which the Congo state was to leave to her the disputed strip of territory. This virtually settles the difficulty between London and Berlin.

—For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for over 40 years.

—Linus, the horse with the long mane, died at Milltown, St. Stephen, Saturday. Chas. H. and Herbert W. Eaton purchased him in Oregon four years ago, when he was five years old, for $7,000. At the time of his death his tail was 21 feet long, mane 17½ feet and foretop 12 feet. He has netted the Eatons $20,000.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, operating through the blood, eradicates the scrofulous taint.

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

The Erie Canal Giving Way to the St. Lawrence.

The Pictou *Advocate* considering the relation of the coal fields of Cape Breton to the greater Canadian commerce and industry which is springing up through the deflection of the export trade of this continent from the Erie canal to the St. Lawrence, points out that the Americans are alive to the fact that Canada is wiping out the influence of their waterways upon American-European trade. "Year by year," says the *Advocate*, "according to the canal reports the trade and navigation of the big American ditch, or Erie canal, which steals our trade, is dropping steadily away, and the European trade and navigation of the American continent is ascending and descending the river St. Lawrence in ever increasing volumes. The Americans deplore it, but they cannot help themselves. The man who seems most fully alive to the fact that the St. Lawrence is beating the Erie route is Governor Flower of New York. In one of his recent messages to the legislature of that state, he said:

"To-day Canada aspires to contest with us for the traffic of the Great Lakes. She has already spent upwards of $20,000,000 in improving and building canals and in deepening channels. She is constructing a new canal through her territory at Sault Ste. Mary, and is making a channel fourteen feet deep all the way from Lake Superior through the Welland canal and St. Lawrence river to the sea.

Think for a moment of the vast wealth centred now in the Canadian territory surrounding the great lakes. There has been no parallel in history to the rapid development of this region. Its industrial and commercial possibilities are almost unlimited. The great wheat fields are there, great acres of timbered land, immense deposits of iron, copper, and the precious metals. The cities of this region must eventually be the greatest centres of wealth and population in the country, and the natural pathway of their products, and those of the vast country beyond them, must ever be through the Great Lakes to the east. Railroads alone cannot carry all the products of this region; development would be checked if dependence was placed upon them. But railways and waterways together, not antagonistic but mutually essential, will, year by year, carry increasing burdens from these treasuries of wealth to the seaboard, and take back the products which industries supply in return. The figures of the lake commerce are already startling. In 1889 the tonnage is said to have been ten millions greater than the combined entries and clearances of all the seaports of the United States, and three millions greater than the combined entries and clearances of Liverpool and London. Statesmanship would be short-sighted which would fail to take consideration of these facts in outlining or establishing a policy of state development. How to attract to and through our own state this enormous traffic should be the subject of careful solicitude. The most practical suggestions are contained in plans for increasing the tonage of the Erie canal."

The reader, continues the *Advocate*, will at once see how anxious the Americans are to attract this mighty volume of commerce from its present tendency to flow down the St. Lawrence, into the melancholy ditch of the Erie canal. But they will not succeed. The laws of economy are stronger than the whims or devices of American statesmen, and because it is cheaper and quicker for the produce of the West to push right on to Europe past Cape Breton, it will, nay is doing so more and more every year."

The Americans have no chance of longer holding the trade of this continent, from circulating in its natural channels of Canadian waters, and we earnestly hope that Canada will awaken to her remarkable advantages in this direction a little more completely.

International Good Will.

The London *Times* referring to the recent demonstration in that city in honor of American naval officers, says:—

The dinner, very properly, was made the occasion of an unusually cordial display of international good will, and was in all respects an occasion worthy of the international sentiment which inspired it. It must always be policy, rather than sentiment, that determines the practical relations between States, but policy itself is affected by sentiment, and the sentiment of yesterday's gathering was indisputably one which must help to render the relation between England and United States more intimate and cordial, and conducive to a friendly and stable understanding in the future. The significance of the occasion is three-fold; first, the recognition of national kinship; second, the compliment to the navy of a kindred power which alone among the nations of the world shares with our own a common inheritance of glory, and last, but not least, it is a spontaneous expression of gratitude to Captain Mahan for the skill and mastery with which he has told the great epic of British naval achievements and awakened in the mind of the nation a new sense of what it owes to its sea-power.

Scarlet Fever Cure.

As scarlet fever has been more or less prevalent within the borders of this county for the past year, we bring the following receipt to the notice of our readers, asking them to give it careful consideration if not a trial. A Canadian lady of culture and intelligence writes: Those who have beheld the fearful ravages of scarlet fever among children, will hail with joy the tidings that a sure and effectual remedy has been discovered, which has never been known to fail in accomplishing the cure of scarlet fever. The remedy is so simple that many doubt its virtues, but the Rev. Geo. Dunbar, of Amityville, states that he has seen the workings of the compound, and does not hesitate to pronounce it wonderful. The receipt is as follows:

Sulphate of zinc, one grain; Foxglove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar. Mix thoroughly; when mixed add three ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. The disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child smaller dose according to age.

The Rev. S. N. Folwell, a Baptist clergyman, residing in Brooklyn, in sending the the receipt to a Brooklyn paper, says: "It will cure scarlet fever. This is the receipt as I have used it, and it saved my children of scarlet fever."

Economy and Strength.

Valuable vegetable remedies are used in the preparation of Hood's Sarsaparilla in such a peculiar manner as to retain the full medicinal value of every ingredient. Thus Hood's Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength and is the only remedy which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently.

—Dr. Sheffield, of St. John, has donated the sum of $1,000 to the Mount Allison university as a memorial to his son, Harry, who was one of the university's popular scholars. The handsome gift will be deposited and the interest will be paid to the members of the graduating class who has taken the highest rank in mathematics during his course.

—R. S. Crowe, Esq., Pleasant Street, Truro, N. S., writes: "It is with pleasure I testify to the great merits of K. D. C. which is undoubtedly worthy