ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1882. NO. 23.

Job Work!

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

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Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Dont delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO.,

Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prices a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves, Don t forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood, in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

HATHEWAY LINE.

Direct Between
BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA
NO TRANSFERS.

Via the staunch sea-going HUNTER, and the all steel Steamship SECRET, in connection with the W. & A. Railway from Halifax, and the W. C. Railway from Yarmouth, and Stage connection with Liverpool.

Until further notice Steamer Hunter will leave Annapolis on Monday afternoon after arrival of Express train from Halifax—for Boston direct. Returning will leave Foster's Wharf, Boston, on Thursday afternoon.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis on Wednesday after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct—landing her passengers in Boston in 26 and 28 hours from Nova Scotia. Returning, leaves Boston on Monday morning.

Close connections made with all Railways and Steamers for West and North West. First class accommodation.

Low Fares and Cheap Freights.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to Station Agents on the W. & A. R. and W. C. Railways, or to John Walsh, Digby.

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

F. W. HATHEWAY, Agent, Annapolis.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
First-Class Route
—BETWEEN—
Nova Scotia and the United States
Via the Splendid
STEAMER "EMPRESS,"
Between St. John Digby and Annapolis.

And thence to PORTLAND and BOSTON via the splendid Steamers of the International Steamship Company.

Superior Accommodation with Fares as Low as by any other Route.

Special Reduced Rates of Fare.

	1st Class Limited to Passage.	1st Class Unlimited Continuous Portland.	1st Class Unlimited to Boston.
Windsor to Boston			
Portland,	$6.50	$8.00	$8.50
Kentville to Boston or Portland,	6.00	7.25	7.70
Annapolis to Boston or Portland,	5.00	5.70	6.20

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

Leaves Annapolis on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons

After arrival of Windsor & Annapolis Railway Express Train from Halifax, Windsor, &c., and will leave Digby after arrival of Express Train, Western Counties' Railway, from Yarmouth, Weymouth, &c., for St. John, where passengers bound West or South can take one of the splendid Steamers of the International Steamship Co., which leave Red's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; C. R. BARRY, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, of also from J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

—(0:0)—

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insuruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Harris Harding Morse, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MARGARET E. MORSE,
J. L. MORSE,
L. S. MORSE,
Executors.

Dated May 31st, 1882. 6m

Schr. "IVICA,"

CAPT. J. H. LONGMIRE, will ply as a Packet between Bridgetown and St. John, N. B., this season. All freight consigned to him carried cheap, and handled with every care.

Also—Plenty of the best

LIME,

at vessel or out of store. Apply to MRS. LONGMIRE, Bridgetown.

ap19n1tf

Something Worth Knowing!

IF YOU WANT TO GET GOOD VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY BUY AT THE

Cheap Cash Store.

Middleton Corner.

Where you will find a New and well assorted Stock of

DRY GOODS,

In great Variety.

LINEN LAP ROBES, Very Cheap.

Tapestry Carpeting from 55c

HEMP AND JUTE CARPETING.

BOOTS & SHOES,

very low.

GROCERIES. CROCKERYWARE, TINWARE, &C

Timothy, Clover and Garden Seeds.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS MILLINER, in the Establishment.

WANTED—Socks, Yarn, Eggs, Homespun, Butter, &c., for which the highest market price will be paid.

S. L. FREEMAN & CO.

Middleton, May 10th, 1882.

New Store,
New Goods.

MIDDLETON STATION.

THE subscriber having just completed the enlargement of his premises respectfully invites the inspection of his new and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

Especial attention is invited to one of the LARGEST STOCKS of Boots and Shoes to be found outside of the Cities, and at prices that defy competition. Ladies' and Misses' Fine KID BOOTS and SLIPPERS a specialty.

Ladies' and Mens' Overshoes and Rubbers.

Also, Crockery, Tuware, and everything found in a well stocked country store.

Always on hand, Flour, Meal, Lime, Salt, etc., at prices as Low as the Lowest.

It is not my intention to advertise impossible prices, but a comparison of prices is cordially invited. Close cash buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

WANTED—100 doz. Good Home-knit Socks, at 25c. per pair; good double and twisted Yarn, at 60c. per lb; Cloth, butter, eggs, at the highest market rate — also, Lumber, Shingles, cordwood, etc,

J. H. CHUTE.

Jany. 16th, 1882. n40tf

Administrators's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of George P. Gesner, late of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WILLIAM Y. GESNER, }
GEORGE R. GESNER, } Admrs.

Granville, June 12, 1882.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food.

Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. **I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.**

Flour and Meal.

THE Subscriber has a large consignment of FLOUR, CORN MEAL and OAT MEAL which he offers for sale at

LOW RATES,

EITHER

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, SUCH AS WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, RYE-STRW, BEANS, POTATOES, ETC.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, January 5th, 1882.

Middleton Hotel,

MIDDLETON, ANNAPOLIS CO., N. S.

C. C. DODGE, Proprietor.

THE Subscriber wishes respectfully to say to the general public that the old well known Middleton Hotel still stands on the old site, and its proprietor is still on the acting side, "hale and hearty."

He thanks the public (travelling and local) for past patronage, and with confidence solicits a continuance of their favors.

No exertion shall be spared (in the future as in the past) by the Proprietor, to make his house a pleasant and agreeable home for all who may take up their abode at his house, permanently or temporally.

A COMFORTABLE CONVEYANCE will attend all trains to convey passengers to and fro.

Good Stabling,

and a respectful, attentive hostler always at call.

☞ Charges Very Moderate.

C. C. DODGE.

Middleton, March 27th, 1882. 1y

John Z. Bent

WILL be found at his OLD STAND opposite the Railway Station, where everything in the way of

Pictures and Framing

will be done at short notice.

—ALSO:—

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches. Caskets and coffins constantly on hand or made to order. Coffin Mountings for sale. A first class HEARSE in attendance, Charges moderate.

Spring Suitings, 1882.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE

"BLUE" STORE.

A choice assortment of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS, WORSTED CLOTHS, WEST OF ENGLAND BROADCLOTHS, &c., of the best value. All orders for Suitings promptly attended to. Fits guaranteed. Terms reasonable.

JOHN H. FISHER,
Merchant Tailor.

Bridgetown, April 16th, 1882.

TREES! TREES!

CORRESPONDENCE solicited, and orders taken from persons desirous in obtaining reliable and hardy varieties of Fruit Trees, profitable for market or garden, viz.: Standard Apple, Pear, Cherry, Plum and Quince. Also—Dwarf Apple, Pear and Cherry trees. Grape vines, Currant and Gooseberry bushes, as well as the rare and beautiful varieties of hardy keeping and upright ornamental trees, hedge plants, shrubs, &c. I am now prepared to give information as to varieties hardy and best suited for market or garden, as well as best method in obtaining such, at moderate prices from the reliable and well known

Rochester Commercial Nurseries,

William S. Little, Esq., proprietor, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies ordering hardy "Hybrid perpetual Roses," roses for house culture, bedding plants, creeping vines, or green house plants, &c., will receive them at a DISCOUNT on retail catalogue prices.

ELLIOTTS' HAND BOOK FOR FRUIT GROWERS supplied to those ordering trees, &c., at 60cts each, retail price, $1.00. Also—ELLIOTS' LANDSCAPE GARDENING, at $1.00 each, retail price, $1.50.

These works will be found invaluable, giving practical information on Fruit and Floral Culture, and well as for beautifying the homestead.

Address all communications, enclosing stamp for reply, to

S. C. PRIMROSE, M. D.,
Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co.

Orders will also be taken at this Office.

FOR $1.00

I will send to any one, by mail postage paid

30 Packets of Seeds!

all different. Among them will be one packet each of WHITE RUSSIAN OATS, FOTLER'S BRUNSWICK CABBAGE, (for which dealers charge 50c. per oz.) CRYSTAL WHITE WAX BEANS, &c.

As good seeds as are grown anywhere, and which would cost, selected from any of the fine catalogues now published, over two dollars. Try them.

JOHN H. HICKS.

Bridgetown, N. S. March 7th, 1881. 47tf

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,
240 Union Street, St. John, N. B

MONCTON Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,

—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria.—If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve & quickly cure.

In this season to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it. (51)

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

Edmund Bent

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Sales attended to promptly in any part of the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made.

Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1880. n50tf

Select Literature.

Little Dot Mortimer.

BY L. T. MEADE.

Old Peter Morley was the mystery of the little village of Sherbourne.

Not that some strange story belonged to him, simply that he had, as far as the neighbors knew, no story at all, and this vexed them and excited their curiosity.

Peter lived in a little, low thatched cottage overgrown with ivy, while in summer roses and honeysuckles drooped from the rustic porch, and the tiny garden in front was full of sweet flowers.

But no one ever gained admittance to the cottage; or did the door ever stand invitingly open.

Peter seldom appeared, and never exchanged pleasant greetings with his neighbors.

The most envied woman in the parish was Mrs. Mortimer, for did not her cottage stand exactly opposite to Peter's house and could she not, by straining her head out of her bedroom window, catch a glimpse of the fire in his little kitchen?

It certainly was not much, but any one with Mrs. Carter's powers of talk and invention would have made much of it.

But all the gossips agreed that this favorable position was quite thrown away on Mrs. Mortimer.

She was a gentle, quiet woman, who never pryed into her neighbors' concerns, unless she could help or comfort them in their troubles, and then she could never be persuaded to talk about them.

But there was one person in the little cottage who took a lively interest in old Peter, and that was Dot, Mrs. Mortimer's little daughter.

She had overheard the remarks of the neighbors with the sharp ears that proverbially belong to such little folk.

She wondered why the old man opposite did not make friends with other people, and whether he was happy.

And she kept wondering day after day and always ended as she began—wondering.

Christmas rose bright and beautiful. It was very cold, and all night long the night frost had been busy weaving a garment for every tree and every hedge of sparkling whiteness.

But no brightness shone in the heart of Old Peter Morley as he sat over his lonely breakfast. He was a tall, fine looking man, with a long white beard, but his face was overshadowed with gloomy bitterness, and on this morning, when all around were rejoicing in the beauty of the day, and many were made glad by the message it brings of peace and joy, his heart remained unlightened, and bitter memories took the place of the sweet thoughts which Christians should inspire.

Suddenly a colder breath of air seemed to fall on him, and a slight rustle made him look up. He was so astonished at what he saw that his pipe slipped from his lips and lay in fragments on the hearth.

For close beside him stood a little figure dressed in blue, while a hood of the same color framed a rosy, dimpled face set round her golden curls. Then, too, the half-opened door was a more visible entrance than fairies are supposed to need.

A sweet little childish voice said, 'Isn't you glad it's Kismas Day?' and a soft fat little hand was thrust in his. Peter did not know what to do or say.

A strange thrill of delight ran through him at the sight of this sweet face, almost unconsciously his fingers closed over the little hand. 'Doesn't you love the bell?' continued the child eagerly.

'I don't know,' said Peter doubtfully; 'they sound pretty enough. But what's your name little gal?'

'My name's Dorothy Mortimer, but mother calls me Dot, 'cos I'se so little. Is you going to church?'

'No, no,' said Peter bitterly. 'I haven't clothes. I don't go to church now.'

'Doesn't you?' said Dot. 'We's going—mother and me. You come too.'

'No, no,' said the old man again. 'I'm not fit to go with you.'

'But,' persisted Dot, "you looks real nice," she added, looking up admiringly at the old man. 'You's like my gan'fader; do come.'

And the end of it was Mrs. Mortimer was certainly a good deal startled to see her little daughter leading the mysterious neighbor up the garden. Dot ran forward to meet her mother with a joyous cry, 'Mother, he's coming too, isn't it nice?' Mrs. Mortimer with gentle tact welcomed Peter and showed no surprise at his unexpected arrival, and they sat out at once.

The little church to which they were going lay quite out of the way of the ordinary village folk, so that they met no curious or wondering glances as they went.

When the sermon began little Dot grew sleepy, and her mother, taking off her hood, was going to lift her on her knee, when old Peter eagerly stretched out his trembling hands, and took the little form in his arms, the pretty golden curls mingling with his long white beard.

God was using a little child to preach to him the gospel of His peace and good-will to men; and the ears, so long deaf to all but the moaning of his own discontent, were opened to hear the message of love and mercy.

The next day the story of Peter's Christmas visit to the church with Mrs. Mortimer and Dot, reached the eager ears of Mrs. Carter, and she paid the widow an early visit in order to find out all the particulars which she felt her neighbor ought to have gleaned. But she was doomed to disappointment.

Mrs. Mortimer had had too much good feeling to have made all the inquiries which her gossip-loving acquaintance would not have failed to make, and could tell her nothing at all about the old man's previous history, or the way in which he gained a livelihood.

Meanwhile Peter seemed to have fallen back into the old routine in which this wonderful Christmas day had made such a break.

It is true that Dot now ran in sometimes, and sat watching him at his work. He was a skilful wood-carver, and occasionally when his carvings were finished, he took them to a neighboring town, where he found a ready sale for them, and his was the mysterious package which had so excited the curiosity of the village matrons.

But though the old man loved the little girl who brought back the memory of his own lost child, yet he was far from happy.

He now knew what it was to have his life brightened by the loving deeds of others, and conscience whispered that he ought to give forth as well as to receive, especially as he could not plead the excuse of poverty. For Peter Morley was not the poor man many thought him; but since those whom he loved had been taken from him, the love of money had sprung up in his heart, hardening it against the world.

A dreadful struggle was going on in the old man's heart between his long-cherished love of money and the holy feelings which Dot's little loving deed had awakened in him.

He had lent money to a tradesman and he knew that poor Dawson's business had been falling for some time, and that he and his large family were very sickly, and that they had very great difficulty in raising the very high interest he had so exactingly demanded.

Peter's better feelings whispered that as more than the original amount lent had been already paid in interest, he should forgive the debt and set Dawson free.

He did not need the money, for he had a sufficient sum in the bank to keep him in comfort when age should rob his hand of its cunning. But his money loving nature was not so easily subdued.

Had he not a right to his own earnings? and if 'folks can't pay, they shouldn't borrow.'

So day by day passed away, and Peter seemed falling back into his old morose self. Even Dot was not always welcome for her loving, happy face and simple prattle reminded him of the sweet message of love and good-will to others which Christmas brings.

The time, too, was drawing near for receiving the monthly payment, and still the conflict went on. But at last the victory was won, and Peter, opening his old desk took out poor Dawson's acknowledgement of the debt, and packing up his work made his way to the town where he transacted his business.

It was late in the morning before he reached Dawson's house.

A miserable fire was burning in the grate, and when the poor man appeared he looked wan and wretched. He began timidly, too evidently fearing some out burst of wrath, 'I'm very sorry, Mr. Morley, I haven't got quite the amount. My and my wife's been ill, and its been a hard push to get it, but we'll try and make it up next time,' and he put the money doubtfully upon the table.

'Sit down, man,' said Peter feeling quite nervous in this unusual work of mercy. 'I've been thinking you've been paying for a long time, and—and—' Peter had prepared quite a proper speech, but it all faded from his memory at the sight of that pale weary face.

'The fact is, Mr. Dawson, I've been hard on you, and I've made up my mind that we'll wipe off the old debt now, and there's your paper, and you'd better burn it.'

Poor Dawson had to grasp the table with both hands, so great was his surprise and agitation, and the words of thanks came slowly; but the feeling which his face expressed was more eloquent than many words. At last, seizing old Peter' hand, he gasped out: 'The Lord bless you for this! Ah, it's such a relief. I'ves had to stint my little ones till they're nearly starved for want of food and fire.' But Peter could not bear many thanks, and with a hearty shake, he took his leave of Dawson. He made his way to a shop and bought a Noah's ark for Dot and a packet of nice tea for her mother, and then turned his face homewards.

Peter certainly had less money than when he left home, but he was not a poorer man; there was a wealth of quiet peace and happiness in his soul such as he had never possessed before.

His heart was so light that, as he walked along, he actually began to whistle a gay air—a thing he had not done for years. Even the passers-by noticed his happy face, and more than one remarked that 'The old chap's cheerful-like.'

Peter did not fail to make his appearance at Mrs. Mortimer's just as the widow was putting on the kettle for their tea.

The Noah's ark was duly presented, and was the source of great joy to the little girl, and, if any curious neighbors had happened to call they would have been astonished to find the grim stranger sitting on the brick floor, busily engaged in making the animals follow Noah and his family with due decorum.

Dot's friendship with old Peter grew stronger every day.

She soon enlisted his sympathies in her benevolent exertions on behalf of all distressed animals, and, to her great delight, soon succeeded in establishing in his cottage a dog with three legs and an afflicted raven.

Peter's little house was never 'lonesome' again, for, besides constant visits from his little neighbor, he often, on his return from the neighboring town, brought back one or two of the pale little Dawsons to see what fresh air and country life could do for them.

What a happy day their next Christmas was!

Mrs. Mortimer's little house was taxed to its utmost limit, and Peter was obliged to bring over his own chairs for the company.

He provided the dinner, and invited Dawson and his family to share it with them, and a happier and merrier party could not be found.

But Mrs. Mortimer's eyes often wandered to Peter's pretty Christmas present, which hung over the mantel piece.

It was a beautifully carved likeness of her little girl, just as he had first seen her—her sweet, dimpled face shaded by the soft curls, and framed by the folds of her little hood, and underneath were cut in rustic letters the words, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Back to Life.

HOW THE APPARENTLY DROWNED CAN BE RESUSCITATED.

When a boy is nearly drowned and is fished out within five or ten minutes, the fish-market men, the fishing sailors, and the spectators usually put and end to what little life is left in him by rolling him on a barrel. It is supposed to be the surway of bringing an almost drowned person back to life and respiration, when it is, in reality the surest method of driving out what little life is left, and of sending a boy into the next world with his skin torn full of nail holes.

A reporter for the *Mail* was walking in the vicinity of the Fulton Ferry a few days ago, in the company of one of the officers attached to the life-saving service. There was a rush of people to the Fulton Market slip, and the officer and reporter joined the crowd to see the excitement. 'It was nothing,' one of the spectators said, turning to go away; 'only a boy drowned!' The life-saving officer elbowed his way through the crowd till he was at the water's edge, with the reporter at his elbow. Three of the fishing schooners were tied up at this part of the pier side by side and on the deck of the third lay a naked boy apparently dead. The life-saving officer sprang aboard the nearest schooner and was immediately stopped by a policeman who was on guard—for the boy had been out of the water for some time.

'Stand back,' said the life-saver, 'I am a physician,' and followed by the reporter, he was soon on the deck on which the drowned boy lay.

The officer physician felt the boy's skin, felt for his pulse, drew up one of his eyelids and looked at the pupil, and asked the bystanders how long the boy had been out of the water.

'You can't get no job here unless you are an undertaker,' said one of the men. 'He was stuck in the mud most ten minutes, and has been lyin' here ten minutes more; so, if you fetches him to life, it'll be a little resurrection, and don't you forget it.'

The officer paid no attention to the man's opinions, but devoted his whole time to the boy in a way that seemed to indicate some hope of saving the life that was apparently gone. The boy could not have been colder or more apparently lifeless if he had been dead for a week.

The officer opened the boy's mouth, an operation that required some force, and found it full of mud. Pulling the lower jaw down as far as possible, he introduced one of his fingers, and carefully but quickly cleaned it out. There was enough mud in the mouth to choke the boy if he had not been in the water at all. The officer whisked off his coat; rolled it up into a pillow, and laid it on the deck. With the assistance of two or three bystanders, he turned the boy over on his face and laid him so that the coat-pillow was directly under his stomach. Taking the boy's two ankles in one of his hands and giving them to one of the men to hold up so that the patient's feet were several feet higher than his head, the officer pressed carefully but firmly in the region of the small of his back and immediately a stream of water gushed out of the boy's mouth. It had been all this time in the lungs, waiting only for proper treatment to bring it out. The boy was then, after a minute or two of this exercise, turned over on his back again, and the officer knelt over him. Putting one hand on the boy's right side and the other on the left, just over what is known as the 'short ribs,' the officer gave them a powerful compression, and then suddenly let go. The instant he took off his hands the ribs sprang back to their natural position, and a draught of air rushed into the lungs. This was repeated a dozen times or more, but still the boy was to all appearances a corpse.

'Oh, give us a rest on that,' said another of the men. 'The boy's dead, and that settles it. Can't you let a drowned boy alone?'

The assertion that the boy was dead seemed to be only too true. He looked like a piece of marble, and the reporter suggested that it was not worth while to make any further efforts.

'Why,' said the officer, 'I haven't begun yet. The boy may live and he may not. But he's going to have a fair chance for his life, anyhow. Stand back all of you and give him a little more air.'

Discontinuing for a moment the artificial breathing process, the officer took one of the boy's hands between his own and began to slap it vigorously, at the same time setting three bystanders at work on the other hand and two feet. The reporter relieved the officer at the slapping business, and the latter resumed the rib squeezing process, compressing the boy's frame till he must have cried for mercy if he had been conscious. With four men slapping his hands and feet, the boy must have been unreasonable indeed had he been dissatisfied. But he still lay dead as a stick, and, happily, unconscious.

After about five minutes of this treatment, very much to the surprise of the market men and the reporter, and greatly to the delight of the life-saving officer, the boy gave a gasp for breath.

Just at this moment of triumph the policeman on guard called across the decks, 'Say, you'd better let that boy alone. He's dead enough.'

He redoubled his artificial breathing treatment, and one of the fishing sailors went down into the cabin and soon returned with a tumbler full of not very inviting looking brandy. The boy soon gasped again; had twitched a little in the legs; had rolled his head to one side, and at length had drawn a good-sized breath. The minute he breathed the officer picked up the glass of brandy and poured the liquid down the boy's throat.

'Now get me two or three blankets as quick as you can,' said he, and at the same time he unrolled his coat and laid it over the boy. The patient continued to show more signs of life. He drew short but regular breaths, and raised one hand to his head. Under the influence of the warm brandy in his stomach, and the fresh air in his lungs, he opened one of his eyes.

'He is all right now,' said the officer, getting up with difficulty and straightening the 'kinks' out of his back. 'Wrap him up well in these blankets and put him in a berth. Be sure you make his hands and feet warm. If you have a couple of empty bottles fill them with warm water, cork them up well, and put them against his feet. In ten or fifteen minutes give him another glass of brandy. He will be able to talk to you inside of an hour and tell you where he lives. But he will probably be too weak to walk home; some of you will have to carry him. Come, old fellow (to the reporter) let us go. There is nothing more for us to do.'

The profound respect with which he was treated by the policeman on guard, and the cheers of the crowd on the shore, who knew the boy had been saved from death only through the knowledge and willingness of the life-saving officer, were both thrown away upon him.

'It's the easiest thing in the world,' said he, seated in the cabin of a ferry-boat, 'if you only get at it right. Nine people out of ten who are fished out of the water are not dead. The life is still there, but it is dormant. There are just three things to do in such cases: First, clean all the sand and mud out of the patient's mouth, so he will not choke to death; you saw how I did that. Secondly, drain the water out of his lungs; you saw how easily that was done; but be sure, in doing it, always to have his feet higher than his head. Thirdly, start the respiration; you know how to do that. But I might have gone a little further. If the boy had not begun to show life just as he did, I should have breathed into his lungs to start them up. I should not have given up, at any rate, with less than half an hour's treatment. That is the usual Life-Saving Service method for restoring apparently drowned persons. All our men are taught how to do it, and it is a valuable thing for them to know, as you may easily imagine. The boy? Oh, he'll be all right, ready to try it over again. But maybe some day he'll be saying to himself, 'If only that miserable fellow had minded his own business, and let me die when I was so near gone.'—*New York Mail.*

Charles Reade's True Woman.

Reade, in fact, invented the True Woman. That is to say, he was the first who found her. There have been plenty of sweet and charming women in stories—the patient, loving Amelia; the bouncing country girl, Sophy Western; the graceful and *gracieuses* ladies of Scott; the pretty dummies of Dickens; the inspiring sweetnesses of Thackeray; the proper middle class (or upper-class) girl of Trollope; the conventional girl of the lady novelists. There have also been disagreeable girls especially the bad-style, detestable girl of the 'worser' lady novelists; but Reade—the *tro were*—has found the real woman. You will meet her on every page of all his novels. What is she? My friends, Columbus's egg was the simpler. She is just exactly like a man, like ourselves, but with certain womanly tendencies. Like ourselves, she ardently desires love. She knows that it is the best—the absolutely best—thing the world has to give; that we are all born for love—man and woman alike; that to lack this consummate and supreme blessing is to lose the best part of life. Since she desires above all things to be wooed, and is forbidden to woo on her own account, she conceals her own thoughts, yet, from her own experience in hiding, she is quick at reading the thoughts of others. She is satisfied with nothing less than what she herself gives, which is all herself. Her reserve leads her, in the lower natures, to deceit and falsehood. Her devotion, which is part of her nature, leads her—also in the lower natures—to suspicion and jealousy. She is always in the house, and therefore her mind is apt to run in narrow grooves. The prodigality and wastefulness of men are things beyond her understanding or patience. She is unversed in affairs, and therefore comprehends nothing of compromise. She is generally ill-educated, and therefore is incapable of forming a judgment; hence she is carried away by every wind of doctrine; as, for instance, in matters ecclesiastical, knowing nothing of the Early Church or its history, she believes the poor little Ritualist curate, who knows, indeed, no more than herself; or in art, where, for want of a standard, she is led astray by every fad and fashion of the day, and worships sad-faced flatnesses with rapture; or in dress, where, her taste being uncultivated, she puts on whatever is most hideous and unbecoming, provided it is worn by everybody else.

This is the woman whom Charles Reade presents to us; she is not, at all events, insipid; no real women are; if she is artificial, he shows the real woman beneath. What he loves most is the woman whom fashion has not spoiled; the true, genuine woman, with her natural passion, her jealousy, her devotion, her love of admiration her fidelity, her righteous wrath, her maternal ferocity, her narrow faith, her shrewdness, even her audacity of falsehood when they can serve her purpose, and her perfect abnegation of self.—WALTER BESANT in the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

— An ex-liquor dealer, in an interview with a reporter of the New York *Times*, said: 'In most of the gin sold there will be found oil of vitriol, oil of turpentine, oil of almonds, sulphuric of ether, and extract of grains of paradise. It is in the manufacture of whiskey, however, that the adulterators do their finest work. You can purchase oils and essences from which 'whiskey of any age' can be produced. This style of whiskey, when tested, will show sulphuric acid, caustic potassia, benzine, and nux vomica, and other poisons. This is the sort of stuff that bores into the coating of the stomach and creates liquor.

This adulterated stuff is murderous. In porter you will find opium, henbane, capscum, indicus, copperas, tobacco, and sulphuric acid. In beer, alum, opium, nux vomica, green copperas, vitriol, sulphate of potash, and jalop are used.'

Middleton Hotel,

MIDDLETON, ANNAPOLIS CO., N. S.

C. C. DODGE, Proprietor.

THE Subscriber wishes respectfully to say to the general public that the old well known Middleton Hotel still stands on the old site, and its proprietor is still on the acting side, "hale and hearty."

He thanks the public (travelling and local) for past patronage, and with confidence solicits a continuance of their favors.

No exertion shall be spared (in the future as in the past) by the Proprietor, to make his house a pleasant and agreeable home for all who may take up their abode at his house, permanently or temporally.

A COMFORTABLE CONVEYANCE will attend all trains to convey passengers to and fro.

Good Stabling,

and a respectful, attentive hostler always at call.

☞ Charges Very Moderate.

C. C. DODGE.

Middleton, March 27th, 1882. 1y

THE "PERFECT"
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THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice.

VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a specialty, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

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Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

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WILL be prepared by the middle of May to give instructions on the

PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN,

to those who may desire them.

Bridgetown, May 1st, 1882.

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