Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 20. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1892. NO. 37.

Professional Cards.

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

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

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.

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

G. O GATES,
PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pianos & Organs.
Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

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

DENTISTRY.

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

NOTICE!
LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49 tf

DR. M. E. G. MARSHALL,
DENTIST.
Offers his professional services to the public. Every branch of Dental Science executed with skill, according to the latest and most approved methods.
Nitrous Oxide Gas and Other Anæsthetics used for
PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
Queen Street, - Bridgetown.

O. T. DANIELS. O. S. MILLER
DANIELS & MILLER,
BARRISTERS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

EDWIN L. FISHER,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
AUCTIONEER,
AND
REAL ESTATE AGENT.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
October 19th, 1892. 29 1y

Executor's Notice.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN B. BROWN, of Torbrook, County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
STANLEY BROWN,
Executor.
Torbrook, Oct. 3rd, 1892. 27 261

NOTICE!

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late GEORGE W. HUDSON, of Phinney Cove, in the Township of Granville, County of Annapolis, are required to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to
EMMERETTA A. HUDSON,
Administratrix.
Phinney Cove, April 30th, 1892. 6 1y

Administrators Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN W. ACKER, late of Nictaux Falls, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to
WM. J. H. BALCOM,
Administrator.
Nictaux Falls, August 1st, 1892. 18 6m

Administratrix Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of the late ANSLEY ELLIOTT, late of Port George, County of Annapolis, Merchant, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
ISABELLA M. ELLIOTT,
ANNIE B. ELLIOTT, Admx.
Port George, Sept. 17th, 1892.—26 tf

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that JAMES S. McGIVERN, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, Farmer, has this day assigned to me all of his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors, without preference.

The said deed contains a provision for the payment of such creditors as shall sign the said deed within sixty days, and also for the payment of such creditors as shall not sign said deed.

A duplicate of the said deed may be inspected and executed at the office of the undersigned in Bridgetown, aforesaid.
GEORGE H. DIXON,
Assignee.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1892.—26 tf

1892. NEW STOVES. 1892.

I OFFER A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF
Ranges, Cook, Parlor and Hall Stoves,
All New in the Market.
Having Bought for Spot Cash, I am offering Stoves Lower than ever before.
R. ALLEN CROWE, - - BRIDGETOWN.
Sept. 28th, 1892.—26

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
HORSE LINIMENT
IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,
—AND FOR—
SPLINTS, CURBS, BOG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

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

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.
Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.
HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF
Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick,
which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and
ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.
Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE*, which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.
Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.
For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.
YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 1891.
The International Brick and Tile Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the surface. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,
J. B. KINNEY, *Architect.*
Correspondence solicited.
HECTOR MacLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
ARE A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION, in all its forms.
For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are
EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDLETON, N. S.

3 APPLICATIONS THOROUGHLY REMOVES DANDRUFF
ANTI-DANDRUFF
GUARANTEED
D. L. CAVEN.
Toronto, Travelling Passenger Agent, C. P. R., says: Anti-Dandruff is a perfect remover of Dandruff—its action is marvellous—in my own case a few applications not only thoroughly removed excessive dandruff accumulation but stopped falling of the hair, made it soft and pliable and promoted a visible growth.
Restores Fading hair to its original color.
Stops falling of hair.
Keeps the Scalp clean.
Makes hair soft and Pliable
Promotes Growth.

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE
A COMBINATION OF
Cod Liver Oil Cream
WITH
HYPOPHOSPHITES
FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,
Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.
ECONOMICAL IN USE.
One teaspoonful of *Phospholeine* being equal in nutritive and blood-making value to ten times its bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the *Cheapest* preparation in use.
Phospholeine is THE ONLY PREPARATION that we know of which has effected actual cures in *bona fide* cases of Consumption, Scrofula and other Wasting Diseases.
IT IS SO PLEASANT that some mothers have to put it out of the reach of their children to prevent them from drinking a whole bottle.
See last and next issues for Certificate.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT 50C. PER BOTTLE OF 60 DOSES.

CARRIAGES
CONSISTING OF
Phaetons, Jump Seats,
OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES,
Democrats and Delivery Wagons,
ON THE CELEBRATED
DUPLEX GEAR,
at prices that are WAY DOWN.
REPAIRING and PAINTING. All work Warranted.
W. C. FEINDEL, MIDDLETON.

FOR SALE!
THE FARM situated in Berwick, known as the
Buchanan Farm,
containing forty acres in one block, very convenient to work, cuts thirty tons of prime hay, one bearing orchard of fifty trees, and one of seventy-five trees of three and four years' planting. Also plum, gooseberry and currants.
The buildings are in good repair; there are two wells of water, and a never-failing brook on the premises; is within a short distance of station, stores, churches and school.
Also a wood lot with plenty of wood and poles, about three miles distant.
Terms to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to
F. B. SANFORD,
On the premises.
—or to—
L. O. NEILY,
30 tf Aylesford, Kings Co., N.S.

TEA. TEA.
JUST RECEIVED,
Direct from London, on Consignment,
25 Half-Chests Choice Quality
BLACK TEA.
Parties wishing a good article at a low price, will please apply to
Geo. E. Corbitt.
Annapolis, April 11th, 1892. 2 tf

FARMERS!
We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season
At Best Possible Advantage.
Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
HALIFAX, N. S. ja92
SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

CURED
"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that
Consumption
had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.
AYER'S Cherry Pectoral
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass
Prompt to act, sure to cure

VALUABLE Property for Sale
IN BRIDGETOWN.
The subscriber offers for sale the house and lots, with buildings, situate on the corner of Queen and Water streets.
The dwelling-house, a fine two-storey one, contains eight rooms, is supplied with water, electric lights, etc. Included also, is the building formerly known as the Organ Factory, and now used for the Electric Light Station. This building is also two-storey, with Electric Light Plant in the rear, the front portion containing two fine rooms, now used as barber and meat shops. The building is 50 feet long, 35 feet wide, and has woodshed in rear.
Also, the Electric Light Plant, consisting of a new 55 h. p. boiler, 40 h. p. engine, and one 350 light dynamo, all new and in good running order, and now being used for lighting of the town.
This is one of the most valuable properties in the town, and will be sold either with or without the electric plant.
For terms and further particulars apply
A. E. SULIS.
Bridgetown, Oct. 18th, 1892. 29tf

PROPERTY FOR SALE.
The subscriber offers for sale his valuable Homestead on the Granville highway in Bridgetown. It consists of a small thoroughly finished and desirable dwelling-house, barn, and other outbuildings, which are also in first class repair.
The land connected is about ten acres, well cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, being well covered with fruit trees of all varieties. Being within ten minutes walk of Post Office, Churches, etc., it is a most desirable point of residence, and will be sold on most satisfactory terms.
For further particulars apply to
H. A. NICHOLS,
October 3, 1892. 27tf Bridgetown.

VALUABLE BUSINESS FOR SALE!
The undersigned is instructed to offer at Private Sale, a very desirable and first-class
Mercantile Business
IN BRIDGETOWN.
For particulars apply to
O. T. DANIELS,
Barrister, &c.
Bridgetown, Nov. 9th, 1892. 32 tf

FOR SALE.
That beautiful place, "THORN COTTAGE," situate at
Middleton Corner,
formerly owned by Fowler and Chipman, containing 4 acres of good land, and also Orchard, all in good state of cultivation.
Also, good comfortable House and other Outbuildings, all in first-class state of repair. If not sold will be rented Nov. 10th.
Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to
MILLER BROS.,
116 and 118 Granville St.,
24 tf Halifax.

FOR SALE!
A very fine thoroughbred Holstein bull, three years old, sure stock getter. For further information enquire of W. E. Palfrey or C. B. Whitman, Lawrencetown, or John Conlon, Nictaux.
FOR SERVICE.
On the premises of C. B. Whitman, a thoroughbred Poland-China boar that has proven himself one of the most valuable animals ever imported to this part of the province.
Fees $1.00, at time of service. 35 31

HERE IS A BARGAIN
THE subscriber is instructed to offer at Private Sale the very desirable
Farm and Premises
situate in Granville and occupied by Archibald Burns. The said farm consists of about 250 acres of marsh, cultivated lands, pasture and woodland. There are three very fine bearing orchards on the place, and two young orchards coming into bearing. Plum and pear trees in abundance, and all kinds of shrubbery. There is on the premises a house in excellent repair, barn and outbuildings. Hay and stock can be Purchased with the farm if desired.
To an early purchaser easy terms.
Most of the purchase money may remain on mortgage.
ALSO:
That very excellent FARM property situate at Arlington and formerly owned by Archibald Burns, consisting of hay, pasture and woodlands. There is on the premises a good cottage, new barn and outbuildings.
For further particulars apply to
O. T. DANIELS,
Barrister.
Bridgetown, Nov. 29th, 1892. 35

NERVE BEANS
NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the errors or excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. Sold by druggists at $1 per package, or six for $5, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing THE JAMES MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. Write for pamphlet. Sold in Bridgetown by DeBlois & Primrose. Simson Bros. & Co., Wholesale Agents.

ARMY MEN
BY joining our Army we can give you steady employment the year round selling our choice Nursery Stock, salary or commission paid every week. Write at once and secure territory.
ALLEN NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.
25 17i

THE
WEEKLY MONITOR'S
SUBSCRIPTION LIST
is rapidly increasing, and last week reached the goodly number of
1,750 Copies.

Poetry.

Longing.

Of all the myriad modes of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which was one e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished ideal,
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real;
To let the new life in, we know
Desire must ope too portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing in God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
To quench it, that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

And let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we thread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons!
That some slight good is also wrought,
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought;
Howe'er we fail in action.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Worth While.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of the earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the soul that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

But the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day;
They make up the item of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Select Literature.

Miss Dilloway.

BY CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

Miss Dilloway locked the back door of her small house, and hung the key in plain sight near the kitchen window. How far the safety of her goods and chattels was ensured by this simple act she never stopped to consider; but nothing would have induced her to leave the door unlocked.

On her way down the narrow gravel walk she stopped to pull a weed here and there from the flower-bed, and to pick up an obnoxious piece of paper which had somehow found its way into the midst of the flowers. She straightened a young Balm of Gilead tree, and tied it more securely to the small stick which served as a prop; then, closing the gate carefully behind her, she walked briskly down the village street.

She had walked rather timidly along the platform of the little railroad station, when she was accosted by a man standing near, who was checking a solitary trunk.

"Wal, wal, Miss Dilloway! Goin' on a journey?"

"Not much of a one," she answered curtly.

"Wal, go right in, and I'll be in in a minute."

He soon appeared at the ticket-office window, curiosity written all over his face, Miss Dilloway noted it.

"I want a ticket to Preston. How much is it?" she said.

"Oh, to Preston! Eighty-five cents. Let me see; got any relations up that way?"

"No. Can you change five dollars?"

"Oh yes—twenty-five, if you say so! Wal, didn't Ezry's folks move up Preston way or near there?"

"No; they moved to Clar'mont. How soon'll the train go."

Old Mr. Question leaned forward and looked out through the office window at the clock on the wall.

"In about fifteen minutes. Set down; set down over in the rocking chair and make yourself comfortable. 'Taint every depot that's got a rocking chair. Ahem! Going to be gone long?"

"No," answered Miss Dilloway, with a slight smile, rather enjoying the situation.

"No? H'm—h'm! Wal—"

But the good man's curiosity was not to be gratified that morning. A call from the baggage-room necessitated his hurrying away and the ten o'clock accommodation soon bore little Miss Dilloway out of sight and hearing.

In two hours time she was standing before a large brick building, over the massive door of which were the words: "Home for the friendless." She trembled a little as she ascended the granite steps, and waited a little before she rang the bell.

A white-capped servant showed her into a small reception room. It seemed as if her nervousness increased with every moment's waiting, and when a tall nervous lady came slowly into the room, Miss Dilloway wished very much indeed that she were safe at home.

"You came to see our little ones?" said the lady with a smile which drove all the stern lines from her face.

"Ye-s; I did come to get one—to adopt; but now't I'm here, I don't know that I'd ought to.

"Perhaps you can tell better after seeing."

"Yes, yes, I suppose I can. You see I made up my mind rather suddenly. Mr. Thornton, our minister—I come from Rentham—preached a most powerful sermon last Sunday from the text. "Whoso shall receive one such little child," and that sermon has been haunting me ever since. He had just come from a visit to Boston, where he saw an orphan asylum; and he said it made his heart ache to see so many little children who never knew what it was to have a mother's kiss on their foreheads.

Miss Dilloway wiped a tear from her eye, and went on:

"And then he said if the Lord was going to ask us by and by what use we had made of the talents, he had given us, he didn't see why He shouldn't ask us what use we'd made of our homes, especially these folks who had been given houses bigger than they needed. He asked them if the people didn't think it was burying rooms, as the man buried the talent, to keep them shut up; and he urged them to open their hearts and homes—to be mothers and fathers to some little waif who did not have any parents.

"Then he capped it all by saying that he and Mrs. Thornton had just adopted a five-year-old boy from that very asylum. They have got seven already! But that's like Mr. Thornton; he always practices what he preaches.

"Well, when I sat down that afternoon with my Bible and hymn-book, I couldn't get my mind off that sermon. When I heard it, it didn't seem as if 'twas meant for me, but for married folks; but somehow the thought of Abby's chamber up stairs—Abby's my sister who died last year—kind of worked its way into my mind; and I wondered if the Lord would say to me, "Cynthia Dilloway have you kept that room of yours hid in a napkin?"

"Then I thought of the cellar full of provisions, and more than enough in the bank to take care of me if I lived to be a hundred; and before I knew it I'd said aloud, 'I'll do it! I'll give one of these poor things a home, and I guess I can be kind of a mother to it, if I am an old maid!'

"It's surprising how much company just the thought of having a little girl. Since then I've been kind of getting ready—and—well, here I am!"

By this time little Miss Dilloway was wiping the perspiration from her face. She had talked an unusually long time for her.

"My friend," said the matron, who had been listening with interest to her story, "I am sure you will be blessed in sharing your home with one of God's unfortunate ones. Come with me and let me show you my family."

She led the way up a broad flight of stairs. Miss Dilloway soon found herself in a large room, which contained so many children that the first sight of them almost took her breath away. She had expected to see a dozen or twenty, perhaps, but here was surely a hundred. How could she choose from among so many.

Over in the corner one of the older girls was trotting a baby. Miss Dilloway was very fond of babies, and she stopped instinctively to speak to this one.

It looked up into her sweet face confidingly, and then held out her small arms towards her. She took it eagerly and pressed the little form close.

"I do love babies so!" she said half apologetically, to the matron, who was looking on with a smile. "I often say to the folks at home that I don't envy them their husbands, their big houses, or their rickrack as they call their ornaments nowadays; but I do envy them their babies. They seem to think it's queer, but I don't see why old maids shouldn't love babies as well as married folks."

"Why not adopt a baby."

Miss Dilloway had intended to adopt an older child, and the suggestion that she should take an infant took her so much by surprise that she hastily returned the baby to it's young nurse, and sat down in a chair. Then a strange thing happened; the baby's lip began to quiver; tears gathered in its eyes, and its arms were held out appealingly to Miss Dilloway.

She took it instantly, and asked the matron:

"She ain't more than six months old is she?"

"He was just seven months old yesterday."

"He! Is it a boy?" she almost screamed, looking at the child as if he were to blame for not being a girl.

The baby seemed to realize that an important moment in his young life had arrived. He patted Miss Dilloway's cheek with his fat palm and then snuggled close to her side.

Miss Dilloway cleared her throat.

"Well I never liked boys very much after they're grown up, but if I should take this one I guess I should get used to his ways before that time. Do you know anything about his parents?"

"Yes. They were very nice people. The father died only eight months ago, and the mother was so affected by his death that she never rallied after baby came. The little fellow seems to be wholly alone in the world."

Miss Dilloway's mind was made up from that moment, and only in the afternoon Mr. Question for the first time in his life, lost his voice as little Miss Dilloway got off the train with a baby in her arms.

Of course the people of Rentham were surprised. It seemed a very amusing thing to some of them that Miss Dilloway should adopt a baby, but those who knew her well and loved her commended her worthy act and rejoiced in her happiness—for happy she certainly was.

It was certainly a beautiful sight to see Mrs. Dilloway with the baby in her arms. The child crowed, cooed and was unmistakably very fond of his foster parent.

Donations of slips, stockings and socks for baby's wear came in almost daily. One thoughtful neighbor sent a cradle. Children came in with toys innumerable.

Miss Dilloway held council with the mothers in the neighborhood as to the merits of anise and the demerits of soothing syrup. Advice was freely given, but often of such a contradictory nature that poor Miss Dilloway was puzzled. Nevertheless, baby grew and prospered, and made sunshine in the old lady's heart.

One day about three days after baby's advent in Rentham, a very unusual sound rang through Miss Dilloway's house. There were one, two, three clangs of the brass knocker on the seldom used front door.

When, with baby in her arms, she opened the door, she faced a tall, well built man of substantial appearance in more senses than one, with streaks of grey in his hair.

The man glanced at the baby and said, without ceremony:

"I guess I've struck the right place. This is Mrs. Dilloway, ain't it?"

Tremulously, holding the baby very tight, and with an awful foreboding at her heart, she answered:

"Ye—es. Will you walk in?"

"Well, yes, I reckon I will, seeing I've come all this distance to see the little fellow. There, now don't get scared! I've no notion of taking him from you. I shouldn't know what to do with him if I had him."

Miss Dilloway's face continued to express astonishment.

"Well, well," said the man, "I guess I'd better introduce myself. I'm Reuben Russel late of Minnesota, at present of no where in particular. I got to Preston three days ago, and went to work the first thing to hunt up my niece Clara. I didn't know she was dead until I reached the place where she used to board. I hadn't heard from her for over a year, and I was pretty well taken aback when they told me of her death and her husband's so nigh together.

"But I was more taken back when I heard she'd left a baby, and that it had been sent to an asylum. Clara Dayton's baby, my nevvy—or grand nevvy—in an asylum.

"I travelled pretty quick to the place, and I don't know whether I was glad or sorry when I heard it had been adopted. Anyway what I came here for's to see the little chap—look round here, sonny—and to make some arrangement with you about his—board or whatever you call it. I don't want Clara's child to be living on charity."

"But it isn't charity, sir, it isn't charity! You see it belongs to me." Miss Dilloway said with a half-vindictive air. "I had the papers regularly made out."

"Well, by and by, when he grows up he'll have to be educated, and clothes bought for him. I'll start him a bank account. What's his name?"

"I— I've always called him "Baby." I haven't thought of any name yet," answered Miss Dilloway, not just liking this look ahead, when the bit of humanity in her arms would need education and boy's clothes.

"Land 'o liberty! Clary's baby without a name! Well, well. Ahem! Wh—what do you say to calling him after me—Reuben?"

"I don't know that there's any objections," said the little woman, somewhat meekly.

"Well, you think it over. I've got a little business down this way that needs looking after, so I shall probably be round here for a day or two, and I'll come in again.

Mr. Russell's business must have required more "looking after" than he at first supposed, for it detained him in Rentham more than a week.

There seemed to be an hour or two in each day, however, when it did not require his attention, and these were spent in "looking in to see how Clary's baby was getting on."

It would not have got on at all if Miss Dilloway had not been present to interfere, when gingerbread horses and highly colored sugar soldiers found their way from Mr. Russell's pockets to baby's mouth. Something was brought for baby's amusement at every visit—a jumping-jack, a rattle or a woolly sheep until Mr. Russell and his small grandnephew became very good friends. Mr. Russell returned to Preston, and was gone just two weeks. At the end of that time he might have been seen one afternoon going towards Miss Dilloway's residence, boldly pushing a handsome baby carriage before him.

He was hardly seated in Miss Dilloway's small sitting-room before he cleared his throat and began:

"I've been thinking a good deal since I left here a fortnight ago, Miss Dilloway, and I found I'd become a good deal attached to—to the baby; and—ahem!—it struck me that as you're alone in the world, and I'm alone, and as the baby seems to kind 'o belong to both of us, it wouldn't be a bad idea to make one family. What do you say?"

Perhaps what one of the neighbors said a short time after, may throw some light on Miss Dilloway's answer.

"She's sixty, and he's sixty-five if he's a-day; and it's too ridiculous to see them together—with that baby!"

—In the United States the president makes all appointments to office. He is advised of course by senators and representatives, but he really makes the appointment and must in the end assume the responsibility for it. No sooner were the recent elections over and the result known, than, anticipating a general dismissal of all republican office-holders throughout the country, applications for office began to come in on president-elect Cleveland at the rate of several thousand a day. So numerous and importunate were these office-seekers that Cleveland has been compelled to seek rest and quiet in an obscure village where his whereabouts were known to only a few of his friends. This is one of the results of the spoil system in operation among our neighbors. The sight of the president-elect of the "greatest nation on earth" as our American cousins are fond of calling themselves, hiding from the office-seekers and the place-hunter is certainly a ludicrous one. It shows that there is still room for improvement in the system of government of our neighbors.

"It Cured Mother."
GENTLEMEN,—My mother was suffering from Dyspepsia and had no appetite. Everything failed to cure her until one day, while visiting a friend's house, I saw a bottle of B.B.B. on the table; on inquiring what they used it for, I soon found out what it cured, and when I went home told mother that she should try it; she said she had no faith in anything and objected to try it. Notwithstanding her objection I went in the evening and brought home a bottle but it was in the house a week before we could induce her to take it. At last, as she was getting worse all the time she consented to try it, and on taking half the bottle found it was curing her. Another bottle cured her, and we believe, saved her life. We are never without B.B.B. now. It is such a good remedy for headache as well. E. WESTON, 15 Dalhousie St., Montreal.

—Auntie, visiting in the country: "What a heavenly morning it is, Nina! I feel as though I should like to make someone supremely happy to-day!" Nina, catching the same feeling. "Yes, auntie, and so do I. Let's go scratch the pig', back."

Delays are Dangerous.
At this season the effects of catarrh and cold in the head are most seriously felt and endanger life and health if not promptly treated. For this purpose there is no remedy equals Nasal Balm. Prompt in giving relief and never fails to cure. Sold by all dealers. 50c. a bottle, by mail, post paid. Address G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ontario.

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Complaints.

I verily believe that in the lexicon of the wise, says a writer in the *Housekeeper's Weekly*, there is no such word as complain. What an insufferable bore is a person with a grievance! A woman complained to me the other day that her pastor never visited her, and that in consequence she intended to join a church of another denomination. This is a very prevalent way of resenting a pastor's neglect. What could I say? if I expressed my opinion, it would be about in this wise: "Perhaps you are not very entertaining, or perhaps you are of so little use in the church that he forgets your existence, or perhaps he is worldly-minded, and you are not rich or important enough to engage his notice." Any of these reasons would have angered her, which goes to prove that it would be a far better policy for her to let the mystery remain unsolved.

I do not mean that a pastor is blameless who neglects any of his members for such reasons, or that a woman is not justified in feeling somewhat wounded at a pastor's neglect, but that *complaints are degrading.* A cordial invitation is the only dignified measure she can use to secure his visits. In fact, the truth is always with ourselves if we do not meet with appreciation; and therefore how fertile to complain of others. We sink ourselves in our own esteem, and also in that of our companion, by airing our grievances.

Not long ago I wrote a letter to a dear sister,—my own sister,—who I fancied had neglected me; it was one long complaint. As soon as I had finished it my good angel gave me a look of reproof, and I threw the whole letter in the fire, and wrote another. It happened that I had near my hand an exquisite little poem. I made that my text and enclosing it, wrote her a kind, loving letter, not even mentioning my grievance and sent it to her. Ah, how much wiser was my second thought! How very much wiser the next few weeks disclosed.

I was once not in accord with a neighbor. There was something wrong, I knew not what. Egotism and vanity bade me be haughty and keep up the feud, if there was a feud. But I was not content. Peace is ever sweet to the soul; and one beautiful morning, when all the world seemed in harmony, I looked across the way at the dwelling that sheltered my neighbor, and I planned a message of peace. Just a little waiter of delicacies, a bunch of fresh violets, and a word of greeting, but a warm, sweet friendship was bound anew, and remained ever after unbroken.

So out of my own experience I have learned two priceless rules—never take offence, never complain. In them I find an inward content in my soul, and a shield against darts of an enemy.

Was Willing to Change Places.

A burly, weather beaten tramp recently entered a Harlem bank, and addressing the urbane cashier asked for five dollars.

"Five dollars!" exclaimed the cashier. "Isn't that rather steep? I should think a quarter would be about your size, wouldn't it?"

"Well," said the tramp, "if you think you understand this begging business better than I do, perhaps we had best change places."

—L. H. Bailey, in *Garden and Forest*, says: "I am convinced that ten years hence three times more spraying will be done than now; and my faith rests less upon the present works of experimenters than upon the fact that very many of our most acute fruit-growers are ardent champions of spraying. I know of no recent practise in agricultural directions which finds so many earnest advocates among the best farmers as this; and this fact is indisputable proof of the excellence of the operation."

—The railroads of the United States have been counting a great deal upon the increased traffic which the World's Fair will bring them next season. They do not seem, however, to intend to do anything to stimulate it themselves. The expectation has been that low fares would rule in all parts of the country and that the railroads would try to swell profits on the bulk of the business. But the decision of the Trunk line presidents to maintain present rates on all through fast trains shows that this is not the case.

Blotches Cured.
DEAR SIRS,—In 1890 my body was covered with blotches and I was at last induced to try Burdock Blood Bitters; by the time I had used 2½ bottles of it I was completely cured, and I cannot speak too highly of it. MRS. CHARLES DESMOND, Halifax, N. S.

WHY SHE DIDN'T LAUGH.—Mrs. Harlem Heights—"You must not laugh and make fun of everybody, Mamie."

Mamie—"I don't, mamma. The other day a little girl fell off a board fence, and all the other children laughed, but I didn't."

"That was right."

"Yes. I was the little girl that fell off of the fence. I cried."

—"An ounce of prevention, etc." Do not neglect that cough! One bottle of *Puttner's Emulsion* (the cough medicine par excellence) taken now, may save you weeks of illness and a long doctor's bill. Large bottle, only 50 cents.

A NOTE WITH A POINT.—Employer—You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention when he comes in' didn't you?

Boy—Yes sir; I stuck a pin through it and put it on his chair.

—K. D. C. acts like magic on an overloaded stomach. Free sample, testimonials and guarantee mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

—The Empress of Austria is reported to be the best royal housekeeper in Europe. Everything in the Austrian palace is under her own personal care. She orders cooks, butlers and laundry maids, and is constantly inventing something new in cookery.

—The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappear. Try it.

—Her mother—"I saw him kiss you. I am terribly shocked. I did not suppose he would dare do such a thing." Herself—"Nor I. In fact, I bet him he didn't dare."

Minard's Liniment is the Hair Restorer.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.