OVER WORKED Women.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets, 25c. a vial, by druggists.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box, 450.

1885. 1885.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,

ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.

MONUMENTS.
HEADSTONES.
TABLETS.

—IN—

Marble, Freestone & Granite,
of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.

ALSO:

Furniture Tops!

Call and inspect work.

OLDHAM WHITMAN.
Bridgetown, Jan. 12th, 55'

JUST RECEIVED.

Two Carloads

FLOUR AND MEAL,

which will be sold LOW FOR CASH.

Also.—A well assorted stock of

Groceries!

MOLASSES AND SUGAR,
SPICES, SALT, TOBACCOS,
BROOMS, SOAP,
RAISINS, CURRANTS,
CANNED GOODS,
BISCUITS, SYRUPS, ETC

P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, July, 1885

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

FLOUR! FLOUR!

The Cheapest in the Market!

THE subscriber offers for sale 75 bbls. Best Brands of Patent Flour, cheaper than can be got elsewhere.

Apply to JACOB FOSTER, Bridgetown, or to PHINEAS CHESLEY, Granville.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing

and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonial, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Boradway, N.Y. Mention this paper.

SEAVEY'S
EAST INDIA
LINIMENT

The great Internal and External

REMEDY

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

The receipt of which was obtained from a native of India. Excels all other Liniments and Pain Killers for the relief and cure of Internal and External Pain.

IT IS CELEBRATED FOR THE CURE OF

Cramps, Diarrhœa, Cholera, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Rheumatism Pain or Lameness in the Back, Chest and Side, Soreness and Stitches in the side, Stiffness in the Joints, Colds, Sudden Chills, Bruises, Cuts, Swellings, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Chilblains, &c.

Also the Best Liniment Extant for Horses.

For curing Lameness, swellings, Hard Lumps, Windgalls etc., and Strains, Wounds and Bruises etc., in Horses and Cattle.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For Sale by Dealers and Druggists.

S. HARRIS & SON, Proprietors,
Margaretville, N. S.

ADVERTISERS

can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,

Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.
Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

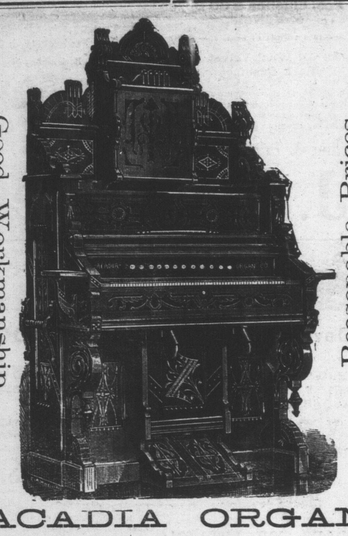
VOL. 14. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1886. NO. 31.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

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

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.



Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

A. E. SULIS.

B. LAURANCE'S

Spectacles & Eye-Glasses,

—ARE THE ONLY—

Genuine English Articles in the Canadian Market!

REAL PEBBLES are kept in stock. Tests are given to purchasers to prove Genuineness. They are recommended by and testimonials have been received from the President, Vice-President, Ex-President, and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University; the President and Ex-Presidents of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, &c., &c.

These recommendations ought to be sufficient to prove their qualities, but if further proof is needed call on

J. E. SANGSTON. Watchmaker & Jeweller, Agent. - - BRIDGETOWN

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

Guns,

AMMUNITION,

HEAVY

WOOL SHIRTS,

Shirts & Drawers,

A SMALL LOT OF

GENTS' GENUINE

Plymouth Buck Gloves.

Apple Barrels.

B. STARRATT.

AUCTION SALES!

The subscriber will attend

AUCTION SALES

throughout Wilmot Township, as Auctioneer. TERMS.—$2.00 per day.

F. L. MURPHY,
Licensed Auctioneer.
South Farmington, Jan. 19th, '85 41tf.

Golden Medical Discovery.

Thoroughly cleanses the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-Joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For "Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

CORN IN EGYPT!

Roop & Shaw

Beg to notify the public generally that they always keep on hand an assortment of

CARRIAGES

of the latest styles, made from

First Class Stock,

which will be sold on easy terms and reasonable prices.

Middleton, April 20th 1885. n2tf.

Poetry.

The Funeral.

BY WILL CARLTON.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the window came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,
Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out in front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.
I could picture him when living—curly hair, protruding lip—
And had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of Death,
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with its little fluttering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound
Than was in the chain of tear drops that enclasped those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden desk—
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed undying race.

And he said: 'Now don' be weepin' for dis pretty bit o' clay—
For de little boy who lived dere, he done gone and run away!
He was doin' very finely, an' he 'preciate your love,
But his sure nuff Father want him in de large house up above.

'Now He didn't give you dat baby for a hundred thousan' mile!
He just think you need some sunshine, an' He lend it for a while!
An' he let you keep an' love it, till your hearts was bigger grown;
An' dose silver tears you're sheddin's just de interest on de loan.

'Here yer older pretty chilrun!—don't be makin' it appear
Dat your love got sort o' 'nop'lized by dis little fellow here.
Don't pile up too much your sorrow on deir little mental shelves,
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're no account themselves!

'Just you think you poor dear mounahs creepin' long o'er Sorrow's way,
What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's got to-day!
Your good faders and good moders crowd de little fellow round
In de angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation Ground.

'An' dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?' an' take off his little shoes,
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an' dey say, 'Now what's de news?'
An' de Lawd done cut his tongue loose, den de little fellow say,
'All our folks down in de valley tries to keep de bebbenly way.'

'An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at the pretty things he view;
Den a tear come and, an' he whisper, 'But I want my parents too.'
But de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a little song;
Says, 'If only dey be faithful dey will soon be comin' long.

'An' he'll get an education that will properly be worth
Sebberal times as much as any you could buy for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big school house, widout no contempt or fear;
While dere's no end to the bad tings might have happened to him here.

So, my poor dejected mounahs, let your hearts wid Jesus rest,
An' don' go to critercisin' dat ar One w'at knows de best!
He has sent us many comforts—He have right to take away—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory, now and ever!—Let us pray.'

Select Literature.

Mr. Carton's Will.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

PART I.

I was breakfasting one morning in the beginning of April, 187—, at my lodgings in 54 Doughty street, when the door of my sitting room opened suddenly, and a beautiful, fair-haired girl of about 22, who was the only child of the landlady, rushed into the room, crying:

'Oh, Arthur, for mercy's sake, come down stairs—something dreadful has happened.'

Louisa Grahame and I were secretly engaged to be married as soon as I should have passed my final examination at the College of Surgeons, a fact which, together with her excitement, will account for the abrupt manner in which she entered my room.

'What is it?' I said, getting up from the table.

'Oh, Jane could not get any answer at Mr. Carton's door, so she told me, and I have been knocking at his door for the last five minutes, and there's not a sound in the room. I'm so terrified. Do for goodness' sake come down; I'm afraid of my life to tell my mamma.'

'Are you sure he was at home last night,' I asked.

'Certain,' replied Miss Grahame; 'he sent Jane out to post a letter about 10 o'clock, and told her to bring up his hot water at 9 o'clock this morning.'

Mr. Carton, who was the only other lodger in the house at the time except myself, was a retired official of the Bank of England, who had been lodging with Mrs. Grahame, the widow of a lieutenant in the royal navy, for nearly 17 years—in fact, ever since she had come to the house after her husband's death. He was an extremely reserved man, nearly 70 years of age, and had the reputation of having made a large fortune during the railway mania.

I followed Miss Grahame down to the door of his bedroom, which was on the first floor. After I had knocked several times without getting any answer, I looked through the key hole, and saw that the room was in total darkness.

'He is either in a fit or dead,' I said to myself, so I put my shoulder to the door, and, with one strong effort sent it flying on its hinges. Having drawn the curtains aside, and opened the shutters, I looked at the bed. A glance told me that Mr. Carton had been dead for several hours. When I had drawn the sheet over the face of the corpse, I came out of the room and broke the news as gently as I could to Miss Grahame, who was waiting for me on the landing. She was naturally very much shocked, and, at her earnest request, I went down stairs with her to tell her mother what had happened. Mrs. Grahame was a very delicate, nervous woman, and for some time she seemed perfectly stunned with the intelligence. As soon, however, as she had recovered herself a little, I ventured to tell her that she ought to communicate at once with the relatives of the deceased man.

'But I don't know who they are, or whether he had any,' she answered. 'He never had very few people to visit him, and I never heard him speak of any relative.'

'Then you ought to communicate with the Bank of England. They are sure to know something about him there,' I replied. 'In the mean time, I must get in Dr. Power to see if he can certify as to the cause of his death; I shall go to Russel square and see if he is at home.'

I went up stairs to get my hat, and, when I came down, Miss Grahame came with me to the hall door. After saying a few words to comfort her, for she was very much grieved, I opened the door and found myself face to face with a tall, gray-haired man, who was in the act of stretching out his hand to reach the knocker. He looked askance at me as I stepped out of the house, and, knowing that poor Miss Graham, who was standing behind me, was not in a fit state to hold parley with strangers, I at once asked if he wished to see anyone.

'Yes,' he replied in a very polite tone, 'I would like to see Mr. Carton.

'Mr. Carton!' I could not help exclaiming, while Miss Grahame hid her face in her handkerchief, and began to sob afresh. 'Will you walk in, sir,' I continued, after a moment's pause. We went into the hall, and, when the door was closed, I told him in as few words as possible what had occured.

'Charles gone! Charles gone! he repeated, as if dazed with horror at the intelligence. Then he added, speaking in a dreamy absent manner: He was my brother—my half brother. Our names are different—mine is Beach—but we had the same mother. He was my only relative except my wife.'

I left him with Miss Grahame, and hurried on to Russel square, as I knew that every minute was important if I wanted to catch Dr. Power before he started on his morning rounds. When I got to his house, I found his brougham standing at the door, and in a few minutes he drove back to Doughty street.

'Where is Mr. Beach?' I asked Miss Grahame, who was in the hall when we returned.

'Oh, he is gone; he is to come tomorrow to make arrangements about the funeral,' she replied: and then she whispered to me. 'I want to see you presently; Mr. Beach has told me such an extraordinary thing.

'What is it?' I asked.

'Not now, not now,' she whispered hurriedly, and I started with Dr. Power for the room where the dead man was lying.

Mr. Carton had been an occasional patient of Dr. Power's, and that was why I was anxious to let Dr. Power see the body, so as to avoid an inquest if possible. The appearances, together with what Dr. Power knew of the deceased man, pointed to aneurism of the heart as the cause of death, and he left after he had arranged to make a postmortem examination of the body that evening.

When he had gone Miss Grahame came upstairs with me to my sitting-room. She sat down when she got into the room and began to cry again.

'Come, Loo,' I said, 'I am very sorry for poor Mr. Carton, and I know you must miss him very much after all these years, but crying won't bring him back.'

'No,' she replied, 'I know it won't—I wish it would.'

'What was the strange thing that Mr. Beach told you?' I asked trying to divert her thoughts.

'I'm almost afraid to speak about it—it seems heartless while he is lying in the house,' she said, in a low, nervous voice.

'I'm afraid Mr. Beach has told you something that has frightened you,' I said, after a pause.

'I think it did frighten me—at least, I hardly seem to understand it,' she said, in a simple and absent manner.

'There is no doubt that I shall never understand it if you go on in this way. What is it, you little goose, that this mysterious man has been telling you?'

'He told me that Mr. Carton has—has—'

'Has what, you little mule?'

'Has made a will leaving all his money to mamma and me!' and here she got up and threw her arms round my neck.

'One would think he had done something to injure you,' I said, laughing. But, though I laughed, I felt somehow an inward feeling of regret. I was young—just three-and-twenty—and like most men, who are not prigs or knaves, enthusiastic. My ambition for months past had been to make a home for my darling. Here it was ready made. But it was not of my making, and it did not seem like what I had been dreaming about. For the cottage that my imagination had pictured as the abode of our love there seemed to be substituted a gaudy mansion, where love evanesced in the presence of opulence and conventionality. Her thoughts must have been similar to mine, for, after a pause, she said timidly:

'We won't love each other the less, will we, Arthur dear?'

'Why on earth should we?' I said, as I kissed her.

'Because—oh, I don't know why. But we'll live just as we intended to live. We don't want any grandeur do we?'

'No, dear. That is just what I hoped you would say. But are we not getting on a little too fast? We do not know anything about this Mr. Beach. Did you ever see him before?'

'Yes, he has called to see Mr. Carton—not very often, and it is generally in the evening.'

'Yes, that's well so far. But I mean we don't know much about him, and then people sometimes alter their wills after they have made them—'

'That's just what I was thinking, and that's why I did not tell mamma anything about it until I had spoken to you. But what Mr. Beach—and he is a solicitor—says is this—that his brother made his will last September and left it with Mr. Moffatt of 39 Bedford row; that he was worth about £90,000, and that he left £20,000 to Mr. Beach and £10,000 to mamma, and all the rest of his property to me.'

'Well, that's definite to all events. Suppose we go and see Mr. Moffatt. I had better go out first. If Mrs. Grahame sees us going out together she will wonder what we are about, and it is as well not to tell her anything about the matter at present. You can slip on your jacket and meet me on John street, and then we will see what Mr. Moffatt has to say on the subject. I don't think it will disappoint either of us much if the story is a myth, or if the money has been left to some one else.'

'I don't know; I'd like to be able to bring you some money,' said Miss Grahame innocently.

'Well, then, go and put your things on, and we'll see about it,' I replied.

Bedford row is not many yards from Doughty street, and in a few minutes we were ushered into the presence of Mr. Moffatt, a stout, cherry looking old gentleman, with a rubicund face and an old fashioned standup collar and black satin cravat.

When I told him who we were, and why we called on him, he looked positively alarmed.

'It is a most unusual, most unusual,' he said. 'You are asking me to do a thing that is, I must say, absolutely unprofessional. Mr. Beach has been very injudicious. At present it would be most improper for me to answer such a question—most improper,' he added emphatically, as if we had asked him to do something that was very wrong indeed.

'But the mischief, if there be any, has been done already,' I ventured to remark.

'Two blacks don't make a white,' said Mr. Moffatt, 'and Mr. Beach's having acted foolishly would not justify me in doing likewise.'

'At all events, the late Mr. Carton has made a will?' I said.

'Yes, I am at liberty to tell you so much.'

'Well, if the will were not something like what Mr. Beach has told us, I am sure you would not leave us under such a wrong impression?'

'You would make a very good cross-examiner, Mr. Pemberton,' said Mr. Moffatt, laughingly; 'but really you cannot expect me to put anything more in evidence at present. A solicitor has no business to make mistakes, and I should make a great mistake if I said anything more at present than that the late Mr. Carton has made a will, which I shall produce at the proper time.'

This was all the information we could extract from Mr. Moffatt, who was a gentleman of the old school, and a thorough stickler for precedent and routine.

'I think it is all right,' I said to Miss Grahame when we got into Bedford row again.

'I hope you are as much ashamed of yourself as I am,' she replied indignantly. 'I think we have been acting like a pair of harpies,' and from that time until the will was proved she refused to speak a word about it.

The post mortem examination showed that Mr. Carton had died from aneurism of the heart, and Dr. Power was fortunately able to save Mrs. Grahame the annoyance of an inquest.

When the bill was proved in due course, its contents agreed substantially with what Mr. Beach had told Miss Grahame—Mr. Beach was appointed executor; £20,000 was left to him, and £10,000 to Mrs. Grahame, both bequests being free of legacy; the residue of the property was left to Miss Grahame absolutely. The property, which was entirely personal, was even greater than had been supposed, and amounted to nearly £110,000, which was invested chiefly in 3 per cent, consols, English railway debenture stock and French and American government bonds. Mrs. Grahame took her share of the property in consols, and it was settled that the banking account was to be kept in the name of Miss Grahame, who took the bonds as her share. While the estate was being administered, Mrs. and Miss Grahame and I used frequently to go to Mr. Beach's offices in Bedford street, Strand. He was a wealthy man who had of late years confined himself to a small and select practice, and his offices consisted of a spacious, well furnished room on the first floor, and, separated from it by a wooden partition, a small room where a sandy haired and rather unwholesome looking young man who, acted as clerk, was generally seated at a desk.

Mrs. Grahame gave a cordial assent to my union with her daughter, and it was arranged that we were to be married when I passed my examination in the autumn, and also that we were to spend the honeymoon in the south of France during the following winter. In the meantime, we were to stay in Doughty street until December, when the house would be surrendered to the landlord.

'Man proposes, God disposes,' as the proverb has it. How our expectations were fulfilled the reader will learn in the next part of this narrative.

PART II.

About a fortnight after the property of the late Mr. Carton had been transferred to Mrs. and Miss Grahame, I was walking home one evening from University College Hospital. On my way I turned down through Torrington place; but I had not got many yards out of Gower street when I stopped short and stood for a minute literally spell-bound with astonishment. It was about 8 40, rather dusky, but still quite light enough to see everybody in the street distinctly, and there, some fifteen or twenty yards before me, and walking very leisurely toward Gordon square, was Louisa Grahame, leaning on the arm of a strange man, who looked, as far as I could make out, to be a tall, fair-haired man of about 30. I had only left her at 6 o'clock, after we had had tea in Doughty street. She had not said that she was going to see anybody, or that anybody was coming to see her. As far as I was aware—and I knew all her friends—she did not know a single man, excepting myself, with whom she was entitled to be walking at such a time and in such a manner. For a moment I hoped that I might have made a mistake. But I knew too well her dress, and, better than her dress, her slight graceful figure; and, whoever the man might be, it was perfectly clear that the woman was Louisa Grahame, and none other.

Hastily retracing my steps, I got back into Gower street, glancing furtively over my shoulder as I left Torrington place to see if they had observed me, which they had not, for they seemed to be immersed in each other's society, and to be strolling along quite lovingly together. My resolution was formed at once. I could not, of course, go up to Miss Grahame and accost her; pride, if nothing else, would have prevented me from doing that. But I could easily get to Doughty street before them. I would go home, then, and wait the course of events. Perhaps I should hear the explanation from Mrs. Grahame.

(To be Continued.)

A Luminous Jabberwock.

FLAMES FLASHED FROM HIS EYES.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 17, 1886.—Investigation of the story about Willie Brough, the boy living at Turlock, in the San Joaquin Valley, who was supposed by superstitious people to set fire to objects by merely fixing his eyes upon them, exploded that part of it, of course. He is evidently overcharged with electricity to a remarkable extent. The snapping of his fingers causes sparks to fly. The Postmaster of Turlock has heard him relate gleefully how he set fire to wall paper by this means. An insurance agent it is alleged, had refused to take some risks on property in the neighborhood so long as the boy remained there. The man, however, denies this statement, but confirms the story of the peculiar electric phenomena, and declares himself deeply interested from a scientific point of view.

FLEEING TO THE WOODS.

Popular excitement has been so great since the story of the sinister power of Master Brough was circulated, that the father has felt impelled to move away, and has gone to reside on the other side of the San Joaquin river, taking refuge with his family in a cottage in the cotton wood timber, a long way from village or railway. The correspondent of the *Herald* found him there. He denied that his son had caused fires, but admitted he had told him that when lying in bed at night he saw sparks flying about him. Willie is an extremely nervous boy, eleven years old, with a largely developed head. In a melancholy way he told your correspondent that he did not know how the mysterious fires occurred, but said he saw sparks about his body at night.

THE SCHOOLTEACHER'S STORY.

M. A. Kuhlman, who keeps a school in Mercer County, in which the alarm first began, describes how five fires broke out in one afternoon in different parts of the schoolhouse, being caused by no visible agency. A few minutes later he fixed his eyes on a shed of hay a few yards distant and called the teacher's attention to the fact that smoke issued from the same. Very soon it was in a blaze. The teacher forbade him to come to school any more. He does not believe him guilty of arson, but is inclined to think he is a victim of supernatural agencies. On the previous Sunday eleven mysterious blazes occurred in the house of William's father. One broke out at a corner of the roof, another in some bedding on the middle of the floor, and the third charred some grain sacks in the barn. Willie looked at a straw stack near by, and flames issued out of the top. The mother of the boy is prostrated with excitement and anxiety. Many of the inhabitants of the country around Turlock are spiritualists, and implicitly believe that no natural explanation can account for these occurrences.—*N. Y. Herald.*

How to get Strong.

Dumb-bells and horizontal bars, Indian clubs and the trapeze are valuable under certain conditions, but they are detrimental rather than beneficial if the blood is poor and thin and poisoned with bile. Use of the muscles necessitates waste as well as induces growth. If the blood does not carry sufficient nutritive material to repair the waste, loss of strength necessarily follows, and growth is out of the question. Purify and enrich your blood with Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' and then exercise will develop and not consume your physique.

—For the past two or three years the Continent has been deluged with forged Bank of England notes, executed in a style defying detection, even by the most experienced. From Paris, Copenhagen, Vienna, Berlin, Milan, Rome, and all of the towns of the south of France, frequent complaints have been made by the victims of these frauds. It is evident that the forgers have access to the bank paper, or have found means of copying it exactly, for the strictest comparison between the real and forged note fails to show any difference in the watermark or the quality of the paper; and, in fact, high authorities in the Bank of England say that it is impossible to detect the difference except by signs and numbers known only to themselves.

Seven Years

Of suffering relieved in as many days Corns cause in the aggregate as much suffering as any single disease. It is the magic solvent power of Putnam's Corn Extractor that makes it speedily successful in removing corns. Take no substitute, however highly recommended. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best. Sure, safe, and painless.

—A party of sportsmen from Saginaw, Mich., who were deer hunting, exhausted their supplies after four days of tramping, and, as they had killed no game had nothing to eat. They met a lumberman and asked for aid. He chased a large buck into the river, killed it with a pike-pole, and divided the carcass with the city sportsmen.

—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy surpasses all.

Schr. Ivica,

Capt. Longmire.

This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between

Bridgetown & St. John

about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.

LIME

will be kept constantly on hand and for sale Apply on board or at residence of subscriber.

JOHN LONGMIRE,
Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 48tf.

Scott Act Fines.

Following is the full text of the order-in-Council recently passed, relative to the disposition of Scott Act fines:—

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, 29th September, 1886.

Present—His Excellency the Administrator of the Government in council.

Whereas, it is provided by the second section of the Act, 49 Vic. cap. 48, intituled;—"An Act respecting the application of certain Fines and Forfeitures," that the Governor-in-Council may, from time to time, direct that any fine, penalty or forfeiture, or any portion thereof, which would otherwise belong to the Government for the public uses of Canada, be paid to any Provincial, municipal or local authority, which wholly or in part bears the expenses of administering the law under which such fine, penalty or forfeiture is imposed, or that the same be applied in any other manner deemed best adapted to attain the object of such law and to secure its due administration:—

His Excellency-in-Council, on the recommendation of the Minister of Justice, and pursuant to the provisions above recited, has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered that, all fines, penalties or forfeitures, recovered or inforced under, "The Canada Temperance Act, 1878," and amendments thereto, within any city or County which has adopted the said Act, which would otherwise belong to the Crown for the public uses of Canada, be paid to the Treasurer of the city or county, as the case may be, for the purposes of the Act.

JOHN J. MCGEE,
Clerk Privy Council.

THE HOMES OF THE FARMER PRESIDENTS.—The *American Agriculturist* issues another in the series of engravings illustrating the "Homes of our Farmer Presidents," sixteen by eighteen inches in size, and presented to all subscribers for 1887. All new names for 1887 which are immediately received are entitled to all of the engravings for next year and those issued this year, also *American Agriculturist* for balance of this year. The Nov. No., with 170 illustrations and articles by fifty well-known writers, together with a proof of one of these engravings, showing what they are, sent to any address on receipt of six cents for mailing. Address *American Agriculturist*, 751 Broadway, New York. Price $1.50 per year; single numbers, fifteen cents.

We will club the *American Agriculturist* with the MONITOR to be sent to this office, (MONITOR) for $2.50 per year, every person who immediately subscribes to receive the engravings free for next year and this year also. If *Agriculturist* is desired alone, subscriptions at the regular price of $1.50 per year, will be received at this office.

—A Portland, Me., mercantile firm recently made a bold and what proved to be a profitable move to collect a bad debt. In the fall of 1880, F. Harwood of Minneapolis, one of the most prominent merchants in the west failed for over $1,000,000 with assets less than $40,000. Among the unsecured creditors was the firm of Deering, Milliken & Co., for $40,000. These gentleman were not discouraged by what might have been considered the hopeless aspect of the case, but went to Minneapolis and offered the creditors $285,000 for the whole stock, which was in the sheriff's hands. The other creditors jumped at the offer, took Messrs. Deering & Milliken's check for the whole sum, and these gentlemen in three months had cleared out the stock, got all their money back, and $109,000 to boot.

HOW THE GREAT VOCALIST DIED.—The Stratford *Beacon*, of October 15th, gives an account of the closing scene in the life of Mr. David Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist. He had been attacked with dysentery, but rallied until an attack of hemorrhage set in:—

Mr. Kennedy realized that his end was near, and the family were called to his bedside, and the solemn scene in the life of the great vocalist was enacted. He conversed with them calmly on different matters, gave directions as to the disposition to be made of his body; then kissed each one of them and bade them an eternal farewell. Next a hymn was sung by the daughters, in which he made a feeble effort to join, but before the closing lines had been reached the spirit of the great vocalist had taken its flight.

—Dr. Adlington, M. D., Edinburch, says 'I have often prescribed EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLENE in Consumption and other wasting diseases. It has been invariably beneficial in the cases under my observation. It is a perfect Emulsion, easy of digestion. I have frequently seen it retained by the stomach when every other similar preparation has been tried and rejected.'

CUSTOMS SEIZURE OF A HORSE.—William McFatridge took to the Bangor races early in September his bay gelding Electrician, via New Brunswick. At the border the usual bond was given that the horse was to return, and it was free of duty. It is alleged that Electrician was exchanged at Bangor for the bay mare Emily, and that this was the equine brought back, also coming free of duty as being the one for which the bond had been given. But "from information" customs detective McLaren came down here yesterday, and seized the bay mare, which is subject to a duty of 30 per cent. as being an American horse imported into the province.—*Hx. Recorder.*

WORTH REMEMBERING.

There is probably no better relaxing remedy for stiff joints, contracted cords, and painful congestion, than Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It cured Mrs. John Siddell, of Orton, Ont., who was afflicted for years with contraction of the bronchial pipes and tightness of the chest. It is the great remedy for internal or external pain.

AUSTRALIA'S RABBIT PLAGUE.—The farmers of Australia seem to be still troubled by rabbits, which breed in that country at a most enormous rate. One man has just accepted a tender for wire netting which is to make a rabbit-proof fence from Narromine to Bourke, and will extend over a distance of 203 miles. If the unfortunate rabbits search along to find the end of the obstruction they will get a bit weary before they have arrived at their destination. It is said that the work will cost £15,000, and at that rate, if a man could offer such a figure, it proves that the rabbit must be the most destructive animal in the antipodes.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

A CURE FOR CROUP.

It is a valuable fact for mothers to know that there is no better or more certain remedy for croup than Hagyard's Yellow Oil used internally and externally. This handy household remedy may be had of any druggist.

—An exchange says: "A young lady writes to inquire how long a young gentleman should be acquainted with her before she allowed him to kiss her. Long enough for the father and big brother to have gone to bed."

THE SCOURGE OF AMERICA.

The one terrible blight of our country is scrofula—from impure blood—it causes consumption and many wasting, lingering and fatal diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters cures scrofula if taken in time.