Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1890. NO. 17.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

CURE for the DEAF!

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums.

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N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.

T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension OF TIME

Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an

Extension of Time.

Puttner's Emulsion OF COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases.

Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily, may have a long

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

BROWN BROS. & Co.,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS,

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CHEAP —FOR:— **CASH!**

FLOUR,
OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
CORMEAL,
GROCERIES,
STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,

Harnesses made to Order.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Nov. 19th, 1888.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES CHOLERA, Cholera Morbus, COLIC and CRAMPS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

Farm for Sale

THE subscriber offers for sale that very nicely situated property in MIDDLETON, County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, on the Post Road and in the immediate neighborhood of Railway Station, Telegraph Office, Post Office and Churches, consisting of about forty-five acres superior soil, a thriving young orchard of about one hundred and fifty Apple Trees of choice selected fruit, and conveniently divided into hay, tillage and pasture lands. Is well watered, has a commodious and thoroughly finished house, woodhouse, barn, stables, etc., in good repair. Terms easy.

JONATHAN WOODBURY.

LOOK HERE FRIEND!

DO you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes a faint all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing?

If you suffer from any of these symptoms

USE SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS.

Prepared only by

FRANK SMITH, Apothecary,

St. Stephen, N. B.

Price, 25 cents; five boxes, $1. If not kept by your local dealers, we will send a box by mail on receipt of price. 1y

P. L. SLEEP,

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER,

has removed from Carleton's Corner, and is now located at the head of Queen Street, in the rooms over the store of Mr. Geo. H. Dixon. Purchasers may always find at his place a large and varied line of **BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS** to select from, and at prices that defy competition.

Jobbing and repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to. 7 13i

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS CARDS, TAGS ETC.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Cramp, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Believing all manner of Cramps and Chills.

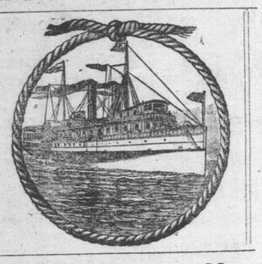
ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

International S.S. Co.

OPENING OF THE DIRECT LINE.



BOSTON, DIRECT.

Commencing Monday, May 5th,

—THE FAVORITE SIDE-WHEEL STEAMER—

NEW BRUNSWICK

Having been thoroughly repaired, will leave ANNAPOLIS (calling at DIGBY every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, directly after the arrival of the Express Train from Halifax. Returning: Leave BOSTON MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings.

ST. JOHN LINE—CHANGE OF TIME.

Commencing MONDAY, May 5th, one of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN for BOSTON via EASTPORT and PORTLAND every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7.25 Eastern Standard Time.

For further information apply to

F. Crosskill, Agent, W. & A. R., Bridgetown.

R. A. Carder, Agent, Annapolis.

OR ANY AGENT OF THE W. & A. RAILWAY.

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.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late GEO. E. DODGE, of Clarence, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested, within three months from date, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

BENJ. K. DODGE, Administrator.

Belleisle, May 9th, 1890. 7 3m

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late ARTHUR RUMSEY, of Torbrook, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to.

SARAH EMMA RUMSEY,
FLETCHER WHEELOCK,
Administrators.

Torbrook, Nov. 12th, '89.

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late Henry S. Piper, Publisher, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MINNA K. PIPER, Sole Administrator.

Bridgetown, Aug. 10th, 1889.

FRANK E. VIDITO,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.

THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.

My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.

Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

CALL AND SEE

THE GRAND ASSORTMENT OF

Wall Papers,

With Borderings to Match, AT

Central Book Store.

SPRING ROLLER BLINDS ALSO ON HAND.

B. J. ELDERKIN, Central Book Store.

WANTED.

AT once, two good Pants and Vest Makers and one good Coat Maker. Apply to

A. J. MORRISON, Bridgetown.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *AS PALATABLE AS MILK.*

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

COMET THE BEST **STOVE** IN THE WORLD **POLISH**

MORE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.,

(LIMITED).

ON AND AFTER THE 2nd OF JUNE

THE S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO.

ROBERT FLEMING, Commander, will leave the Company's wharf, Reed's Pt. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same day, due at St. John about 7 p.m.

HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager, St. John.

J. S. CARDER, Agent, Annapolis.

9 4m

Poetry.

Let the Bairnies Play.

Oh! let the bairnies play themsel's;
I like to hear their din.
I like to hear each restless foot
Come trippin' oot and in.
I like to see each face sae bright,
And each wee heart sae gay;
They 'mind me o' my ain young days—
Oh! let the bairnies play.

Oh! dinna check their sinless mirth,
Or mak' them dull and wae
Wi' gloomy looks or cankered words,
But let the bairnies play.
Auld douce wise folks should ne'er forget
They ance were young as they,
As fu' o' fun and mischief, too—
Then let the bairnies play.

And never try to get a heid,
Wi' auld age grim and gray.
Upon a wee saft snawy neck—
No! let the bairnies play.
For, oh! there's mony a weary nicht
And mony a waefu' day
Before them, if God spare their lives—
Sae let the bairnies play.

—*Mary Inglis, in Scottish American.*

At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay,
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to mine own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit;
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansions,
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath thy tree of healing,
The life for which I long.

—*Whittier.*

Select Literature.

Jinnylin.

A long, yellow-clay road winding up an incline that grew steeper farther on and terminated in a bare plateau. The highway was hemmed in for a space by serpentine rail fences, then farther led a perilous path along the edges of ravines deeply wooded, carpeted with ferns and moss, and cumbered by wild roses and grape vines. The roses, done blooming, showed scarlet seed-pods where the foliage was thinnest, and the grapes, not yet purple, hung in clusters high under their green canopies.

A young girl coming slowly up slipped her slat sun-bonnet back until it dangled by the strings around her neck. She carried a tin pail, stained with berries on the inside, which she shifted from one hand to the other. Little damp rings of sunburned-brown hair clung to her tanned forehead. She listened with a hill-bred ear for every smallest sound, hearing where a city devotee would have found silence. She paused a moment for the rustle in the stir of leaves that rushed from bough to bough and died out in cadences.

Once an insect impatient of twilight delayed sent out an imperative cry.

"Well, I reckon the' aint no need o' yer gittin' mad," she said, and laughed. Then a bird far up on the hillside began his evening song. At this she stopped.

"I ain't never heerd that bird before." She began to imitate the call, softly at first, then more assuredly until the answer came. She laughed contentedly and went on.

"I ain't never heerd a sound yet I couldn't make, except the ingine on the New Albany road. But that's jist noise, an' the's a heap o' diffurence."

As she neared the top of Bald Knobs, on which half a dozen houses clustered about "the store," she pulled her sun-bonnet decorously over her face and walked timidly past the group of men who sat on the porch tilted back against the wall with their feet on the rungs of their chairs.

"I want a new dress like one a young lady has who's visitin' over to New London with her uncle's. It's kind o' blue and white stripe," she said to the storekeeper. He took a cob pipe out of his mouth to reply and leaned across the counter.

"Well, I've got some stuff like that. Got it last fall fur shirts, but it's so tarnation ugly I can't sell it. Give it to you fur 10 cents a yard."

He pulled a bolt of goods from under the counter and eyed it with a look of personal grievance. It was a dainty seer-sucker in stripes of gray-blue and white.

"That's the kind!" she said, and stood off to make a mental calculation on the number of yards required.

"Bein's yer paw's a friend o' mine, I wouldn't ask you to buy that. Git somethin' purty while yer at it." She shook her head.

"It looked so clean an' cool like, an't was mighty purty on her, though I'm diffrunt."

"Yer diffrunt from any other girl on the Knobs, any how, Jinnylin. An' I reckon if you wear this dress to meetin' I'll git to sell the whole piece."

While waiting for the bundle she stepped out on the rude porch. A series of derisive shouts came from behind a little wooden church a few yards down the other side of Bald Knobs, a frown wrinkled her brown brows, and the deacon, looking up at her, was minded to say:

"They hadn't orter do it; they hadn't, reely."

But the other men, recalling their own boyhood, grinned.

"Ther a doin' jist as their paws done before 'em," remarked Tom Bowers, in a manner that challenged the deacon to reprove a generation of which he was a muscular representative.

The deacon sighed a spiritual sigh of resignation that did just as well as acquiescence.

"Them as object to fightin' on Scriptural grounds wants to keep their mouths shut," remarked Tom sententiously. "Jinnylin, goin' to meetin' Sunday an' sing?"

"Mebbe. Any you uns seen Gustie down thar?" Without waiting for an answer she darted down the hill and presently stood breathless in front of the church. The boys of Bald Knobs were enjoying their hereditary pastime—tormenting old Pete Connor.

He had emigrated from Ireland 60 years before to these unfriendly hills, and retained yet in his manner a remnant of chivalry that excited the pity and contempt of these rough settlers from the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. The rude log cabin stood back from the road defenseless against the volley of sticks and stones that bombarded it from behind the church.

"O, Pete!" yelled a boy. Then in a voice preternaturally nasal and quavering he sang—

Is my name written thar?

A burst of laughter from the boys followed by another shower of stones.

"O, Pete! What'll you take fur yer profile?" Rooster-crows, cat-calls, and shrill whistles followed. The white head of an old man appeared at the single square window of the cabin, the soft, wrinkled face quivering. The boys stopped. Then the old man knelt down, with his face turned skyward, and prayed, swaying back and forth in his agony and fervor of faith.

"If it be Thy will, O my Heavenly Father, that these persecutors air to torment me for my soul's sake, give me patience to bear Thy will, but if these boys air sent to the devil——"

Was he going to call down maledictions? The boys waited. Jenny Lind Bates, standing in front of the church, sobbed.

"Father forgive them—they know not what they do." He finished with the words of his Master. For a moment he remained kneeling, then disappeared.

"Well, I'll be darned," said Jim Taylor. "He ain't got a bit of gumption." Then this Bald Knobs ventriloquist winked at the crowd and struck up a tune in imitation of the old man's blind wife, who always sang an octave higher than any one else in the church:

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel' veins."

The boys howled and a wrathful old face appeared at the window. But anger never found a place in that gentle soul long enough for a speech to be framed.

"If it's 'my lady' yer a mokin? Boys, it's been 60 years sence I married 'my lady,' a red-cheeked gal from Killarny. We're pore an' old, an' the light's gone out o' her blue eyes forever, but if you don't think I love'r jist same's ever, yer mistaken."

The sad old face, lighted up with such strange emotions, was filled with despair as the boys howled in derision, and it disappeared for the last time.

Clear and penetrating came a girl's voice: "Gustie, Gustie, Come huyr."

"See huyr, you young limb. That's Jinnylin a-callin' fur you. G'long now." Jim Taylor picked a squirming youngster up by the collar of his hickory shirt and started off around the church, followed by a grinning crowd.

"I didn't know he was thar or I'd a sent him a skitin'," he explained, with a wink at the other boys. They perched themselves along the top of the rail fence—brown-skinned, bare-legged, mischievous, alert—and listened.

"We're jist havin' a little fun, anyhow," said Jim.

"Mighty sneakin' sort o' fun, pesterin' the life out o' an old man. Gustie shan't do it—at least not till he gets as big an' mean as the rest o' you." She clutched the child by the hand and started off down the road.

"Boys' got to have some fun. I ain't goin' to stop 'em, air you?" The rest grinned, and Jim leaned over the fence with the air of one who was ready for discussion.

She had stopped it before, and they were willing for her to do it again. To see Jenny Lind Bates get mad was almost as good fun as tormenting old Pete Conner.

"No, I ain't. I ain't goin' to git mad jist so you can laugh at me." Then some words of her mother's came to her as an inspiration.

"Boys," she said suddenly, "if you will stop pesterin' ole Pete I'll sing fur you."

If an electric light had flashed in their midst they could not have been more astonished. They had heard her marvellous voice only at meetin', when some hymn was started, and the rest of voices had dribbled to silence and left her singing alone. They had slipped into the back seats to listen to her then, and slipped out again before the long sermon began. "Now ye're talkin'. Bet you could coax a bird offin 'r tree talkin' like that. We don't keer 'bout pesterin' ol' Pete, but there ain't nothin' to do on Bald Knobs but this, like Steve Jones' got so used to gittin' drunk 't it's jist like gittin' up in the mornin' fur him,. Thar's some more boys back o' the church." He slouched away and returned presently followed by a curious giggling crowd.

"Gustie I've got to sing out huyr where it ain't like home, ner meetin', ner nothin'," she said, keeping a desperate clutch on his sturdy, brown hand. She had sung at meetin', and when the windows were open in the summer, it seemed as if her voice could go right up through the sky flawless of any tiny fleece of cloud.

The boys were waiting. Gustie twisted himself free and asserted a tottering manhood on the fence. A long line of swaying figures with the dim background of darkening hills and woods terrified her. Standing there in the dusty road, her limp cotton dress flapping against her bare heels, the prima donna of Bald knobs was struck with stage fright.

But she forgot herself in her songs after the first few notes had been choked out of her half-paralyzed throat. They were church hymns she sang and simple country ballads—all she knew, but her audience was not critical. And it was like listening to an untrained wood bird. Such unexpected trills and variations on those old hymn tunes! She wouldn't have thought it right to fix things sacred up in this way to suit herself if she had been in church.

She lost herself utterly in the songs. She was no longer there, but off after her voice to the strange world beyond the hills, down in the ravine where echoes are caught and choked to death, and up in those unimagined deeps of sky studded with pale stars that began to gleam in the East.

When she had finished her timidity returned.

"Come along, Gustie. It's gittin' dark," she said, reaching out a hand.

"Jinnylin kin sing like every bird in creation," volunteered that fortunate youth.

So without waiting to be urged she mocked the jay bird, the thrush, the catbird, and saucy boy, and last the one she had heard but that afternoon. "I ain't never heerd him before," she said.

"It's the fiery hang bird," said Ikey Mounts, and equality and confidence were instantly established.

* * *

No bird on Bald Knobs rose earlier the next morning than this human songstress with the sun-browned throat and shabby plumage.

Her crest again was the slat bonnet, except when in the shadow of the woods she let it hang by the gingham strings knotted about her neck. Then her hair, burned bright by the sun and tangled by the wind, snared every blundering butterfly that came near her.

She was gathering dewberries, skirting along the edges of the zigzag fences and into the denseat tangle of undergrowth. Many a fine berry was discarded because of a fancied flaw. Though she had never been taught the fact that fruit tenderly handled gives back an esthetic reward for the pains, yet she knew instinctively that wild grape leaves lining the tin pail and separating every layer of berries would make the gift more acceptable to the lady who wore the seersucker dress.

When the bucket was full she placed a blanket of leaves over the top, and began her four mile walk down the Knobs to the dusty valley, mimicking every cat-bird along the way.

As she reached the edge of the town she stopped to put on her shoes and stockings, then walked decorously through the streets—a butterfly soul imprisoned in the chrysalis of her country garb and manner.

The lady, young, gracious, beautiful, the the top cream of a great city milk pan skimmed into a country town pitcher for a vacation, came down herself to open the door, wearing the same dainty blue dress that had charmed Jenny Lind the day before.

"Ah, my sweet child!" she said, as if she were years and years older than Jenny Lind, and took the fruit-stained, brier-scratched hand in her own that showed traces of manicure powder in the crevices of the nails.

"Come right up stairs and visit me." So the shy creature scrambled up the polished steps and into the room as wonderful as the blue dress. And presently she was relating the story of her adventures the night before.

"They just listened to me sing as if they druther do that nor torment ole Pete Conner. Maw's been tellin' me 'bout Jenny Lind, the real one, an' how she made people good, an' I've ben a thinkin'—but by'n by the songs'll give out or they'll git tired of the old ones, an't takes lots o' songs to last a good while if you sing—frequent. I don't want to run out o' songs fur awhile. I want to go on singin' to the boys. They ain't bad, but they ain't got nothin' else to do. I expect they seem like heathens to you. I want to go on makin' them behave."

"You will go on. That was your great-ancestress' secret. She always 'went on,' even after her beautiful voice was gone and she had nothing but money and a good man's love and—a great heart."

The lady brought a book of ballads and simple songs, and the first lesson began.

* * *

A long happy summer followed, filled with service for the beautiful lady and learning the easy lessons of singing. Jenny Lind read notes almost by instinct.

"They're jist signs of sounds here in my throat," she said, clasping that flexible, brown column.

The lady brought the girl into the wider sphere of town society so that her life might be broadened, but the sweet wild-bird hushed her song in the cages of brick and stone and curiosity and wonder. When she got back to the pretty room she fluttered to her friend.

"It's only up thar I can sing. Down 'mong these folks my voice aches. I reckon they want good singin' up on the Knobs as well as other places."

So she was left alone. The summer was ended and the lady gone; but fixed in that delicate box in Jenny Lind's throat were half a hundred sons—old ballads that had stirred the hearts of generations before her. And she could learn from others, and never, so long as she lived, have to "foller other folks' singin'."

"Whenever you feel the fit comin' on, an' you have to pester ol' Pete or do somethin', jist come up an' I'll sing fur you," had been her general invitation to that "passel o' boys."

They came often, perched themselves on the rail fence in front of the house, and the prima donna never broke an engagement, and always had a new song.

"Never git tired singin'?" asked Jim Taylor, admiringly one night.

"Naw! No more'n the moon gits tired shinin'."

"It don't shine in the daytime!" he said triumphantly.

"Bet you it does! Shines on the Chinese, Goggerfry says so," she replied to his utter confusion.

"Bet she's smart. Ain't stuck up nuther," he remarked to the boys going home.

Not once during this whole summer had the boys tormented the old man, but Jenny Lind was watchful.

"It's jist like throwin' a bone to a dawg. Huyr, Shep, come huyr. Now, see maw, when Shep gits a bone he ain't barkin' at his own shadder. That's jist like the boys. Some time when I'm not thar to sing fur 'em they'll go at it again." One night in early winter Gustie rushed into the house.

"Jinnylin, they're plaguein' ol' Pete."

She paused not a moment, but darted up the Knob to the church. It was a dark night and she was guided only by the old, familiar stones, cat-calls, and the comical mimicry of Jim Taylor. She got into the midst of them before they knew it.

"Boys," she faltered.

Those nearest her stopped and the silence rippled on to the edge of the crowd. Then into the darkness she lifted her voice and sang "The Watermill"—one verse and the chorus:

"The mill will never grind again
With the water that is past."

Slowly, strangely solemn and impressive on the repetition, like a prophecy of regret. Her voice stopped in a sob. Jim Taylor spoke first.

"That's so, boys. Can't do a thing but once. Mebbe we'll be sorry fur tormentin' an ol' man when we're growed up, an' mebbe he won't be huyr to know it. I'm goin' to quit. Now, how many goes with me!"

A perfect volley of I's. Jenny Lind was sobbing.

The old man tottered out of the cabin, shading a candle with his trembling hand. He had heard the latter part of the speech, but not the low song.

"Eh, boys? Goin' to stop pesterin' us? The Lord be praised. Is't fur respec' fur 'my lady.'"

"Naw! It wur Jinny——"

But the sentence was never finished. A rough, strong little hand closed his mouth.

"Let him think it wur his 'lady,' Jim. It makes him feel good."

"I'll go in an' tell her. Thank ye, thank ye, boys." He shambled into the cabin with eager, uncertain steps, his white hair flying into his eyes, and shading the feeble yellow flame with his shaking hand.

"Now, three cheers fur ol' Pete, three more fur 'his lady,' an' three an' a tiger fur Jinnylin."

How the woods and hills rang with their shouts. Boys are never so happy as when making an authorized pandemonium. While the rocky gorges were saying "Rah—rah—ah—a!" Ikey Mounts voiced the sentiment of the dispersing crowd and made them stop.

"If Jinnylin would favor us with another song——"

But for the first time the prima donna of Bald Knobs did not respond to the encore. She was half way to the farmhouse, speeding down the yellow clay road, holding fast by Gustie's hand and crying all the way for pure joy.—*Nora Marks, in Chicago Sunday Tribune.*

The Worlds' Crops.

A summary of crop reports received from all parts of the world is published in *Massey's Illustrated Magazine* for July. From these reports it is gathered that, while the harvest in the maritime provinces will be from two to three weeks late, it promises well. Hay will probably be an average crop. Potatoes have been somewhat injured in low ground by the continuous rains and in some instances re-seeding has been necessary. These are exceptional cases, however, and the crop is as yet almost wholly dependent upon the weather of the next two months. As the season is nearly a month later than usual it is too early yet to form an estimate in regard to the oat and other grain crops; but the general outlook is not unfavorable. Buckwheat has only been sown within the past week or two, but is a rapid growing crop. In Ontario and Quebec a good deal of damage was done to crops by rain on low lands but a good harvest is expected. The meadows are mostly winter killed. In Manitoba, the North West territories and British Columbia a bountiful harvest is now assured by the recent rains. The hay crop is not so good. By cablegrams of the 2nd instant, the crops in Great Britain and Ireland are reported as having been materially injured by the late rains, but the general yield is expected to be very heavy, and on the continent of Europe wheat is ripening fast and there is every prospect of a good crop all over. South Africa prospects are good, while in Australia, grasshoppers from the interior have eaten up the young blades of early sown wheat and grass. In the United States, the crops in Dakota are reported fifty per cent. better than last year, when they were a total failure in many parts, in Michigan better, but in the other States not so much difference, even worse in New York state.

"DEATH SELDOM COMES SINGLY."—This is and old saying, and doubtless it is often disproved, that is, a long interval elapses between the visits of the great destroyer into families. But very often it appears to be vividly exemplified. The family of the late Hon. Joseph Howe have been called on within five months to mourn the death of four members. 1st, a grandson (the son of Sydenham Howe) who died after an illness of a few hours early in this year. Then a son, William Howe, of Ottawa. Next, the aged widow, who last week passed away, and yesterday, as noted last evening, intelligence was received of the demise of a granddaughter (daughter of Cathcart Thomson, and wife of Admiral Knowles, to whom she was married 7 or 8 years ago, when he was a captain on this station.) She died in England the same day as her grandmother passed away here, and leaves five young children.—*Recorder.*

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 60 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Drs. DeBlois & Primrose, Bridgetown, and Dr. Morse, Lawrencetown.

IN GAOL.—A woman in Sarnia, Ontario, aged 94 years, friendless, and destitute, has been sent to the Sarnia jail. Nothing is charged against her except that she is poor and homeless. Alas for the Christian charity of Sarnia! We have heard of cases like this, but they were all made subjects of comment and severe censure, and we thought they had ceased forever in Canada. Sarnians ought to be ashamed of themselves. —*Presbyterian Witness.*

A BIG PLANK.—Norman W. Carter, son of Matthew Carter, Esq., of Canaan, now of Elk River, Humboldt Co., California, writes that he has finished hewing a plank for the World's Fair. This plank, an account of which is going the rounds of the newspapers, is 16 feet 5 inches in width, 12 feet 9 inches long and 2 feet 3 inches thick. The tree from which it was cut must have been nearly 50 feet in circumference. A prize of $3,000 is expected by the exhibitors of this timber.

Mrs. Alva Young,

of Waterford, Ont., writes, "My baby was very sick with summer complaint, and nothing would help him till I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which cured him at once. It is one of the best remedies I ever used.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

A Trip to the Isle of Haute.

A visit to the Isle of Haute may not always be as pleasant as might be anticipated. This romantic Isle, situated in the Bay of Fundy, about midway between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, presents to the eye the appearance of a huge boat with bottom upward. Its high rugged bluff, which appears in some places to be composed of columns of rock, regularly standing upright, resembling the basaltic columns at the Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland, affords in its numerous nooks and crannies, safe spots for the legions of sea-gulls, the chief inhabitants of the island to build their nests, secure from the depredations of man. The best landing-place is on the north side, from which access may be had to the top of the island. Some idea of a visit here may be gained from the following narrative:—

"On Saturday, July 18th inst. at 9.45 a.m., upwards of a score of young ladies and gentlemen from East Margaretville, Annapolis Co., embarked aboard of a small fishing schooner *en route* for this place.

Their intention was to reach the island before noon, eat their dinner, and having explored its surface to return if possible before sunset. With high hopes of a good day's sport, they sailed up the Bay with a light breeze and the tide in their favor; but on arriving to within, as they thought, about two miles of their destination, the wind died out completely and they unfortunately were left becalmed. Not to be out-done, three or four of their number, determined to take the boat and row ashore part of the party, and having landed them to return for the remainder. The day was very hot when they set out, and though good progress was at first made, it was found that they had greatly under-estimated the distance. After toiling at least one hour and a half the tide began to ebb, thus increasing the difficulty by being contrary to their course.

The labour of rowing with the heavy oars, and the intense heat was now beginning to tell on our heroes, who decided if they could once reach the island would give up the idea of returning for the balance of the party.

With much difficulty they turned the western end and rowed along the northern shore, admiring the beautiful scenery as they passed. Here the bluff rises perpendicularly about three hundred feet above the water, presenting a splendid and bold appearance. Occasionally a wild duck or loon would arise from the water immediately ahead and soar away to a safe distance, while above them hundreds upon hundreds of sea-gulls rose from the overhanging crags, the whirr of their coming commingling strangely with their wild wierd-like notes as they wheeled and circled around the high, rugged cliffs.

About 6 p.m. they landed and wended their way by a steep carriage road to the top of the island, where they were kindly welcomed by Mr. Reed, the new light-house keeper, successor to Capt. Card. Ascending to the roof of the light-house by means of six or seven flights of steps they obtained a splendid view of the different shores. By means of a powerful glass, Capes Chignecto, Do'r and Split, together with the village of Advocate, were viewed by our visitors with as much satisfaction as if they were really there. Two or three vessels were observed on the stocks at the latter place.

But now it was time for them to return if possible to the vessel, which in the meantime by the influence of the tide had drifted almost out of sight down the Bay. Hoping to meet her when the tide turned they again set out, and when the end of the island was again reached she was just visible on the horizon. The air was now becoming hazy, clouds were appearing in the west, and to add to the pleasure of some of the more timid of the young ladies, darkness was coming rapidly on.

Now and then when a drop of rain would occasionally fall on their faces, they wished to return to the island. But the rowers determined to make a desperate effort to reach the vessel. At last she became quite lost to view in the fog which had rapidly filled the sky, when one of the party drew a heavy revolver from his pocket and emptied its contents in the air; then they listened intently; anon in reply they heard the distant sound of a horn, which renewed their sinking spirits and at 10 p.m. the vessel loomed up in the fog immediately ahead. They were soon taken aboard, when they found that those remaining had managed to get away with the balance of the provisions. Hungry, weary, and disheartened, they had to content themselves drifting round and round all the night, as the wind which had aided the vessel in reaching the boat had again gone down, and she, dictated by the tide, would not leave the island, which seemed enchanted, and resisted her departure by some unseen force. When near morning she had come around to the south side, ten of the party put out the boat again and started to row to Margaretville, which after a great deal of toil they reached, at 8.30 a.m.

Shortly after a boat put off again to the vessel, bearing some provisions to the half famished remnant that remained on board. They after drifting up and down the Bay all day long arrived home in the latter part of the afternoon quite satisfied that they wanted no more of 'that island.'"

This gives an idea of an excursion to the Isle of Haute, which many people have seen but never have visited. The party under consideration came off much better than the majority who go there. Many other visits might be described which would only substantiate the fact that it is a difficult place to reach at most times, sometimes attended by risk of life. But when once reached, the beautiful scenery, the pleasant walks in the dense groves, the kindness of Mr. Reed, and the loud screams of the wild fowl which frequent the place all combine to give a touch of romance to this lonely isle. F.

Mr. Jessie Johnson,

of Rockwood, Ont., writes:—"Last fall I had boils very bad and a friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and the effect was wonderful, half the bottle totally cured me. A more rapid and effectual cure does not exist.

—He who complains that the world is hollow and heartless unconsciously confesses his own lack of sympathy, while he who believes that people as a whole are kindly and humane is certain to have the milk of human kindness in his own nature.