Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 25. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1897. NO. 15.

Professional Cards.

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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The Best Returns For the Least Money
ARE OBTAINED FROM THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR CANADIAN COMP'Y,
THE
CANADA ASSURANCE LIFE COMPANY.
☞*All persons insuring before the 31st of Dec. 1894, will obtain a full year's profit.*
S. E. MARSHALL,
Nov. 28th, 1894. tf Agent, Middleton.

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EXHIBITION
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OVER $12,000 IN PRIZES
For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products.
Competition open to the World.

Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railways and Steamers. Rates and dates announced later.

Special arrangements are made for the Cheap Transport of Exhibits.

The C. P. Railway will carry Exhibits from New Brunswick points at regular rates and refund all freight charges when goods or stock are returned unsold, thus **carrying Exhibits practically free.**

A splendid new **Poultry Building** is in course of erection, and Amusement Hall will be enlarged and improved.

In addition to **Industrial, Agricultural and Live Stock Exhibits,** five or more nights of HAND & Co.'s Magnificent **Fire Works,** and an hourly programme of Special High Class Dramatic Effect will be given in **Amusement Hall,** making together the best and cleanest special attractions ever brought before the people of the Maritime Provinces.

A trip to the Sea Shore, a visit to Canada's Winter Port, and a stay in the cleanest and healthiest city in Canada, can be combined with a visit to the International Exhibition, at the very Low Rates to be later advertised.

Arrange now to Come to St. John.

Entry Forms will be forwarded to every one who applies personally or by letter to
CHAS. A. EVERETT,
Manager and Secretary,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
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JUST RECEIVED
By the undersigned,
ONE CAR OF
GOLDIE'S FLOURS
of the following favorite brands:
"BEST,"
"CROWN OF GOLD,"
"SUN,"
"VICTORIA."
....IN STOCK....
"FIVE LILIES,"
"FIVE ROSES,"
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Prices are Right!
Satisfaction Guaranteed!
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E. D. ARNAUD, Agent.
8tf

WALL PAPER!
STOCK NOW COMPLETE
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B. J. ELDERKIN.

ONE CASE
WHIPS
(All Styles and Prices,)
Direct from the Manufacturer.
☞**PRICES RIGHT.**
B. STARRATT.
Paradise, April 16th, 1897.

WANTED!
Men to sell the old, established Fonthill Nurseries; largest in the Dominion; over 700 acres of choice stock, all guaranteed strictly first class and true to name. Large list of valuable specialties controlled absolutely by us. We have the only testing farms that are connected with any Nursery in the Dominion. Permanent place and good pay to those who can prove themselves valuable. We furnish everything found in a first class Nursery; fruits, flowers, shrubs and seed potatoes. Write us and learn what we can do for you.
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Toronto, Ont.

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GOOD WORDS FROM Old Students
[No. 12.]
The young man who is fortunate enough to spend six months at the St. John Business College can be in a position, at the end of that time, to be a most desirable person for any business firm to take into its employ.
HERBERT C. TILLEY,
Accountant Imperial Trust Co., of Canada.
Catalogues of the best Business Course obtainable in Canada, also of the Isaac Pitman Shorthand, mailed to any address.
No Summer Vacations. Students can enter at any time.
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—AND—
300 WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS - -
—FOR A—
High Grade Bicycle

Write us for full particulars. Option of Ladies', Gentlemen's or Boy's Wheels. We have made a SPOT-CASH PURCHASE of a large number of Wheels from one of the Largest Manufacturers, and offer this Splendid Opportunity to every body to own and ride, for a small amount.

A Strictly First-Class, Up-to-Date Wheel—the equal of any High-Grade Bicycle in the market. GUARANTEED.

The celebrated Morgan & Wright Quick-Repair, Single Tube 1½ inch Tires, Garford Saddles, Combination Rubber Pedals, Re-inforced Joints, Dust Proof Ball Bearings, Tool Steel Cones and Caps, Nickel-Plated Handle-Bars and Parts, and the Finest Workmanship and Material throughout.

Buy the Famous Welcome Soap and Save Your Wrappers.

The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B.

CURRY BROS. & BENT,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
Bridgetown Wood-Working Factory,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Contractors and Builders.

A WORD IN THE EAR OF THE WISE MAN SUFFICETH.

There are many wise men in Annapolis Valley, and some of them have and others have not caught on to our whisper of last spring that we had come to Bridgetown to stay, and asking for their patronage. Well, we have been here a year, and have done $30,000 worth of business, erecting buildings in Halifax, Windsor, Yarmouth, Annapolis, Bridgetown, Berwick, Aylesford and other towns, and we flatter ourselves we have given satisfaction and carried out our obligations to the letter.

We have paid our factory help regularly every fortnight, thereby distributing over $4000.00 in cash amongst the storekeepers in Bridgetown and vicinity during the past year. Our aim is to double that this year, and we solicit the assistance of the public to enable us to do so.

We take this opportunity of thanking those who have entrusted their work to our care, and would ask for a continuance of their favors.

☞We are ready for 1896 business, and have just added to our plant a **New Dry House** with all the latest improvements in a **HOT BLAST DRY KILN,** so that we can **dry out green lumber in six days.** We can now supply

Dry Lumber, Sheathing, Flooring, Mouldings of all kinds, Wood Mantles, Counters, Store and Church Fittings, Sashes, Doors, and Factory work of every description at short notice

We consider our the best equipped factory in the Valley. We are all practical men, and give our whole time and attention to our business. We are ready to handle any kind of building no matter what its dimensions, and will attend to all orders for repairs, shingling and remodelling houses punctually.

Plans, Specifications and Estimates can be had of us at small cost.

☞We have just received direct from British Columbia **one carload B. C. Cedar,** and on the way **Whitewood and Quartered Oak.**

On hand: Shingles, Clapboards, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hair, Laths, Nails, Paper, etc., and a large stock of

SPRUCE AND PINE LUMBER.

GO TO
J. E. BURNS'
FOR BARGAINS
in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Dry Goods, Groceries,
HARDWARE, - GLASSWARE, - PATENT MEDICINES, Etc.
J. E. BURNS, - BRIDGETOWN.

Grand ✦ Spring ✦ Opening
—OF—
GENTS' WEAR!
The largest stock in the two Counties, bought for cash from the manufacturers and will be sold at
Extremely Low Prices.
WE HAVE JUST OPENED
An endless variety of Spring Cloths
per S.S. "St. John City" from London, which will be made up in our Tailoring Department to your entire satisfaction or no sale.
A. J. MORRISON & CO. MIDDLETON, N. S.

Before . . You . . . . Purchase **Your '97 Wheel** Correspond With Us.
OUR LINE COMPRISES THE
"Hamilton," - "Kenwood," - "Wellington," - "808."
Gents', Ladies', Juveniles and Tandems.
$100, - $85, - $70, - $55.
We are territorial agents and can offer customers many advantages.
No long waiting for replacements. All parts carried in stock and prompt attention paid to purchasers.
We also carry a full line of sundries, and have a well equipped repair shop
ANNAPOLIS MACHINE & CYCLE CO.

Important Notice!
I have completed arrangements with the celebrated cutter,
MR. A. McPHEE,
who will be at my Bridgetown store from this date.
FISHER, the Tailor.
Stores: Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal.

Poetry.

To a Faint Heart.

Ah! faint heart—dost find the fray
Growing fiercer day by day?
Thicker wages on the woe
Till thou knowest not friend from foe?
So swift the strange weapons rise
New and sharp before thine eyes—
And a new and sharper pain
Strikes in deeper and again
Till thou criest—there is no place
Left in the heart—strike in the face!

Courage; there are yet with thee
Powers unseen that mighty be,
Love and faith and courage bright
That can ne'er be put to flight;
Grand endurance bidding thee
Stand, nor ever dare to flee.
And though mangled—torn with woe—
Sweetest victory thou shalt know.
Seamed and battered though thou art
Scars the laurels of the heart:
Victory, god-like and secure,
Comes to those who will endure.

—*From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

On the Road.

I'a boun' to see my gal to-night—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De moon ain't out, de stars ain't bright—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
Dis hoss o' mine is pow'ful slow,
But when I does git to you' do'
Yo' kiss'll pay me back, an' mo',
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

De night is skeery-lak an' still—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
'Cept fu' dat mou'nful whippo' will—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De way so long wif dis slow pace,
I'tud seem to me lak sayin' grace
Ef you was on a nearer place,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.

I hyeah de hootin' of de owl—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
I wish dat watchdog wouldn't howl—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
An' evaht'ing, bole right an' lef',
Seems p'int'ly lak his pat itse'f
In shape to skeer me ha'f to def—
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.
I whistles so's I won't be feared—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
But anyhow I's kinder skeered—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De say been lookin' mighty glum,
But you ken mek hit lighten some
Ef you'll jes say you's glad I come,
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

Select Literature.

The Lead Pencil.

If my wife has a failing, it is lack of reverence. She doesn't recognize those property rights which should inhere to the personal belongings of a husband. I got that expression at a meeting of the Spartan Reform club, and it struck me as being good. If I remember right, it was uttered by a fellow with a chronic distaste for work, whose wife supported him by dressmaking. I didn't tell Millie where I got the expression when I quoted it to her, but she immediately said:

"That sounds like Jeff Sinks."

Then she laughed. My wife has a very musical laugh.

I think I was mildly reprimanding her at the time for mislaying the gimlet. I'm the most particular fellow you ever saw about keeping everything in its place. When I want a tool of any kind, I want to know just where to lay my hands on it. It's a kind of religion with me, and it hurts me terribly to find things in confusion. That's where my wife's lack of reverence comes in. She has no respect for my eleventh commandment, "Order is heaven's first law."

It isn't alone gimlets; it is hammers, and screwdrivers, and knives, and Lord knows what all. Why, she has even tampered with my razors.

I offered to buy her a razor of her own the last time she meddled with mine, but she said she guessed we didn't really need but one in the house. What can you do with such a woman?

Well, now that you understand my wife's failing—I'll admit it's her greatest one—I'll go on with the story with which it is connected.

One day last July Jim Outhwick came into the station just as I was closing up to go to supper. Jim is the paymaster at the Vulcan mills and a right good fellow.

"Hello, Joe," he said. "All alone?"

"Yes," I said; "what's up?"

He flung a canvas grip on the table and said:

"I must go down the road to-night to Ashville. There's talk of a strike among the miners, and I've got to be on hand first thing in the morning. I'm to offer to pay off the disaffected ones and make a big show of my money. That's a bluff that generally goes. The boys'll make up their minds the company can't be scared, and they'll get into line again. There's $26,000 in that bag, Joe."

I looked at the bag on the table and looked back at Jim.

"What did you bring it here for?" I asked.

"That's easily explained," he answered. "I got the word to start for Ashville just half an hour ago. The money was made up in a hurry, and I didn't have time to go home. I couldn't very well stay at the mill, and I wouldn't go to the tavern. So I just thought I'd come down here and get you to stay with me until the night train comes along. She's due at 9:30, isn't she?"

"Nine thirty-five," I answered. "But I'm just off for supper."

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I feel safe enough here. I'm armed to the teeth, you know, and there wouldn't be any danger until after dark. But you'll come back and keep me company, won't you?"

"I will if Millie lets me off," I said. "I'm booked for cribbage with her after supper."

"You tell Millie I'll bring her the prettiest cribbage board in Ashville if she'll lend you for a couple of hours," laughed Jim.

There was a stout old safe in the corner of the office that had nothing in it but blank waybills and reports. I unlocked it tossed the canvas bag inside.

"There," I said, as I thrust my bunch of keys in my sack coat pocket, "that makes it a little safer."

I thought Jim looked a bit dubious over this precaution, but he laughed and said:

"All right, my boy. I'll make myself comfortable until you come back."

Minnie didn't want me to go out one bit, but I told her Jim counted on me. I didn't say a word about the money, however. I knew it would worry her, and, to tell the truth, it worried me a little. I was sorry Jim brought it there, and I didn't like his talk about precautions.

Well, after supper I went out to see if the dog was all right—I've got the finest mastiff in the state—and when I came back Millie called to me from the sitting-room:

"Just a minute, Joe. I'm writing a note for Hattie."

Hattie is the wife of the telegraph operator, and I knew that Millie wanted me to leave it at the station, where he could get it in the morning. It was quite a number of minutes, however before she came out with the note and my vest and coat. It was so warm I had left them off before supper.

"Hadn't you better let the dog go with you, Joe?" she asked, as she helped me with my coat.

"No, no," I said, laughing. "He'll stay at home and take care of you. I'll put the lamp in the window, though, so you'll know I'm all right." That was a great joke of ours, but Millie didn't laugh as she usually did.

"Mind," she said," "I'll watch for it, and if it isn't there I'll come down after you."

I'm station master at Y. Our road is what's called the old line, and travel on it is light, mostly freight. At night the station is deserted, there being no business for either telegraph operator or ticket agent. This leaves the station practically deserted after sundown. It is only a few rods from our home, however, and I feel that it's under my eye all the time. I thought of this as I walked back to the station, and I didn't half like the idea of all that money being about.

I found Jim with his heels on the desk puffing away at a good cigar.

"Not an alarm," he said in his joking way, "not even a mouse."

We chatted away for an hour or more, when Jim suddenly put down his feet and yawned heavily.

"Joe," he said, "If you don't mind, I'll go out and take a little stroll."

"Go ahead," I said, "but mind you're not gone long."

After he had stepped out I was sorry I let him go. The thought of being alone with all that money was disquieting. I followed him to the door and looked out. It was a bright night, and I saw Jim slip around the corner. I knew he was after a drink. That was Jim's failing, that and gambling.

I went back and sat down. The more I thought about that money the more I didn't like the idea. What business had Jim to go away and leave all the responsibility with me? Of course he didn't leave it all with me, but he left altogether too big a share. As I sat there grumbling a low tap on the window overlooking the platform attracted my attention. I looked up. That side of the building was in shadow, but I could see a man's face against the pane.

"Joe," said somebody outside. I supposed it might be one of the section hands and stepped across the room.

"What is it?" I called.

"Open the window, Joe," said the voice. I pushed it up a little way.

"Is that you, Jerry?" I called.

There was no response. I put my head through the opening and looked up and down the line. Nobody was in sight. Just then I heard a slight noise behind me. I drew in my head. Something seemed to crash into my brain. A flash of blazing light blinded me. Then all was dark.

When I came to, I was tied in my chair, my head was sore and wet, and two men with strips of black cloth across their faces were looking down at me.

"He's all right," said the shorter one. The tall man nodded.

"Get the keys," he said in a queer, hoarse voice.

The shorter man felt in my pockets.

"Not here," he cried.

"They must be," said the tall man in his hoarse voice.

"I tell you they are not. Bring the lamp."

The tall man took the lamp from the window ledge and came closer to me. But their search was in vain. The tall man placed the lamp on the table, while the short man put a revolver to my ear.

"Come," he said, "where are those keys?"

My head was beginning to clear a little. I saw it all. My wife had taken the keys from my pocket because it was her way and because she thought I had no further use for them until morning.

"He must have left the keys at home," said the tall man hurriedly. "Here, give him a sheet of paper and let him write a note to his wife asking for them. The short man looked up sharply.

"I'll get them," said the tall man.

They pulled the table up to me and spread out a scrap of paper. The short man loosened the rope and let my right hand free. I reached to my vest pocket half blindly and drew out my pencil, still in a daze. I tried to put my wife's name on the sheet. The pencil refused to make a mark. I looked at it. It was dull and horribly haggled about the point. I pride myself on the fine point I put to my pencils. Again I comprehended that my wife had borrowed that very pencil to write the note to the operator's wife. I tried to scribe with the blunted thing.

"Curse you, hurry!" growled the short ruffin.

I showed the pencil point. With an exclamation of anger the short man drew out a heavy handled knife and swiftly sharpened the pencil. As he passed it back my wandering vision was caught by the lamp on the table. Heavens! It was no longer in the window! As this thought struck me I looked toward the ledge and saw there a white, scared face pressed against the pane. It was my wife.

"Write!" growled the short ruffin.

My only thought was to gain time. I knew my wife was there. I knew she would bring help.

I took the pencil in my nerveless fingers. As I did so a low growl caught my ear. It caught the ears of the villans too. The short man dropped his knife on the table and turned toward the door with his revolver extended. The tall man drew himself up against the wall.

"It's the dog," he hoarsely whispered. "Shoot to kill, Jack."

I saw the door tremble a little, I saw the short villain's arm rise, and my fingers closed on the handle of the knife he had just dropped. Then as the door slowly opened I drew back my arm and thrust wildly at the man in front of me. Something yellow flew through the doorway. There was a wild scream, a heavy fall, and I lapsed into unconsciousness again.

When I came around, I was in bed at home, with Minnie bending over me.

"It's all right, Joe," she murmured. "They've got them both locked up safe and sound, and the money is all right, and the mill directors have given you $1,000 of it."

"And Jim!" I asked.

"Jim!" she cried. "Why, Jim was the tall man. It was all his plot to steal the money and throw the blame on you. And if I had'nt taken your keys—don't scold—they'd have had the money, and if it hadn't been for the pencil I dulled—the man you stabbed told the whole story—I wouldn't have got there in time with Hector. The dog almost killed Jim before I could call him away, but I ain't so sorry, because the little man says they would have killed you if you had by any chance suspected Jim's identity."

I reached out and took Minnie's hand.

"That $1,000 belongs to you, dear," I said brokenly.

"Well," she answered, "if you take it, Jim, you may rest assured I'll borrow it sooner or later."

Then she put her cheek against my hand and laughed.

Then she cried.

The Aurora Borealis.

AS ELUSIVE TO THE SCIENTIFIC GRASP AS TO THE CASUAL OBSERVER.

A multitude of observers have studied the aurora, but the scientific grasp has found it as elusive in fact as it seems to casual observation, and its exact nature is as undetermined to day as it was 100 years ago. There has been no dearth of theories concerning it, however. Biot, who studied it in the Shetland Islands, in 1817, thought it due to electrified ferruginous dust, the origin of which he ascribed to Icelandic volcanoes. Much more recently the idea of ferruginous particles has been revived, their presence being ascribed, not to volcanoes, but to the meteorites constantly being dissipated in the upper atmosphere. Ferruginous dust, presumably of such origin, has been found on the polar snows, as well as on the snows of mountain tops, but whether it could produce the phenomena of auroras is at least and open question. The prevailing theory of today is that the aurora is due to a current of electricity generated a the equator and passing through upper regions of space, to enter the earth at the magnetic poles, simply reversing the course which Franklin assumed.

The similarity of the auroral light to that generated in a vacuum bulb by the passage of electricity lends support to the long-standing supposition that the aurora is of electrical origin, but the subject still awaits complete elucidation. For once even that mystery solver, the spectroscope, has been baffled, for the line it sifts from the aurora is not matched by that of any recognized substance. A like line is found in the zodiacal light, though thought by some astronomers to be due to meteor swarms about the sun, is held to be, on the whole, as mysterious as the aurora itself.

Whatever the exact nature of the aurora, it has long been known to be intimately associated with the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. Whenever a brilliant aurora is visible, the world is sure to be visited with what Humboldt called a magnetic storm—a "storm" which manifests itself to human senses in no way whatsoever except by deflecting the magnetic needle and conjuring with the electric wire. Such magnetic storms are curiously associated with spots on the sun—just how no one has explained, but the fact itself is unquestioned. Sunspots, too, seem directly linked with auroras, each of these phenomena passing through periods of greatest and least frequency in corresponding circles of about eleven years' duration.—*Harper's Magazine for June.*

A Dog Story.

The best dog story that has actually occurred in real life was in connection with a toll gate upon the Great North Road. It was kept by two sisters, who were very timid, and especially in winter time, when the impossibility of getting to the post town to bank their money caused them to keep considerable sums in their keeping. A blacksmith of their acquaintance called one day and made light of their apprehensions. "The night mail goes by at midnight, and the patrol at all times," he said, "and besides, your door and windows are very strongly barred." "That is true enough," they replied; "but our bedroom window is not barred, and a burglar has only to put up the chicken ladder against it, and we should be at his mercy. Then a pedlar came by whom they knew, and their talk with the blacksmith had so increased their fears that they besought him for that night to guard the house for them. He said; "I can't do that, but here's my mastiff dog, and I will leave him with you till morning. I pity the burglar that he once gets hold of." The poor women put the dog in their bedroom, and in the dead of night they heard the chicken ladder placed against their window; and the mastiff heard it and commented up on it in very deep but low tones. When a man with a black mask made his way in at the window, he was received by the faithful animal who flew at his throat and pinned him to the floor. The poor women had seen quite enough of this exciting contest, and fled away, half-dressed, over the snow to the blacksmith's cottage, which was the nearest habitation to the toll gate; but the blacksmith was not at home. He was in fact, very particularly engaged at that moment with the mastiff; and in the morning was found unmasked and dead at his feet.

LIKE SUFFERERS ONLY KNOW.

R. SCRIVER, CARPENTER, OF HASTINGS, WAS A GREAT SUFFERER FROM KIDNEY DISEASE—SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE EFFECTED A QUICK CURE—IT IS A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR A SPECIFIC DISEASE—IT DISSOLVES AND ERADICATES ALL SOLID MATTER FROM THE SYSTEM IT IS SAFE AND PERMANENT.

For many years I have been troubled with kidney disease, necessitating the taking of much in the way of remedies. Two years ago they became so bad that I had to seek the aid of a physician. My urine was more like blood than anything else, and was very painful. Just at that time I began using South American Kidney Cure. It gave me immediate relief, and from that time till now I have had no difficulty. I can safely and honestly recommend this great remedy to all persons suffering from kidney trouble. Sold by S. N. Weare.

—There is no sign at the present moment of a decline in the popularity of the ever useful and comfortable coat and skirt costume. Many of the imported models are made with a small reefer similar in style to those worn last summer, but the newest and prettiest have swell Eton jackets opening over a tight-fitting waistcoat. Some very handsome costumes are made of summer-weight covert cloth, with both the skirt and waist lavishly trimmed in small braided patterns, but the fancy of the moment is to have them made of linen, either white or colored. One is in linen duck, green in color, with a hair line of white running through it, made with a perfect hanging skirt innocent of trimming. White braid ornaments the dainty Etou jacket, while the revers are of white linen as is also the waistcoat, which is closed on the left side by small white buttons, enameled in green.

Who Helps a Child?

He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life can possibly give again.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER,
—AND—
SOLICITOR.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies
☞Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

PUT TO THE TEST
THE MOST CONVINCING AND ABSOLUTE PROOF GIVEN.
THAT DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CURE WHEN OTHER MEDICINES FAIL.—WHAT THEY HAVE DONE FOR OTHERS THEY WILL DO FOR YOU.

No remedy of modern times has offered more, or stronger proof of its sterling merit that has Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The cures are not those of people in foreign lands, but from all parts of our own country, and the statements made are easily verified by everyone in the vicinity in which the cures reported occur. When such proof as this is offered doubt must cease, and the medicine must be awarded the palm of superiority over all others. Every mail brings letters from grateful people in all parts of Canada, who have been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, sometimes after years of illness and after other medicines had failed, and it is the words of gratitude spoken by sufferers thus restored to health that has created the enormous demand this medicine has. The following letter is but a fair sample of hundreds constantly being received:—

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

DEAR SIRS,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the medicinal value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as a blood purifier and health restorer. For ten years I was a victim to a complication of troubles, beginning with quinsey and followed by rheumatism and bronchitis. My physicians told me the trouble had become chronic, and that every winter I would either have to house myself up or go to a warmer climate. Two years ago I was confined to my bed and room from February until May, under the doctor's care. One day while reading of the cures wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I determined to try them, and I found a cure at last in this splendid medicine. I used a dozen boxes of the pills and I have never been better in my life than I am now, and I have not been troubled in any way with my old complaints since I discontinued the use of the Pink Pills. As I have already stated I was a sufferer for years, and during that period spent a small fortune in doctor's medicine and drugs, only to find in the end that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplished what all other medicines failed to do. When my friends who know how often I was laid aside with illness ask me what cured me I am always happy to say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Yours gratefully,
MRS. J. A. MCKIM,
Cataraqui.

Mr. and Mrs. McKim are among the best known and most esteemed residents of Cataraqui, Ont., Mr. McKim has been a travelling salesman for pianos and organs in the district in which he resides for upwards of twenty-five years.

What stronger proof than the above can be had for the claim that Dr. Williams Pink Pills cure when all other medicines fail? If you are ailing give this great medicine a fair trial and the result will not disappoint you. The public are cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations. Insist upon taking nothing but the packages which bear the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Uses of the Cucumber.

Most of the expensive toilet luxuries will be found to contain cucumber juice. These hold a very important and expensive place, and just now is the time for the wise housekeeper to preserve their cooling and healing qualities, not only for her own and children's use, but for the comfort of the pater also.

To make cucumber cream, which not only clears and cleanses the complexion, but is also, very healing, proceed as follows: Remove the soft part from two or three cucumbers, warm sufficiently to make it squeeze through the colander, then squeeze through a hair sieve; to half a teacupful of this add a teaspoonful of glycerine and five drops of salicylic acid; both the latter are preservatives, and if glycerine does not agree with the skin the salicylate alone will be sufficient. Add a few drops of any perfume liked and the ointment is ready for use.

While cucumbers are plentiful it is well to have thick slices of the softest with the soap on the washstand, and to use after the former, to rub face, hands and throat, rinsing afterward. The clean, soft feeling of the skin will answer for its future use. While tomatoes are ripe and plentiful they are excellent to remove freckles and muddiness from the skin. A woman with a peach-like bloom on her skin declares she has used nothing else besides soap from her girlhood. A thorough rubbing of the skin once or twice daily while the season lasts with a ripe tomato will work wonders, and if this is found to be the very thing for certain complexions the canned may be used occasionally through the winter; those canned nearly whole must be chosen, as they are the least cooked.

Helpfulness is Happiness.

A lady was once asked to define her ideal of happiness, says the Boston *Congregationalist*, whereupon she set herself to answer the question and found it a more difficult matter than she had supposed. After studying the problem in all its bearings she concluded that, upon the whole, she could stand by this definition: "My ideal of happiness is the helping of somebody up." Is not this a strong, safe, blessed working rule? It covers all circumstances and applies to the doing of the "nexte thynge," whether it be soothing of a wailing child, the sweeping of the kitchen floor, the leading of a great cause, or the lightening of a spiritual doubt or burden. Each alike may come within the range of our daily duties and give ample opportunity for helping somebody "up."

Canada and Japan.

The manner in which the trade of Japan can be directed to Canada, and *vice versa*, has been engaging the serious attention of the Laurier Government, and with this in view the federal authorities have appointed Mr. George Anderson, of Toronto, as a special commissioner to the island empire of Asia to ascertain from personal observation and personal contact with the business men of Japan how far this can be carried into effect. Mr. Anderson, who intends to leave in about six weeks for Japan, has issued a circular letter requesting all those interested in an export trade from Canada to that country to send him every information in their power. All such information will be treated as confidential.

—After serious illness Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful building up power. It purifies the blood and restores perfect health.

—Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.