Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1895. NO. 43.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store)
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Consular Agent of Spain.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.

NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.
GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors,
Notaries Public.
ommissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
ommissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
eneral Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
Members of the United States Law Association.
Real Estate Agents.
OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

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

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
☞Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

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

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
Specialties EYE, EAR, THROAT.
MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38tf

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

DENTISTRY.

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

P. C. MELANSON,
—DEALER IN—
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY SILVERWARE, SPECTACLES, Etc.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.
NOTICE.—Any goods sold by me which do not prove to be as I represent them, the purchaser upon returning the article will receive the sum of $20.00.
Middleton, N. S., September, 1893.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1891. 29 1y

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of SINCLAIR ROLSOR, late of Havelock, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
WILLIAM WORTHYLAKE,
Administrator.
[illegible], Digby Co., N.S., June 27th, 1894. 1y

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of ELIAS BEALS, late of Williamston, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
JAMES R. CURRELL,
of Bridgetown, or
ROBERT FITZRANDOLPH,
Lawrencetown.
September 12th, 1894. 6m *Executors.*

NOT SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
—BUT—
SIMPLY THAT WE DEFY COMPETITION
—IN THE—
TAILORING LINE

Besides having a First-Class Stock of CLOTHS and TRIMMINGS I have the

Celebrated "Tyke" Serge.

It is a cloth of the highest character and especially sound colors. The Black is a *direct* Black, and the Blue is the *best Indigo.*

REMEMBER I guarantee my stock to be of the highest order, and the prices are as low as can be put for first-class stock, and the work turned out of this establishment is **second to none.**

FRANK SCOTT.
MEDICAL HALL BLOCK. - - - GRANVILLE STREET.

Dr. J. Woodbury's
HORSE LINIMENT
Is Infallibly the Cure for
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles.
Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

R. ALLEN CROWE
—Has in Stock, a Full and Complete Line of—
Parlor, Hall, and Kitchen Stoves!
CALL AND INSPECT.

Don't Rack Your Brain
to determine what you'll buy Wife, Mother, Sister or Daughter for Xmas.
What more fitting or lasting remembrance can be found than a

"WHITE"
SEWING MACHINE!
J. A. GATES & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS, - - MIDDLETON, N. S.

BLACKSMITHS NOTICE!
We have just added a Complete Line of
REFINED BAR IRON,
and offer at a VERY LOW PRICE. Also in stock
Iron and Steel Shoe Nails and Rasps
AT OUR USUAL LOW PRICES.
Get our Quotations before buying.
WALKER, HANSON & CO.
Middleton, October 10th, 1894.

—THE—
INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO'Y,
LIMITED.
Works: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
Correspondence solicited.

F. A. McPHERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Spring & Summer Suitings
IN THE LEADING PATTERNS.
ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS
FOR 1894.
Also Fine Worsteds, and a Large Assortment of Fashionable Trimmings.
GENTS' FINE SUITS A SPECIALTY.

INFLUENZA,
Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
"Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I began taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine."—W. H. WILLIAMS, Crook City, S. D.
AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral
Prompt to act, sure to cure

IF YOU WANT
ANYTHING IN THE
BOOT
—AND—
SHOE
LINE, STEP INTO
G. W. ANDREWS'
Boot and Shoe Room, and see his new stock
—IN—
Buff, Oil Pebble,
Oil Goat, Calf,
Dongola, French Kid,
Kangaroo, etc., etc.
LARGEST ASSORTMENT
—AND—
LOWEST PRICES
Ever shown in Middleton.
$1 buys a nice pair of Men's Boots!
Middleton, Aug. 21st, 1894.

Are you
WEAK? NERVOUS?
TIRED? SLEEPLESS?
PALE? BLOODLESS
THIN? DYSPEPTIC?
you need
A COURSE OF
HAWKER'S
Nerve and Stomach
TONIC.
It makes weak nerves strong, promotes sound, refreshing sleep, aids digestion, restores lost appetite, is a perfect blood and flesh builder, restores the bloom of health.
All Druggists sell it 50c a Bottle. Six for $2.50. Mfd. only by Hawker Medicine Co Ltd St John.N.B.

What Every Household Wants
—IS A—
BABY FOOD WARMER
It will warm the baby food or heat the bachelor's shaving water. And it is indispensible in a sick room, and useful in a dozen other ways. The baby food warmer is a lot of wires woven together so as to fit the top of any sized lamp chimney. It will warm a pint of water in three or four minutes.
It will not brake nor smoke the chimney.
To introduce this we will sell them for the next 15 days at 10c. each.
For sale at the New Store and
Kitchen Furnishing Depot!
HARRIS & HATFIELD,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.
ALSO A FULL LINE OF
Iron and Lead Pipe, Pumps, Sinks, and Bath Tubs.

WM. RAND,
CANNING, N. S.
—REPRESENTING—
FRANK RAND & CO.,
FRUIT BROKERS,
SPITALFIELDS MARKET, LONDON,
—AND—
BERRY & HOWARD,
WHOLESALE PRODUCE AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
86 Commercial St., Boston.
Consigners to either of our houses may depend upon prompt returns at highest market rates, and drafts made against consignments if forwarded with Bill of Lading attached will be accepted to any reasonable amount.
Shippers to our Boston house will be furnished free with blank invoices, shipping cards, and stencils with register number.
Cable address of London house "Rand, Spitalfields, London."
☞Telephone at Canning. 22 6m.

Poetry.

The Mother's Letter.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Oh! postman, on your weary round, what
have you in your bag?
The tale of death, the tale of birth; it is not
strange you lag
That last slow mile, as one by one you hand
the letters in—
Sweet messengers of love and faith, 'mid
strife and woe and sin.

In yonder dingy boarding-house there stands
a tempted boy—
The devil whispers in his ear: "Come, taste
my brimming joy.
Come, sell your soul, what matters it about
another world?
This world is here; come, drink my wine
with sparkling zest impearled."

Oh? postman, ringing at the door, you're
haply just in time;
You hand his mother's letter in; its sweetness cannot chime
With siren pleadings from the plt; let's look
upon the page,
And see how mothers meet the foe, when
souls are thrown for gaze.

"Dear Ned," she writes, "old Ponto fails,
the dog is growing gray.
I think he misses you, my dear; you've been
so long away,
What rambles o'er the hills you two in other
days have had,
I pet old Ponto for your sake, my precious,
precious lad.

"The little sister grows apace, you'd hardly
know her now.
She gets to have a look of you about the
the open brow;
I tell her: "Polly, study hard, be just like
brother Ned,
Wherever others stood, my dear, he always
stood up head."

"I go to meeting every week, of course, but
in the pew,
You wouldn't think, dear boy, how much
your mother misses you.
They've got new singers in the choir, a tenor
and a bass,
And little Susy Spalding, with a voice to
match her face.

"She, Susy, is a darling, and she often sits
with me,
And puss, though growing wheezy, climbs
purring to her knee.
The bird is dead—I'm sorry—but he was
ten in May,
One cannot keep canary birds forever and a
day.

"Lame Willie always asks for Ned. "When
did you hear, and what?
I wish you could write often, dear, but mind,
I say this not
To blame you—men must work in town, and
mothers understand;
I always trust the golden heart, behind the
good right hand!

"God bless you, Ned. Vacation time is
speeding on so fast,
I'll have you when the daisies bloom, ere
strawberries are past.
I love you, love you, darling Ned, this stupid
letter take
And pardon any errors for your own dear
mother's sake."

Oh! postman, trudging in the dark, an angel went before
And left a blessing on the note you handed
in that door.
And, skulking outward on the blast, the
devil left his prey,
Apollyon put to flight before a mother's love
to-day.

And mother, with your boy away, and so
much out of sight,
Do more than love, and more than pray, to
shield him in the fight;
Write often of the simple things that hold
him to the farm,
And let his childhood round his life weave
fast its mystic charm.

Select Literature.

The Christmas Well.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Early in my married life I bought a small county estate which my wife and I looked upon as a paradise. After enjoying its delights for a little more than a year our souls were saddened by the discovery that our Eden contained a serpent. This was an insufficient water supply.

It was quite natural that the scarcity of water for domestic purposes should effect my wife much more than it did me, and perceiving the discontent which was growing in her mind, the serpent came and whispered in her ear. Very soon afterwards she offered me an apple; I took it and ate thereof, and my eyes being thereby opened I determined to dig a well.

As this well was to be made entirely for the sake of my wife it should be called her well, it should really belong to her. Happy thought? I would make her a Christmas present of it! It was true that it was then early in the autumn, and the gift would be ready to present some time before the holiday season, but I knew my wife would not object to that. It would be such a rare gift! I did not believe that anybody ever before gave his wife a Christmas present of a well.

The very next day after I had eaten of the apple I began to look for a well digger. Such an individual was not easy to find. In about a week I found a well-digger.

"And now then," said he, when we had had a little conversation about terms," the first thing to do is to find out where there is water. Have you a peach tree on the place? We walked to such a tree and he cut therefrom a forked twig.

"I thought," said I, "that divining rods were always of hazel wood."

"A peach tree twig will do quite as well," said he, and I have since found that he was right. Divining rods of peach will turn and find water quite as well as those of hazel or any other kind of wood.

He took an end of the twig in each hand, and with the point projecting in front of him, he slowly walked along over the grass in my little orchard. Presently the point of the twig seemed to bend itself downward towards the ground.

"There," said he, stopping, "you will find water here."

"I do not want a well here" said I; "this is at the bottom of a hill and my barnyard is at the top; besides, it is too far from the house."

"Very good," said he; "we will try somewhere else."

His rod turned at several other places, but I had objected to all of them.

He stood up and looked at me. "Well, sir," said he, "will you tell me where you would like to have a well?"

"Yes," said I,. "I would like to have it over there in the corner of the hedge. It would be near enough to the house."

He took his divining rod and went to the spot I had indicated. "Is this the place?" he asked, wishing to be sure he understood me.

"Yes," I replied, and he put his twig in position and in a few seconds it turned in the direction of the ground. Then he drove down a stick, marked out a circle and the next day came with two men and a derrick and began to dig my well.

My neighbors were all rural people, and intelligent in regard to water supplies. One of them, Phineas Colwell by name, took a more lively interest in my operations than did any one else. He was a man of about fifty years of age, who had been a soldier.

Phineas walked along our lane at least once a day, and whenever he saw me he told me something about the well. He did not approve of the place I had selected for it. If he had been digging a well he would have put it in a very different place.

About a quarter of a mile from my house, at a turn of the lane, lived Mrs. Betty Perch. She was a widow with about twelve children.

When Mrs Perch had time she sewed for the neighbors, and whether she had time or not she was always ready to supply them with news. From the moment she heard I was going to dig a well she took a vital interest in it. Her own water supply was unsatisfactory, as she depended upon a little spring which sometimes dried up in the summer, and should my well turn out to be a good one, she knew I would not object to her sending the children for pails of water on occasions.

My neighbors were generally pessimists. Country people are proverbially prudent, and pessimism is prudence.

But whatever else he may be, a pessimist is depressing, and it was, therefore, a great pleasure to me to have a friend who was an out and out optimist. In fact, he might be called a working optimist. He lived about six miles from my house, and had a hobby, which was natural phenomena. He was always on the lookout for that sort of thing, and when he found it he would study its nature and effect.

"I have the wildest desire," he said, "to know what is in the earth under our place, and if it should so happen in the course of time that the limits of earthly existence should be reached by—I mean if the estate should come into my hands—I would go down, down, until I had found out all that could be discovered. To own a plug of earth four thousand miles long and only know what is on the surface of the upper end of it is unmanly. We might as well be grazing beasts."

He was sorry I was digging only for water, because water is a very commonplace thing, but he was quite sure I would find it.

Having finished my well, I now set about getting the water into my residence nearby. I built a house over the well and put in a little engine, and by means of a system of pipes, like the arteries and veins of the human body, I proposed to distribute the water to the various desired points in my house. The engine was the heart which should start the circulation, which should keep it going which should send it throbbing through every pipe, the water, which, if it were not our life, was very necessary to it.

When all was ready we started the engine and in a very short time we discovered that something was wrong. For fifteen or twenty minutes water flowed into the tank at the top of the house with a sound that was grander in the ears of my wife and myself than the roar of Niagara, and then it stopped. Investigation proved that the flow had stopped because there was no more water in the well.

Phineas Colwell was not surprised at the outcome of the affair. He had said that the well had been put in the wrong place. Mrs. Betty was not only surprised, but disgusted.

"It is all very well for you," she said, "who could afford to buy water, but it is very different with the widow and the orphan. If I had not supposed you were going to have a real well, I would have my spring cleaned out and deepened. I could have had it done in the early summer, but it is of no use now, the spring has dried up."

She told a neighbor that she believed the digging of my well had dried up her spring.

Of course, I did not submit to defeat—at least, without a struggle. I had a well, and if anything could be done to make that well supply me with water I was going to do it. I concluded specialists, and, after careful consideration of the matter, they agreed that the very best thing I could do would be to try a driven well. As I had already excavated about sixty feet, that was so much gain to me, and if I should have a six-inch pipe put into my present well, and then driven down and down until it came to a place where there was plenty of water I would have all I wanted. My wife and I then considered the matter, and ultimately decided that we would have a well driven.

Of course, we were both very sorry that the work must be begun again, but I was especially dissatisfied, for now it would be impossible for me to make the well a Christmas present to my wife.

The weather was cold, there was already snow upon the ground, and I was told that work could not be carried on in winter weather. I lost no time, however, in making a contract with a well driver, who assured me that as soon as the season should open, which might be very early in the spring, he would come to my place and begin to drive my well.

At last—it was early in the summer—he came with his derricks, a steam engine, a trip hammer and a lot of men. They took off the roof of my house, removed the engine and set to work.

For many a long day, and I am sorry to say, for many a longer night, that trip-hammer hammered and banged. On the next day after the night work began one of my neighbors came to me to know what they did that for. I told him they were anxious to get through.

"Get through what," said he, "the earth? If they do that and your six-inch pipe comes out in a Chinaman's back yard he will sue you for damages."

When the pipe had been driven through the soft stratum under the old well, and began to reach firmer ground, the pounding and shaking of the earth became worse and worse. My wife was obliged to leave home with our child.

"If he is to do without both water and sleep," said she, "he cannot long survive." And I agreed with her.

She departed for a pleasant summer resort where her married sister with her child was staying, and from week to week I received very pleasant letters from her, telling me of the charms of the place and dwelling particularly upon the abundance of cool spring water with which the house was supplied.

While this terrible pounding was going on I heard various reports of its effect upon my neighbors. One of them, an agriculturist, with whom I had always been on the best of terms, came with a clouded brow.

"When I first felt those shakes," he said, "I thought they were the effects of seismic disturbances and I did not mind, but when I found it was your well I thought I ought to come over to speak about it. I do not object to the shaking of my barn, because my man tells me the continual jolting is threshing out the oats and wheat, but I do not like to have my apples and pears shaken off my trees. And then," said he, "I have a late brood of chickens, and they cannot walk, because every time they make a step they are jolted into the air about a foot, and again, we have had to give up having soup. We like soup, but we do not like to have it spout up like a fountain whenever that hammer comes down."

I was grieved to trouble this friend, and I asked him what I should do. "Do you want me to stop the well?" said I.

"Oh, no," said he, heartily; "go on with the work. You must have water and we will try to stand the bumping. I dare say it is good for dyspepsia, and the cows are getting used to having the grass jammed up against their noses. Go ahead, we can stand it in the daytime, but if you could stop the night work we would be very glad. Some people may think it a well spring of pleasure to be bounced out of bed, but I don't."

Mrs. Perch came to me with a face like a squeezed lemon, and asked me if I could lend her five nails. "What sort?" said I.

"The kind you nail clapboards on with," said she; "there is one of them been shook entirely off my house by your well. I am in hopes that by the time the rest are all shook off I shall get in some money that is owing me and can afford to buy nails for myself."

I stopped the night work, but this was all I could do for these neighbors.

My optimist friend was delighted when he heard of my driven well; he lived so far away that he and his mother were not disturbed by the jarring of the ground. Now he was sure that some of the internal secrets of the earth would be laid bare, and he rode or drove over every day to see what we were getting out of the well.

The well-driving had gone on and on with intermissions on account of sickness in the families of the various workmen, until it had reached the limit which I had fixed and we had not found water in sufficient quantity, hot or cold, nor had we struck fire, or anything worth having.

The well drivers and some specialists were of the opinion that if I were to go ten, twenty or perhaps a hundred feet deeper, I would be very likely to get all the water I wanted. But of course they could not tell how far they must go, for some wells were over a thousand feet deep. I shook my head at this. There seemed to be only one thing certain about this drilling business, and that was the expense. I declined to go any deeper.

Phineas Colwell told me that when he had informed Mrs. Perch that I was going to stop operations, she was in a dreadful state of mind. "After all that she had undergone," she said, "it was simply cruel to think of my stopping before I got water, and that after having dried up her spring."

This is what Phineas said she said, but when next I met her, she told me that he had declared that if I had put the well where he thought it ought to be I should have been having all the water I wanted before now.

My optimist was dreadfully cast down when he heard that I would drive no more.

When the pounding was at an end my wife and child came home. But the season continued dry and even their presence could not counteract the feeling of aridity which seemed to permeate everything which belonged to us, material or immaterial. We had a great deal of commiseration from our neighbors.

It was late in the summer when my wife returned, and when she made her first visit of inspection to the grounds and gardens her eyes of course fell upon the unfinished well. She was shocked.

"I never saw such a scene of wreckage," she said. "It looks like a western town after a cyclone. I think the best thing you can do is to have this dreadful litter cleared up, the ground smoothed and raked, the wall mended and the roof put back on that little house, and then if we can make anybody believe it is an ice-house so much the better."

I sent for a man to put the vicinity of the well in order.

The man who came was named Mr. Barnet. He was a contemplative fellow, with a pipe in his mouth. After having worked at the place for half a day he sent for me and said:

"I will tell you what I would do if I was in your place. I'd put that little house in order, and I'd put the engine into that thirty-foot well you first dug, and I'd pump water into my house.

I looked at him in amazement.

"There's lots of water in that well," he continued, "and if there's that much now in this drought, you will surely have ever so much more when the weather isn't so dry. I have measured the water and I know."

I could not understand him. It seemed to me that he was talking wildly. He filled his pipe and lighting it sat upon the wall.

"Now," said he, after he had taken a few puffs, "I'll tell you where the trouble's been in your well. People are always in too big a hurry in this world about all sorts of things as well as wells. I am a well-digger and I know all about them. We know if there is any water in the ground it will always find its way to the deepest hole there is, and we dig a well so as to give it a deep hole to go to in the place where we want it. But you can't expect the water to come to that hole just the very day it's finished. Of course you will get some, because it's right there in the neighborhood, but there is always a lot more that will come if you give it time. It's got to make little channels and passages for itself, and of course it takes time to do that. It's like settling up a new country. Only a few pioneers come at first, and you have to wait for the population to flow in. This being a dry season and the water in the ground a little sluggish on that account, it was a good while finding out where your well was. If I had happened along when you were talking about a well I think I should have said to you that I knew a proverb which would about fit your case, and that is, "Let well enough alone."

I feel like taking this good man by the hand, but I did not. I only told him to go ahead and do everything that was proper.

The next morning as I was going to the well I saw Phineas Colwell coming down the lane and Mrs. Betty Perch coming up it. I did not wish them to question me, so I stepped behind some bushes. When they met me they stopped.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Betty, "if he isn't going to work again on that everlasting well. If he's got so much money he don't know what to do with it I could tell him that there is people in this world, and not far away either, who would be the better for some of it. It's a sin and a shame and an abomination. Do you believe, Mr. Colwell, that there is the least chance in the world of his ever getting water enough out of that well to shave himself with?"

"Mrs. Perch," said Phineas, "it ain't no use and it never can be no use because it's in the wrong place. If he ever pumps water out of that well into his house I'll do"——

"What will you do?" asked Mr. Barnet, who just then appeared from the recesses of the engine-house.

"I'll do anything on this earth that you choose to name," said Phineas. "I am safe whatever it is."

"Well, then," said Mr. Barnet, knocking the ashes from his pipe preparatory to filling it again, "will you marry Mrs. Perch?"

Phineas laughed. "Yes," he said, "I promised I would do anything, and I'll promise that."

"A slim chance for me," said Mrs. Betty, "even if I'd have you," and she marched on with her nose in the air.

But in the course of time—I will not say how much time—the work was finished, the engine was in its place and it pumped water into my house, and every day since then it has pumped all the water we need, pure, cold and delicious.

Knowing the promise Phineas Colwell had made, and feeling desirous of having everything which concerned my well settled and finished, I went to look for him to remind him of his duty toward Mrs. Perch, but I could not find that naval and military mechanical agriculturist. He had gone away to take a job or a contract, I could not discover which, and he has not since appeared in our neighborhood. Mrs. Perch is very severe on me about this.

"There is plenty of bad things come out of that well," she said, "but I never thought anything bad enough would come out of it to make Mr. Colwell go away and leave me to keep on being a widow with all them orphans."

One bright morning in early winter I went down to the little well-house to see the engine work. It was always pleasant to me to watch that little piece of machinery moving so quietly, so swiftly and so powerfully, pumping the pure, fresh water into my house.

"This is a good well, John," I said to my man, who had come to draw the fire, the engine having pumped enough, "although we were a long time in getting it."

"Yes, sir," said he, "there's not a better well in all this part of the country."

He was a good man and always believed in my well, and my heart now warmed towards him.

"John," said I, "I will tell you something, though you need not speak of it. When I first started this well I intended making it a Christmas present to my wife. I then thought it would be finished in a month or two. That is rather a joke on me, isn't it?"

"Well, sir," said John, his face irradiating as he spoke "what's to hinder you from making it a Christmas present to her now? Christmas isn't very far off!"

Happy thought! I did it.

LIFE BECAME A BURDEN.

THE WONDERFUL NARRATIVE OF A PATIENT SUFFERER.

THE AFTER EFFECTS OF LA GRIPPE DEVELOPED INTO INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS AND CHRONIC BRONCHITIS—AFTER FOUR YEARS OF SUFFERING HEALTH IS ALMOST MIRACULOUSLY RESTORED.

From LeMonde, Montreal.

Mrs. Sarah Cloutier, who resides at No. 405 Montcalm Street, Montreal, has passed through an experience which is worthy of a widespread publication for the benefit it may prove to others. Up to four years ago, Mrs. Cloutier's health had been good, but at that time she was attacked by that dread scourge, la grippe. Every fall since, notwithstanding all her care to avoid it, she has been afflicted with inflammation of the lungs, which would bring her to the very verge of death. This was followed by bronchia for the rest of the year. Her bronchial tubes were affected to such an extent that it was with difficulty she could breathe, and a draught of outside air would make her cough in the most distressing manner. "There was," said Mrs. Cloutier to the reporter, "a constant rattling sound in my throat, and in the state I was in death would have been a relief. I could not attend to my affairs nor to my house, and had it not been for my niece, on whom I relied, I cannot say what would have become of me. It was in vain that I tried the numerous remedies given me by various doctors, and when I think of all the money they cost me I cannot but regret I have ever tried them. I had read frequently of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I felt that they must contain the truth, for if they were unfounded none would dare to give the names and addresses of the persons said to be cured in the public manner in which these are given in the newspapers. I decided to try Pink Pills, and none but those who were acquainted with my former condition can understand the good I have derived from their use, which I continued until I felt that I was completely cured. As a proof that I am cured I may tell you that on the first occasion of my going out after my recovery I walked for two miles on a up hill road without feeling the least fatigue or the least pant for breath, and since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. Last fall I was afraid that the inflammation of the lungs to which I had been subject at that period of former years might return, but I had not the least symptom of it, and never felt better in my life. You can imagine the gratitude I feel for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all who will heed my advice, and I do not think it possible for me to say too much in favor of this wonderful remedy, the use of which in other cases as well as mine has proved invaluable.

A depraved or watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves are the two fruitful sources of almost every disease that afflicts humanity, and to all sufferers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer and that where given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or $2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and always refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

—A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this; that when the injury begins on his part the kindness should begin on ours.

—What do you take medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, of course. Then remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES.

—Contentment is a good thing until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow.

—For Spasmodic Coughs—MINARDS HONEY BALSAM.

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