Your Children

Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and invariably cures the complaint.—David G. Starks, Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine allays all irritation, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung Complaint.—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective, for Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It was the means of saving the life of my little boy, only six months old, carrying him safely through the worst case of Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane Malone, Piney Flats, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

PAINTS !

To Beautify & Preserve

THE subscriber has just received a large, fresh supply of Best PREPARED PAINTS for Outside and Inside Work or Use, WHITE LEAD, BLACK LEAD, ROOFING and MINERAL PAINTS, VARNISHES and PURE GRAINING COLORS, ALABASTINE and KALSOMINE, WHITING and

PORTLAND CEMENT,

RAW and BOILED LINSEED OILS, PAINT and WHITE WASH BRUSHES, GLASS and PUTTY, LIGHT and HEAVY

HARDWARE,

IRON and STEEL, Various styles.

For sale by

H. FRASER.

I would say to my customers that I shall endeavor to supply them as usual with the best quality of

Hard & Soft Coal

—In season.—

A Small Lot of BLACKSMITH COAL still on Hand.

NOTICE !

ALL persons having bills against the Municipality of the County of Annapolis, must render the same, duly attested, to the Clerk, stating the character of the service rendered, the number of days actually employed, travel and all other necessary data, at least thirty days previous to the annual meeting of Council on the second Tuesday of January, 1888, in accordance with By-Law No. 8, of said Municipality.

O. T. DANIELS,
Municipal Clerk.

Bridgetown, Oct. 10th, 1887.

Salesmen Wanted !

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

465 Acres. the largest in Canada. 465 Acres.

Head Office, Toronto, Ont.; Branch, Montreal.

Hardy Canadian NURSERY STOCK We want agents to sell our

Steady employment at fixed salaries. MEN and WOMEN can have pleasant and profitable WORK THE YEAR ROUND. Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month, and expenses.

Send photo with application. Address STONE & WELLINGTON,

J. W. BEALL, Manager. Montreal, Canada. Aug. 8th, '86 1y.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Notice of Change of Partnership.

The Law Firm of

T. D. & E. RUGGLES,

Office on Queen Street, Bridgetown, N. S., will henceforth be known under the name and style of

T. D. RUGGLES & SONS,

consisting of T. D Ruggles, Q. C., Edwin Ruggles, B. A., and Harry Ruggles, B. A.

Dated December 16th, A. D., 1884. tf

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION! We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

CURE for the DEAF!

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums.

PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, and whisper heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs *free*. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. 17y

Executrix's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late David Johnson, of Port Lorne, farmer deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested to, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to,

MRS. AVIS JOHNSTON,
Executrix.

Port Lorne, Nov. 7th, '87. 3m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late George Neily of Brooklyn, Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from date; and all persons indebted to the said estate are notified to make immediate payment to

FREEMAN FITCH.
Executor.

Clarence, Oct. 25th, '87. 3m

Executor's Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of late LEVOSE BENT of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same 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 the undersigned.

EDMUND BENT,
AMBROSE BENT,
Executors.

Bridgetown, Nov. 1st, 1887. 3m

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORTH is a JEWEL

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 15. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1887. NO. 36.

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. One box will do more to purify the blood and cure chronic ill health than $5 worth of any other remedy yet discovered. If people could be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Make New Rich Blood!

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.

DRYSDALE & HOYT,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

MONUMENTS, TABLETS, HEADSTONES, Etc.

IN AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE. Also

Granite and Freestone Monuments in the most Graceful Designs.

Curbing and Fencing Lots in Cemeteries

A SPECIALTY.

MANTLES, TABLE TOPS,

SOAP STONE, FOR STOVE LININGS, TO ORDER.

WE respectfully beg to solicit a share of public patronage, and hope by strict attention to business, square dealing and promptness in filling all orders, to merit the same. Our Mr. Drysdale achieved a reputation throughout this County during his connection with Mr. O. Whitman, as foreman of his marble works, for the excellence and perfection of his work, and all persons favoring us with their orders may rest assured that the same careful attention in all details will be exercised.

WE WILL BE FOUND FOR THE PRESENT,

Near the SKATING RINK,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

A. J. DRYSDALE. W. J. HOYT.

FARMERS ATTENTION!!

—WE HAVE OPENED A—

Warehouse at Bridgetown, in Charge of E. A. CRAIG,

and are prepared to give the Farmers in the Annapolis Valley

FARM MACHINERY

of the BEST KIND and at LOWEST PRICES Ever Offered.

A Full Stock of Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Seed Sowers, Drills, Mowers, and Rakes, Always on Hand.

TOP BUGGIES A SPECIALTY.

TIPPET, BURDETT & CO. - - E. A. CRAIG, MANAGER.

PIANOS! ORGANS! ORGANS!

ACADIA ORGAN CO.,

—ARE STILL:—

MANUFACTURING THEIR FINE ORGANS

Which are Selling Fast and the Demand Steadily Increasing.

—THE PRICES ARE—

BELOW THE IMPORTED INSTRUMENTS,

Therefore the Intending Purchaser need not send his Money away for ORGANS when he can buy one of the Finest Instruments at Home.

PIANOS!

We have secured agency for several of the best makes of Pianos, such as STEINWAY & SONS., J. & C. FISHER, J. HERR, LANSDOWNE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICKERING & SONS, and many others.

—Those who have been—

WAITING TO BUY CHEAP

and have an opportunity of selecting for themselves, will please call and see our Stock

WE CAN SELL AT CITY PRICES.

—We have in connection with our Organ business a lot of—

Dining Extension Tables,

made by the well-known maker, MR. JOHN EMSLIE, now in stock, and shall continue to keep them. Call and inspect. Mr. Emslie will also

REPAIR FURNITURE AT REASONABLE RATES.

CALL AND SEE US.

N. H. PHINNEY,

Stipendiary Magistrate

—AND:—

COMMISSION MERCHANT.

STOVES, PLOWS, HOLLOWWARE,

GROCERIES

FLOUR and MEAL,

AT BOTTOM PRICES

—:FOR:—

CASH.

Lawrencetown, Feb. 7th, '87.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

FOREMOST

In Life Insurance in the World.

The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY —OF— NEW YORK.

Established in 1843. - - Assets, Over $115,000,000.

THE subscriber is prepared to explain the different Forms of Policy issued and exhibit results attained in this Grand Old Company never equalled by any other.

All information promptly given or sent by mail upon application.

CALVIN RAYMOND,
Special Travelling Agent for Western Nova Scotia.

P. O. Address, Yarmouth, N. S.

RUBBER STAMP with your name in Fancy Type, 25 Visiting Cards, and INDIAN INK to mark Linen, only 25 cts. (stamps.) Book of 2000 styles free with each order. Agents Wanted. Big Pay. THALMAN MFG CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Select Literature.

A Crimean Snowstorm.

'Good night, Hal; don't keep Will up too long, or he won't be able to hit a haystack to-morrow.'

It was my wife who spoke. My cousin Hal and I were setting down to a comfortable smoke in my den, and her warning voice fell on unheeding ears. Hal, a big bronzed athlete, with gray hair round a youngish face, was spending a short holiday at my place in the country, and this night was likely to be the last he and I would have to ourselves, for already the golden leaves had fluttered down from the trees, and on the morrow guests would fill the coverts with the rattle of smooth-bores and wake the echoes in the old house with their merriment. Hal had only just returned from Kimberly, free from the troubles of impecuniosity for the rest of his natural life, but not, I thought, so bright and cherry as he should have been. The smile I used to know so well in those honest blue eyes was never in them now, save for courtesy's sake. So I prepared to elicit from him, if possible, the cause of the change. To my surprise he cut me short at once: 'No, old fellow, you aren't to do any talking to-night; that's my part of the business; you prepare to listen.' And then after a moment deliberately filled his pipe, got up and turned the key in the door, and began again with: 'Will, do I look like a chap to commit a murder? No, you needn't answer, I know what you would say; but for all that you are wrong — I did almost commit one once, and I am going to tell you all about it.'

Hal and I had been school companions, and though I was his senior by a year, or two, he had been the hero of my school days, and had retained his influence in our after life.

Together we had grown up at his mother's knee, and when our relations told us that the little store our fathers had left us would not allow any longer stay at school, and hinted that we had better be up and doing, Hal and I had together elected to try for clerkships in the Indo-European Telegraph Service. The pay was not very great, but on the foreign stations it was enough to live on. The work (eight hours out of every twenty-four) was not repulsive in itself, and the service gave us an opportunity of visiting strange lands.

Those were pleasant days at Kertch in spite of our poverty. I think one might do worse than live them over again. But at the end of two years we had tired of them, and a telegram received one 24th of December informing me of the death of a relative, which freed me forever from 'dot and dash,' was eagerly welcomed. There was no such luck for Hal, but for all that when I left Kertch he determined to leave with me and seek employment elsewhere.

Hear the rest of the story from his own lips:

'You remember, Will, that Christmas Eve ten years ago, after you had got your lawyer's telegram, how, when the first burst of excitement had subsided, the dullness of the snow-buried town palled upon us, and to think of passing our time in the ordinary way, loafing in the billiard room of the English Club, or hanging on behind sledges in the 'Rue Woronzoff,' of whose fair occupants we were heartily sick long since, seemed out of the question? It was 4 o'clock already, and the evening was fast closing in. Our thoughts had gone back to the firelit homes of old England in the twilight hour, and even the absence of an open grate and its flickering flame had become a grievance to us. There was nothing to do out of doors, nothing to do within, but pine for the time when we might escape from Kertch and its ennui. Every book had been read and re-read, and even the poor pleasure of constructing fancy landscapes from the frost work on the window panes had been tried and found a failure; for the bitter intensity of the cold had swallowed up all the delicate tracery of the earlier frosts in one solid sheet of ice. It was then that you proposed that mad shooting party which so nearly cost you your life — how nearly I think you have never yet guessed.

'No one but a brace of mad Englishmen would have dreamed of such a thing, but we revelled in that epithet in those days, loved hardships for their own sake, and were too young and tough to come to much grief.

'So Paramon, our henchman, was called from his slumbers in a sheepskin on top of the kitchen *petchka*, and sent grumbling out into the night to order our *troika*, and though the thermometer stood at a Fahrenheit, and Michael Maximovitch, the Postmaster, did all he dared to thwart our purpose, yet in a little over an hour the lumbering open cart was at the door, with its shaggy ponies and Tartar *yemschik*. The broad silent streets, ill-paved, half-lighted, were buried in snow and sparkling with frost; the sky above was a deep, strong violet color looking bright as fire and keen as ice, and the stars so near that you could almost see the red flames leaping in them. Here and there under the white-faced horses a *storoz* (watchman) cowered in a doorway, so muffled up in his sheepskins as hardly to retain a human outline. Except for his voice and the hollow sounding blows of his staff against the wall, signals to the world that some one was on guard in spite of the weather, not a sound was to be heard. Even the dogs of Kertch were silence for once.

'Outside the town we set our sledge-bell going, and the merry clatter and the keen air stirred the life within us, woke a spirit of defiance to the silence that brooded round us, and for a while the chorus of 'The Red, White and Blue' woke the witch hare from her nest in the snow-drift as we sped past.

'But soon the frost laid its finger on our lips and glued them together with icy bonds. Our moustaches whitened and stiffened, and our eyelashes froze to our lids, until we were glad to nestle into our wraps and be silent.

'The lights of the town were soon out of sight; the stars too had disappeared, and again the ceaseless, silent snow fell around us.

'Away to the west over the low rolling steppe lay Sebastopol and our England dead, among them your father and mine, 'deep with their men.' The ruined city round which they fought, standing in ruins still, its empty window frames and doorless passages gazing blankly over frozen sea and low snowclad hills, is the most desolate sight upon earth. Could it be that the dead lying there to-night were at peace? Had they no longing, as I had, to hear the happy Christmas bells of home ring out across the snow? Full as the earth and water is of life, crowded with myriad forms of sentient beings, it seemed hard to believe that the broad expanse above and around us was peopled only by the feathery snowflakes. To me it seemed that the graveyards of the Crimea had given up their dead, their voices were on every wind that sighed, and before I reached the poor station had almost persuaded myself that I could distinguish their forms in the storm. For nearly three hours we toiled over that fifteen versts of steppeland. Twice with a sudden plunge that took our breath away, and sent us rolling from the frozen truss that formed our seat, we dived headlong into drifts above the horses' withers. With many a curse and many a caressing word did the *yemschik*, by our help, extricate his half buried team, and at last through a rift in the whirling flakes we saw the gaunt black and white post that marked the station at which our journey for the night ended. If anything could have astonished stolid Pavel, the German Jew who managed the station, the arrival of travellers on such a night would have done it. As it was, instead of that best welcome which one hopes for at an inn, we were near being turned away. Had he something good for supper? 'Nitchevo' (nothing). Some thing warm to drink? 'Nitchevo.' Was there plenty of game? Still 'Nitchevo,' and so to every question until you might fancy 'Nitchevo' was the only word in the Russian language, as thanks to its many various meanings it also might be. That was a dreary night we passed Sultanovka. The bitter cold seemed to take shape and size, and torture and grip us with the personal malice of a living foe. The wooden bedsteads groaned and thawed slowly as we lay upon them, until great beads of moisture stood at every crevice in the woodwork. Outside, the spirits of wind and storm were abroad to meet old Christmas on his way from the frozen North, with nothing more than the one dim light of the station, gleaming out over the waste, like the Cyclops' eye, to watch them.

'It was early dawn when, with heads racked by the pain caused by the stifling fumes of the charcoal stove and by want of rest, we sallied out with our guns into the icy freshness of the new day.

'As the morning broke, the wind went down, and the drift, resettling on the steppe, gave us a clear view all round. From time to time as we came with noiseless tread into some sheltered balkan, a puff of snow would fly up into the air, and a form scarcely less white than its surroundings would hurry away, across the waste, or dye it with its crimson life-blood.

'Here and there we came to tiny pools where, on the frozen surface groups of teal or duck were sitting with ruffled plumes, longing for the liquid element, which seemed for the nonce to have vanished from the earth altogether.

'By noon our game sacks had grown heavy, and we turned our heads toward home, satisfied that Christmas on the steppes was a little less cheerless than Christmas in the town.

'With our return our troubles began.

'The traitor wind that for a while had sunk to rest now rose like a giant refreshed, whirling the fine snow in powder from its resting places, and blinding the eyes that sought the homeward way.

'Hour after hour we plodded on in the ever-increasing darkness of drifted snow, nothing visible above or around save the opaque veil that hid the world from our eyes.

'Wilder and wilder grew the wind, catching your light form in his rough embrace, and whirling you in a staggering dance over the snow. I see you now almost as plainly as I saw you then, in my mind's eye, at one moment wrapped and buried in your *bourka*, the next shot out from it, all legs and arms, as if it would have been torn from your shoulders by the wayward giant.

'"Go home, go home," the wind seemed ever whistling in our ears, but the blinding snow mocked the good advice.

'For you rest seemed near, but such rest as curdled the blood to think of. Weakened by want of sleep, wearied by heavy toil, the grip of the icy wind had got hold upon your heart, and that dread drowsiness—sure prelude, if yielded to, to the everlasting sleep—seemed fast growing upon you, numbing your energies, and making life appear a boon not half so much to be desired as the soft, cold couch in the drift at your feet. Twice your weak knees failed and you sank, how softly, into the snow. Twice I retraced and dragged you from your self-elected shroud, supporting and driving you forward in spite of your supplications and reproaches.

'But my own strength was waning, my courage failing, in the hard and bitter battle with the merciless cold.

'There were devils abroad that day, Will, in the darkness of the snowstorm.

'Nothing less could have whispered in my ear that your life was all that stood between me and wealth and freedom from a life I loathed—your life, which you yourself prayed me to let you lay down, as a burden too heavy for you to bear; your life, which, perhaps, spite of all my efforts, I could never save, and which might cost me my own.

'At last, when I was well nigh spent, you slid from my grasp, and, afraid to look at you again, I let the devil have his way, and left you. The tempter had succeeded, and I, the heir—I your more than brother—left you to the sleep of death and (fool that I was) I thought to happiness.

'On, on through the storm I struggled. The white curtain had closed forever over you, and I dared not look behind. On, and on, but still no sign of the station, and at last the moan of waves told me the awful truth. I had wandered far from my course, and now nothing remained but to lie down and die. Not side by side with you as I should have done, but haunted and tortured even to my last death throb by the devil to whom I had yielded. For a time I lay down, and listened to the voices of the waves, mingled with the cries of some sea gulls, those mariners' mourners whose even undulating flight no storm seems ever to disturb. Then I rose and staggered on again. To me no dreamy death drew nearer.

'I no longer sought to save my life, nay, could I have chosen I should now have preferred death by your side to escape without you. But it was too late. To look for you now would have been vain. I neither knew where I had left you nor where the inn lay. As I plodded mechanically forward, staggering heavily at every step, I caught a glimpse of what seemed to me a distant figure in the snow. Huge and indistinct, at first I could not make out its outline, until a sudden rift in the storm revealed to me two other wayfarers battling like myself with the elements. Madly plunging forward I tried to overtake them, but the more I struggled the deeper I sank in the drifts which now engulfed me, sometimes almost to the waist. Before I could reach them the white curtain of the storm swept between us, and I was again alone. From time to time it seemed to me that I caught sight of them always just beyond my reach. Despair took hold of me. I felt I was going mad. With all my strength I tried to call aloud, but the wind drowned my voice. I was like one trying to cry out in a dream, and then I think I prayed.

'Again the curtain parted for a moment and I saw my fellow wanderers; two weary figures in long gray cloaks like those the Russian soldiers wear, one of them almost carrying the other in his arms, but slowly as they seemed to toil along they were still too fast for my most frantic endeavors to overtake them, nor did they ever turn their faces toward me. Again and again I lost sight of them and then my agony of mind bordered on insanity. Once as I followed close behind them they disappeared so entirely that, fearing to lose them altogether, I bent over their tracks preferring to feel my way along their footsteps rather than be left utterly without guidance in the wilderness. In vain. Behind me my own tracks were scored deep and plain upon the snow, but they were the only ones, and before me all lay smooth and unbroken. Their footsteps left no track.

'Once again the figures re-appeared, and again I followed them, for how long we shall never know; but it seemed to me in my agony as if, like the Wandering Jew, centuries rolled by beneath my weary feet. At last the two paused, one of them had slipped from the other's grip, and that other stood bending over his companion. With one supreme effort I plunged forward until I was almost within arm's length of them, and then—the snow held me!

'Strive as I would to lift my feet, they clung to the cruel snow; snow that instead of being light as feathers or sea foam, was now heavy as lead or the burden of an unrepented crime.

'My lips froze and my power of speech congealed

'My heart stood still on the very brink of breaking. I felt one word would save me. I could not say it.

'Cold as the Christmas wind on the steppeland was, a colder breath swept over me, as I stood before those silent gray forms which seemed to grow vast and vague in the dancing snow wreaths.

'In some other life at some other time I had known these two before. As I gazed, the wind rose louder, wilder than before, and as it tore furiously across the dreary waste it caught the cloak that shrouded the standing figure's face, and as it blew back for one moment I recognized my own father. Not the face I had known as a child, bright and brave, but terribly wan and sad.

"Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near as at our side;
Is there no baseness we would hide;
No inner vileness that we dread?"

'Alas! the sorrow in those awful eyes answered the question for me. My cup of bitterness was full indeed. Given over to death, traitor to my brother, without hope either here or hereafter, I stood a 'yet-warm corpse' before my judge, that judge the one who in this life I had loved with all a child's heart, with all a boy's hero worship. In mercy the cold wind crept into my heart and stilled its beating. The figures wavered in the storm, grew dim, and then were blotted out. I thought I heard the death-rattle in my own throat, saw my own dead face looking up at me from the snow, still with an awful stillness, but not of peace, set rather in the frozen agony of eternal despair. I staggered forward and fell.

'It seems to me that in those minutes I really passed through the valley of death, really suffered the whole punishment for my sin. I pray it may be so. At least the worst seemed past, for even as I fell, my head in falling rested not on the snow, which should have been my sepulchre, but on your icy cheek.

'Oh, of course I know how men of science would explain it all. The left leg takes a shorter stride than the right, (or some such theory,) and so, as was inevitable, I had wandered round in a circle until I returned to my starting point.

'Possibly they are right, I disagree with them. To me it seems that other aid than man had led my erring steps back to the path of duty, aye, and was with me still as I lifted your body in my arms.

'Almost as if her dear voice was speaking in the wild night, I seemed to hear again the old, old story your mother used to tell us children—how in that night after Inkerman, the brothers, one sore wounded, and the other sore spent, had held together manfully and through the darkness of night had struggled back to their lines, almost dead, but not divided.

'Nothing seemed strange to me then. I knew that those brothers had come to me from that silent graveyard at Sebastopol, where both now lie 'forgotten with England's dead,' to save one son from death, and the other from death and dishonor.

'I hardly felt your weight as I lifted you on to my shoulder (did I lift you, I often wonder, or were they still helping me?)—you seemed so light, so light! Utterly careless now of self, and acting under an impulse altogether beyond my power to control, I bore you forward, not now with any uncertain step, not now seeking any guide, but going direct to my point like one who knew his road and saw his goal before him.

'The snow still whirled about us, and covered us, until we must have seemed a part of the storm; the wind raved and mourned by fits, but I saw nothing, heard nothing any longer.

'All seemed to be gradually merging into a dream.

'Pain and weariness, cold and despair, the weight I carried, and the woe I suffered, were gone.

'Home voices were whispering in my ears, and then a flood of light streamed out through the storm, the sobbing wind died away, and as I stumbled across the threshold of the wretched inn, and dropped with my burden on the floor, loud and full from the wild waste without broke upon my ears, which now seemed closing to all earthly sounds forever, the music of England's loyal soldier song, as they sing it, hands clasped round the mess table:

"For auld lang syne, my lads,
For auld lang syne!"

'For days and days the Russian peasants nursed us, as a mother might nurse her only child.

'You recovered consciousness first, and, save for those two fingers which you left as spoils to the frozen north, were little the worse for that bitter night.

'After weeks of delirium, on the very threshold of the next world, I, too, recovered.

'Do you wonder, now, Will, that I cannot look in the face of the man who calls me his preserver with the happy smile of a loyal comrade? It took nothing less than the presence of one risen from the dead to prevent my dying as your murderer. Through years of successful toil I have tried to keep my secret and forget—to keep you still in ignorance, so that I might always enjoy the love and trust you gave me.

'I could not be. Those haunting eyes have never left me, and now after ten years they compel me to give up my secret, as they compelled me then to retrace my steps and do my duty.

'There, Will, you have my story now—we'll say good-bye to-morrow, and, if you can, forgive me.'

* * * * * *

Need I say any more; need I add that Hal did not leave my house that week; that Kimberley knows that successful engineer no more; that my nearest neighbor and my dearest friend is still cousin Hal, and that in my heart of hearts I look upon his story as the unfortunate remains of some terrible dream of his delirium, one other burden which he took upon himself that Christmas night for me, and one more link to bind us more closely together.—*Temple Bar.*

Make a Note of This.

Pain banished as if by magic. Polson's Nerviline is a positive and almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most active remedy hitherto known falls far short of Nerviline for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. Good for external or internal use. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists.

A WIFE AND EIGHT CHILDREN LOST ON THE SCHOLTEN.—The wife and eight children of John P. Frost, laborer at the Syracuse, N Y., salt mills, were lost with the steamer W. A. Scholten. Frost came from West Prussia nine months ago, and saved all his money to pay the passage of his wife and children. It took all his savings, $153 to buy their tickets. His wife was about 45, and the children ranged from eight months to 22 years.

TAFFY.—Three pounds of treacle, two pounds of moist sugar, one-half pound of butter, flavor with a few drops only of essence of lemon or peppermint; boil it one and a half hours, watching all the time, that it does not boil over (as it is apt to do if not attended to and stirred now and then).

—If one might judge of the merits of an article by its rapidly increasing sales and flattering testimonials in its favor, Seavey's East India Liniment is a wonderful remedy. It certainly is a wonderful remedy. It certainly is the best liniment offered to the public.

—'You must understand, Mr. Dumley, in seeking the hand of my daughter,' said the old man, 'that she will bring no dowry until after my death.' 'I understand,' said Dumley, hopefully, 'but you must remember, my dear sir, that you are getting well on in years.'

—A doctor was about to anaesthetize a patient, when in answer to a question, he informed the victim that he would be entirely unconscious, and know nothing until the offending growth had been removed, the patiently accordingly commenced to fish his loose change out of his pocket. 'Oh, you need not mind the fee until I am through,' remarked the considerate doctor. 'I don't intend to pay you yet,' returned the patient, 'I wish merely to count my money to see how much I have.'

CUSTOM FEES.—*Ottawa, Nov. 30.*—Canadian customs officers will in future obtain no share in penalties imposed for under valuations by the customs department. The amount so collected will be treated as unascertained duty. This step has been taken because of flagrant abuses which were discovered in connection with several noted cases in Montreal. The minister has issued a circular to collectors and other customs officers informing them that fines imposed on account of undervaluation, in cases where there is no proof of fraudulent intentions, must be treated as ordinary revenue, in which officers shall not share. Undervaluations traceable to premeditated fraud will still be treated as offences involving seizures and forfeiture.

HURRAH!

Having purchased the staunch schooner

'TEMPLE BAR!'

I WILL sail her as a packet between Bridgetown and St. John for the remainder of the season.

Freight handled with care as usual.

Lime and Salt always on Hand; for Sale Low.

Apply to

J. H. LONGMIRE,

Bridgetown, June 21st, 1887. tf

ON THE WHEEL!

What 'Round-the-World Stevens and Champion Howell Say of the Sport.

The popularity of cycling is growing.

Thomas Stevens, who has just been around the globe on a wheel says that the best roads in the world are found in British India. The Grand Trunk road is 1,600 miles, an unbroken highway of marvelous perfection, from Peshawar on the Afghan frontier to Calcutta. It is made of smooth, hard, natural concrete, beds of which lie along the line.

How such roads would be appreciated by the enthusiastic cyclers of this country!

The wonderful achievement of Mr. Stevens, in the face of myriad dangers, entitles him to all his honors.

The fast riding champion of the world, however, is Richard Howell, of Leicester, England. He is a splendidly made fellow, between 25 and 30 years of age, six feet high, and weighing, in training, about 160 pounds.

He commenced riding in 1879 and in 1881, at Belgravia grounds, Leicester, he won the one-mile championship of the world, beating all the best men of the day.

From that time his career has been one of almost unbroken successes. He came to the United States in 1884 and 1885, and at the great Springfield tournament in 1885, won seven out of eight races.

In the '*Cycling News* (Eng.), Oct. 1st, 1887, is the following interview with him.

"What are your best performances?"

"This year I did a full mile on the track at Coventry in 2 minutes 35 seconds. Good judges think, with everything in my favor, I could do 2:30 for the distance."

"What is your system of training?"

"I eat plain good food, and plenty of it. I take a little walk before breakfast, and then, after that meal, if I am loggy, ride eight or nine miles on the track here, in thick flannels. After dinner I do some more 'slogging' work, and may be a walk and early to bed.

"But there is one idea of mine which I have found invaluable. If I have done too much work, or my system is out of order, or if I don't feel quite sound, I take what have used since I was 'queer' in 1883. I have always found that Warner's safe cure sets me up and puts me to rights again, and it is a remedy which I believe in and tell all my friends about.

"In the winter-time especially, when you can easily understand I am not so careful of my health as in the spring, summer or autumn, I have found it invaluable.

"All I want, to beat the fastest bicyclist in the world, is plenty of practice, an occasional dose of my favorite, and my machine.

"When I am about right in weight I content myself with short, sharp bursts as hard as ever I can go on the track, and when I can cover 440 yards in thirty seconds with a flying start, I reckon to be moving as well as I want to.

Bicycling is glorious sport, but it has its physical ill effects which, however, can be easily overcome by the method used by Champion Howell.

Three Men Killed by a Whale.

A DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN A BOAT'S CREW AND A MONSTER FINBACK.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., Nov. 17th.—The whaling steamer Lizzie N., Capt. West, which has been engaged in the finback whale fishery on the eastern coast this season, on Oct. 6th, when about fifteen miles east-south-east from Seguin Island, off the coast of Maine, saw a large lone whale of that species and attempted its capture. A boat was lowered and manned by Capt. West, his mate and four seamen. Capt. West, with a large, heavy whale gun in which was an explosive bomb lance, took the breach of the boat while the mate steered. Upon approaching the whale it was seen that he would be an ugly customer to deal with as he showed no inclination to run, but kept slowly milling around, evidently waiting to be attacked.

When the boat was near enough to warrant a shot, Capt. West fired the gun, but as the sea was rough the motion of the boat destroyed the accuracy of the aim. The whale was badly wounded, but not in any vital part. The whale then made for the boat, and in passing under it struck it with his flukes, throwing it some thirty feet into the air with its crew. As the boat descended the whale again struck it with his tail and completely demolished the boat and killed one of the crew, Jacob Klock, cutting him completely in two. The whale then began to bite and strike with his tail at the pieces of the boat, killing two more men, Neal Olsen and Chris. Johnson, who were supporting themselves on pieces of the wreck. Capt. West, the mate and the other men were safely taken aboard the steamer and another boat was lowered to capture the monster.

Then the whale attacked the steamer. By a quick turn of the rudder the steamer cleared him by a few feet. This occurred a second time, and the swell which was created by the whale's fall back into the water knocked all on board off their feet. By throwing over an immense cask, at which the whale, thinking it was the ship, kept bucking away, the captain was enabled to get a shot with the bomb lance and finally the whale was killed. When the whale was brought ashore, R. F. Pierce, of Chicago, bought him and will exhibit him through the west. A large car to transfer him has been built at an expense of $4,000.

Can Face the Music.

W. D. KING, Esq., Truro.—*Dear Sir*—I have just heard that you have purchased Potter's Liniment Receipt, and beg to say for your encouragement in introducing it through the country, that I have used it during the past winter in my family with the most gratifying results, internally and externally. It is easy to administer, but at the same time most powerful in relieving pains, bruises, sore shoulders and back, sore throat, &c. For worms in children it is splendid. In fact a splendid family medicine, acting like a charm in every way used. We have used Johnson's, Minard's and Simpson's, but I have no hesitation in saying Potter's has given most perfect satisfaction and I shall purchase it in preference every time. Others in this County have used it with the same gratifying results.

Yours truly,
A. E. SULIS,
Man. Acadia Organ Factory.

For sale at Palfrey's.

HAMBURG STEAK.—Two parts lean and one part fat tender beef or use proportions to suit yourself. Chop fine; season with salt, pepper, and onion if you like. Then add grated bread crumbs, mix well, add a little beaten egg, roll into balls of flour and fry a crisp brown.

WHITE CAKE.—One-half cup of butter and two cups of sugar, worked to a cream, the whites of seven eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one-third cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, flavor with vanilla, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

BREAD OMELETTE.—One cup crumbs, bread and cracker, one cup sweet milk boiled and poured over crumbs, let them soak half an hour, five eggs well beaten, little salt, pour into the frying pan, cook slowly and cut in squares and turn over.

A POSTMASTER'S OPINION.

I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of 'Hagyard's Yellow Oil,' writes D. Kanavagh, postmaster, of Umfraville, Ont., 'having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, scalds, etc., I find nothing equal to it.'