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Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
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Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

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Nov. 19th, 1888.

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VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1890. NO. 13.

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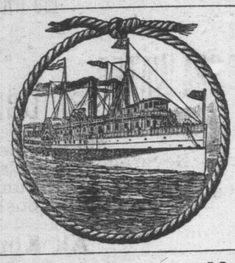

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BRIDGETOWN.

An Eagle Fought by a Ram.

SCRANTON, PA., APRIL 24.—On Wednesday of last week, while Farmer Benjamin Shiffner of Tunkhannock township, Monroe county, was ploughing on a side hill, an eagle attracted his attention far up in the sky. The big bird was hovering over a field on the lowlands, where Farmer Shiffer's little flock of sheep were confined, and in a short time after he had discovered it the eagle swooped down upon the lot and attempted to carry off a helpless lamb that a ewe had given birth to only a little while before. The mother sheep was licking her lambkin, and the eagle missed its aim and struck the ewe, knocking her down.

Before the eagle had time to recover itself a big Southdown ram, the only one in the flock, backed off a few feet, and then ran swiftly toward the pondrous bird. He hit the eagle in the breast and keeled it over, instantly backing away for another butt. The eagle rallied quickly, and when the ram sailed toward it again with his head lowered, the savage bird hopped from the ground, fastened its huge claws into the wool on the sheep's neck, and began to beat the ram with its great wings. The ram bleated loudly and ran this way and that until he had driven the eagle off. The ugly bird had a tuft of wool in each claw when the ram got away from it, but instead of soaring it retreated a few feet and then darted at the young lamb again. The ewe tried to keep the eagle away by stamping, but the apparently hungry bird paid no attention to the female sheep, grabbing the helpless lamb between its talons.

The old ram was still gritty. He gave the eagle a tremendous butt in the side with his hard head, and the determined bird lost its balance but clung to the lamb. Before it could recover itself the ram pitched into it again. He struck it under its right wing, which was raised at the time, and the eagle dropped the bleeding carcass of the lamb and caught the ram in the long wool on his neck.

Farmer Shiffer, who had started from the hillside field the moment he saw the eagle swoop down, had witnessed every stage of the fight, and he reached the spot just after the eagle had sailed in for the second time to conquer the ram. He had caught up a fence stake on the way, and with it he whaled the eagle over the head and broke his neck. By that time the ram's wool was pretty well mussed up, but the old fellow was still full of fight, and when Farmer Shiffer unloosened the enormous talons and tumbled the eagle over on its back he gave the bird another butt, and then walked toward a corner of the field where the rest of the flock were huddled together. The lamb lay dead on the grass, and the timid ewe stood off several feet and gazed upon it. From tip to tip the big bird measured over eight feet and four inches.

Little Quarrels Breed Big.

You just bring a couple of little quarrels into your family and they'll breed like sparrows, and you just bring a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters into your house and see how quickly health and strength follow its use. Nothing excels it for strengthening, regulating and purifying power.

Poetry.

Home at Eve.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK, ANTIGONISH.

Not always true to the words we say,
As through the world we roam—
"With footsteps free and spirits gay,
Where'er we rest, where'er we stray,
Whate'er we do throughout the day,
The evening brings us home!"

For stars may rise and suns may set,
Our strength may fail, our friends forget,
The heart may ache and eyes be wet,
And find us far from home,—
And find us far from home.

But always true the words we say,
As through the world we roam—
"With faith in God our strength and stay,
Whate'er betide us on the way,
However dark and long the way,
The evening brings us home!"

For round our path the angels wait,
And Christ shall come in kingly state,
And opening wide the golden gate,
Shall lead us safely home,—
Shall lead us safely home.

Sweetbrier Lane.

Dearest of all are the sweet spring flowers
That come with the sun and rain,
I was stirred to the depths of my soul today
By the sight of the primrose again.
It was held in the grasp of a children hand,
And its odors, subtle and sweet,
Were borne on the wings of the gentle wind
Through the city's unlovely street;
And in thought I was treading the turf again
In Sweetbrier Lane.

And the sweet pure air, a vigorous breath,
Swept down from the green hillside,
And rustled the myriad leaves of the trees
That o'ershadow the footpath wide—
The path that leads to the pasture-gate,
Where the cattle stand sleek and strong,
Where the blackbird whistles a low sweet note,
And the thrush pipes loud and long;
And my light heart echoed the glad refrain
In Sweetbrier Lane.

The sunbeams chased the shadows along,
Like merry elves at play;
And, decked with flowers, the children trooped
Dear living sunbeams they!
They flutter and dance and laugh and shout,
They revel the long day through,
With never a thought of the storms that hide
The sun and the sky so blue.
How different life from the city strain
In Sweetbrier Lane!

Dear Sweetbrier Lane, so far away!
'Tis only in dreams I see
The wondrous beauty that Spring so loves
To lavish abroad on thee.
I sigh as I dream of this boyhood's haunt—
Of the changes that time hath wrought;
Of the innocence sweet so rudely effaced
By knowledge so dearly bought;
And my song of joy hath a sad refrain,
Dear Sweetbrier Lane!

—Charles H. Barstow.

Select Literature.

Among the Breakers.

THE OLD COMMODORE'S STORY.

At a pleasant family re-union in New York, the sons and daughters of an old Commodore of the Navy were assembled at the house of a well-known citizen to celebrate a domestic anniversary.

The table had been cleared, cigars lighted, and the veteran, being urged by the young ladies to spin them a sea-yarn, related the following story:

It occurred, he said, soon after I entered the service, now more than forty years ago. We were just about to leave Hampton Roads on a cruise, when the captain's gig dashed alongside, and with the old skipper came a slight, girlish, fair-haired boy, apparently a mere child, but dressed in the uniform at that time worn by the midshipmen of our navy.

The little fellow had been sent to sea to learn an honorable profession, because his father, since his bankruptcy, could not educate his son at home in a manner becoming his former station. He stood uncertain for a while on the quarter-deck, alone, neglected, abashed, until the captain, suddenly recollecting himself, turned round, and introducing him to us, ended by committing Harry Broughton, as I shall call him, to my oversight, as the oldest midshipman on board.

We were soon on intimate terms, and he was so frank, generous and winning in his manners that you could not, for the life of you, escape loving the little fellow. Even the rugged old tars would do anything to please him, and the severity of the first lieutenant himself often relaxed itself when little Harry, as we all called him, had offended against some paltry rule of discipline. Always the first to turn out in a gale, never to be found skulking like some of the other youngsters from his watch, and at all times eager to volunteer on any extra duty, he gradually wound himself into the hearts of every one on board, from the landlubbers in the waist to the captain in his after-cabin. If we went on shore, Harry was sure to be one of our company, for he was such a favorite with strangers on account of his youth and beauty that we were always better welcomed if he was along.

We had been out nearly three years, cruising on the Pacific station, when we were ordered home, and right glad we all were to hear the news. The long, beautiful moonlights came and went like the sound of music, and a hundred gallant fellows danced away the evening watches to the lively notes of the violin.

We reached the Philippine Islands, passed the Straits, and at last entered the Bay of Bengal. We were heartily tired of close confinement on shipboard, and resolved to run up the bay and visit a few of the chief stations on the coast. It was a glorious day when we first caught sight of Madras, with the sunlight playing full on its walls and minarets, the long, low beach of white sand crowned with the walls of the fort above, and a tremendous surf rolling and thundering in ahead. Every heart beat high with pleasure, and it was not a difficult matter to obtain permission to land. A party of officers, among whom was Harry and myself, resolved to make an excursion into the town.

I should have mentioned that there was no port for vessels within twenty miles of St. George's fort, and as our frigate would be compelled to stretch out and in until our return, we had but little time for our adventure. We had intended, when we started, to leave the boats outside the surf, and to land in flats which are used for passing the breakers, and which, being sewed together and without keels, are admirably fitted to resist the jerking of the surf, and cannot without great difficulty be overturned. But when we neared the shore we saw that none of these native boats were at hand, and as we had but little time to lose, we lay upon our oars just outside the breakers, and called a council to determine what to do.

"What say you, Frank, to make a dash, and pass it at once? It will be something to talk of—eh?"

I shook my head in disapprobation, as I pointed to the huge billows that raced by us, and curling over a cable's length ahead broke with a noise like thunder on the beach, while the shivered wave boiled and foamed in the vortex below.

"Give way, my sea-dogs, give way!" shouted the third lieutenant, coming up abreast in gallant style; "shall we dash in, Mr. Tiller?"

"It looks like a venture where one cast is death, and the other a ducking; but what say you, Broughton?"

"O, sir," replied the little fellow, his eyes kindling as he spoke, "they say an English man-of-war's boat passed it a few years ago, and I'm sure we can do it, too. Besides, sir, we can try it with one boat first. It isn't such a high surf, after all, and look there, sir, they're watching us from the fort."

True enough, the officers of the garrison were quizzing us already with their glasses.

I still, however, objected, feeling a strange kind of presentiment that some dreadful accident would occur if we ventured in the surf. But the national pride of our men had been touched, and the lieutenant seeing it, wavered no longer, and shouting the order to "give way," our crew broke into a cheer, and dashed rapidly up to the gigantic breakers.

The aspect of the surf as we approached it was terrible. The enormous billows rolled in, one after another rose like monsters, paused a moment with their white crests combing before they descended, and then hurled their mass of water down into the abyss below with the noise of a mighty cataract.

Hitherto, all had been careless on board, and jests had been flying plentifully about, but every man now felt that a crisis was at hand, and accordingly the deepest silence prevailed, broken only by the noise of the oars, and the quick orders of the lieutenant.

"Larboard!" shouted Tiller, waving his hand, "larboard a little more!" and riding on an enormous wave we were whirled into the heart of the surf, with two gigantic billows madly pursuing us on our quarter. For a moment we thought the crisis passed, but all once the wave seemed to lose its impetus, and gliding from beneath us, broached us almost broadside to, while the foremost of our pursuers dashed against us, and heeled us nearly over into the abyss. We were losing all command of the boat, when suddenly a noice from our colleague outside of the surf exclaimed:

"Look out, there's a shark on your quarter!" At the same instant Tiller, perceiving our danger, thundered, "Larboard, hard—ease off there, larboard harder, for God's sake, down!" but the poor coxswain, startled by the ill-timed warning from the other boat, and conscious of the terrible situation in which we were, lost for a moment all command of his faculties, and before he could regain them sufficiently to obey the command of his officer, a wave struck us full on our broadside, and in another instant, with a wild cry of horror, we found ourselves struggling in the surf.

When I rose to the surface I struck out boldly, but I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. The boat was already broken in pieces, and the fragments tossing about, while the crew were struggling here and there in the breakers. A poor fellow was just ahead of me, buffeting with the waves, his agonized look fixed on a huge shark that lay eyeing him just without the surf. He screamed for succor, but it was in vain. The current was gradually sweeping him nearer to his terrible enemy. The other boat ventured as near as it could, but it would have been madness to approach nearer. Suddenly he gave a quick, shrill shriek, flung his arms upward and sank. The next instant the blood-red hue of the surface told the fearful cause.

As for myself, I struck desperately for the shore, and being a good swimmer, as long as I could command my faculties, I knew I had some chance of reaching land. I had turned in order to escape the current and find a place where the surf rolled in less frightfully, when I heard a faint cry, and saw little Harry struggling not two fathoms off. He seemed almost exhausted, and was barely able to keep his head above water.

"For the love of heaven," he cried, "Frank—here!" But as I swam toward him the noble boy exclaimed, "No! Save yourself—I'm nearly gone—am getting weak—tell mother and Fanny I died thinking of them."

"Courage!" I shouted; "I'll be there in a minute—hold on, my brave lad!" and I strained every nerve to reach him, but the current was so powerful that it baffled my efforts. One while the surf would sweep us far apart, and again dash us almost together. I saw, however, that I gradually neared the gallant little fellow.

The crew of the boat outside bent to their oars, determined at all risks to secure us, when suddenly there was a cry, "The shark! The shark!" And the huge monster shot along not twenty yards off between us and our only hope, the boat. My brain reeled as I looked. The boat was rapidly approaching, but the surf was too wild to suffer it to come near to where we were, and between us the frightful monster was sailing to and fro, waiting for the tide to sweep us out.

"I'm going, Frank; I can't stand it any longer. O my poor mother and sister! God forgive me my sins," faintly said the boy.

"Hold on a minute, for Heaven's sake!" I cried, for I was already within a yard or two of him.

"Hold on!" thundered the lieutenant from the boat; "we'll be there if we die for it—give way, lads, for a life, hurrah!"

But poor little Harry had held on until nature was completely worn out, and casting a wild look on all around, he faintly ejaculated, "My mother, sister—O my God!" and then, with a convulsive jerk of the arms, sank like lead into the waters. The next moment I would have been by his side.

"Give way! Give way! Give way!" roared the lieutenant, wildly, as he waved on his men.

"For God's sake, come on quick!" I shouted, as I dived.

But alas! my search was unsuccessful, and when I rose to the surface I was far away from the spot where Harry had disappeared, and nearing, with frightful rapidity, the shark on the edge of the surf. The boat was yet too distant to promise any effective aid. I shall never forget the emotions of that instant. A sickening sensation came over me; my brain reeled, my joints grew weak, and my arms seemed to refuse their duty. The monster was now nearly at my side. I could see his great fins appearing and disappearing, and almost feel the lashing of his huge tail as it beat against the waters. I gave up all my hopes of this world and all I loved, and shut my eyes upon my terrible enemy as I breathed a silent prayer for mercy to God. A moment that seemed years ensued—a moment of torture more horrible than any I ever had conceived—when a loud sharp cry rang out just behind me, and at the same instant a coil of rope fell beside me as a voice called out in broken English, "Hold on!"

Clutching the cord mechanically, I felt myself drawn rapidly in among the breakers, while the enormous monster, perceiving he was going to be disappointed of his prey, struck the waves wildly with his tail, and dashed like lightning after me.

"In with him, hand over hand!" shouted a voice, and I felt myself jerked into one of the boats on the coast. At the same instant a thundering cheer rung from the crew outside the surf. Forgetful of everything but my wonderful preservation, I fell on my knees and thanked God I was alive.

When I looked again, I saw we were riding in upon the surf, and the shark had sheered out to sea. We were soon landed, and I then learned the manner of my deliverance. Having been seen, a boat had put off to our rescue, and had already taken up several of our crew, when they discovered me struggling against the current. Had I not been engaged in endeavoring to save poor Harry, I would have noticed their approach sooner. As it was, four of our crew were lost.

The poor boy, thank God, was washed ashore, that same afternoon, and there was not a dry eye on the ship when they heard of his untimely end. We buried him near Madras, and so ended our battle with the surf.

Losing the Fire.

A traveler as he journeys eastward from New York, via the Sound boats and the New London Northern division of the great Central Vermont railroad, after whirling through the busy and picturesque manufacturing Connecticut villages, and entering Western Massachusetts, may see on his left, about a mile below Amherst station, and the same distance from College Hill, an old, shabby brown house, standing back from the highway, surrounded by smooth green fields and shaded by immense elm trees.

Here, within the memory of some of the more elderly people of the neighborhood, "Granny Pom'ry," as she was called, an intelligent old lady and a devoted Christian, who was fond of talking about the early colonial days when there were only two houses in Amherst, and one each in the adjoining towns of Hadley and Belchertown.

I will give one of her stories just as it was told me by a lady who had it from "Granny Pom'ry" herself, and which has never before been in print.

"There were plenty of wolves all about here when I was a child. They were always hanging about the clearings, and watching for a stray pig, or lamb, or chicken.

"One summer day mother saw one thrust its sharp nose through the halfopen doorway of our log house and look hungrily at the cradle where the baby lay sleeping. Mother didn't scream, for she did not wish to waken the baby, but she seized a brand from the fire which was blazing under the dinner-pot in the open chimney, and, whirling it in her hand, ran after the ugly brute as he made good his escape to the swamp.

"In the summer evenings we could hear the wolves howling all about us—on the hills and plains to the north, west, and south, and in the swamps to the east. We children were never allowed to play out of doors after sundown without first taking the precaution to build a fire to keep the wolves away.

"It was great fun for us to heap the brush, which father wanted to have out of the way, upon the huge fire, and to see the flames and the sparks and the smoke go gyrating up to the very zenith, almost putting out the eyes of the stars, as we thought, while the fierce light illuminated the whole of our clearing.

"Did a wolf show himself in the vicinity, he was presently detected by more than one pair of childish eyes. Mother would then drop her knitting, and, seizing a firebrand, give chase to the outwardly sneak until he had hidden away in the dim weird shadows of the forest.

"One summer the wolves had increased to such an extent that we children did not dare to venture into the swamp for berries, nor, as the autumn came on, to search in the woods for nuts, and our winter supply threatened to be alarmingly small.

"One frosty morning, after breakfast, father said to us he would finish digging the potatoes that day, and the boys might go down to the "Bay Path," and get Enoch Thayer's boys to go with them wolf-hunting. The day promised to be a fine one, although, as the boys started off, mother told them that the sun, which had risen clear, immediately hid himself behind a cloud.

"During the forenoon father came in saying there was a storm brewing, and mother and the girls must go out and help him pick up the potatoes. They went at once, leaving me to keep house, and charging me to take good care of the baby, to keep the samp boiling, and stir it often so that it would not burn on the bottom of the kettle.

"I attended so carefully and assiduously to the baby that when the little fellow fell asleep I fell asleep also, and when, at noon, my father and mother and sisters came in from the potato field, cold and tired and hungry, anticipating a delicious dinner of hot samp and milk, they found the lower part of their pudding burnt and the top of it uncooked, and the fire out.

"It was before the days of friction matches, and it was a serious matter to 'lose the fire.' Mother knelt on the cheerless hearth and carefully stirred the embers while my sisters blew and blew the sides of every bit of charcoal and blackened brand, but not the faintest spark remained; the fire was dead!

"Father and mother looked at each other anxiously. The boys had taken our three guns with them, so we had no flints with which to strike fire. Father spent a little time rubbing two dry pieces of stick together, but it was no go; he could get no fire. Finally he said, patiently: 'There is no other way but for me to go the three miles and a half to Mr. Thayer's. The boys may not get home to-night, and we may suffer from cold and hunger before they come.'

"The rain began to fall soon after he left, and it was a cold, dark, gloomy afternoon. Every sound made by the wind and every shadow cast by the tossing limbs of the trees about the house was supposed by us to be either Indians or wolves.

We were all very hungry, for there was no well-filled larder to fall back upon. We children fretted some, but mother's usual cheerfulness was not disturbed. She sang for us hymns and quaint old songs, and told us stories as she knit and knit, until the short autumn afternoon came to a close. The gray twilight was quickly followed by the inky darkness which came creeping up out of the forest and shut us in.

"Although we could no longer see each other, mother gathered us about her on her bed in the corner of the room, while we clung to her neck or her hands by turns, as she kept up a brave, composed courage. We well knew, however, by the occasional quiver in her voice, that she was alarmed at our father's long absence.

"It seemed a very long time to us while we were huddling there in the dark, before we heard father's hearty, inspiring halloa from the edge of the clearing. Soon he and my brothers were at the door, which mother hastened to unbar.

"The timber-box was quickly produced, and I shall never forget the joy which filled our hearts and shone out on our faces as we gathered about the bright, grateful blaze of the fire which was soon dancing up the huge throat of the stone chimney, for mother had the feul all arranged ready to light. My brothers were laden with choice portions of deer they had killed, and it seemed but a moment before the potatoes were boiling, the venison steak broiling, and a johnny-cake baking on an oak board before the fire.

"My father's long absence was explained by the fact that when he reached our neighbor's house he found Mrs. Thayer alone, her boys having accompanied our boys to the mountain, and her husband having gone four miles to Hadley for fire, for their own had gone out while Mrs. Thayer had been out-of-doors at work getting ready for the threatening rain. The Thayers also had no flints left on their premises.

"The fire which was thus obtained, after many miles of travel on foot through the dense forests, was never lost after that, although it was extremely unlikely that such a conjunction of events, which so impressed upon these two households the value of that very useful element, would ever occur again."

WIVES AND THEIR INCOMES.—I am satisfied, that if there could come a sudden revelation of all hearts, we should be astounded at the amount of soreness and chafing and secret unhappiness which exists beneath a multitude of roofs in the hearts of seemingly happy wives; and which could instantly be removed by the certainty of even a small income which they could call their own, writes Mr. T. W. Higginson in *Harper's Bazaar*. Either a wife should be in the domestic establishment a recognized partner, with the rights of a partner, or she should be a salaried officer, with the rights which that implies. In no case should she be a mendicant. One of the best wives and mothers I ever knew once said to me that she never could consent to the marriage of her daughters without a perfectly definite understanding that whatever money they were to have from their husband should be paid to them on definite days, so regularly as if it were a salary, without any application on their part. "No man can possibly understand," she said, "how a sensitive woman shrinks from asking for money. If I can help it, my daughters shall never have to ask for it."

Waste Not Precious Time.

Be quick. You can use a minute but once—make the most of it. Especially save time when suffering from dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, bad blood or any disease of the stomach, liver or bowels. You can't take Burdock Blood Bitters too soon, every moment wasted delays the longed-for cure.

WHAT IS "HEART FAILURE?"—People at large have been rather accustomed to make light of the words "heart failure," as they read them day after day assigned as the cause of death. They ask why it would not be just as well to designate the phrase "lack of breath." Some of the New York doctors, however, have been interviewed on the subject, and make out something more of a case than the laity have suspected. It is a way men familiar with a subject have of surprising those who are not. They say, in substance, that where the heart has long been affected some severe disease may so reduce the general strength that the already weakened organ gives out, and the patient dies. Or an acute disease may, in its progress, cause sudden weakness or other ailment of the heart, which therefore succumbs. In such instances the disease does not kill directly, and the words heart failure properly describe the immediate cause of death.

A Single Trial

Is all that is needed to prove that Polson's Nerviline is the most rapid and certain remedy in the world for pain. It only costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove Nerviline to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy, and for pain of every description it has no equal. Try 10 cent sample bottle. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents. Avoid substitutes.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

History Told by Coins.

A NUMISMATIST'S IDEA CONCERNING VARIOUS NEW DESIGNS ON ALL MONEY.

Let us look at the knowledge of a numismatist in the history of all nations. How glibly he will tell you that such and such a king lived in such a year. He will recognize at a glance the lineaments of Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar, Antonius or any of the ancient worthies, and of more modern days he is familiar with the history of the dynasties of all the reigning families. Why? Simply from his study of the effigies of those rulers depicted upon the coinage of their countries. What would we know of many oriental states were it not for their respective coinage? What would we know of many kings and emperors? What assurance have we of the duration of many historical eras? The answer is by the history as depicted upon the coins of various countries. Rome had her libraries, so had Greece. War and fire destroyed their archives, and but for the coinage of the times our knowledge of the existence of such countries would be slight indeed. Then, if in the course of centuries hence history should repeat itself, and the written history of our days be destroyed, would our coinage teach the people of that era anything of our history? No. From the uncouth designs upon our coinage we would be taken for barbarians. Then, I say, let us have a coinage that will teach all nations till the end of time that we were a great and glorious nation. And how may we do this? By adopting suitable designs for our coinage.

I would advocate that one series of coins, say the half dollar pieces, should be struck bearing the effigies of our presidents, commencing by issuing 1,000,000 pieces bearing the head of Washington, then issuing each six months fellowing as many bearing the effigy of each president until we arrive at the present time. After this, to carry out the idea, a series should be issued during the administration of each president. By so doing you will teach your children and your children's children the history of their country more readily and effectively than by any other means, and leave imperishable monuments of these links in the history of our country. Ask any one how many presidents we have had, how long they were at the head of the administration, how many could answer the question? Had we a coinage, one as I have described, almost every one would have a collection of the coins bearing effigies and inscriptions stating the duration of their administration, which would familiarize them with our history.

I then say, let us have a coinage bearing the effigies of our presidents. I am sure there is nothing antagonistic to a republican sentiment in this, for we have paper money displaying portraits of our presidents and great men; also on our postage stamps. Can we hope that in 3,000 years from now any of these paper mementoes will be in existence? No; but a coin lasts forever, for surely we have coins extant that were issued six centuries before Christ. If you are skeptical examine any good collection of coins and you will find more than one of that age, and some of the Eighth century before Christ and even older. Therefore we now reasonably expect our coinage would be extant six centuries in the future.

Show an ancient coin to a numismatist; he will not only tell you the name of the king or emperor during whose reign it was issued, the history of the country, but, what is more to the point, he will tell you to what degree of artistic refinement and civilization that country had arrived, whether its prosperity was on the increase or not, and how? simply by the purity of the metal used and the excellence of the die. I am sure we excel in skillfulness of die cutting and designing.

This new coinage would also familiarize the world with the greatness of our country for all time to come. Should we issue, say 1,000,000 coins of the denomination of fifty cents and twenty-five cents, how many would be in circulation in one year? I would venture to say none. They would find their way to every nook and corner of the globe, be preserved in museums and private collections all over the world, and even the little Hindoo and Chinese boy centuries hence would as readily tell their contemporaries all about George Washington, the first president of the United States, of President Lincoln, and of our present president, and the entire series, and would be as familiar with the history of the present era of the United States as that of their own era and country.—*Paul E. Beckwith in Washington Star.*

Oh, What a Cough.

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

A GRANDMOTHER CANARY.—"A friend of mine," says Dr. Charles Letourneau, "bought a couple of canary birds who had come direct from the Canary Islands, and put them both together into a garret of his country house at Nanterre. The couple, well-fed, and almost free in their actions, increased and multiplied. Fifteen or sixteen years afterward, this garret was inhabited by a large swarm of canaries; and among them was some mixture of the green canary, for strangers had been introduced into the family. The mother bird, then seventeen or eighteen years old, was so enfeebled by her great age she could hardly flutter. She could barely drag herself up to join in the common meal. Two of her descendants perceived this, and came to her assistance. They took care of her until her death, as much as nearly two years afterward. They fed her from their own beaks, as they would a little one; and what is more singular, the old grandmother welcomed them by beating her wings, as the young ones do."

A Canadian Favorite.

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, diarrhœa, and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept in the house. For 35 years it has been the most reliable remedy.

CHOPPED APPLES FOR EXPORT.—Chopped apples is an exported product of which but little has been heard. They are made from inferior, unmarketable fruit, which is chopped into small pieces and then dried. They are shipped largely to France, where they are used for conversion into cider, and are preferred to their home grown apples, on account of being better preserved and of finer flavar. The export trade of this product in 1888 reached 11,000,000 pounds, and this amount should have been doubled in 1889 if there had been sufficient of the product to sell. Most all of the chopped apples come from the orchards of the north-east.—*New York Telegram.*

—A specific remedy for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form is found in King's Dyspepsia Cure, the only preparation of the kind in the market. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. One dollar a package. Sample package to any address on receipt of three cent stamp. Sole proprietors, King's Dyspepsia Cure Co., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.