OVER WORKED Women.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive *guarantee*. See wrapper around bottle. **Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets, 25c. a vial, by druggists.

$400,000

New Business in Three Months!

The Mutual Relief Society

—OF—

NOVA SCOTIA!

THE members of the Society are hereby informed, that notwithstanding the keen competition offered by the large number of Life Insurance Companies which are so ably represented by their respective agents, our increase for the first three months of 1886, was $400,000.

This will compare very favorably with the amount of business done within Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, by any Life Insurance Company.

Members, with few exceptions, respond promptly when assessments are made.

The Society pays all its bonds in full on proof of claim.

Individuals desiring Insurance are invited to make a comparison between the merits of this Society and those of other companies, before giving an application.

For particulars please write to, or see our agents.

Yarmouth, April 3rd, 1886.

THOMAS B. CROSBY, Manager.

W. H. FAIRN, Gen. Agent, Lawrencetown, N. S.

BRIDGETOWN

FOUNDRY COMPANY

(LIMITED.)

THE above Foundry Co., having just opened its new premises, on the site formerly occupied by Craig's Foundry, lately destroyed by fire, is now prepared

TO MANUFACTURE

STOVES, PLOWS,

HAY CUTTERS,

MILL and Other Castings.

All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.

W. A. CRAIG, MANAGER.

Bridgetown, March 10th, '85 y

1885. 1885.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,

ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS.

—IN—

Marble, Freestone & Granite,

of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.

ALSO:

Furniture Tops!

Call and inspect work.

OLDHAM WHITMAN.

Bridgetown, Jan. 12th, 85'

JUST RECEIVED.

Two Carloads

FLOUR AND MEAL,

which will be sold LOW FOR CASH.

Also.—A well assorted stock of

Groceries!

MOLASSES AND SUGAR,
SPICES, SALT, TOBACCOS,
BROOMS, SOAP,
RAISINS, CURRANTS,
CANNED GOODS,
BISCUITS, SYRUPS, ETC

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, July, 1885

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

FLOUR! FLOUR!

The Cheapest in the Market!

THE subscriber offers for sale 75 bbls. Best Brands of Patent Flour, cheaper than can be got elsewhere.

Apply to JACOB FOSTER, Bridgetown, or to PHINEAS CHESLEY, Granville.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York. Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 14. BRIDGETOWN, N.S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1886. NO. 25.

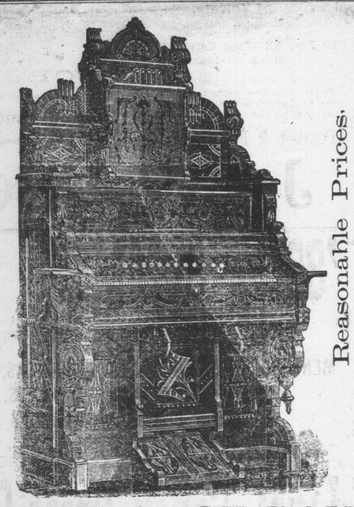
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

Good Workmanship.



Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

A. E. SULIS.

B. LAURANCE'S

Spectacles & Eye-Glasses,

—ARE THE ONLY—

Genuine English Articles in the Canadian Market!

—:0:—

REAL PEBBLES are kept in stock. Tests are given to purchasers to prove Genuineness. They are recommended by and testimonials have been received from the President, Vice-President, Ex-President, and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Lavel University; the President and Ex-Presidents of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, &c., &c.

These recommendations ought to be sufficient to prove their qualities, but if further proof is needed call on

E. SANCTON, Watchmaker & Jeweller, Agent. - - BRIDGETOWN

LAWRENCET OWN

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 underminning or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

Guns,

AMMUNITION,

HEAVY

WOOL SHIRTS,

Shirts & Drawers,

A SMALL LOT OF

GENTS' GENUINE

Plymouth Buck Gloves.

Apple Barrels.

B. STARRATT.

AUCTION SALES!

The subscriber will attend

AUCTION SALES

throughout Wilmot Township, as Auctioneer. TERMS.—$2.00 per day.

F. L. MURPHY, Licensed Auctioneer.

South Farmington, Jan. 19th, '86 41tf.

Golden Medical Discovery.

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS — Anti-Bilious and Cathartic.

25c. a vial, by druggists.

CORN IN EGYPT!

Roop & Shaw

Beg to notify the public generally that they always keep on hand an assortment of

CARRIAGES

of the latest styles, made from

First Class Stock,

which will be sold on easy terms and reasonable prices.

Middleton, April 20th 1885. n2tf.

Poetry.

The Origin of Birds.

The Indians of the Shasta mountains tell
A legend strange and beautiful. They say
That the great Spirit stepped from cloud fo cloud
In the primeval day,

And first upon the dome of Shasta stood,
The spotless face of new-born Earth to see,
Thence passing down, where'er He touched the land,
Up sprang a blooming tree;

Pleased at the sight, the splendor of His smile
Melted the snows and made the rivers run;
The boughs, refreshed, tossed high their leafy plumes,
Luxuriant in the sun.

Day after day, while the first summer shone,
He watched with new delight the growing trees,
Till autumn came; then fast the bright leaves fell,
Swept by the keener breeze.

Yet were they radiant now, in all the hues
Of red and gold that could with sunset vie;
Looking on them He loved them; they were still
Too beautiful to die!

Thrilled by His quickening gaze, each leaf awoke
To life and floated buoyantly along;
Its beauty put forth wings,—and soaring high
Its gladness grew to song!

Thus from the red stained oak, the robin came,
The cardinal bird the maple's splendor bore,
The yellow bird the willows faded gold
In living plumage wore.

Even the pale, brown leaves the pageant joined,
Sparrow and lark awakened to rejoice,
And though they were less fair, to them He gave
The more melodious voice.

Since then the birds close kinship with the trees
Have ever kept. They build the yearly nest
Within the fragrant shadow of the leaves
As on a mother's breast.

—*Hearth and Hall.*

Blue Bells---A Flower Legend.

Two cherubs were playing near Heaven's gate,
Which an angel had left ajar;
They were toying each with small silver bells,
Whose chimes could be heard afar.

As they tossed in play these musical toys,
Some rolled through the half-open gate;
And down from the high heavens blue they came
Through the clouds at a quickening rate.

And when at last they fell down to this earth,
And rested in green fairy dell,
Where each one had fallen there sprang a flower
The beautiful, graceful Blue Bell.

For as they chimes came down through the azure skies,
They caught its deep beautiful blue;
And still in the earthly flower is seen
The very same heavenly hue.

And the fairies can hear the low, sweet chimes
As they gently sway to and fro;
Perhaps it's an echo of those soft tones
Which the cherubs heard long ago.

Pansy.

Select Literature.

A Mountain Idyl.

A famous prima-donna had been giving a concert in the parlor of the large hotel at Mount ——. The few last, rich notes of song had died away on the air: the applause had ceased and slowly the audience was breaking up into groups, with the usual interchange of greetings and comments.

Outside by one of the long windows that opened on the broad piazza, stood a young girl bending eagerly forward. The hood of her water-proof cloak was drawn back, and the light from within fell on her fair hair, her wide-open, blue eyes, and her red, parted lips.

'Oh, Dick,' and the words ended with a little shiver, 'wasn't it beautiful? If I could *only* sing like that!'

Her companion, a tall, broad-shouldered, young countryman, was leaning carelessly against the window frame, with his dark, earnest eyes fixed as intently on the girl's face as here were on the gay scene before them.

'I think—I am almost sure—I could do it if I tried,' she continued, without waiting for an answer. 'Listen Dick!'

She dropped her head slightly, and warbled, in a clear, flute-like voice, first softly, then louder, two or three bars of the song she had just heard, ending with a crisp little run.

'There, I knew I could do it,' she cried, gleefully, 'only somehow, I do not exactly know how to manage my breath, and my voice seems to run away from me. How pretty it is in there. The beautiful dresses, the long trains, the bright lights and the flowers. How glorious it must be to stand there with all those faces looking at you and all those grand people listening, as if their lives depended on hearing every word you sang. And the applause, Dick—I don't see how anyone could help singing *after that.*'

A troubled expression passed over the young man's face.

'Let us be going, Milly,' he said abruptly, 'or some of those fine people will be coming out here and find us peeping.'

But the girl did not stir. Her face was still turned toward the parlor.

'No one will think of coming out here; the dampness would spoil all those pretty dresses.'

She pressed her face, as she spoke, close to the window pane. 'I believe I could stay here all night and watch, she added.

'Come Milly,' Dick spoke sternly now. 'It's half-past ten o'clock, and I promised Aunt Rhoda to bring you back early. The chances are that we will get caught in the rain, as it is; the sky is as black as pitch.'

Milly yielded, reluctantly, to his grasp, But as they reached the edge of the piazza, and Dick sprang lightly to the ground and raised his arms to assist her, she cast a last, lingering glance at the window.

'There's the beautiful lady that sang, Dick,' she said, 'standing there with all those people pushing and crowding, to get a chance to speak to her. I had rather be in her place than to be a queen on the throne. How nice it would have been if we could have walked in at the front door—I with my white train and you with your white gloves, and have sat down with the best of them, instead of creeping up on the piazza and standing outside in the darkness, listening——'

Dick lifted her to the ground. 'Put this on, Milly; its's a chilly night, if it is July,' said he drawing the hood of the cloak over the girl's head, and allowing his hand to linger for a moment, on the rippling hair, with a caressing touch.

'What a flighty little Milly you are, after all! To think that a few fine dresses and gay people should be able to turn such a sensible little head as yours.'

'Not so flighty as you think, perhaps,' returned the girl, proudly, drawing away from him. 'And it isn't the sight of the fine dresses and gay people; it is the thought of what I might do with my voice if I only had a chance. There's trouble ahead, Dick. I've lain awake many a night thinking of it. Aunt Rhoda is old and feeble, and the trouble with Uncle Seth's eyesight is growing worse all the time. Ever since he had to pay those notes that he had to endorse for a friend, and we had to put a mortgage on the farm, it has been very hard to get along. If his eyes should give out entirely—I hardly dare think of it—there is no one but me for them to lean upon in their old age.'

'You're not the only one, Milly,' said Dick, bringing his hand down heavily on his arm. 'There is a good strong arm and willing heart to back it.'

'But you have your mother and your education to look out for. No—no—it's very kind of you to feel that way, but we have no claim on you. It wouldn't be right——'

'No claim?' echoed Dick. 'No claim?'

His heart beat fast as he bit his lips to hard to keep back the torrent of impetous words that struggled for utterance.

He and Milly had reached the gate by this time, and stooping to unfasten the latch, he gained a little leisure for self-control.

'What have I got to give her but myself,' he thought. 'And what am I but a big, hulking fellow, who has not yet found out what his place is to be in the world. Better wait forever than come to her empty handed.'

He opened the gate for her to pass through, and then, aided by his strong arm, she sprang into the waggon.'

'No claim, Milly?' he repeated bitterly. 'No claim! It's a pity if the girl I have known ever since she was a baby, whom I have drawn to school on my sled, and who has been to me first playmate, then friend—I say it is a pity if the girl who is as dear—as dear—' Dick felt the blood mounting to his forehead, as he continued, stammering, 'as dear to me as—as—a sister—cannot feel that she has a claim on me in the world. And as for Uncle Seth, who in his prosperous days, has done so many kind turns for mother and me, why, his claim is so plain that a blind man could see it. Oh, Milly, don't speak like that again. You don't know how the words hurt. Hold the reins for a moment, while I look for the lantern. Where can it be?'

Just then there was a pattering of feet on the gravel walk, and a young woman ran down to the gate, swinging a lantern in her hand.

'Here's your lantern, Dick Ashley, she said, raising it so that the light showed her to be a bright, blackeyed, rosy-cheeked rustic beauty. 'I thought you would be wanting it, so I came down and took it up to the house and lighted it for you. And I should have been back sooner, only I was hindered in helping with the supper. Well, how did you like the concert?' You haven't thanked me, Milly, for getting you a place where you could see and hear it all.'

'Thank you, Kate. It was a great treat. I shall remember that voice as long as I live. And all the time the lady was singing, I felt as if I was going up—up—up—I don't know where.'

'Well, Milly,' and Dick laid his hand on her arm; 'please don't go up—we want you down here just at present. You see, Kate, whenever Milly gets into her romantic flights, I am the weight to pull her down to sober, common sense; otherwise we might lose her.

Kate's keen eyes caught the movement of Dick's hand, and a scowl passed over her handsome face.'

'Milly loves music so well,' she said, 'and understands so much more about it, that she feels differently from us. Now, for my part, Dick, I think Milly's voice just as fine as the one you heard to-night; and I believe she could sing just as well if she had the teaching.'

'Milly does not need any teaching. She sings well enough as it is.'

'Oh, Kate. Oh, Dick,' said Milly, deprecatingly, while Dick held out his hand impatiently for the lantern.

'I do,' reiterated Kate. It's the solemn truth. I only wish I had Milly's voice You wouldn't catch me settling down in a stupid place like this when I might get rich and famous. There's no end to the luck a good voice brings. There's Miss ——, up at the house, the lady who sang to-night, they say she was a poor country girl, and somebody found out what a voice she had and gave her lessons, and now she is just rolling in money. She takes care of her mother, that grey-haired old lady, who sat near the door, and does so much besides. And I can see, as I wait on her at the table, how much every one, even those grand, 'stuck up,' people think of her.'

Kate was the daughter of one of the village farmers. She taught school the greater part of the year, and during vacation, eked out her scanty income by waiting on table at the Mount ——hotel.

'Wait a moment, Dick,' pleaded Milly, as the young man murmured something about its being time to go. 'How long will Miss B —— stay at the hotel, Kate?'

'Only this week. Then she goes to Europe to rest. She gave that concert last night to help one of the poor women at the hotel. She is a kind body, and seems to be always ready to do a friendly act.'

The young horse darted forward as he felt the sudden sting of Dick's lash. 'Good-night, Kate,' called the young man. 'You and Milly will catch your deaths, standing out here in the damp.'

Kate stood for a moment listening to the sound of the retreating wheels. 'Look sharp, Dick Ashley,' she said, with a mocking laugh, 'or you'll lose your pretty bird. You think you have her safe caged; but for all your watchfulness, she may fly out into the world and leave you; and *I am the one who has unfastened the door.* I've seen that Milly has been uneasy in her mind this long while, thinking of the old folks' trouble, and wanting to earn something to help them. It only needed those words from me to start the thing. With Milly well out of the way, Dick might have eyes for girls who are far more handsome than she. It's a game worth playing, at all events, and I am willing to risk everything on it.'

Dick, alarmed and vexed at the turn the conversation had taken, drove home in silence; and Milly was too busy with her half formed plans to say more than a word or two.

'Good-night, Milly,' he said, tenderly, as he unlocked the door of the farm-house for her. 'I shall not see you again for three weeks. I am going to start to-morrow for cousin John's. He is the one who has promised to give me a little help in my education, and I shall make him quite a visit. Don't borrow any trouble. There will be a way provided, without your putting your shoulder to the wheel; trust me for that. So, go to sleep, without a thought of what is to come. The 'darkest day,' you know, 'is just before the dawn.'

The day after the concert Aunt Rhoda sent Milly up to the hotel to tell the housekeeper that she could have 'that week's churning,' for the hotel table, if she wished it. The young girl had delivered the message, and was walking down the broad, well-kept walk, when she noticed that the great piazza was nearly deserted, it being the hour when almost all the ladies were dressing for dinner.

But one lady sat by the side of the front door, reading, and as she raised her eyes from the book, Milly saw it was the singer whom she had heard the night before.

It was a strange thing for shy, little Milly to do, but before she thought, she found herself standing before the lady, who was looking at her curiously.

'If you please, ma'am,' said Milly, blushing, 'I heard you sing last night, and it was so beautiful. And I think I can sing too; and we are so poor, and need the money so much at home. I wonder if you would tell me if my voice was worth anything.'

The lady dropped her book. 'What is it, my dear?' she asked kindly. 'I don't quite understand.'

'If you would only, please, see if I could sing, ma'am.' Milly, as she spoke, wrung her hands nervously.

'Oh, you want me try your voice. Why of course I will. Come into the parlor and you shall sing for me, and then I will sing a little for you. Don't be afraid. There is never anyone there at this hour. We can have it all to ourselves.'

She led the way and Milly followed timidly. The large parlor was deserted. Seating herself at the piano, Miss B—— ran her fingers lightly over the keys, and then asked: 'What can you sing, my child?'

'All the old hymns and songs; Uncle Seth likes the old Scotch songs best of all.'

'Do you know this?' playing 'Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Town,' and she looked up at Milly as she spoke. Milly nodded assent.

'Very well, now sing right out'

Milly's voice trembled and hesitated at first; but the accompaniment gave her courage, and then it poured out rich and strong, filling the large room and echoing through the halls and corridors.

The lady paused in astonishment. 'Why, of course you can sing. My child, you have a glorious voice—now, go on—'

After the song was finished, Miss B—— tried Milly's voice in sustaining notes and scales; and, at the end of the brief lesson, the delighted pupil found herself sitting by the teacher's side, pouring into her sympathetic ears all her troubles and fears and hopes and plans.

It was the talk of the whole town when, just a week from that time, Miss B—— left for Europe, taking Milly with her. It had required much persuasion on her part, but when she had satisfied Uncle Seth that Milly would be in good hands, he reluctantly gave his consent. Miss B—— undertook to pay all expenses, and the only condition of the agreemant was that Milly should not sing in opera, the good old man having inherited from his Puritan ancestors a horror of the stage.

When Dick came home he was stunned by the news of Milly's departure. Great, too, was his astonishment and grief when he found she had gone without one little note or word of special farewell.

'Did she leave nothing with you, Kate?' he asked, as he overtook that young woman on her way to singing school.

It was too dark for him to notice Kate's flushed face and confused manner.

'No,' said Kate, slowly, 'the fact was, Milly's head was completely filled with her new friends and new life. And she did not have all the luck, Dick. I have been appointed postmistress. It will be far better than tramping through the snow to teach tiresome children.'

But Dick hardly heard what she said. He was thinking of Milly. 'It's but the beginning of the end,' he murmured. 'She will never be the same Milly again. Oh, why did they send her out in the world, away from those who love her best?'

He wrote her kindly once, twice, thrice *four* times, without receiving an answer. Then, in a fit of indignation, he wrote to Miss B——, demanding an explanation—and that, too, failed to gain a reply.

'Are you sure you put on the right stamps,' he asked of Postmistress Kate, and she assured him that she 'was sure.'

They had letters regularly at the farmhouse, however, and Kate seemed to be the favorite correspondent. Dick began to look upon her as the only link left between him and Milly. He left, after a while, for a neighboring town, to study for the ministry, but came home frequently, and never failed to pass a part of the time with Kate; for, in spite of Milly's neglect, he found himself hungering for the slightest tidings of her.

For the first two years Milly wrote that she was studying hard and making rapid progress. Presents came to the farmhouse, and money to pay the interest on the mortgage. There were also pretty little gifts, sent through Kate to old friends, Dick being the only one forgotten. At last came the news of a grand triumph. Milly had sung in public, and her success was assured. Various extracts from foreign journals were copied by the papers lauding the beauty and talent of the young American singer. Then Milly pleaded for two or three years more, and accompanied the letter with a check to pay off a portion of the mortgage; and with this came a photograph of herself in *grande toilette*. Meantime the years went by. Seven has passed. During that time gentle Aunt Rhoda had been carried to her last rest, and slept in the village cemetery. Milly's money, however, procured a capable housekeeper for Uncle Seth in the person of one of his nieces.

Dick, too, had been fighting his way in the world, and climbing step by step. The Rev Richard Ashley was beginning to be widely known as the able, earnest, young pastor of the large and flourishing church in the city of——.

Uncle Seth finally placed himself in the hands of a skilful oculist for an operation on his eyes. It proved unsuccessful, and the good old man was doomed to total blindness. Dick heard of the result, and hurried to the farm to offer what comfort he could.

It was a beautiful day in June when he stepped upon the platform of the station at Mount ——. In front of him stood a lady who had just left the forward car. Something familiar in the quick step and carriage of the slender figure caused Dick to start violently. The lady was dressed in deep mourning, and wore a heavy crape veil over her face. Handing a baggage check to one of the drivers she passed into the waiting room. Dick felt strongly impelled to follow her, but chiding himself for his curiosity, turned on his heel and walked away.

Across the track was a footpath, leading to a short cut through the fields and woods, to the farm. But Dick had a business errand at one of the houses near by, and he followed the main road. When he left the farmer's house he turned aside from the highway, and crossing a field reached the bypath to the farm. How the old memories came surging into his mind! How often had Milly and he walked under those trees. Yonder was the little brook, with the broad stepping-stones, which they had crossed a hundred times. He strode forward, rapidly, and stood by its brink, in the middle of the stream, on a large, flat stone, stood the lady whom he had seen at the station. The recent heavy rains had washed away some of the stones, and a wide space of rushing water rolled between her and the bank.

It was but the work of a moment to roll a stone into the stream, and assist her to spring to the other bank. As she threw back her veil to thank him Dick raised his eyes and saw—Milly herself.

'I came but yesterday,' she explained after an awkward silence. 'Miss B—— died suddenly, and her mother and I left for home at once. I did not telegraph, because I wanted to surprise them at the farm. Are they well?'

'You have not heard, then?' returned Dick, gently, 'It is as you feared. Uncle Seth's eyes have given out.'

'Oh, why did they keep it from me?' she cried. 'I would have come at once. It is a mercy I am able to take care of him.'

They walked along, slowly, talking of Uncle Seth and his affliction.'

'It seems but yesterday that I left,' murmured Milly.' Thank God, if *friends* prove fickle, there are some things that do *not* change. This path, this brook, seem the very same that I left, years ago, and these trees are not altered; even the little flowers are in the old places. How is—Kate?'

She spoke hesitatingly now.

'Kate?' he repeated. 'Kate?' I do not know?'

'Do not know?'

'She left here four years ago—married a gay, young clerk, and went out West to live.'

'I thought she was married to you,' gasped Milly. 'In every letter she spoke of seeing you, being with you, and the others wrote in the same way. She told me she was going to be married, and I supposed of course, it was to you.'

For the first time Dick, smiled. 'I did see a great deal of her; it was the only way I could hear from you,' he said.

They had reached the short lane, by this time, that lead to the house.

'One word Milly,' said Dick. 'I have a right to know. Tell me what I have ever done that you should answer none of my letters, that you should leave without one word of farewell?'

'It is the very question I have been longing to put to you. I left a long, long letter for you with Kate. I wrote again and again. I sent messages and gifts by her until hope died in my heart. And all these long, weary years, poor, little, homesick, far-away Milly has been waiting and praying for one word of encouragement from her old friend—is it possible that Kate——'

'I see it all now,' replied Dick. 'She has very nearly made a wreck of two happy lives.'

The sound of a voice, singing an old, familiar hymn, came through the open door of the farm-house. Milly lifted her finger to Dick, and hurried through the hall into the kitchen.

Uncle Seth, with a bandage over his eyes, sat in an arm-chair, with his neice on a low stool at his feet. As the young woman arose, in surprise, Milly motioned for her to be silent.

'Why do you stop?' queried the old man, impatiently. 'That was one of Milly's favorite hymns. But you don't sing it as she did. Go on, Sophia.'

The girl obeyed. But after the first line, a clear, rich voice joined in the refrain. The old man started to his feet.

'Milly, he cried, groping with outstretched arms. 'It is—it must be—Milly, come back again.'

Milly threw her arms around his neck and answered brokenly. 'It *is* Milly, come to be eyes for you in your blindness—to stay with you always—to share her good fortune with you—to leave you never never more.'

A smile lighted the meek, patient face. 'I am content now. It is Milly come back to me and to Richard,' he continued, hearing Dick's voice.

Dick could not speak; but his earnest eyes put the question that his tongue refused to utter.

Milly's lips parted in a happy laugh, as she stroked the old man's silver locks.

'It is Milly come back to you—to you and to Richard,' she added, gently, placing her hand in the young man's eagar grasp.

Important to Captains.

MONTREAL, September 7.—An important judgment to mariners and seamen was rendered by Justice Mathieu this morning in the case of Christian Hansen, a sailor, against the captain of the Lizzie C. Troop, of New Brunswick. Some time ago Hensen took action against Capt Brown, alleging that he had signed articles in Philadelphia to complete the voyage mentioned therein as, starting from Dunkirk, France, to Philadelphia; thence to any ports or places in the world not north of 75° north latitude, or south of 60° south latitude, to and fro, if required, and back to a final port of discharge in the United Kingdom, the voyage not to exceed three years. The prosecution contended this description of the voyage was by no means clear, true, sufficient and definite; but on the contrary vague and ambiguous. Moreover, the vessel was a Canadian registered foreign going craft, and Canadian law governed the articles, according to which sailors were engaged. The articles referred to in this case should therefore, as the Canadian statute allowed, be annulled as illegal in form and the voyage declared at an end. The defence denied that Canadian law governed this case, inasmuch as the particular engagement had been signed in a foreign port, Philadelphia, before the British consul. It therefore came under the Imperial act of 1873. Defence further more contended that the articles in the present case tallied exactly with the wording of the Imperial act. Declared that the agreement, a mature one, referred to in the present case, was to be regulated by the Imperial act. He therefore dismissed Hansen's action.

DISCOVERY OF A POST-GLACIAL FOREST. Evidences of a post-glacial forest have been discovered on the western outskirts of Hull, about a mile from the Humber, and one and a half miles from the river Hull. Workmen engaged in a brickyard in the locality named, on cutting through the clean warp clay about twelve feet, have come across a forest bed on an irregular surface of the drift, on the top of which is a greenish sandy clay, with pebbles and stones. The roots of the trees are standing where they grew, and from their closeness represent the remains of a dense forest. The forest bed is now at the low water level of the sea. A stone implement has been found on the surface of the drift.

—The new rifle which the British government intended to supply the army with does not seem to improve on acquaintance. London Public Opinion says of the arm: "It was used last week by a company of the K. R. Rifles sent from Shorncliffe to Hythe to practice with it; the result was considered to be most unsatisfactory, and very general disapproval was expressed. We are not aware whether the manufacture of the Martini Enfield is being proceeded with at any speed, but it may be as well to warn those who have charge of this matter, that, while they are pottering about and considering the doubtful advantage of substituting the Martini Enfield for the Martini-Henry, continental powers are quietly arming with a magazine rifle."

—A remarkable case is reported from Central Warwickshire, England. A child, five years old, had eaten a large quantity of green sorrel, took a drink of soapy water the next day, which was soon followed by death. A post mortem examination showed that poisoning had resulted from oxalic acid set free from the sorrel by the alkali of the soap.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

An honest medicine is the noblest work of man, and we can assure our readers that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is not only reliable, but is almost infallable to cure Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Canker of the Stomach and bowels, and the various Summer Complaints, whose attacks are often sudden and fatal.

—Of the number of American girls who swell the ranks of nobility in the old world, New York alone has contributed four princesses, two duchesses, nine marchionesses, two viscountesses, seven baronesses, and twenty-two countesses, while the wives of baronets and "honorables" increase considerably more the sum of American aristocracy in this channel.

—Henry Bergh, the president of the New York society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, has interfered and will not permit Adam Forepaugh, jr., to make his horse Blondin walk a tight rope over Niagara Falls. We question if the scheme was anything else than an advertising dodge after all.

CERTAIN CURE.

A CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.—A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of Bowel Complaint, incident to Summer and Fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procurred from any druggist.

RUSSIA'S DANGER.—The honey-combed Colossus, Russia, has within herself the elements of her own ruin. The revelations of Stepniak are not necessary to inform the world that her taxation is oppressive—the working and trading classes supporting 75 per cent. of the total burden. She can raise no more loans save at ruinous rates; her officials are universally dishonest; she expends all her revenue on armies and war ships, overlooking that a nation's moral strength is proportionate to her mercantile marine.

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

It is just as essential that the human body should have pure blood, as that a tree or plant should have sap to nourish and invigorate its growth. Nearly all our bodily ills arise from unhealthy blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies this fountain of life, and regulates all the vital organs to a healthy action.

Schr. Ivica,

Capt. Longmire.

This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between

Bridgetown & St. John

about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.

LIME

will be kept constantly on hand and for sale Apply on board or at residence of subscriber.

JOHN LONGMIRE.

Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 48tf.