Constipation

Is a universal and most troublesome disorder. It causes Headache, Mental Depression, impairs the Sight and Hearing, destroys the Appetite, and, when long continued, causes Enlargement of the Liver, Inflammation of the Bowels, and Piles. Constipation is speedily cured by Ayer's Pills.

For a number of months I was troubled with Costiveness, in consequence of which I suffered from Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and a disordered liver. My eyes also troubled me. I was compelled to wear a shade over them, and, at times, was unable to bear exposure to the light. I was entirely

CURED BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills. I have no hesitation in pronouncing this medicine to be the best cathartic ever made.—James Eccles, Poland, Ohio.

I suffered from Constipation, and, consequently, from Headache, Indigestion, and Piles, for years. Ayer's Pills, which I took at the suggestion of a friend, have given me effectual relief. I commenced taking this remedy two months ago, and am now free from Constipation, the removal of which has caused my other troubles to disappear, and greatly improved my general health.—W. Keeler, Amherst, Mass.

I suffered from Constipation, which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me, completely.—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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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.

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

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A Small Lot of BLACKSMITH COAL still on Hand.

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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, Montreal, Canada.

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

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Notice of Change of Partnership.

The Law Firm of

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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.

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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 whispers 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

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOEL BANKS, farmer, deceased, of Clarence, Annapolis County, are requested to render the same duly attested within three months from the date thereof, and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to

EMDON FRITZ, WILLIAM L. BEALS, Inglisville, Aug. 9th, '87. 3mpd.

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.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 15. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1887. NO. 32.

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.

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(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

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Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

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FORCE PUMP,

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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.

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—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.

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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,

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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.

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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.

Poetry.

Beautiful Hands.

My mother's weary hands!
Their praises let me speak.
They have held love's golden bands
So long—they are thin and weak.

They are tremulous now and slow;
But, to me, they are just as sweet
As when, so long ago,
They have guided my baby feet.

They have old and wrinkled grown;
But, to me, they are just as fair
As when they clasped my own
And folded them first in prayer.

They have toiled thro' patient years,
While no one praised their deeds,
They have wiped most bitter tears,
And supplied unnumbered needs.

They have heavy burdens borne,
When manhood's strength has failed;
They have soothed the hearts that mourn,
And inspired the hearts that quailed.

The naked they have clad;
The hungry they have fed;
With tender touch, and sad,
They have laid away their dead.

Mother's hands are thin and old;
But their every touch I'll love,
Till they clasp the harp of gold
That awaits their touch above.

Select Literature.

[Original.]

One Man's Duty.

Robert Grant.

An old diary, with its story, has fallen into my hands. Of the diary, here are two of its recordings. The story will follow, and if your heart aches as mine did over it, I shall not wonder. It has the rare merit of having *actually* happened and should win your sympathy. I shall simply tell you it.

Record 1st.

'My days are chiefly spent in my official duties and after those are over, I tend the garden which is about the size of my old housekeeper's best broad neckerchief and nearly as unfruitful as a corner of Sahara. It grows weeds uncommonly fast, and not much besides, and to do that, it manages to absorb all Bettine's slops and most astonishing quantities of water from the spring. I know for I bring them. It is very unproductive and also very thirsty. Why I keep humoring the fancies of such a bit of barrenness, I am sure I cannot tell, unless it seems so like some of my people who never do anything themselves, but who exhaust my spiritual forces much as that does Bettine's tubs and patience.'

Record later.

'If seems impossible to reach my ideal of a priest's life among his people, or a man of God under the eye of his master. When I desire good, evil clutches me closest; when I desire most for an opportunity of proving my capacity for help, or noble endeavor, then I am most fallen into meagre common places. I would die for duty's sake only no duty has been given me that I may die for it. As I am now, so I shall live on and die, I suppose. Very much like the gray nest I expected a butterfly from, but which came to nothing. Did I wish most to wean myself from a sore loss, or to win my people to something better? —Bettine is calling. How harsh her voice grows. I am afraid the troublesome garden wears on the poor thing. I believe it would weaken a Samson.'

* * * * * * *

'Father Siebendo! father Siebendo!' came shrilly from the outer passage.

'I am here,' the father replied in a tone so gentle that it seemed like the lull which follows a strong breeze, 'what is it?'

'A man's down from the Pass an' wants ye.'

'You may send him in Bettine,' and the reverend father looked abstractedly out of the narrow window upon the weedy garden in question and sighed. Whether at it, or himself, or the interruption, we do not know, but it was a deep, tired breath.

The man from the Pass shuffled in uneasily, and in an awkward way got possession of a chair before the pastor had changed the direction of his eyes, or spoken to his visitor.

The rough cap he held went twirling round in his uneasy hands, and he kept a furtive watch on the priest while this dumb show lasted. His eyes were sharp, hard and wary, but it was not his eyes, nor in fact any one feature which gave the impression that the man on the surface was fair and open, but at heart, a rascal. It was either the combined expression of his individuality, or a certain tell-tale atmosphere about him which made one feel that, without a question asked or answered.

What the father thought cannot be known, but something affected him oddly. He still kept the strained glance out the window. He shivered, and not looking around, said coldly: 'What do you wish here, Cosmo Hadyn?' The cap whirled yet swifter, but not a word of reply. After a painful silence he stuttered:

'I came, father Sieb—Sieb—Siebendo,' the name apparently choked him, 'I came to get you to—to confess me.'

'You?'

'Aye, father.'

The priest gave him a long stare and again took his old position. Bettine's drone was heard at intervals from the kitchen as she sang to her pots and kettles. No other sound in the room save the heavy breathing of those two men was to be heard.

'You may begin,' was said, at length.

What was there about this penitent that made the usually prompt man so hard and slow at his spiritual duties?

What was there? Hear the story:

Two men—it is like many another romance, only few end so wofully sad as this—two men loved one woman. The undeserving man won, while the very deserving man lost the maiden.

The deserving man, whose nature was constant and tender, yet fiery, passionate, never swerved from his first surrender. To take his heart back was impossible, and since it was rejected, what remained but to crush out its love? What a useless task was undertaken the years and his own heart knew at a bitter cost.

The three had grown up together from their birth. Ober Siebendo was tall, slight and fair, with strong reserve and unknown capacity in him. Not given to show his best side to anyone. Indeed, it was only after long intercourse that you understood and loved the man and then you found a nature so full of surprises that you were silent from admiration and bewilderment.

But Cosmo Hadyn—well what was he? Hard to say, except that he was the exact opposite of Ober, and had a fine taking way with him among the girls. He had a furious will, but so carefully—we would better say artfully—concealed, that only enough was left at the surface to make a pleasant masterful way when he wished to exert it. A way which took mightily, especially with Pauline Vetternich,—the silly child. She who was both silly and lovable too.

In her nature there was a strange combination of both men. She was tall and slender, like Ober, and she was dark and voluble like Cosmo. She was sometimes wilful and sometimes very gentle, but always most fascinating. Whatever she did was not so beautiful in itself, save from the peculiar way in which she lent herself to the action. She could love and suffer deeply, probably, when her nature had once matured. That it was not now is sufficiently shown in her liking for that finely concealed wretch, Cosmo Hadyn. Whenever Ober Siebendo saw him wallowing about like a diminished armadillo, he felt like cursing. That a man whose neck lay in folds of fat, and who was nothing more than a glutton, should win Pauline Vetternich was maddening.

When they were married and the merry wedding wedding procession passed the spot where he lay, white and crouching from sight, he thrust his fingers sharply into his ears and set his teeth like a wounded lion, and when the bells rang out a wild kling! klang! from the little mountain church, he was where their sound could not reach his consciousness.

Only the day before, his rival had met him on the Pass and sneered openly in his face. The peasants who stood by heard Ober's mad oath that if it took years he would be revenged both for rivalry and insult. That was Ober's Nemesis. No idea of accounting for the oath from wounded love or biting taunt, ever entered the stupid peasant heads about him. Instead, it was taken at its face and recalled most disastrously.

After the marriage, the hamlet on the mountain side grew intolerably small and suffocating to Siebendo. His daily occupation of shepherd though it led him into higher atmosphere and still places, gave him no peace. The longing to conquer the fatal passion—no man suffers with complacency—haunted him night and day. He did not wish to covet any man's goods especially those of the adipose Cosmo. He whispered it to his friendly flocks as he guided them broken-heartedly from one green spot to another. 'Twas the only prayer he could find to pray, and pray he did, but without avail. The passion grew upon refusal of exstence.

One serene autumn day, as he was slowly whistling a Tyrolese air, the sound of girlish laughter floated up to him. He sprang as if struck suddenly. No one laughed like that but she—and to meet her—that was more than a man could bear. Everything about him began to reel and he put a trembling hand before his eyes to shut out the sight of a fresh young face below him.

A scream startled him. He rose and stared down helplessly at an old woman who was frantically shaking her hands and calling for help. He then guessed an accident and in one instant he was bounding towards them. The cries were coming clearer now, 'Pauline! Pauline! fell! fell!' and the neighboring peaks took up the clamor and mingled their syllables brokenly and awfully with hers.

He was on the spot, and peering over the side of the cliff before one could count twenty, and he had sprung by bounds, like a goat apparently. He saw there what might have happened if Pauline had fallen in towards instead of away from the face of the mountain. A shelf lay some feet farther down and might save her from being dashed to death below. If not—well that would follow, he said to himself as he swung down by dexterous turns from rock to crag, from bush to rock again. If there what then? Was there not a dizzy path which led far away from this spot where the attendant watched, and straight into a cave which he alone knew? and once there, why not hide until hope was over? The mountain was steep, very steep, no one could get at the base of that point until—well to the fox and the vulture could be assigned the loss of any person they sought there. What wild demons whispered to him as he went down? 'If—if—if,' they said with their red and black tongues while the rest made his heart thump like a tiger's.

While thinking, his feet touched the shelf. He called again and again until a faint cry answered his. He went towards it, and there, bruised and torn, he found what he was hoping and yet dreaded to find.

The dim hazel eyes looked pathetically into his. He lifted the bleeding hands and placed them about his strong neck. The blood of the slender fingers showed red on its brown skin, but that was naught. With one muscular arm about her, with the other he steadied his way along a narrow path which nothing but a goat or a man of iron nerve could pass over in safety. Many times he had to rest, and many times the helpless hands fell back from their grasp and made his burden more heavy and the way more perilous. The flap and shadow of a huge black wing once startled him and he knew they were disturbing the eyrie of an eagle, but fear was lost in love, pain in hazardous effort.

After an hour or more spent in creeping like a fly from point to point, the path gradually began to widen and became more easy until it led into the vicinity of the cave he had remembered and was longing to reach. Human strength could not hold out much longer. How he had done what he had was a miracle to him.

Once in there he gently placed the now unconscious woman on a rude couch and went in search of water. The spring was far enough away for the ugly demon to say, 'If—if,' and all the rest over again and the worst of it was it was so pleasant for Ober Siebendo to hear.

With the water held in his hand above her face, he questioned himself. Her life was cancelled to her husband. He had rescued her from death, found her, and since whatever is lost and found by another, belongs by right to the finder, then she was his. She *should* be too. Despised love, wounded honor, eager desire—she was his then—when he recalled those. What was it to suffer, if not to win?

What saved them in such an evil hour? A few drops of water trickled down and splashed over the white mouth as if to waken the dumb lips into defence of the threatened soul. He could not lay plans of such nature until she could speak to him, so from a few scattered drops all the water finally fell through his irresolute hands upon her face.

There was a gasp, a long sigh, a fluttering of the eyelids which ended in their opening quiveringly to the light and the set face over hers. Something of vandalism in it startled Pauline, and made her try to rise, but she fell back with a moan. Then they looked steadfastly at each other and read the unspoken thought of either soul.

Again Pauline tried to stand, but Ober caught her to him so sharply that she cried out helplessly. Then his tongue fell into speech. It was rapid and vehement as a mountain torrent and was not to be checked or turned aside by command or entreaty. The trembling woman listened at first coldly, then scornfully, and finally in indifference. No love or agony was able to move her from Cosmo.

'Yes,' she replied to his urging, 'you have saved my life probably but it is not mine to give away. I gave it to the man I married two months ago. It belongs to him only,'

'No!' Siebendo cried, 'no I say! he will treat you like a slave. You will have a bitter black living enough if you stay with him. His heart is like the panther's, Pauline. Oh! you may laugh at my crazy words, but some day you will creep to my feet and show me the scars of his beatings and then I shall not answer.'

She merely lifted a round, white wrist and looked at the discolored spot there, caused by Siebendo's tight grasp when he forced her to sit down and listen.

'I? Did I do that, child? No wonder that you look as if you hated me, but oh, have pity! My trouble is more than I can bear. I will not—it is in my hands now. I will keep you prisoner here. I will tend my flock and leave you with food and silence until we can escape from this to a better land. Your husband,' he smiled in disdain, 'bah! he will mourn you as much as the spider mourns the fly he has gorged for his evening feast. He loves your money, not you, Pauline.'

She closed her ears with her two hands and when he attempted to approach her, she thrust him back angrily and started to leave the cave. He barred her way, and baffled, filled with fear and pain she leaned fainting against the rock to see what next he would do. Would he imprison her there? Oh! where was Cosmo and the old mother? The faint was increasing and her senses swimming. With a last effort her hands went up to her eyes very beseechingly, and she said:

'I cannot bear this any longer. I—you are wrong. Siebendo I am quite sick. Have mercy. I know too much now, but I am his. Be still, and let me honor you only. I am so sick,' here the voice gave way and dropped into huskiness. A certain shadow in her face awed him, and from frenzy he turned to penitence and kindness again. He lifted her in his strong arms and bore her down to where some wood-cutters could make a litter and take her home. He accompanied them until met by the woman who was with her when she fell, then he turned back to his untended sheep.

The sky was growing black. Distant peals of thunder began to make angry echoes through the peaks. He must gather the scattered flock before the storm burst on them and bring all to the shelter of the hut. One weak lamb fell by the way and lifting it to his broad bosom, he carried it while hurrying the rest onwards. He felt more human with the helpless creature nestling to him, and soon he was telling himself how brutal he had been with Pauline. Over his face fell heavy tears, dropping one by one on the white lamb which shrank closer and closer to him as the thunder grew heavier and nearer.

He recalled then the last words which his father had said to him as a lad, 'When your heart is sore hurt by friends or enemies, seek to cure those wounds by healing the hearts of others. There is no other right way.'

Surely his wise old father knew.

From that time the idea never left him. His nature smarting under its loss, needed work which would embrace human sympathy and self-abnegation. And when one wishes for these two things they are never far distant. Like Mother Ceres' footsteps, they are strongly creative. Their touch calls up all manner of opportunities, both trifling and wonderful. The time was coming for Ober Siebendo. He would learn what self-abnegation meant to the last letter and make no dissent either.

Through the influence of a resident priest, who had been his father's friend first, he began to study diligently to this end. That he accomplished it we will show by going back to the father Siebendo whom we left staring blankly out of the window while a dark looking man sat eyeing him very askance.

At the words, 'You may begin,' Hadyn's irresolution and silence deepened upon him. Twice his dry lips opened to speak and twice they closed without a sound. The father seemed determined not to help him, even by a sign.

'I hear,' Cosmo began after a fresh struggle, 'that you and Herr Burgovitch quarrelled yesterday, father.'

'That is not confession,' said the curling lips of the astonished priest, if expression means anything whatever.

Hadyn grinned maliciously; then seeming to recall himself fell into affected humility.

'Did it happen?' he asked quietly again.

'What has that to do with you?'

'Much, I am afraid, with both of us,' Cosmo replied, grimly.

'Well we had a very slight difference. He was drunk and was whipping his child—such cowards as men are!' and he flashed a look at Cosmo which made him cringe. 'I stopped him when he turned upon me. I believe—I am not sure—but I think I struck him. He has been very troublesome to me and everybody else lately. That is enough, sir,' and the priest closed the explanation abruptly. He had stooped even to attempt to justify himself before such a man he thought.

Cosmo's eyes rested on the floor awhile and when he raised them he said in distinct tones:

'Burgovitch was found dead this morning—murdered, they say.'

The father sprang up.

'It is so,' Hadyn replied to his look of unbelief, 'and he had no enemies except drink, and—all understand that,' he added hastily and began clutching at his stock as if it had grown suddenly too tight for his throat. Then he said, 'It is dreadful;' and, as if afraid of himself, he flung the door open for fresh air and fanned his face.

'It is,' answered the priest, laconically. 'Who could have done it?'

'Father,' asked Cosmo abruptly, 'you do never tell the secrets of the confessional?'

'Never.'

'Even for life or death?'

'Never'

'For life or death, mind?'

'For life or death, never!'

'I know who killed Herr Burgovitch, father.'

'You should expose him to justice then.'

'I cannot. I—d—did it,' he said pantingly.

'You?' O, my God!'

The priest had risen to his feet at first, then as his position struck him, he sank down saying hoarsely.

'Go—leave me instantly—instantly!'

Had the mountain toppled over upon him he had been no less stunned. Yet he knew intuitively what his doom would be, dazed as he was. Cosmo was ready to confirm all suspicion by a report of the quarrel he had just admitted to him. There was no way of escape except to violate the laws of the confessional, and that was impossible.

He was not surprised when a month later he heard sentence pronounced against him. Cosmo Hadyn heard it without the twitch of a muscle, but his eyes had a great film of blood over them, startling to see.

Bettine had the honor of upsetting the court for some time. She ran to her master and with most terrible discord shrieked and denounced all in unmistakeable language.

'He to wear a 'ball and chain?' she mocked after them, 'and in one of the heathen islands! He shan't! he won't! Condemn yourselves there if you like for your stupidity, but not him, he is innocent—innocent I say!' she screamed.

The gutteral 'Arrest her!' of the court made no difference.

'If you dare! I'll tear your eyes out, you wretched dumpkoffs! Condemn that good man? I'll save him in spite of you! I'll,—but father Siebendo turned his haggard face upon her and mutely begged for silence. Then she fell sobbing at his feet. The court was awed and doubtful. It was nothing but circumstantial evidence, but so clear according to witnesses, heading whom was Cosmo Hadyn, that all seemed right.

It is needless to describe the parting. In a few hours, so short it seemed, deathly stillness lay over the priest's home. The garden was left to run as fast to weeds and wildness as it would. On the half-opened door some malicious hand had rudely sketched a convict. The winds stole through it and talked in gentle whispers, broken only by the scurry of invading rats, or at night by swiftly circling bats.

Quickly enough the meagre commonplaces had given way to most unflinching duty, but when he prayed how little he thought of duty coming to him in such a form as that. Without stopping to consult, she had donned a criminal's dress and beckoned him to follow her and remembering his prayer he obeyed.

* * * * * *

Far off in the Southern Pacific lies an island used by the Austrian government as a place of banishment for its worst offenders. Here in the hot days and sultry tropical nights, a man numbered '92' dragged himself wearily, brokenly, on to the close of his life. He tried to be patient, but as the years grew longer and drearier, he prayed that death might break their chains which an awful fate had flung about him.

The man who had wrought his ruin still lived, but he had grown as hard and cruel as the fetters he had forged about his victim's withered ankles. Pauline often had to recall a speech of Siebendo's, but then he too bore scars as well as she, with the difference that he was guilty.

A night came, however, when the husband's lips were unsealed. Though they had cursed her often and muttered crazy words again and again while he slept at her side, yet this secret was held masterfully until the shadow of death frightened him into speech.

Was it strange that Pauline did not sigh or cry, and that she thought most of all of bringing witnesses that the man who had suffered in her husband's stead should find release? Cosmo died raving, and she sat with stern, white face beside him. Not all the scars he had inflicted upon her weighed an atom as compared to this fiendish injustice. She had learned very sorely what love and justice were in her life with him, or more strictly, she, had realized what they were not.

When the vessel which carried Ober Siebendo's pardon touched at the lonely island, a dim-eyed woman was set ashore who neither paused nor tarried for anything, until she was asking a prison official of a certain man sent there fifteen years before.

'Fifteen years?' repeated he, turning his books.

'Yes,' tremulously.

A long, long pause, broken by rustling leaves.

'He has just died,' and the book is slammed together again.

When the Southern Cross was glittering in the heavens that night, and the light from a waning moon was shining through the leafy crevices of a rude hut of palm branches, a woman lay prostrate beside a cot there. The still figure lying wierd in the ghostly creeping light was unmoved by her grief or wandering hands. The only reply she had was the solemn waving to and fro in the wind of the convicts striped garments. She had brought her scars as he said, and—he was altogether dumb.

* * * * * *

Off on a peak of the Boehmerwald mountains in Austria, there stands a plain cottage occupied by two silent women. Both are gray, but one is very old, while the other is still young. The youngest spends many hours alone in a room which is severe in its simplicity. The only thing to note in it is a rusty ball and chain which one sees is numbered '92.' *L'envoi.*

—If people, troubled with colds, will take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church, they will avoid coughing. The Pectoral soothes and heals the irritated tissues, and controls all disposition to cough.

—At a funeral near Sycamore, Ohio, recently, the team attached to the hearse ran away, and the vehicle was smashed to pieces. The coffin was dashed to the ground, the lid torn off and the corpse rolled into a ditch by the roadside.

Other teams took fright and a general panic ensued. Women fainted and men jumped from the carriages, wagons were overturned, horses became entangled in the general wreck and several persons were injured.

The Rev. Mr. Howells, who was to have conducted the funeral exercises, was perhaps fatally injured.

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

"A THREE-TIME WINNER."

Has Hanlan Lost His Grip?—Philosophical Training Demanded.

The defeat of "Ned" Hanlan by Teemer at Toronto in August indicates the "end of the glory" of the doughty champion. He has sustained his record with admirable pluck and success, but the tremendous strain of years of training must certainly some day find its limit.

Apropos of this we recall the following interesting reminiscence of aquatic annals:

On a fine, bright day in August, 1871, an excited multitude of 15,000 to 20,000 persons lined the shores of the beautiful Kenebecassis, near St. John, N. B., attracted by a four-oared race between the famous Paris crew of that city and a picked English crew for $5,000 and the championship of the world. Wallace Ross, the present renowned oarsmen, pulled stroke for the Blue Nose crew, and "Jim" Renforth, champion sculler and swimmer of England and of the world, was stroke in the English shell.

Excitement was at fever heat.

But three hundred yards of the course had been covered when the Englishmen noticed that their rivals were creeping away.

"Give us a dozen, Jim," said the veteran Harry Kelly, ex-champion of England, who was pulling No. 3 oar.

"I can't boys, I'm done," said Renforth, and with these words he fell forward, an inanimate heap in the boat.

"He has been poisoned by book-makers," was the cry, and belief.

Everything that science and skill could suggest for his restoration was tried; but after terrible struggles of agony, the strong man, the flower of the athletes and pride of his countrymen, passed away.

The stomach was analyzed but no sign or trace of poison could be found therein, though general examination showed a very strange condition of the blood and the the life-giving and health-preserving organs caused by years of unwise training. While the muscular development was perfect the heart and kidneys were badly congested.

The whole system was, therefore, in just that state when the most simple departure from ordinary living and exertion was of momentous consequence. His wonderful strength only made his dying paroxysms more dreadful and the fatality more certain.

Hanlan is now in Australia. Beach, champion of that country, is a powerful fellow, who probably understands the liability of athletes to death from over-training, the effect thereof being very serious on the heart, blood and kidneys, as shown by poor Renforth's sudden death.

Within the past three years he has taken particular care of himself, and when training, always reinforces the kidneys and prevents blood congestion in them and the consequent ill-effect on the heart by using Warner's safe cure, the sportman's universal favorite, and says he "is astonished at the great benefit."

Harry Wyatt, the celebrated English trainer of athletes, who continues himself to be one of the finest of specimens of manhood and one of the most successful of trainers, writes over his own signature to the English *Sporting Life*, September 5th, saying: "I consider Warner's safe cure invaluable for all training purposes and outdoor exercise. I have been in the habit of using it for a long time. I am satisfied that it pulled me through when nothing else would, and it is always a three-time winner!"

Beach's and Wyatt's method of training is sound and should be followed by all.

Sure Cure.—'I consider him a bold, arrogant man.'

'Yes, I know he is now, but he won't be very long.'

'And why not, I should like to know?'

'He is to be married next week.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—The best way to make a rice pudding:—The milky way.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.

The worn out, waste and poisonous matter in the system should escape through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin, or serious disease results. B. B. B. opens those natural outlets to remove disease.

The Riches of Bolivia.—Bolivia is doubtless the richest in minerals of any land on the globe, and millions upon millions of precious metals have been taken out of her mines by the primitive process which still exists, and must exist till railroads are constructed to carry machinery there. Every ounce of ore that finds its way out of the Andes is carried on the back of a man or a llama, and the quartz is crushed by rolling heavy logs upon it. By this method Bolivia exports from twelve to fifteen millions of gold and silver annually, and the output would be fabulous if modern machinery could be taken into the mines. The distance from Lajuy to the farthest mining district of Bolivia is seven hundred miles, and it is no farther to the diamond fields of Brazil. Bolivia offers a grant of twelve square leagues of land and forty thousand dollars a mile for the extension of the Argentine Northern to Sucre, and English capitalists are ready to continue the work as soon as the Argentine government drops it at the boundary line. When it is built the owners of this road will hold the key to a country which has excited the cupidity of adventurers since the New World was discovered. It has furnished food for four centuries of fable, and armies of men have died in search of its treasures. A territory as large as that which lies between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains remains entirely unexplored. On its borders are the richest of agricultural lands, immense tracts of timber, diamond-strewn seams, and the silver and gold deposits of Cerro de Pasco and Potosi. What lies within is the subject of speculation. The tales of explorers who have attempted to penetrate its mysteries read like the old romances of Golconda and the El Dorado of the Amazons, where the women warriors wore armors of solid gold; but the swamps and the mountains, the rivers that cannot be forded, and the jungles which forbid search, the absence of food, and the difficulty of carrying sufficient supplies on foot, with the other obstacles that have prevented exploration, and will be overcome eventually, and the secret that has tantalized the world for four centuries will be told by ambitious scientists.

—German plumbers melt the frost out of the ground by spreading a layer of quicklime over which is put a layer of snow, and these layers are several times repeated, according to the extent of the frost. Next morning, the ground is ready for the pick and shovel.

—Clam shells make pretty ornaments by boiling them in weak lye, scraping off the black part, and painting a little landscape or flowers in the inside. One can make pretty cushions on them. I am going to make a bangle board, using one of the clam shells on it. I will have the board about seven inches square, and cover with velvet over several layers of cotton.

—Sore Throat, Cold in the Head, Sudden Chills, Stiffness in the Joints, Sprains and Chilblains, speedily cured by using Seavey's East India Liniment. By dealers and druggists. 25 cents.