Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1893. NO. 12.

Professional Cards.

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

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

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

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

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

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

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

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

DENTISTRY.

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

R. D. Taylor,
AGENT FOR THE
NEW YORK
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
SHAFFNER BUILDING,
Queen Street, - Bridgetown

EDWIN L. FISHER,
Real Estate & Insurance Agent.
Exclusive attention paid to the sale and purchase as well as the rental of
Houses, Stores, Farms & Furniture.
INSURANCE AGENT FOR
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, MARINE and PLATE GLASS at lowest possible rates compatible with security.
Money to loan on Real Estate Security.
Correspondence solicited.
29 1y P. O. Box 16, Bridgetown.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

SCHOONER
"CRUSADE,"
CAPT. W. Y. GESNER,
WILL PLY BETWEEN
Bridgetown and St. John,
touching at all intermediate ports, during the coming season.
For particulars enquire of Neily & Crowe, Bridgetown, or those on board.
May 10th, 1893. 6 13i

NOTICE!
The Packet Schooner
TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N.B., during the season of 1893.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly Lime and Salt.
J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master.*
When Schooner is not in port apply to Capt. P. Nicholson, Bridgetown.
St. John address: SOUTH WHARF, care of G. S. DePenrral & Sons.
Bridgetown, March 28th, 1893. 52tf

Executors' Notice.
All persons having any claims against the estate of HUGH FRASER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
ELIZA FRASER, *Executrix,*
ROBT. E. F. RANDOLPH, *Executor.*
Bridgetown, N.S., Feb. 28th, 18. 486m

Nova Scotia Wins.
A Tiverton Miracle.
Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by
DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
THE KING OF REMEDIES.
From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N.S.:—
"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 25 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all afflicted with sores of any kind.

FARMERS!
We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season
At Best Possible Advantage.
Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
HALIFAX, N. S. 1 1y

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
HORSE LINIMENT
IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,
—AND FOR—
SPLINTS, CURES, BOG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

Groder's Syrup
Will Cure Sour Stomach and Heart-Burn.

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.
Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.
HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF
Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick.
which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and
ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.
Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE*, which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.
Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.
For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.
YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 1891.
The International Brick and Tile Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the surface. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,
J. B. KINNEY, *Architect.*
Correspondence solicited.
HECTOR MacLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
ARE A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION, in all its forms.
For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are
EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
HALIFAX, N. S.
Established 1876.
'CERES SUPERPHOSPHATE
(The Complete Fertilizer.)
POPULAR PHOSPHATE,
APPLE-TREE PHOSPHATE,
POTATO PHOSPHATE,
STRAWBERRY PHOSPHATE.
Our fertilizers are now being offered to the farmers for the 15th season. As these fertilizers have been used to such a great extent and for so many years the farmer knows that he is buying something that is no longer an experiment, but an established factor in the growth of all crops.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territories.
48 4m JACK & BELL.

TO THE PUBLIC!
LAWRENCETOWN, MARCH 20th, 1893.
Please take notice that the agency held by R. B. Durling, of Lawrencetown, for Jack & Bell's Fertilizers in the past has now been transferred to Dr. L. S. Morse, who will be prepared to supply the farmers in the future with our fertilizers at prices and time that will suit all.
JACK & BELL.

SURELY IF WE ACCEPT THE TRUTH
FROM ANYONE
It Must be the Clergy!
The Rev. J. E. Warner, Rector of Middleton, says:—
"For more than twenty years I have been afflicted with Chronic Constipation. Have been treated by several physicians here and in the States, and have tried many of the cures advertised through the press without receiving any permanent benefit.
In consequence of the complications arising from this disease I have been obliged to undergo a painful surgical operation, and was compelled last year to give up work. About six months ago I consulted Dr. Miller, who gave me a box of his DINNER PILLS, and I can cheerfully testify that their effect in my case has been little less than magical. Since then I have recommended them to some of my friends, who have experienced like good results from their use and returned me their warmest thanks, and I confidently give them a public recommendation, as I have found them, by far, the best medicine I have ever used."
(Signed.) REV. J. E. WARNER,
The Rectory, Middleton.
Use Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and all diseases of Mucous Membranes throughout the body.
Rev. John L. Sponagle, Methodist Clergyman, Middleton, says:—
"Suffering from Bronchial affection—aggravated by cold—and having heard of the healing properties of your "Tar Cough Mixture" I was induced to make trial of it, and I am glad to inform you that I received much benefit from its use. In my case it soothed and allayed irritation, and aided expectoration. I keep it constantly at my home."
For Sale by all Druggists and Respectable Dealers.

HEALTH FOR ALL!
NOW that the chill winds of March are here and the damp days of April drawing near to protect your health and for your family's happiness, and a sure protection against colds, rheumatism, sprains, etc.,
USE ONLY
SWEET'S BONE LINIMENT!
TESTIMONIAL.
SHUBENACADIE, August 15th, 1893.
Sweet's Liniment Co., Hantsport:—
GENTLEMEN,—I have used your valuable Liniment for the worst kinds of headache, and have found it a sure and safe cure. Can with a medicine full to give relief.
THOMAS A. DREW

St. Macey, 10,033.
5 Years Old, 16 Hands, 1100 lbs.
THIS SPLENDIDLY BRED STALLION WILL TRAVEL BETWEEN BRIDGETOWN AND LUNENBURG DURING THE SEASON OF 1893.
St. Macey is the best bred stallion that will stand for public service in Annapolis County this year. It will pay those who intend to breed their mares to wait and see and examine him.
He has already proved himself able to sire large, handsome, good-gaited, fast and sound foals.
His breeding can hardly be better. Twenty of the greatest brood mares are represented close up in his pedigree.
He sires and not bred to any stallion till you see St. Macey and be convinced that what I say is correct.
No trouble to show him, whether you breed or not. He can stand the most critical examination.
For tabulated pedigree and further information send post card to
HORACE H. FEINDEL,
Elm House, Lawrencetown.
March, 1893. 52 tf

R. ALLEN CROWE
Has just got in a lot more of those
BARREL CHURNS
that gave such good satisfaction.
Butter Trays, Butter Ladles, Butter Molds, Sheet Zinc, Patent Steel Sinks, Magee's Patent Sink, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe,
RUBBER HOSE,
Plain and Wire bound.
RANGES AND COOKS
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Window Screen Wire Cloth, Kitchen Furnishings,
CREAMERS AND TINWARE.
Plumbing and Job Work
a Specialty.
—AGENT FOR—
THE GOOLD BICYCLE CO.
R. ALLEN CROWE.

WILMOT HOTEL!
J. RANDOLPH BROWN, Proprietor.
This large and commodious hotel, situated near the Wilmot Railway Station, now under new management, has been re-fitted and arranged with a view of providing for the greatest comfort and convenience of guests and summer tourists.
First-class Livery Stable in Connection, where good teams, with or without drivers, may be secured at all times. Travellers conveyed to any part of the country by team.
Terms reasonable. 6 6m

NOTICE!
THE subscriber will continue the business formerly conducted by the late Hugh Fraser in its various branches, including Hard and Soft Coal.
ELIZA FRASER.
Bridgetown, Feb 28th, 1893.

Easy to Take
And prompt to cure, Ayer's Pills act on the intestines, not by stimulating, but by strengthening them. They promote the natural peristaltic motion of the bowels, without which there can be no regular, healthy operations. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, jaundice, vertigo, sick headache, indigestion, sour stomach, and drowsiness,
Ayer's Pills
are unsurpassed. They are equally beneficial in rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, chills, and fevers. Being purely vegetable, delicately sugar-coated, and quickly dissolved, they are admirably adapted for household use, as well as for travelers by land or sea. Ayer's Pills are in greater demand, the world over, than any other pill, and are recommended by the most eminent physicians.
Every Dose Effective
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

HAVING purchased the Stock in Trade and Book Accounts of Runciman, Randolph & Co. and T. Shaw, in the
FURNITURE BUSINESS
lately conducted by them, under the management of J. B. Reed, Esq., I intend to continue the same business at the old stand.
I have employed the services of Mr. Reed as salesman, and think I can guarantee *good satisfaction* to those wishing to purchase.
UNDERTAKING
carried on as usual on the premises.
All those indebted to the old firm will kindly call and settle up as soon as possible.
W. M. FORSYTH.
Bridgetown, January 18th, 1893. 43

HAWKER'S TOLU AND WILD CHERRY BALSAM
WILL CURE | THAT COUGH
TRY IT!
IT HAS CURED HUNDREDS
of cases considered hopeless after all other remedies had failed. Do not despair, take courage, be persuaded, and try this truly wonderful medicine.
IT WILL CURE YOU.
For sale by all Druggists and general dealers. Price 25 and 50 cts. a bottle.
Manufactured by
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.,
St. John, N. B.

AN OLD FAVORITE!
The subscriber wishes to make known to those interested in the breeding of horses, that he will have for service during the coming season, the celebrated and well-known stallion
"BROTHER'S PRIDE,"
sire of one who went in 2.17, and also the remarkably speedy horse "BRIDGETOWN CHARLIE."
Further particulars will be announced in the next issue of this paper, and also by handbills in the course of a few days.
JOHN HALL.
Lawrencetown, April 26th, 1893.

DR FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
COLIC
CHOLERA
CHOLERA-MORBUS
DIARRHOEA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL
SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN OR ADULTS
Price 35 CTS
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

HAVE YOU BACK-ACHE
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
WILL CURE YOU
"Backache means the kidneys are in trouble. Dodd's Kidney Pills give prompt relief."
"75 per cent. of disease is first caused by disordered kidneys.
"Might as well try to have a healthy city without sewerage, as good health when the kidneys are clogged, they are the scavengers of the system.
"Delay is dangerous. Neglected kidney troubles result in Bad Blood, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and the most dangerous of all, Brights Disease, Diabetes and Dropsy."
"The above diseases cannot exist where Dodd's Kidney Pills are used."
Sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price 50 cents. per box or six for $2.50. Dr. D. A. Smith & Co. Toronto. Write for book called Kidney Talk.

Potter's Liniment
IS SOLD AT
W. W. CHESLEY'S.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS AT THIS OFFICE.

Poetry.

The Genius of Death.

What is death? 'Tis to be free,
No more to love or hope or fear,
To join the great equality;
All, all alike are humbled there.
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride, nor poverty, dares come
Within that refuge house—the tomb.

Spirit with the drooping wing
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king;
Empires at thy footstool lie;
Beneath thee strewed,
Their multitude
Sink like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never raise them more.

What's the grandeur of the earth,
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band—
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darkened nations when they died.

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Hath for countless years rolled on.
Back from the tomb
No step has come,
There fixed till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

—*George Croly.*

Country and Town.

The plough breeds a hayseed—the city a cad,
'Tis the same from Beersheba to Dan,
The town-boy's a man when he should be a lad,
And a child when he should be a man.

Better the smiling meadows than the city's chilling frown,
Better the upland breezes than the squalor of the town.
Better the country's quiet than the city's ceaseless din,
Better the yokel's laughter than the town-folk's soulless grin.
Better the ploughman's toil-worn rest than to toss on a Persian rug,
Better the honest sheep dogs bark, than the whine of a pampered pug.
Better a clownish bearing than the dead-beat masher's sneer,
Better dear Nature's smiling than the sin-stained city's tears.
Better the spreading landscape than hemm'd in by stifling mews,
Better the scent of clover than the kennel's noisome stews.
Better the dim wood's silence than the strife of the crowded mart,
Better the north wind's sobbing than the sigh of a broken heart.
Virtue and health see the uplands—vice and the harlot the town.
Aye! dear to my heart is the country—dear God and the angels look down
With a smile on the meadows—they weep when they think of the town.

Select Literature.

A Shot for Love.

"There, Ella," said Captain Burnham, of the ship "Westfield," to his daughter, a beauty of seventeen, as the craft was bowling along past the coast of South America, through the Caribbean Sea, "there is a chance for you to try your skill at archery."

As he spoke, the skipper pointed at the beautiful little bird of a green and gold colour, which had perched itself on the end of the foretop-sail yardarm.

"No, papa," answered Ella, decidedly; "I will not shoot that poor bird."

Her dark eyes softened as she watched the tiny creature aloft, pluming its wings, and now and then looking down sideways.

"Pooh! what a coward!" said the captain. "I thought you had more spirit, Ella. You who have practised so much with bow and arrow at home, among the girls, to be afraid of a little bird."

"It is not that I am afraid, but it would be cruel to kill that harmless thing."

"You are altogether too chicken-hearted," said her father. "If I were you, Barton," he added, turning to his handsome young first officer, who was engaged to the girl, "I would not have such a soft-hearted one for my wife. She will not have pluck enough to defend you against backbiters," he added, laughing.

"I like her all the better for not being willing to shoot that bird," replied Barton.

"Oh, of course, you'll take her part," responded Burnham, with an amused look. "Well, if you like such a milk-and-water thing, I have no more to say."

A few days later, a heavy gale drove the *Westfield* towards the coast.

The captain was obliged to anchor in a bay within a quarter of a mile of the land.

On the following night, the gale having abated, he took with him all his men, except Barton, to the shore, to procure a fine specimen of an iron-wood tree which he had seen from the masthead in the afternoon.

The night was dark, save now and then when the moon emerged from behind thick masses of clouds that obscured the sky.

An hour after the departure of the crew, Barton, the young first mate, went aloft on the foretop gallant yard, to see if he could discover the whereabouts of the light of the lanterns which they had taken with them.

Ella was at this time on the quarter-deck, watching the dim figure of her lover aloft.

All at once, just as the moon shed a flood of light behind a cloud, she beheld a hideous apparition clamber over the gangway.

It was a Carib Indian, who, evidently aware of the absence of the crew, had come to the ship in a canoe to rob the vessel.

A horrible-looking creature he was, tall and gaunt, with huge, angular joints, a shock of coarse black hair sticking up all over his head, fierce, round eyes, like those of some wild beast, a wide, distorted mouth, a flat nose, and large ears.

Around his waist, reaching to the knees, was a strip of cloth, constituting his only clothing.

The rest of his body, and also his face, were besmeared with ochre and red clay, giving him the appearance of some demon from the lower regions.

The native, seeing Ella, rushed towards her, a long knife gleaming in his right hand.

With a shriek of terror, she sprang into the companion-way, locking the door on the inside.

The frightened girl heard the shout of her lover, who, her shriek having reached him, had evidently glanced down to discover the savage.

Now, probably, he was descending from aloft, and she shuddered to think of the peril which, unarmed as he was, he would incur in a combat with the desperate visitor.

Soon she heard the stealthy, receding footsteps of the Carib, when she ventured to open the cabin door and peer out.

Then, to her horror, she beheld the savage darting up the forerigging to meet Barton, who had not yet reached the topsail yard.

By the time he arrived there, the native was on the yard.

A moment the two stood surveying each other, then the Indian made a blow at Barton.

The moon was now shining brightly, so that Ella could plainly see the combat which followed.

Barton caught the wrist of the Carib, as the knife descended, with his left hand, and with the clenching fist of the other dealt him a tremendous blow between the eyes.

The Carib staggered and slipped down on the foot-rope, clutching the first officer by his jacket and dragging him with him.

Then the robber, throwing one leg over the yard, made another blow at his antagonist with the knife.

This the young man avoided by dodging, at the same moment seizing his assailant by the throat.

But the supple foe, twisting himself suddenly, loosened the hold, and hurled himself like lightning upon his adversary, thus throwing the latter over, so that he hung backward and head downward right across the yard.

Vainly he struggled and writhed to release himself from the giant's clutch.

The Carib, planting both knees upon his breast, seized him by the hair, bending his head still further backward and downward, probably with the intention of severing it from his body with his knife, which in reality was more like a cleaver than a knife, having a thick heavy blade, a little crooked.

Ella perceived at once the imminent peril of her lover.

Her face was ghastly pale, her eyes wild and glittering, her whole frame trembled with horror, but she did not cry out.

A sudden thought had passed through her mind—a sudden resolution nerved her soul.

There was not a moment to lose.

She would at once endeavor to save the man who was dearer to her than life.

When at home she had often, as the captain had stated, practiced archery, for her amusement, with some of her friends, until she had become a remarkable skilful shot with the bow and arrow.

She had brought the instruments with her and always kept them hung up just inside the companionway, thinking that an opportunity might offer for her to try her skill with some of the wild South American damsels, or others, who used this sort of weapon.

But never had she dreamed that an occasion like the present would occur to test, not only her skill, but also her resolution.

She, who could not be prevailed upon to shoot a bird, was now ready to exhibit that superb quality of her sex, that heroism and steadiness of nerve, which the most gentle of her kind have been known to show under trying circumstances.

Brave girl!

What a trial was before her!

The arrow must indeed be well and skilfully aimed that would kill the savage and leave her lover unharmed.

There they were, so close together that it seemed impossible to strike one without also hitting the other.

Again, as stated, there was no time to be lost.

Scarcely could even the few seconds necessary to take aim be spared.

But Ella faltered not.

She darted to the companionway, seized her bow, and snatched an arrow from the quiver.

Not a tremor shook her frame.

Every nerve was as steady as if made of steel.

A fire almost supernatural shone in the brown eyes.

A deep color burned upon the smooth cheeks.

The lips were firmly compressed.

No time to loose!

Already the knife of the horrid savage was uplifted.

Over his intended victim he hung, like a weird ogre, his fierce eyes blazing like balls of fire, as they were turned down on the young man's full, white throat, which he intended to gash open with the murderous steel.

A moment he glared with demoniacal triumph upon the sailor.

Then he braced himself to deal a blow which should be quick and decisive.

The knife was about to descend.

Meanwhile there stood Ella below, her barbed arrow pointed across the bent bow, held firmly in the small, white hands.

For one instant like a beautiful statue, she stood in an attitude of bewitching grace.

Then the sharp twang of the string was heard, followed by the whizzing of the arrow as it sped on its way.

Like a streak of lightning it went through the air, the girl watching its course with a steady eye.

"Thank Heaven!" she cried.

The Carib, who had been about dealing the fatal stroke, dropped the blade, which went clattering to the deck.

Then, uttering a gurgling, gasping cry, he threw up both hands, and fell headlong into the sea, staining the water with his blood.

The well-aimed shaft passed through his lungs, the point coming out beyond the breast, killing him instantly, without touching Barton.

The latter, a few moments later, held his fair preserver in his arms.

"Noble girl," he said, "who would not shoot a harmless bird, but who could perform such a daring deed. Blessed, blessed indeed, am I to know that such a one is to be my wife."

Two hour's later, when the captain came aboard, he was struck with admiration at the courage of his daughter.

"What a mistake I made," he said, as he embraced her, "when I deemed you lacking in resolution. My dear child, who would not harm a bird, did not hesitate to shoot a savage to save her lover."

Convicting the Judge.

"Telegram, sir!" shouted a small messenger-boy, as he dashed into my office and handed me one of the familiar brown envelopes.

The message was short, but its contents surprised me very much; it read—

"Harrison, Nov. 10, 18—

"To Y. A. Smith, Attorney.—Come down and see me at once. I am in trouble; arrested for murder.

"WILLIAM SMITH."

William Smith!

I had not seen him for some years, and knew nothing of his whereabouts, yet we had been schoolmates and boys together.

But Cousin Will was inclined to be, as I considered, a little wild, and at last it had culminated as the telegram indicated.

Arrested for murder!

The next train left for Harrison at eleven o'clock; plenty of time for me to prepare, and accordingly I set about it, and reached the depot in good time for the train.

Soon I was comfortably seated in the car, and an hour's ride sufficed to bring us to Harrison.

Hailing a cab, I requested to be set down at the county goal, and a ride of a few moments found me at that stronghold; so, discharging the cabman, I made my way into the building.

My legal position sufficed to procure an entrance to William Smith's cell.

Glancing up at my entrance, he recognized me, and with a cry of joy sprang to his feet and gave me a hearty embrace.

"William!" I exclaimed.

"Andy, my dear old boy!" and a hearty shake from William.

Andy was my schoolboy name, and it was but natural that my friend should so call me.

When he had calmed down somewhat, William began to talk.

"Yes, Andy, again we meet, after three years of separation, but I never thought it would be in a felon's cell. I have been a wild fellow, Andy, but God knows I never was so low as to commit murder."

His manner at once convinced me of his innocence.

His story was soon told.

In company with a friend from the country a young man named Joseph Greer, he had visited one of the fashionable saloons of the city, and after both were duly warmed up with liquor, they had been induced to enter a back room, upstairs, where the gaming was usually going on.

"I was too fond of cards, Andy," said he, "and I persuaded my friend Greer to have a social game. We both had money, and we were both too much intoxicated to be cautious. We found two strange gentlemen seated at the table, and we joined them in a game, at their earnest request. Greer and I were both a little boisterous, and in the progress of the game we disputed and had some high words.

One of the strangers, I remember him well, he was a tall man with a frowning countenance, black hair, and short, black beard, ordered some beer, which the waiter-boy brought; but just at this juncture, one of the strangers disputed a deal, which inflamed both Greer and I, and we all four sprang to our feet with drawn pistols. A blow from the fist of someone put out the candle, and at the same instant a shot was fired and all was confusion.

"The rest you know. I was at once taken into custody for the murder of Greer, and the two strangers were nowhere to be found."

Such was the prisoner's story, and it looked dark, indeed, to me, but I would try to unravel the mystery, and so assuring William, I left him in his gloomy prison.

Going to the hotel, I there met a man whom I knew.

"Good day, Smith. What brings you to Harrison?"

"John Homer!" I exclaimed, joyfully; "the very man of all others I most wished to see at this moment!" and I grasped the hand of my friend, one of the shrewdest detectives in the State.

I ordered a room and we were shown into it, and I at once proceeded to plan with Homer to discover the real murderer of Joseph Greer.

He entered readily into the search, and from his knowledge of the place and parties he had great hopes of success.

I visited and secured the assistance of a legal friend in Harrison, and had a long conversation with him in his office.

His name was James T. Janson, and I knew him to be a man of talent from former association, and afterwards had the pleasure of seeing him on the bench.

"When is your next session of court?" I asked of him.

"Just two months," he answered.

"Who is your judge?"

"We have a new judge, now—his name is Crandall, and I hear him well spoken of, as far as his legal ability is concerned, but I also hear that his private character is not what it should be."

I returned home, my mind filled with plans for future action, and resumed the routine of my office.

Again I visited Harrison.

Court was then in session, and the grand jury had found a true bill of indictment against William Smith for the murder, in the second degree, of one Joseph Greer.

In due time the case was called, and the prisoner arraigned at the bar of the court.

Judge Crandall was on the bench, and I took a mental inventory of the man, and of course a dislike, amounting to aversion.

There was something of the relentless, hard and cruel disposition in his judicial conduct, but withal I was struck by his profound legal skill and learning.

Homer, the detective, was promptly on hand, and to my joy told me that he had made some important discoveries, and that he would not tell me all until he testified at the trial.

With this assurance I was obliged to be content, and, with my friend Janson to assist me, the trial was commenced.

The testimony against my poor client was strong and convincing, and I began to fear that all was lost, when a glance at the detective, Homer, assured me that all was still well.

Jack Snead, the waiter-boy, a lad of sixteen, was then called to the stand, and told apparently a very straight story.

Homer took his seat at my elbow and suggested to me while I cross-examined him.

"You say you saw this man, the prisoner, draw his pistol and fire at the deceased?" I demanded, with sternness.

Homer fixed his eagle eyes on the boy and I saw a quiver of his lips as he faltered out—

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know either of the parties at that table?"

"No, sir."

"Would you recollect either of their faces if you saw them again?"

"I—I think I would."

"What was your position in the room at the time this shot was fired?"

"I had just set four glasses of beer upon the table, and started to leave the room; I was about opposite the strange gentleman, who sat opposite Greer."

"Has anybody told you what you should say in this examination?"

The boy winced, and of course the opposing counsel objected to the question, but by dint of hard argument and a covert threat to the judge, who I saw was inclined to rule against me, I carried my point, and forced the witness to answer.

A feeble "Yes sir," rewarded me, and redoubling my severe manner, I demanded of the witness—

"Has any money been paid you to swear to certain facts in this case?"

This caused more confusion than ever, and aroused my legal atogonists, but with Janson's aid I again carried my point.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy slowly. "I was paid one hundred dollars."

"Of whom did you receive this money?"

This question also raised a furore of excitement, and the judge, seemingly in some confusion, ruled the question out.

In vain we argued our perfect right to show who had bribed the witness; the judge grew more severe, and even threatening

With the court against us we could do nothing but file our exceptions to its rulings, which we did.

Poor Snead, the witness, looked the picture of abject horror.

"Now, Jack Snead," I asked, resolved to make the most of my opportunity, "did the prisoner, William Smith, shoot Joseph Greer?"

"No sir, he answered in a faint voice."

"Enough," I cried. "We will now proceed with the testimony for defence. Let John Homer be sworn."

Homer was thus placed on the witness stand.

"What is your occupation?" I demanded.

"I am a member of the detective police, and I have been engaged on this case since the time of the shooting of Joseph Greer."

We were obliged to wrangle and dispute with the opposing counsel on almost every question, but we managed to get sufficient of Homer's evidence to the jury to show that Jack Snead had been paid one hundred dollars by his employer, at the instance of a third party, to swear that William Smith had fired the fatal shot.

"Mr. Homer, do you know who fired the shot that killed Joseph Greer?"

"I do," firmly answered Homer.

"Tell the jury your means of so knowing."

"On the evening after this occurrence, I went to the saloon in question, disguised, for the purpose of learning what I could of the affair. While I was there, a gentleman entered and proceeded to a back room, followed by the proprietor of the place and the boy, Jack Snead. Unobserved, I quietly slipped into a closet back of the counter, where I could hear what was said by the parties in the back room, and I could also see through a crack in the board partition. I saw the strange gentleman take two fifty-dollar bank bills out of his pocket-book and hand them to the saloon-keeper, and I saw the saloon-keeper hand the same bills to the witness, Jack Snead."

The commotion caused by this much of Homer's testimony was wonderful.

I could not restrain my desire to reach the grand conclusion of the whole matter.

"Mr. Homer have you in your possession a warrant for the arrest of any person for the murder of Joseph Greer?"

"I have," answered the detective, showing the warrant. "I have here a State warrant for the arrest of one Charles Crandall, as the murderer of Joseph Greer, and there is the man," levelling his finger at the judge.

"It is false," hoarsely cried the judge. "Mr. Sheriff I order you to arrest John Homer for contempt of court."

"Hold, Mr. Sheriff," said Homer calmly. "I am aware that I cannot arrest a judge on the bench, but there is the murderer of Joseph Greer, as I know by the confession of his own lips."

Judge Crandall sprang to his feet.

Confusion reigned supreme in the room, and cries of anger and astonishment were heard on every side.

With great difficulty the sheriff succeeded in clearing the court-room, and in the confusion, witnesses, jurors and prisoner left the room, and on looking for the judge, he, too, had vanished.

Judge Crandall escaped the just penalty of his crime by flight, thus virtually confessing it, and but a few years afterwards I learned that he ended his life in the gold mines, shot while engaged in a game of cards with a ruffianly crew.

Smith, warned by expeience avoided gambling rooms afterwards.

The Royal Betrothal.

It has now been definitely decided that the public will have an opportunity of seeing the Duke of York and his bride after the marriage ceremony, which will take place at the Chapel Royal, St. James' palace. After the ceremony the newly wedded pair will drive up St. James street, along Paccadilly and Constitution hill, and back to Buckingham palace, where the wedding breakfast will be held. Her majesty will be present at both the ceremony and the breakfast. At the conclusion of the wedding breakfast, the royal couple will proceed by special train to Sandringham, and will take up their residence at the house prepared for them by the Princess of Wales. The house, which at present bears the name of Bachelor cottage, will, in future, be called York cottage.

AN ECONOMICAL FUNERAL.—The Society for Burial Reform may take not a little credit to itself for the will of a prominent Toronto man who lately died. He directs that the expenses of his funeral are not to exceed $10.00, that his remains are to be enclosed in a box of rough boards, and that some of the men who "hang round corners" waiting for a job shall be detailed to carry the coffin to the express waggon, which is to bear his mortal remains to an obscure burial lot. The closing sentence of the curious codicil contains much food for thought—"I forbid all parade, thinking it incongruous that honors, which soul and body merited not when united, should be paid to the latter after their separation."

Questions for Discussion.

What am I farming for?
What constitutes a farmer?
Neatness and cleanliness around our home.
Things most needed to make country life pleasant.
What crops the past season have proved the most successful?
Can farmers lessen their hour of labour without detriment to themselves?
What is the greatest hindrance to agriculture?
Proper ventilation of school houses and homes.
Does success in life depend more on one's exertions than on circumstances?

Hood's Cures.

In saying that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, its proprietors make no idle or extravagant claim. Statements from thousands of reliable people of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for them, conclusively prove the fact—HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

—Look on the bright side of life. Think of its pleasant things. Bear its unpleasant things patiently. Remember that the mercies of life greatly exceeds its ills, and that often those ills are mercies in disguise.

Forewarned is Forearmed.

Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc., come suddenly in the night and speedy and prompt means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. *It never fails* to cure or relieve.

Beneficial and Beautiful.

Some sheltering hedgerows, and here and there a little clump of handsome trees, add both benefit and beauty besides increasing value. A field without any sort of rim is like a picture without a frame, or a face without cap or curl.

Corns! Corns! Corns!

Discovered at last—a remedy that is sure, safe, and painless. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putnam's Corn Extractor, and beware of the many cheap, dangerous and flesh-eating substitutes in the market. See that it is made by Polson & Co., Kingston.

—Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.