BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

SIRS,—I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. I assure you that it gives perfect satisfaction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1891. NO. 19.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

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

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.

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
☞Dentistry a Specialty.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

G. E. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence in the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. L. G. deBlois.
Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.
DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 1y

THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

PUBLIC AUCTION
—OF—
MARSH LANDS!
BETWEEN DANIEL CLARK, - Plaintiff,
AND
MORRISON O. WADE, - Defendant.
TO BE SOLD BY
PUBLIC AUCTION,
by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, at the premises, on
MONDAY, 17th of AUGUST,
at four o'clock in the afternoon, pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale granted by His Honor Judge Savary, Master ex-officio, in the Supreme Court, on the 14th day of July, 1891, unless the amount due plaintiff together with his costs of suit is previously paid.
ALL the right, title, interest and property of the above defendant as trustee of the real estate of late John M. Wade, and all the right, title, interest and property of the estate of said late John M. Wade therein, of both the following described parcels of Marsh Land, situate in the Upper Belle Isle marsh, in Granville, the same being described and bounded as follows, that is to say:
The first parcel being bounded northwardly by the Granville highway, eastwardly by the Morrison Brook and the courses thereof, and along the southern end of certain other lands to the west line of lands formerly of the estate of late Israel Bent; thence northwardly along the line of said Bent lands to the northern end thereof; thence westwardly along the northern end of said Bent lands to lands formerly of the estate of late Timothy Ruggles, Esq.; thence northwardly along the line of said Ruggles' lands to the Granville highway, containing by estimation, eleven acres, more or less.
The second parcel being situate as aforesaid, and beginning at the dyke which separates the Upper from the Lower Belle Isle Marsh, and by the eastern line of late John Parker's marsh and running southeighty-two degrees east to a point nine rods distant on a right angle; thence north four degrees west the distance of ninety rods to the upper creek, which is the southern boundary of the parcel of marsh land herein before described; thence westwardly along said Creek to a point nine rods distant on a right angle to the marsh formerly owned by late John Parker; thence northward along said John Parker marsh eighty eight rods to the place of beginning, containing four acres, two rods and twenty-two perches, more or less.
Terms of sale will be 10 per cent. at the sale, and remainder on delivery of the Deed.
J. AVARD MORSE,
Sheriff's Office, Bridgetown.
T. W. CHESLEY,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.
Granville, July 15th, 1891. 15 5i

An Immense Stock
OF AMERICAN
ROOM PAPERS,
embracing many beautiful and pleasing designs, is now open for inspection, and marked as
LOW AS THE LOWEST,
in price, at the Book Store of
MISS B. ELDERKIN.
Bridgetown, March 30th, 1891.

A. W. MOORE,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Painter, Grainer and Decorator.
Fresco Painting in all Branches.
Paper Hanging, Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewashing, Coloring, Etc., specialties.
☞Ceilings thoroughly whitened and cleaned without injury to Furniture or Carpets.
Estimates given. All jobbing punctually attended to.

Frank E. Vidito,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
☞My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

BURDOCK
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore,
BLOOD
CURES
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES
BITTERS

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

$1,000.00 GIVEN AWAY
—BY:—
THE WILMOT CORSET CO.,
South Farmington, N. S.
For particulars apply to:
Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, Mrs. L. C. Wheelock,
C. H. Schaffner, R. D. Beals,
S. Harris & Son, Mrs. Ansley,
G. I. Letteney & Bro.
Feb. 11th, 1891. 1y

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
Cholera Morbus, COLIC and CRAMPS,
DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY,
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

WANTED!
SALESMEN to handle our Hardy Lines of Nursery Stock. Handsome outfit free. Salary or commission from start. Have done business in Canada for over thirty years. Success guaranteed to pushing men if they follow our instructions. Write for terms at once. CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, 9 12i Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont

A COOK BOOK FREE
By mail to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

PLEASANT AS MILK
Is the Expression Used by many when they take,
ESTEY'S EMULSION
Children will take it and ask for more. Delicate people can take it when their stomach cannot retain the ordinary Emulsions. It is easily digested.
—WHEN BUYING AN EMULSION—
Ask for Estey's.
Sold Everywhere. Price 50c., Six bottles, $2.50.

PALFREY'S CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 1y

NOTICE.
☞The packet schooner TEMPLE BAR will ply as usual between this port and St. John, N. B.
LIME and SALT
constantly kept for sale.
J. H LONGMIRE, Master.
ALSO—Schooner NANCY ANNA, W. R. LONGMIRE, Master, will run on same route. When schooners are not in port, apply to
Capt. P. NICHOLSON,
50 tf Bridgetown, N. S.

This is Business!
The subscriber offers for sale a variety of
Single & Double-seated Carriages.
Also, the very popular
Unique Road Carts.
Phaeton Carts, for one or two persons.
Second-hand Carriages, in good repair.
And two Express Wagons.
All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. An inspection invited.
JOHN HALL
Lawrencetown, April 15th, 1891. 2 tf

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO
JOB WORK
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
We have increased facilities for turning out
FINE WORK
—such as—
NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, MEMO. HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS.
POSTERS, DODGERS, PROGRAMMES, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, TICKETS, ENVELOPES, ETC., ETC.
Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
always on hand.
Estimates Furnished, Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.
Address,
"MONITOR" OFFICE,
Bridgetown, N. S.

PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.
I am devoting my time to tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs, and any orders sent to me at Truro will receive my attention in my annual turn through the province. Intending purchasers will do well to communicate with me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am willing to order for small commission.
4 tf G. O. GATES, Truro, N. S.

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.
JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

W. H. BANNISTER,
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

Poetry.

An Unknown Path.

I cannot see the years that lie before me,
I know not whether they be brief or long,
Darkened with clouds, and weary, rough and lonely,
Or bright with sunshine, and the voice of song.
I only know that Thou my King and Saviour,
Wilt surely guide me in the path that's right,
I am so sinful, wandering, wilful, wayward,
Make my will Thine, and lead me unto light.

I cannot see the work that lies before me,
The past is marred with failures and with fears,
So much undone that might have been accomplished,
I mourn my faithlessness with bitter tears.
Help me, dear Lord, strong in Thy strength Almighty,
To do each task Thy love seems fit to give,
So patient be in working, or in waiting
And only for Thy glory henceforth live.

I cannot see the mansion Thou art building,
The golden crown awaiting me above,
I only know that I some jewels yet may gather
Wherewith to crown my Lord, and prove my love.
Oh! teach me, Lord, to make Thy will, my pleasure,
And in Thy service—find my joy complete,
Abiding in Thee, fruitful and triumphant
And in sweet communion sitting at Thy feet.

I cannot see the joy that lies before me,
The bliss when I shall see Thee face to face,
I only know the rest of Thy salvation,
The riches of Thy free and boundless grace,
The peace that passeth human understanding,
Is but the earnest of the life to come—
When earth's dark maze with glory is illumined
In the clear sunlight of the Father's home.

The Old, Old Story.

He was one of the fellows
That could drink or leave it alone,
With a fine, high scorn for common men
Who were born with no backbone.
"And why," said he, "should a man of strength
Deny to himself the use
Of the picasant gift of the warm, red wine
Because of its weak abuse?"

He could quote at a banquet,
With a manner half divine,
Full fifty things the poets say
About the tost orthodox wine;
And he could sing a spirited song
About the lips of a lass,
And drink a toast to her fair young worth
In a sparkling, generous glass.

And since this lordly fellow
Could drink or leave it alone,
He chose to drink at his own wild will
Till his will was overthrown.
And the lips of the lass are cold with grief,
And her children shiver and shrink,
For the man who once could leave it alone
Is the pitiful slave to drink.

—*Selected.*

Select Literature.

Jasmine and Violets.

Valerie Conant had returned from a ball. Her gown of sea-green gauze, floating over folds of white China silk, gleamed radiantly from white shoulder to the hem of its voluminous draperies, resting upon the rich moquette carpet of her chamber. A flashing aigrette of diamonds and opals pierced the heavy masses of her golden-brown hair, and a circlet of the same stones glowed upon her shapely throat with every breath she drew.

Yet the girl's face appeared listless and fagged as she dropped into an arm-chair and scanned somewhat disdainfully her own reflection in the mirror.

"Ah, what fools we mortals be!" she ejaculated, half beneath her breath. "Certainly men who are in love are, else Harry Gildermere had never deserted the field for such small cause. I wonder if he still lives and ever thinks of our last night together? Together! Ah, we saw but little of each other. Why his sudden departure? Fruitless, ever-recurring question for which I have never an answer, and which only proves we women are creatures of sentiment, as that abominable Englishman used to say."

Valerie's soliloquy was interrupted by a stir in a darkened corner of the room, and she sharply turned.

"You there, Vanges? You ought not to have waited up so late. I shall scarcely need you."

"N'importe, mam'selle. Your manan say zat you feel eel—triste—zis night. She advizes me zat I vill await you."

"Mamma is most thoughtful," murmured Valerie.

Their maid was a homely, trustworthy creature, and Valerie did not mind if she had heard her talking to herself.

But Vanges' manner as she arose to loosen her young mistress' hair was more than commonly tender. She was slow and silent where she was usually dexterous and loquacious. At last her unwonted mood found expression, and with many mille pardons she made mam'selle understand that, roused from slumber by the sound of her voice, she had heard her mention the name of a certain monsieur.

That, if mam'selle would forgive such presumption, she thought she could give her some information of the monsieur whose name mam'selle had unconsciously let fall.

Two large, somber eyes rolled upward to meet the woman's kindly ones.

"How, Vanges? Do you mean Mr. Gildermere?"

"Oui, madame. He was in Englan', at Oak hall, where he visited my lady Palmer, to whom mam'selle memories her, I was engage tree year before I come to l'Amerique."

"And what of him, Vanges?" asked Valerie, looking down and feeling a trifle ashamed of her open outburst, now that she knew so much had been overheard, yet pining, in true feminine fashion, for any scrap of news relating to the only man she had ever loved.

"A mere bagatelle, mam'selle, a—what you call—chaunces, coincidence. On ze eve St. Valentine my lady giv' a grand ball. Ze salon danse; zay hav' light viz ze candelabres; ze elite of ze county haf invite. All ovar ze maison is much elite, merriment. In ze efening dere is games—ze lotterie valentine, wich my country haf know dese years—centuries. In dis lotterie you have draw youar valentine for one year. Helas! all suffare ze same. Ze cook draw ze scullery-maid he hate much; she haf a bad eye—a squeent. A musician, he draw me. He haf ze black face of ze murder, wich I like not. I fly him. I hide me in ze recess of ze secret stair. But I fear me for ze rats. Ouf! zey run near py! I flee me to ze top of ze stair to ze parte mysterieuse—ze secret door of ze portrait gallery. I feel me if it will mouf. Yes; I entere. Ze light is din; ze gallery alone; no one dere. I hide me behind a tapestry in ze corner. Present some one entere. I hear voice; ah! it is ees not ze bad fiddler; it is anozer. It ees M. Geeldermere and a lady, who come to ze ball. She is most fair—embonpoint. He is distrait; ah! but vere gallant. He spick of his country—of here, where he meet ze lady. 'Ah!' ahe reply, 'ze valentine efening two years ago! Ze party of Mees Conane's; vere ees she now? In my voyages I haf lose her.'

"'He say nothing, and ze lady again spick:

"'Haf I touch ze chord electrique, monsieur?" ahe ask, viz a low laugh. Zen he say: 'Ze chord electrique was snap zat night. We will spick no more of zis. Yet, stay; you are my valentine. It is my privilege to confide in my valentine, is it not? You sall know what snap zis chord. You know not perhaps zat I haf a penchant for our mutual friend, Mees Conant? Zat night I send her a note—will she be my valentine for life? Will she be my wife? With it I send jasmine and violets and a ring. She sall wear zese, she sall grant me ze first valse—zat sall be my answer.

"Non; no flowers, no ring, no valse. Ze efening pass as you know, for you were present. Ste flirt wis zis one an' dat; but for me, no smile, no notice. I sail for Europe soon after. You spick of Valerie Cobant? She is dead to me." Ah, ze ton, mam'selle—dat man once luv you much!"

"What was the lady's name, Vanges? Do you remember?"

"No, mam'selle. But zay call hare 'ze queen of blondes.' Fair—vere fair, wiz ze full face, blue eyes. She say she visit you."

"Elsie Alston!" murmured Valerie, falling back in her chair, her face grown pale. "Did you not think the lady slightly epris with monsieur, Vanges?"

"Mais oui, mam'selle, vere much. She say: 'I like not her tone;' she say: 'Poor Velerie! Tres frivole! not ze fidelity for ze steadfast heart.'"

"And what more, Vanges? Where went monsieur from Oak hall?"

"He leaves for ze continent, madame."

"And did you never hear more of him and Miss Alston?"

"Oui, mam'selle, I hear; but I know not ze truth."

"Speak, Vanges—hold nothing back! Did Mr. Gildermere's valentine remain true to him?"

"It was a rumor, mam'selle, zat zay marry. I know not certainment."

"Thank you, indeed, Vanges. It is late; you need rest. Good-night," and with her usual demure courtesy the maid betook herself to a couch untroubled by disturbing love-dreams or memories—for her own love affair had been well buried in the grave of a husband who had abused her and whom she had been glad to forget.

But Valerie slept not. Whither had gone the ring and the flowers which she had never received? She had resented this supposed oversight from Harry Gildermere, and had chaffed the evening through with men she cared naught about.

One afternoon not long after Vanges' midnight confidence Valerie Conant descended to receive a caller awaiting her in the drawing-room.

He was a fine appearing man who advanced to meet her, and the look in his eyes as he took her hand brought a peculiar expression of pain into Valerie's.

This man, who had asked her to be his wife, had come to-day for his answer. She had resolved to say yes. Why should she not? Her life was intolerably desolate, and he was kind and loyal. But one glance into his face to-day changed her mind. How could she give this man the wreck of a heart which alone remained for her to bestow. She felt—she knew that as he realized this want he would be miserable.

"Mr. Manning, you are mistaken in imagining I can ever make you happy. I can not."

"But why?" he questioned with a lover's persistency; and Valerie, believing it justice to him, told him why—told him her love story.

He listened, his face gradually growing pale and stern. When she had finished he rose. He no longer looked at her, but he said:

"Miss Conant I love you, and your happiness is more to me than anything else. We will take time to think this over. Good-by."

And during the slow watches of that night Valerie did think it over. For the first shifting pearl light of dawn ushered in Feb 14—the return of that day when all her hopes had flown with the disappearance of one face—a face brimming over with a charm of wit and bonhomie; a face that would haunt even though another had won its owner and made her thought of him a crime.

"How I hate anniversaries!" she murmured, fretfully, a few hours later, when, after some tardy repose, grudgingly tendered, she awoke and heard her little niece and nephew whispering and giggling in the adjoining room over the contemplated dispatch of various ephemeral constructions, whose garniture of aerial cupids and diminutive knights, bending before more diminutive maidens, with exceedingly taper waists, found their interpretation in stanzas touchingly descriptive of the youthful heart when in a state of laceration from the shafts of the little blind god.

Valerie saw that it was snowing. The window-ledge was piled high with the slow, still fall of the night. This reminded her of the workaday world, and she rose, determined to forget her gloom in work—hard, uninterpretting tasks that should leave her no time for thought.

But what is it that stays her glance? Why this puzzled surprise in the large dark eyes? There, on the dainty white cover of her toilet-table, lies a still daintier box. Within, resting on a mound of moss, vieing with each other in freshness and fragrance, are sprays of white jasmine and clustered purple violets. Their stems are drawn through a small circlet of gold, whose rich solitaire diamond flashes like a bead of dew in a summer sunrise.

On the lid of the box is a letter. From the pallor of calm morning to the fever flush of giddy night.

"Nights of song and nights of dancing," Valerie's cheeks change as she sees the superscription of this missive. Slowly, carefully, yet with trembling hands, she opens the envelope and reads as follows:

"Valerie, my love, through the long lapse of years since you and I last met I have never, until to-night, barbored the flattering hope that you remembered even my existence. Imagine, then, my joy when my friend, Jerrold Manning—my friend in the noblest significance of the word—divulged to me the precious fact that Valerie Conant had refused to become his wife because of her old memory of Harry Gildermere. Once, in the early months of my acquaintance with Jerrold—for I have known him nearly as long as our parting—a burst of confidence conveyed to him the crisis in my life which left me beggared of happiness. Need I say the words you let fall to him to-day revealed the identity of the lady—revealed, too, the loyalty of her soul?

"'He has since wedded another,' you said, 'but for me there can be no second love.'

"Darling Valerie, you were wrongly informed. I have called no woman wife, though I was for a brief time affianced to Elsie Alston. It was my memory of you which lured me to her side, and she herself released me from the engagement upon encountering a wealthier party. I was well pleased. For love there had never been on my part, and my faith in her had lessened as I knew her. Neither you nor I will now question in our new-found happiness into whose hands fell the tokens led from their destination, and whose misleading left a blight on two hearts. In the fulness of love, strengthened through pain, may we not now, dearest, lay in its grave this grim ogre of our past? Can you forgive one whose rashness and want of faith brought such severe penalty, and recall again to your side your fond lover."

HARRY GILDERMERE.

"Mon Dieu, mademoiselle!" cried Vanges, when two months later she added touches to her mistress' marvelous wedding toilet, and gazed with satisfied pride upon the subject of her embellishments. "Mon dieu! but zis ees ze finish of ze most charmante voman zat I haf know."

And Valerie fully agreed with her.—*Fireside Companion.*

Presentation.

The following address, accompanied with a copy of "Webster's International Dictionary," was presented to the Rev. John Phalen by the members of Sundew Division, North Kingston, on the eve of his departure for Sheet Harbor, Halifax Co.:

To the Rev. John Phalen, Assistant Minister of the Aylesford Circuit and Chaplain of Sundew Division.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—

Though aware that removals and appointments are orthodox things in the Methodist Conference, we still shared in the general wish and hope of your numerous friends, that in your case an extension of time might be granted; that you would be relieved for a third year. Had it been so provided the gratification of the members of your church and congregation would have been participated in by this Division with great joy.

The station sheet occasioned disappointment. The regret felt and evinced in the many homes at the preaching places on the mountain tops, lake borders, level plains and bay shores find responsive sentiments in our hearts in the Temperance Hall.

To the people in all these localities you have shown a genial and social spirit and manner, and fitting sympathy associated with christian propriety.

Your preaching has been largely attended, your prayer meetings admirably conducted, your pastoral visits highly appreciated. The characteristics exhibited in your intercourse with the people, which have won for you the esteem of all classes and creeds, have been to the Division an inspiration and help.

We sustain no ordinary loss by the discontinuance of your appearance and your addresses in our sessions.

We are glad to learn that the conference at Windsor showed its confidence in you by ordaining you to the full office and work of the ministry, a year in advance, so that your people in your new charge may have all the ordinances of the church administered to them by yourself. We feel assured that the confidence of your fathers and brethren will be justified by the reports and returns at the next conference.

You will carry with you, Dear Brother Phalen, our esteem and sincere wishes for your welfare and success in your ministerial and pastoral work, and in other forward movements, whether inaugurated by yourself or promoted and advanced by your tact push and principle, for we are convinced that all good endeavors will have your practical sympathy elsewhere as here.

We ask you to accept as a small token of our esteem, a copy of Webster's International Dictionary for your study table. Its money value is not much, but it comes from warm hearts and will remind you of those who will not forget you in your work for their good.

We will give you a cordial welcome whenever we may be favored with your presence in the coming time. With one heart we say, "God be with you till we meet again."

In Love, Purity and Fidelity.

M. E. ARMSTRONG, W. P.
W. R. ARMSTRONG, R. S.
Signed for the Division.

REPLY.

To the Worthy Patriarch, Officers and Members of Sundew Division.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—

It is with feelings of deep emotion that I have to acknowledge the receipt of your admirable address of this evening, but in doing so I must confess that I feel myself much at a loss for fitting terms in which to reply.

Your expressions of regret at my removal from North Kingston, your too generous estimate of the value of the services, which, during my two years residence among you I have rendered to the community and to the Division, your very kind wish and prayer for my future welfare, and the altogether unlooked for material tokens of good will which accompanied your address, have deeply touched my heart. And I should feel myself most unworthy of your kindness if I failed to appreciate highly and to acknowledge promptly and cordially, such indications of confidence and regard.

I presume it is only natural and quite possible for one to attach too much importance to the good opinion of his neighbors. I do not seek popularity, and I feel that it is not an altogether unworthy or selfish ambition to desire to merit the good will of fellow-citizens and especially of fellow-christians, and I need hardly say, that it is very great satisfaction to me to receive your assurance that my efforts to serve our common Master and to promote the good of the community, however imperfect, have met with your approval.

I gladly acknowledge the gift which you have presented to me. I admire the choice you made in selecting a dictionary. It is a book of great service, as some one has said, "a library in itself." As I look upon its pages and study the rich treasures therein contained, I shall ever remember that I received this book from 'kind friends with warm and loving hearts.'

In your Division-room I have spent many pleasant hours, and I shall always look back with fond recollections to the years we have assembled here, to gather in the young and to promote the great cause of temperance.

I would not be doing my duty did I close without saying a word to the young people. I have never been in a place in which there has been such a Christian influence shed around me, both by old and young, as here. To the young people of the Division I extend my sincere thanks for the manner in which you have treated me. In the Division, in the public and social services, as well as in private, you have shown yourselves to be true friends, and be assured you have my best wishes for your future prosperity and good. It is with a degree of sadness that I take my departure from you for a new field of labor.

I bespeak for my successor your kind regards and warmest sympathy. And I sincerely trust that the same love which has existed between pastor and people in the past may continue to manifest itself even more abundantly for all time to come. You have my assurance that wherever my lot may be cast, I shall always cherish pleasant memories of social and Christian fellowship with yourselves and the community in which you have a place. And I pray that Heaven's richest blessings may be poured out upon you, and may our noble order grow more and more until the entire race of man be won to temperance and for Christ. And though we may never meet here again, I do trust that in the upper kingdom we may meet where the sun never disappears behind the darkened west, but where there shall be one eternal day, forever with the Lord.

Brothers and sisters, good-bye.

Fraternally yours,
JOHN PHALEN.

North Kingston, July 13th, 1891.

The Life of Sir John Macdonald, G. C. B.

To the Editor of the Monitor:

SIR,—Many years ago I proposed to Sir John Macdonald that I should write the story of his life. He concurred, and I have since devoted a great deal of time and labor to the collection of the necessary material. In 1883 Mr. J. E. Collins published a book entitled The Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald. As soon as this came to my knowledge I wrote to Sir John, who was then at Riviere du Loup, to ascertain to what degree, if any, it had been authorized by him, and what opinion he had formed of it. His reply was: "I don't think it amounts to much; I declined giving him any information, as I did not want to make myself in anyway responsible for the book." It has recently been announced in your columns that Mr. Mercer Adam proposes re-issuing this work, with the addition of such new matter as will bring it down to date. The connection of the name of Mr. Mercer Adam with that of Sir John Macdonald strikes everyone as a startling incongruity. What could be more inappropriate than that the life of the father of the National Policy should be written by the secretary of the Commercial Union Club? Sir John's many friends in all parts of the Dominion fully realize this, and I have been frequently and strongly urged to at once publish my book. I have experienced great reluctance to appear on the scene so soon after the late sad occurrences, for I have felt that what might be regarded as commendable enterprise on the part of a stranger would become indecent haste in the case of a relative, but the weight of opinion is so strongly against further delay that I am impelled to follow the views of my friends and present to the public the result of 12 years' labor and research. As his near connection, it will not only be conceded that my heart has been in the work as no stranger's could be expected to be, but that I have knowledge which outsiders could not possibly have. Having a sincere belief in the wisdom of his policy and the purity of his motives, I have striven to make these clear, without at the same time hurting the feelings of any of those who may have disagreed with him. I do not think it is illiberal for me to add that I find it impossible to credit Mr. Adam with a profound belief in his own doctrines and at the same time the ability and desire to treat of Sir John Macdonald's policy, acts and motive with fairness and impartiality, and that his additions to a book which Sir John considered "did not amount to much" will fall far short of doing justice to his subject.

Yours, etc.,
J. PENNINGTON MACPHERSON.

Ottawa, July 2, 1891.

Canada's International Exhibition.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 23RD TO OCT. 3RD.

Arrangements have been completed with nearly all the Railway and Steamship Companies for very low rates and special excursions during the time of the Exhibition. The Musical Society of St. John are making their arrangements for repeating the mammoth concert which was given last year, on a much larger scale, and to be held in a separate building in order to avoid the crowding and noise which was a drawback of last year. Some of the leading soloists of the United States have been engaged for this concert. The Exhibition Association have just completed their arrangements for a series of balloon ascensions and parachute drops, in addition to the numerous other attractions which have been engaged.

—You are troubled with Catarah, but in this warm, dry weather do not strongly experience its evil effects and you neglect treatment. A mistake. When the disease is least troublesome is the best time to get rid of it, and this the use of Nasal Balm will accomplish. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price (50c. or $1 a bottle). G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont. Sold by deBlois & Primrose.

The Beer Curse.

"In appearance," says the *Scientific American*, "the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting diseases. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. It is our observation that beer-drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers. Intellectually a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, sluggish, selfish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal."

The Purest and Best

Articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every ingredient is carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. The medicine is prepared under the supervision of thoroughly competent pharmacists, and every step in the process of manufacture is carefully watched with a view to securing in Hood's Sarsaparilla the best possible result.

WORLD'S FAIR PAY ROLL.—The salary list of the forthcoming exposition of Chicago is thus detailed by *The Globe* of that city: Gage, president, $6,000; Bryan, vice-president, $12,000; Butterworth, secretary, $10,000; Seeberger, treasurer, $5,000; Palmer, national president, $12,000; Davis, director general, $15,000; Dickinson, secretary, $10,000. Total, $70,000.

Since Childhood's Days.

"I have been bothered with neuralgic pains in the head and face since childhood and have tried all possible remedies. A friend persuaded me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after having used it I obtained instant relief, and thoroughly recommend B. B. B."—Jas. Inglis, Bredenburry, Assa.

—Remembering that the devil never takes an outing, the pastors of the Skowhegan churches have arranged their vacations so that they will not all be away at the same time.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Pen Pictures of Prison.

Life in a penitentiary! Few outside of those who have undergone its horrors know what it is like. The old method of punishment, of solitary confinement in a dungeon cell, in darkness and in chains, has been superseded by a form of imprisonment, much less terrible outwardly, but the bettering of the external condition of prisoners has not rendered confinement behind the bars anything that is no longer to be dreaded. A glimpse into the life of a prison will satisfy any one that it is a

DAILY ROUND OF WEARINESS AND SORROW.

We are in a central rotunda, or great open room, of a big prison, looking out from which, through a partition of heavy vertical bars, closely placed, we see rows upon rows of cell-doors, which like great tracks of swallow holes, raise tier above tier. The cells do not look out upon the daylight, but on the inside light of a corridor, for each one constitutes a building in itself. They are empty now. The convicts are at work in the shops—the long plain, two-storied brick building that we may also see from the central rotunda, across an empty yard. In the narrow cells are bunks, coarse blankets, plain bedding, a chair—perhaps a rocking-chair—and upon the thick, white-washed walls are almost always to be found knick-knacks and cheap colored pictures and advertisements, put up in a melancholy attempt to make things look "cheerful."

Here is a very pathetic sight. It is the cell of a man of education and cultivation, who in his eagerness to become quickly rich, became a forger, and now is a convict. He had in his youth learned to paint, and here is a canvas on a rude easel, upon which he has been occupying his spare time in prison. It is a landscape, with a river bank, a copse of trees, a meadow, and beyond a village, with the church spire rising high. The man is producing from memory a long remembered scene in his boyhood and in a narrow cell of a great prison where nothing green or growing is to be seen, and where he lives among felons, he spends his time in picturing a landscape which breathes innocence and freedom.

THE CONVICT GARB.

But let us look at the convicts themselves. We find them in their workshops, with guards overlooking them. They are in a dress of dull, coarse cloth marked with stripes. Their caps and short jackets have a dismal jauntiness about them which their loose, strait trousers do not possess. These clothes bring the convicts down to a certain resemblance to a moth-miller or some grotesque or gigantic insect. They seem to reduce the man to his lowest terms, concealing any beauty or grace his body may have, and rendering his appearance hateful to the man himself.

Nearly all the men have an air as if they despise these clothes and suffered within them. Besides being a badge of their servitude and a mark of their crime, they have a distinct unpleasantness and even repulsiveness of their own. Some of the men are at work at harness-making, some at cabinet-making, some at gilding; the occupations are various. Most of them appear listless and melancholy and work in a dull, spiritless way. A few others work nervously and hurriedly, as if they killed the time better in that way. But there is no cheerfulness in the work of either kind.

THE MELANCHOLY MARCH TO MEALS.

There is nothing more melancholy, in a great prison than the way in which convicts come to their meals and eat their food. At 12 o'clock a great bell is rung in the center of the prison. The men leave their work, pour out of the shops under the eye of their guards, and form a single file along the side of the building. They stand there, each man behind his neighbor—so close that their bodies often touch the right hand of each resting upon the right shoulder of the man in front of him. Then, at command, they advance, in step. This is the "lock step." The men march in snaky movement entirely around the yard, their legs moving all together, and each man's so close to his neighbor's that the line looks like a great, many-legged reptile. This march is peculiar to convicts, and is another reminder of their condition. In it they seem to heave themselves forward rather than to walk. The resemblance of the line to some great serpent is most striking, and even revolting.

A SOLITARY MEAL.

The men enter the main prison in this way. Here the lines separate, the men dividing according to the wings of the building where they are confined; stopping before apertures in the kitchen wall, beneath the rotunda, they, receive upon a tin dish, their allowance of food. Each man, with this dish in hand, goes up the iron stairs to his cell—to his solitary swallow hole among the rest—shutting his iron-barred door behind him with a bang. When all the men are in, the guard, standing at the end of the corridor, shoves a great lever which fastens all the cell doors upon one tier at once. This lever itself is locked down, and the men are closed in.

DRINKING AT MEALS.—Do not drink large quantities of fluid at your meals. It dilutes the gastric juice and weakens its solvent power. Warm drinks are better than cold.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.—Fifteen inches of rain fell at Bombay within the past 24 hours. The downs of Mahoeda and Bhowmigger, in the province of Bujerat, are flooded with water which rises breast high in the streets. Three hundred people and a countless number of live stock have been drowned.

Huntsville Happenings.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family and can highly recommend it for summer complaint, diarrhœa, etc."—Mrs. Geo. West, Huntsville, Ont.

—Mr. N. A. Bradt crossed the continent on his bicycle from New York to San Francisco in 86 days, stopping at various cities 24 days. The actual number of riding days was 62,—distance 4420 miles, making an average of 71 1-5 miles per day. He will make the return trip first of August.

—A Liberty man who has a hen which has been sitting for the past two weeks on an old sle