Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 26. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1899. NO. 51.

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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ALL GOODS FIRST-CLASS.
E. YOUNG.
Lawrencetown, Nov. 25th, 1898.

Poetry.

At the Set of the Sun.

At the set of the sun,
When our work is done,
With all its tangled web;
When the clouds drift low,
And the stream runs slow,
And life is at its ebb;

As we near the goal,
When the golden bowl
Shall be broken at its fount;
With that sweetest thought
Shall the hour be fraught,
What precious most shall we count?

Not the flame of the sword,
Nor the wealth we have stored
In perishable things of earth—
Not the way we have trod
With the intellect broad,
Though that were of precious worth;

Nor the gain we achieved
Through the hearts we have grieved
And left unhelped by the way;
Nor the laurel of fame,
When, for worldly acclaim,
We toiled in the heat and the fray.

Ah, no! 'tis not these
Will give our hearts ease,
When life sinks low in the west,
But the passing sweet thought
Of the good we have wrought,
The saddened lives we have blest.

And the love we have won,
And the love beckoning on
From his islands far and dim;
Love out of the light,
Shining into the night,
The night which leadeth to Him.

If the sun don't shine to-day, it will to-morrow,
Don't worry.
If luck don't come your way, just when you think it ought to, you'll have your chance—
You needn't worry.
There never was a journey longer nor a trial harder than the Lord intended it to be;
'Tis often so he tests your faith and trust, and shining far through gloom and mist of poignant grief and pain,
There yet a welcome is: The sun will shine again,
So do not worry.
—*John Y. Cuyler.*

Select Literature.

Borrowed News.

"Did you get the paper, Cyry?" Mr. Luther Carter put his head out of the sitting-room door and spoke sharply.

"Yep." Cyrus approached with easy moderation and held it out.

"Well, I guess you stopped to print it on a hand-press. I don't know where in the world you take your slowness from." Mr. Luther Carter recrossed the room to his easy chair, adjusting his spectacles on the way. His motions were all deliberate, and suggested a probable reason for little Cyrus's slowness.

Mrs. Luther Carter glanced up deprecatingly from her mending. "Now Luther," she said, with meek disapprobation in her voice. "Now Luther, you haven't been borrowing Andrew Gamble's newspaper again?"

"That's hitting the nail nigher on the head than you ever did before, Jane Ellen!"

"But you borrowed it yesterday, Luther, and day before, and day before that."

"And day before *that*—keep her a going, Jane Ellen. I guess you can go as far back as the flood." Mr. Carter's laugh cackled unmelodiously behind the paper.

"But it's dreadfully mortifying to me, Luther, anyway. It does seem as if we might take a newspaper ourselves, and lend instead of borrow, a spell. Then we'd see how it feels."

One spectacled eye appeared above the paper's rim, followed shortly by it's mate. Little Mrs. Luther withered under them.

She fumbled for a new needle, clicking the scissors and spools together nervously. She had never ventured upon so bold a suggestion before, and already was deeply repentant.

"Jane Ellen, you better darn those stockings, and I guess you can do it easier if you keep your lips shut to."

In at the open windows stole pleasant, flower-sweetened wafts of summer air. Incessant, keen insect voices buzzed and clicked and sang. Within, for a while, there was no sound but the gentle crackle of Andrew Gamble's newspaper; then Luther Carter spoke with a gruff attempt at apologetic good humor.

"When I'm in Andrew's luck, and the uncle I never had and wasn't named after dies and leaves me a pretty little mess of money, I'll take the paper, Jane Ellen. I guess till then 'twon't hurt Andrew if I do borrow his."

"That was a good while ago. I should have thought Andrew'd spent it all long ago, Luther, building barns and things as he did."

Luther Carter suddenly laid down the paper. He gave a startled cry.

"My good land, what is it, Luther? You look all struck in a heap!" exclaimed his wife.

"He's dead, Jane Ellen!"

"Who's dead?" Her voice rose shrill and anxious.

"Andrew is—Andrew Gamble! He died this morning—'as we go to press,' it says. There's a black mark all round the notice. I guess Marietta was thinking to send it to John's folks. It clean takes my breath away!"

"Andrew Gamble *dead!* I can't believe it, Luther—it isn't possible! I guess we shouldn't have to find it out in the newspaper."

"Well, read it for yourself, then, Jane Ellen."

They huddled over the paper, reading the lines together with scared, distressed faces. It was a small sheet, whose local columns stood out, boldly prominent. It was the only daily paper in the thrifty town of S—.

Andrew Gamble dead! *Andrew Gamble!* Why, he lived just a house or two beyond. How could he die and they not know it at once? But there it was: "As we go to press, the painful news reaches us of the sudden death of our much-esteemed and well-known citizen, Andrew Gamble. It is too late to obtain particulars of the sad event for to-day's issue."

Luther Carter went to the door and called, "Cyry! Cyry!" imperatively. Cyrus shuffled slowly in and sat on the edge of a chair, awed by the solemnity in his parents' faces.

"Cyry, did you see An—did you see the folks when you went to borrow the paper?"

Mrs. Carter groaned softly and wiped her eyes on Cyrus's undarned sock.

"Nope—guess there wasn't anybody at home. It looked all kind of shut up."

Mrs. Carter groaned again. "Didn't you see *anybody*, Cyry?" persisted Luther. "Now you think real hard. Who came to the door?"

"Nobody did. I walked, in after I'd kept knocking a while."

"But who gave you the newspaper, Cyry? Now you think."

Cyrus began to look embarrassed under this fire of mysterious questions.

"Well, nobody gave me the paper. I took it. It's always lying on the table, waiting to be taken. I guess Mrs. Gamble's got sick of getting it for me; and last time she told me to go into the sitting-room and get it myself. I had to hunt all round. It was under the sofa. Say, pa, why don't we take our own paper?"

"Did she look as if she'd been crying, Cyry?" quavered Mrs. Carter.

"I didn't see her, I said—only her picture hanging up. That looked real solemn. I guess somebody was crying, though, somewhere. I heard a sniffy sound, real loud."

Luther and Mrs. Luther gazed gravely at each other, sighing.

"Marietta's such a sensitive woman—poor Marietta!" murmured little Mrs. Luther, tearfully.

She rose suddenly, upsetting the darning-basket. "I'm going right down there," she said. "I feel as if I'd ought to. If I can't be any other comfort to Marietta, I can wash up the dinner dishes and trim lamps. Cyry, you run and get my shawl."

She looked down thoughtfully at her flower-sprigged dress. "Yes, I s'pose I'd better put on a black dress. I s'pose so, out of respect for Marietta's feelings."

Soberly begowned and shawled, Mrs. Carter, a few minutes later, tapped gently at the Gamble back door. She noticed that the blinds were nearly all closed and the shades down. An air of hushed solemnity brooded over all things, animate and inanimate, in the small dooryard.

Poor Andrew's choice Plymouth Rock hens went about as if on tiptoe, with drooping tail feathers. To Mrs. Carter's sensitive ear, even the old cock's crowing had a doleful, drawn-out wail in it.

She tapped again softly. Nobody responded. Then adjusting the corners of her mouth to appropriate droops, she stole gently into the kitchen.

There was no one there. The little room had on its prim afternoon dress, and looked unsocial and stiff. The faintest possible hint of clicking knitting-kneedles drew the visitor unconsciously toward the sitting-room.

Mrs. Andrew Gamble sat there knitting in the still, dark room. She gave a little start as Mrs. Carter entered.

"Oh," she said, in a low voice, "I'm real glad to see you, Mrs. Carter. No, don't take that chair—that's Andrew's and I can't bear it. This rocker's easier to your back. Undo your shawl, do."

"I had to come over, Marietta—seemed as if I must. I couldn't bear the thought of your sitting here all alone. I wish I could help you—O Marietta, I wish I could!"

Mrs. Gamble looked up from her knitting quickly. "Yes, it is lonesome with Andrew gone," she said, quietly. She was a slight, sweet-faced woman, and the loose wisps of hair, turning gray, curled prettily around her face.

For a very little space neither of the women spoke. The subdued creak of the rockers sang a dirge in the visitor's ears. She was wondering how Marietta could knit stockings, and look so composed, and curl her hair! Still, she had been crying. Her eyes looked reddened.

Then the visitor spoke in a sharp whisper, drawing the words out solemnly. "Wasn't it dreadful sudden, Marietta?"

"Yes, it was sudden. Still, I'd been expecting as likely as not it might happen. He's never been real hearty."

"No," Mrs. Carter assented, with a doubtful upward inflection. Andrew had looked hearty, very.

"Ever since he sprained his knee-joint last fall he's been ailing especially; it seemed to lay him up."

"I never noticed that he limped."

"Well, he did, going up-hill and coming home after a long trip."

Another pause, and another stanza of the creaking dirge.

"When did—it happen, Marietta?" whispered Mrs. Luther Carter then.

"Three o'clock this morning, or a few minutes past. We were up all night with him. I didn't get a wink of sleep."

"Poor child!" Mrs. Carter softly patted the knitting-needles. "Did—did—he suffer much?"

"No, I guess not. That was a mercy. He didn't seem to sense anything all night. We did everything we knew how to for him—everything. Laudanum didn't seem to do any good." She began to cry suddenly. "I was so fond of him!" she sobbed, apologetically.

"Yes, yes, do cry, Marietta—it'll do you good. You ought to cry. It's a mercy you can."

"I don't know how we're going to get along without him, Mrs. Carter."

"It's a great loss to the neighborhood. We all feel it," Mrs. Carter murmured. "Luther and I were all struck in a heap. He read it in the paper. Just think of our finding it out in the newspaper!"

Mrs. Gamble lifted her drooping head with an air of solemn pride. "Yes," she said, "they put it in the paper right away. I didn't s'pose they would in to-day's, but they're dreadful smart about getting things in. When Andrew's Uncle Andrew died, they got that into the morning paper, too."

It was warm in the room, and Mrs. Carter took up a paper from the table to fan herself. She folded it neatly and set it waving with slow, steady strokes.

"When are you going to—to—when will you—bury him, Marietta?" she asked at length, gravely.

Mrs. Gamble took up her knitting-work. "Oh, we buried him this morning as soon as 'twas real light. We thought we might as well get it done with, and we wouldn't feel so bad when 'twas over."

"Why, Mrs. Gamble! Why, I never heard of such a thing in my born days—I never!" She spread out the newspaper fan in abstracted agitation, and stared at it absently. Her face expressed the utmost amazement and horror.

Suddenly her eye fell on one of the items in the paper. She read it hastily once—twice. Then she glanced at the paper's date. It was the morning paper, and the notice in it was of the "lamentable loss our respected townsman, Andrew Gamble, has sustained this morning—as we go to press—in the death of his valuable and petted chestnut horse," etc., etc.

Mrs. Luther Carter crumpled the paper in her fingers and rose. "Well, Marietta, I must be going. I'm real sorry for you and Andrew, but 'tisn't as if 'twas one of the family gone, you know. Good-by."

She went rapidly home, and finding the borrowed paper, thrust it into Luther's hand unceremoniously, pointing to the date. For the first time they noticed that it was old and time-stained, and exhaled a faint musty odor. They had read its mention of the death of Andrew Gamble's uncle!

Luther Carter read and re-read the date. Then he got up and went out of the house.

When at supper-time he came back, he remarked briefly to Cyrus as he went through the kitchen:

"I've subscribed for the newspaper myself, Cyry, so I guess you won't need to go borrowing any more."—*Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Youth's Companion.*

Mrs. Hart's Blessing.

(Margaret Browne, in Australian Presbyterian.)

"Sarah Ann!"

The weak voice and the peevish tone failed to elicit any reply, so the sick woman raised herself painfully on her right elbow, and with her left hand reached and secured the walking stick that stood against the wall at the head of her bed, and with it dealt some feeble blows on the wooden wall of the room, as an accompaniment to the repetition of her call.

"Sarah Ann!"

"Yes, mum," came a clear, girlish voice from somewhere in the distance, and the next minute a dirty face, framed in a tangle of black hair, appeared in the open doorway.

"What is it, mum?"

"What it it, indeed, Sarah Ann. What, indeed?"

"Do you want anything, mum?"

"Yes, I do; I want a glass of water, Sarah Ann; but I couldn't fancy it from you, you're so dirty; you haven't washed yourself this morning."

"No, mum; but I will directly; I'm too busy."

"Busy?—busy?—bless me; what are you doing?"

"Chopping wood, mum," and, without waiting to hear her mother's reply, Sarah Ann Hart ran off again to the task from which she had been called.

"Oh! dear, dear," sighed the invalid. "Oh! dear, dear; I never thought Sarah Ann could be so annoying. She always has been a good girl; but now, just because I'm laid by a while, and her father has had to go to Sydney for a few days, she's as tiresome as can be. Chopping wood? We can't be wanting much wood this weather, just a bit to boil the kettle with; but she's been outside chopping or doing something ever since sunrise, and she's never tidied up the place or herself either It's too bad; I'm that thirsty; my, but I'll be glad to get about again; it won't be long now. Doctor said good-bye to me yesterday, and I daresay he's glad to see the last of me, just as glad as I am to see the last of him, for he has as many patients as he wants at Burrabong, without riding out into the bush to one who lives at least, nine miles from anywhere. Oh! I'm tired to death of it all. I wish I'd never turned my back on Yorkshire. Sarah Ann!"

The reply came speedily enough this time, for the girl was at the moment crossing the outer room with a glass of water for her mother,

"Here you are, mum."

"You are so dirty. Why don't you tidy yourself?"

"I can't, mum; I want to get a pile of wood chopped before the—before the—rain comes."

"Rain? It doesn't look much like rain."

"It's very dark in the west, mum; you can't see Desolation Hill for—for clouds."

"Ah, well! rain's wanted. This blistering heat is doing a deal of harm. I believe, if the weather got cooler, I'd soon be about again."

"If you don't want anything else, mum, I'm off."

"Dear, dear, Sarah Ann; what a queer girl you are; Even if rain does come, we'll need but little wood. One would think you were laying in for an English winter, girl. There, make haste and get done. If father were to come home to-day he'd be angered to see the place like it is, and you so dirty. How about the poultry, Sarah Ann?"

"They're all right; I've seen to them."

"Fed the chicks?"

"Yes."

"I'd like an egg for my lunch; one of 'Brown Betty's,' if she's laying."

"All right. I must go, mum. It's no use; I must get in some wood before—before the rain comes." And so saying, the girl hurried away again, and Mrs. Hart, after drinking the water, laid the glass in the tray by her bedside, and was soon sleeping and dreaming of a quaint village in Yorkshire and of old times generally.

* * * * * *

It was past midday when Mrs. Hart awoke, and found that the heat of the morning had increased to an almost unbearable degree, and the rain seemed as far off as ever, though certainly the darkness had obliterated the glare of the sunshine.

"Sarah Ann!"

There came no reply; and, after calling again and yet again, the stick was brought into use as before; but, in this case, even the knocking had no effect.

"Dear, dear! What's become of the girl? I want a cup of tea and an egg; I'd feel better for a lunch, I know; and I'm sure it's long past lunch time. What a smother there is. That girl's burning rubbish somewhere. Sarah Ann!"

But though Mrs. Hart called as loudly and as frequently as her strength would permit her to do, Sarah Ann did not answer, and the afternoon wore away, and the odor of burning leaves became stronger and stronger, till the little wooden room was full of smoke, and the sick woman coughed painfully and gasped for breath more than once. At last alarm took the place of impatience, and with a momentary strength, born of fear, she struggled from her bed, and reeling across the room to the window, clutched the sill as she fell on her knees before it, exhausted with an effort her doctor had forbidden her making for several days to come. And then her vague fear became terror, for from the open window she gazed upon a sea of fire, stretching as far as the eye could see, and only separated from her by a circle of cleared land, across which the flames from the fringe of the forest lapped hungrily, as though they would fain reach the wooden house and devour all within it, living or inanimate.

"Sarah Ann! Oh, merciful Lord—the bush is burning, and there's but me, a poor weak woman, and a slip of a girl—a slip of a girl who's no more sense than a baby. Help us! Good Lord—help us!"

A death-like stupor fell upon her, as her frail hands loosened her grasp on the hot window sill, and she sank in a huddled mass on the floor, unconscious of all—the peril, the terror, the death so near; and yet, thanks to God and a slip of a girl with no more sense than a baby, so distant.

* * * * * *

When consciousness returned, and with it a dim remembrance of the danger that had encompassed her, she found herself lying on her bed, and as she opened her eyes she gazed into those of her husband.

"Ah, John! back safely, thank God! Such a fearful dream, John!—delirium, nightmare! What was it? Where's Sarah Ann?"

"The lass is all right, Susan."

"I dreamed, John——."

"Aye, yes, I know, wife. 'Twas no dream, though. If I hadn't come home as I did—and God only knows how I managed it—the lass might have been lost to me, and perhaps you, too. I got to Burrabong before noon, and I'd have been home before two o'clock but for the fires—they were burning all around, pretty well, and I had to go right round by Lubra Creek before I found a path at all. I was frightened for the shanty; we're in the very heart of it. My word! I've endured agonies of suspense, but I fought my way through somehow. I'm a bit singed, for I had to rush through flames this side of the creek."

"The house, John! the house!"

"We're safe enough, wife; the worst of it is over. We've lost a bit; the stable's burnt, and there's a big hole in the poultry; but when I think of what it might have been, but for Sarah Ann!"

"Sarah Ann! Where?'

"I found the lass face downwards outside, and I thought 'twas a case with her, but she's all right—only got done up with work and shock. She's the pluckiest lass!—we may well be proud of her, wife! As soon as ever I got within sight of home, I saw what she'd been up to. She's been chopping down the scrub all round the house. Thank God, there was no heavy timber within a quarter of a mile."

"Sarah Ann!—all the scrub!"

"Every bit, to the very edge of the fence. What she couldn't chop down, she burnt down. She must have worked like anything. She tells me she saw the fire away ahead when she got up at daybreak, and she set to clear round the house right away."

"And I've been worrying that girl. I didn't know—she didn't tell me!"

"God bless her, no! It shows us the pluck of her, wife, and the goodness of her; for, if she'd told you, she might have scared you to death, or you might have killed your self in trying to lend a hand—for you could have done nothing anyway as you are. She had to fight the fire single-handed, and she knew it, and made the best of it without breathing a word to you."

"But, John, is she hurt?—is she? Don't mislead me, John."

"Why, no, wife! You may be sure I wouldn't—bless you, no! And here she is, so you'll see for yourself."

"Sarah Ann!"

"Yes, mum, it's me; I'm tidy a bit, now, so you won't mind me bringing you your breakfast."

"Breakfast?"

"Yes; you've had a long sleep, you must be faint, for you had no lunch yesterday, and no tea. You poor mum, I've neglected you shamefully; I should never make a good nurse. But never mind; I've done chopping wood, and what isn't burnt is still burning at a safe distance; so now I'll coddle you up till you're well."

But Mrs. Hart lay looking at her young daughter wonderingly, as though not yet able to understand all she had heard, and then a smile overspread her pale face as she took the girl's hand and stroked it fondly between her own, saying: "You're a good girl, and you're a brave girl, and I—I'm a worry—a worry, I am. But you should have told me, Sarah Ann; you should have told me!"

But Sarah Ann shook her head and smiled, for she knew that had she done what she should have done, her mother would never have worried her again. And she was fond of her mother.

"Ah, well, all's for the best, wife," said John Hart.

"All's for the best, John, yes; God bless you, Sarah Ann, my girl!"

"And you, mother!"

"He has blessed me with a blessing that will endure while I have you, Sarah Ann."

—According to the *Boston Transcript* it was a woman who was the means of having a definite day in the year set apart for the national observance of Thanksgiving. Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, a Boston woman, and editor of the first woman's magazine published in this country, worked for 20 years to accomplish this end. Time did not daunt her courage, but rather increased her insistence. She wrote to governors of states and to presidents of the United States. At last President Lincoln adopted her suggestion in 1864, when there was reason to rejoice over the success of the north in restoring the Union.

—The *Churchman* states that the ritual agitation in England is growing in volume and strength, and that the Episcopal Church is drifting towards disestablishment; and adds that the union of church and state in that country is not essential to either.

ROYAL Baking Powder makes the finest and most wholesome food at minimum cost: so every housekeeper familiar with it affirms.

Why not discard altogether the old-fashioned methods of soda and sour milk, or home-made mixture of cream of tartar and soda, or the cheaper and inferior baking powders, and use Royal exclusively?

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

FARM FOR SALE!
The subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm situated 2½ miles from Bridgetown. This is an A1 hay farm, two large orchards, one small plum orchard, good pasture and wood land. House and outbuildings in good order. About two-thirds purchase money can remain on mortgage. Apply to
W. M. SCOTT.
Bridgetown, May 2nd, 1898. 51 tf

CAUTION!
All persons indebted to the estate of the late J. AVARD MORSE, either by accounts or promissory notes, are hereby notified that all payments of the same must be made to the undersigned, as no person has been authorized by them to collect said accounts or notes.
E. BENT, J. B. GILES, } *Executors.*
Bridgetown, March 10th, 1896.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of Milledge Munro, farmer, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are required to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the same estate are requested to make immediate payment to
C. H. EASSON,
Sole Executor.
Bridgetown, Jany. 30th, 1899.

SHERIFF'S SALE!
1899. 1897 "A" No. 9147.
In the Supreme Court,
BETWEEN J. JOHNSTONE HUNT, THOMAS RITCHIE and WILLIAM M. CONNELL, PLAINTIFFS,
—AND—
LAURA CHIPMAN, - DEFENDANT.
To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, at the Court House in Annapolis, in the County of Annapolis, on
Friday, the 10th day of March, A. D. 1899, at two o'clock in the afternoon.
Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein and dated the 10th day of September, 1897, unless before the day of sale the amount due the Plaintiffs on the mortgage foreclosed herein for principal, interest and costs, be paid to them or their Solicitor, or to the Sheriff, or in Court, all the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above defendant, or of the mortgagor at the date of the making of the mortgage foreclosed herein, or at any time since, or of any persons claiming through or under them, of, in, to and out of all that lot of land, situate lying and being at Middleton, in the County of Annapolis, and more particularly described as follows:—
Beginning on the Annapolis river, at the south-east corner of lands formerly owned by Daniel Clark, and now owned and occupied by T. A. Neily; thence running north ten degrees west sixty chains to a stake and stones; thence north eighty degrees east twenty chains unto lands owned by T. C. Wheelock, Esquire, to a stake and stones; thence south ten degrees east to the Annapolis River; thence by the course of the said river to the place of beginning, containing by estimation one hundred and twenty acres, more or less, saving and excepting a piece of land given to the trustees of the Wesleyan Methodist chapel, and excepting also a lot of land next to the said chapel, sold and conveyed to G. E. Chesley; also three acres deeded to the assignee of Phinney and Slocomb and now owned by the Chesley heirs; and also a piece of land containing one acre, now occupied by Isaac Thomas, on the south side of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway enclosed by a fence; and also a piece of land in the north-west corner containing four acres, with boundaries staked out, bought by Michael Wadman; also saving and excepting out of the lands conveyed by said mortgage a certain portion thereof, containing ten acres by estimation, which was released from the operation of said mortgage by the plaintiffs as such trustees as aforesaid to Robert H. Chipman, the defendant's grantor by indenture bearing date the 16th day of August, 1894, and recorded at the Registry of Deeds at Bridgetown, in book 101, folios 547 and 8, and therein described as follows: Beginning on the south side of the main post road, and at the northwest angle of lands owned by the estate of the late Henry R. Palmer, and run southerly along the said Palmer's west line 117 rods, or until it comes to the Annapolis River; thence westerly along the course of the said river, thirteen rods and seventeen links; thence north in a straight line parallel with said Palmer line 117 rods or until it comes to the said main post road; thence easterly along the south side of the said road thirteen rods and seventeen links or until it comes to the place of beginning. Together with all the easements, tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances to the same belonging or appertaining.
TERMS—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale; remainder on delivery of deed.
EDWIN GATES,
High Sheriff of the County of Annapolis.
F. J. TREMAINE,
Plaintiffs' Solicitor,
143 Hollis Street, Halifax.
February 1st, 1899. 47 51

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER
—AND—
SOLICITOR.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies
☞Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S.

Victim of Pneumonia Saved by Snow.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 21.—Dr. John B. Boucher told the Hartford Medical Society to-night how he had raised a man from the dead by burying him in snow.

The patient was Charles F. Robertson, of No. 23 Buckingham street, who had been ill for weeks from pneumonia. When he was beginning to recover his second lung became affected and the relapse appeared to have a fatal ending last Friday morning. Apparently he had passed through all the last stages of the disease.

His ravings had ceased, his temperature was 107, his pulse had begun to weaken, his breath came in short gasps, and every evidence of the end was at hand. At nine o'clock the last test to show life, that of the reflex action of the eyeball, had failed, and the nurse informed the doctor that the man was practically dead. The family took the fact for granted and preparations were started to quickly remove the lifeless body.

To the doctor there was one desperate hope left. Placing a rubber blanket under the man he caused snow to be brought in and made into a bed, on which he laid the patient, stripped naked. Not a quiver of an eyelid, not a single gasp, came as he was laid in the frigid mass. More snow was brought. It covered his arms, his legs and his body. Everywhere the mass was packed tightly around him. The order was "keep him there till his temperature goes down to 101."

For forty-five minutes the man lay in the snow with no signs of returning life. In fact, every one believed him dead. At the end of that time the doctor had the snow taken away, and again tried the reflex action test. As he put his finger on the eye the lid quivered, and a minute later the first flickering pulse sent a thrill through those who were anxiously waiting.

Then came another surprise. The doctor, a man of experience, suddenly struck the insensible man a blow on the face. The eyes opened.

"Who am I?" asked the physician.

"Hello, doctor," said the patient.

Mr. Robinson is still very ill, but the crisis is past and he is on the road to recovery.

A Modern Mode of Stealing.

The dishonesty of wilfully tardy debtors should be preached about in the pulpit and denounced by the press. Children should be taught in the home and in school to grow up with an abhorrence of this wicked injustice.

A rich woman, owing her dressmaker several hundred dollars, went to Europe and bought Paris gowns. On her return the dressmaker made repeated efforts to get the money, and succeeded only by putting the matter in the hands of a lawyer.

Mrs. Blank told her dressmaker that she could not pay a large bill of long standing, because she was sending her daughters to college. Whether Miss Blank is still pursuing her education at the expense of the hard-worked dressmaker, I do not know.

A wealthy man, asked again and again for a large and long unpaid bill, became very angry at the provision dealer's persistency in trying to get what was not only his just due, but a positive necessity to save him from failing. Finally the bill was paid, but from that moment the trade was withdrawn.

It is surprising that the well-to-do and wealthy are willing to be fed and clothed at the expense of tradespeople who have their own bills to meet, employees to pay, and families to support. The beggar who goes from door to door seems to me more honorable, for he does not pretend to be anything but a beggar, and asks and receives as a gift the food and clothes bestowed.—*Boston Transcript.*

A New Departure.

Dr. Marschand, the celebrated French physician, has at last opened his magnificently equipped laboratory in Windsor, Ont. There is a large staff of chemists and physicians at his command, and the men and women of Canada may procure the advice of this famous specialist free of charge.

Dr. Marschand has a world-wide reputation for successfully treating all nervous diseases of men and women, and you have but to write the doctor to be convinced that your answer, when received, is from a man who is entitled to the high position he holds in the medical fraternity.

Why su