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And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

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Harnesses made to Order.

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September, 1888.

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Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1889. NO. 32.

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GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

ONE TRIP PER WEEK.

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Until further notice one of the favorite Side Wheel Steamers of this Company will leave Annapolis every THURSDAY, p. m., directly after the arrival of the Halifax express, for Boston direct.

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ONE DOLLAR LESS

than by any other route.

ST. JOHN LINE:

The Palace Steamer "CUMBERLAND" or "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7:45, Eastern Standard time.

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October 2nd, 1889.

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Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

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OPPOSITE RINK, . . BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

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Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

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FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

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N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

A COOK BOOK FREE

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

"I heartily recommend PUTTNER'S EMULSION to all who are suffering from affections of the Throat and Lungs, and I am certain that for Wasting Diseases nothing superior to it can be obtained."

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ROBERT R. J. EMMERSON.

Sackville, N. S., Aug. 1889.

Brown Bros. & Co.,

HALIFAX, ... NOVA SCOTIA.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Select Literature.

Lydia's Little Lovers,

OR

"The Rivals in a Fix."

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

One of the prettiest lasses that ever graced a country dance or turned the head of a rustic lover, was Lydia Little, the subject of the following sketch.

Nobody could deny it; she was very pretty. Even her rivals allowed that she was quite fascinating, and her bitterest enemies declared that, after all, she was a beauty.

Although Lydia was really handsome, it was a very unfortunate circumstance that she was conscious of the fact. It is no injury to a girl to be pretty, if she doesn't know it; but Lydia had quite as perfect a knowledge of her charms as even her warmest admirers, and the consequence was, she became one of the most vain, shrewd and heartless coquettes that ever made a bonfire of true hearts to laugh at the flame.

Lydia had ardent admirers far and near, for her beauty was famous in all the villages within twenty miles of the town in which her father, a rich old farmer, resided.

Although Lydia smiled on all, there were only two who were known to possess very great importance in her eyes, and who seemed to cast all her other lovers into the shade.

One of the young men was named White, and the other Brown. These, it was said, were Lydia's favorite colors, and it only remained for her to choose between them. Indeed, it was a matter of debate in the village, whether it would be better for her to become a little white or a little brown.

Messrs. White and Brown both lived at a distance from their mistress, but White had the advantage over his rival, for he lived the nearest. These two gentlemen had heard of each other, although they had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, White was afraid of Brown, and Brown was afraid of White, so that Lydia, out of pure kindness, was very careful that they should never meet at her house.

If the rivals feared each other, they feared Lyda's father still more. He had tried to put a stop to her innocent flirtations, and had repeatedly threatened to shoot her suitors if they didn't keep aloof. Besides that, his name was Little, and he was a little man; but, little as he was, he was a little fierce, and the beaux were not a little afraid of his treatment.

One day, when Lydia's father was gone from home, and was not expected back until late at night, she determined to send for one of her suitors to come and keep her company during the evening, which should she choose? Here was a dilemma, indeed. She reflected that Brown was with her last, and feeling that it would be unjust not to allow White to come in his turn, she resolved that White should be the man. So she dropped a line to White, and had everything prepared for his reception in the evening.

Lydia felt so confident that her dear White would fly to meet her, that she would have been willing to stake her life that he would be there exactly at the appointed hour. White was very punctual, and she felt that he loved her too well to allow anything whatever to interfere with the interview.

However, as time passed and he did not arrive at the moment, she began to change her mind, and to wonder how she had ever permitted White to occupy the same heart with such a noble fellow as Brown.

'Brown would not have failed—he wouldn't, I know—'

Such thoughts were running in her mind, when there was a rap at the door. She knew White was there, and forgetting her resentment, flew to admit him. What was her surprise on finding that it was not White, but Brown!

'Don't be surprised,' panted the delighted lover, 'I shouldn't have dared to come—'fraid of the old man—but I saw him—middle of the afternoon—he told me—(I'm so out of breath I can hardly speak)—he wasn't coming home till midnight.'

'So you took an opportunity of visiting me during his absence—eh?'

'Just so.'

Lydia smiled on him at first, but then she looked thoughtful, and finally appeared quite perplexed. She was considering what a fix she would be in, if White should be coming along about that time.

'You mustn't stop,' said she, nervously; 'Father will be home—I expect him every minute—and if he should find you—'

'Pshaw! there's no danger,' said Brown, 'he wont be home yet awhile, and if he comes, I can slip into the kitchen and get out at the back door.'

Finding she could not send her lover away, Lydia resolved to make the most of him while he stayed.

'Oh!' said Brown, 'I've a rich joke to tell you—'

'Do let me hear it.'

'As I was coming this way to-night, who do you think I met?'

'Who?'

'Your particular friend, Mr. White.'

'My particular friend?' sneered Lydia.

'Yes, but never mind that; I ain't afraid of him!'

'But how did you know him?'

'Oh, I had caught a glimpse of him before. But he didn't know me, and that's the cream of the joke.'

'How so?'

'Why, you see, we fell in with each other, and as he was coming this way, we got to talking about the folks in these diggings. Says I:

''Old Squire Little lives somewhere near here, don't he?'

''Yes,' says he, griming—for the moon shone, and I could see him grin—'do you know his daughter?'

''I've heard of her,' says I; 'she's pretty, they say.'

''Well, she isn't anything else,' says White, and he looked at me just as if he thought he was pulling the wool over my eyes completely.

''She has plenty of beaux, I hear,' says I.

''Yes,' says he, laughing; 'there's a fellow by the name of Brown trying to come in there, I suppose you know.'

''Oh, yes,' says I, 'but he can't.'

'I looked very closely at him, and saw he did not mistrust I was Brown, and could hardly keep from laughing right out.

''He can't come in,' says I, 'there's a fellow by the name of White, that's going to cut him out, I hear.'

''Yes,' says he, 'White stands a pretty good chance, I guess. I know White.

'Do you, though,' says I; 'can't you introduce me some time? In return I'll do you the favor to introduce you to Brown, whom I am intimately acquainted with. Brown's a good sort of fellow, although he may be unfortunate in his love affairs. He's a good-natured fellow, and I presume that, if he were in my place now, and you were White himself, he'd sooner joke you than quarrel with you.'

''That's just the way with White,' says he, 'he wouldn't quarrel with you if you were Brown.'

'I talked with the fellow in this way for some time, and kept my countenance so well that he'll be surprised, I reckon, when he learns I am Brown himself. Wasn't it a rich joke, Lydia?'

'Ah, very!' replied the girl laughing heartily. 'But what noise is that?'

'There are footsteps—'

'Oh, it is father!' exclaimed Lydia, not a little flurried. 'Quick—you must go!'

Brown didn't wait for ceremony, but dodged into the kitchen in hot haste. He would have hastened from the house in an instant, but he heard a voice which sounded so strangely that he had a curiosity to know if it was indeed Mr. Little who had come.

He crept softly back to the door by which he had made his exit, dropped on his knees, and applied his ear to the keyhole.

At that moment he heard a noise that sounded so much like a hearty kiss that it made his heart come up into his mouth as large as a pumpkin.

He looked—and oh, the faithlessness and fickleness of woman! there was Lydia, blushing and smiling in the arms of his rival—of his new acquaintance—White!

Brown's first impulse was to burst through the door and eat up his rival, but he soon thought better of it, and determined to give him a few moments' reprieve before he demolished him entirely.

'There, stop!' cried Lydia. 'You shan't kiss me again to-night!'

'Why not?' asked White.

'Because you didn't come to see me at the time I appointed. It's all of twenty minutes later. That's why.'

'You don't imagine what a good excuse I've got,' replied White, laughing.

'What is it?'

'I met a chap who bothered me.'

'That was me,' thought Brown, still looking through the key-hole. 'I did bother him, and I bluffed him off nicely, too. I wish I had wrung his neck for him!'

'You can't guess who it was, Lydia,' said White, laughing.

'Do you know?'

'To be sure I do, though he didn't mistrust I knew him. It was my redoubtable rival Mr. Brown.'

'The d—!' muttered the listener, biting his lips in perplexity.

'Did you meet that fellow?' asked Lydia, 'Oh, I wish you knew how much fun I've had with him! Why the great fool flatters himself I am ninny enough to love him!'

'Highly complimentary!' said Brown, grinding his teeth and looking harmless daggers through the key-hole.

'You'd have been amused, Lydia, to hear me talk with him and lay on the soft soap! I got the wool over his eyes nicely. He didn't know me, and I chatted with him about you and myself and him, and it went down like a pill taken in apple sauce.'

Lydia laughed heartily to think how completely the rivals had fooled each other, each believing all the time that the game was all on his own side, and White laughed too, at the thought of having played such a trick on Brown.

Brown was the only one who didn't laugh. The thought of having been made such a fool of, didn't, by any means, inspire him into a merry mood.

'I can't stand this,' thought he, scowling at the key-hole. 'I must have my turn now. White may take my place in the dark, if he likes, and I'll step into the sitting room.'

He stole cautiously out at the back door, and proceeded around the house.

A minute after, Lydia and her dear White, who were having a fine time, heard footsteps approaching the door.

'It's father!' cried Lydia, believing the old gentleman had really come. 'You mustn't be seen by him, White. Run in there, and get out of the house as soon as possible.'

She pushed White into the kitchen, and hastened to the front door.

Having made up her mouth to give her dear father a kiss the moment he entered, she stood ready to throw her arms about his neck—when, to her astonishment, who should appear but Brown!

I need scarcely inform the readers that White, impelled by the same laudable curiosity which led Brown to make the discovery we have seen, already had his eye at the key hole.

'What! you again?' said Lydia bestowing on Brown the kiss she had reserved for her venerable parent, 'How glad I am you have come back! But it is rash in you—'

''Love makes the heart bold!' laughed Brown, giving Lydia an extra hug for the express benefit of White, who he expected, was at the key-hole. 'I began to think the old man hadn't come, after all; so I came back to bid you goodby more deliberately.'

'Ah! you are a good fellow,' said Lydia; 'but I can't let you stop now. I really expect father every minute.'

'Well, I'll go soon; but I must finish telling you about how I bluffed off your very dear friend White—'

'My very dear friend!' echoed Lydia, contemptuously. 'I wish you knew how I detest that fellow!'

'I thought so; and for that reason, when I had the talk with him on the road, as I was telling you, out of consideration for your feelings, I determined he shouldn't visit you to-night. So I followed him until he didn't dare come any farther, for fear I would mistrust he was coming to see you. Didn't I bluff him off! and wouldn't I laugh to see him enter now!'

'What a fool I have been making of myself!' thought White, glaring through the keyhole. 'Brown is the man Lydia loves, after all; and instead of fooling him so completely, as I thought I was doing, when we met, he was all the time playing off a contemptible trick on me! I'll rush in and demolish him, and tell that laughing saucy jade what I think of her!'

White was on the point of carrying this savage resolution into effect, when an unusual bustle in the parlor caused him to delay. He heard Lydia whisper, 'Father is coming!' heard a parting—heard the front door opening—and the next moment Brown was thrust unceremoniously into the kitchen where he himself was concealed.

If the reader imagines that the rivals, on being shut up in a dark room together, flew at each other like two hungry wild beasts, I would beg to inform him that he is very much in error. The rivals did nothing of the sort, as we shall see.

Brown heard a light footstep, and knew White was in the room.

'My dear fellow,' he whispered.

'What the deuce do you want?' growled the irritated White.

'What a rich joke! ha, ha, ha!' laughed Brown. 'Lydia thinks she has been making fools of us, but I believe we both understand her now perfectly.'

'Little doubt about that,' said White, bitterly.

'There's no use feeling sore about the matter,' observed the philosophical Brown. 'Our acquaintance has commenced under peculiar circumstances, and I think it is our duty to cultivate it. I overheard your conversation with Lydia looking through the key-hole, and as you witnessed my interview with her just now, we are even on that score. Give me your hand, and let us be sworn friends in the future.'

'I am proud to make your acquaintance,' said White, feeling much consoled by his rival's harangue. 'We are quits as far as the joke is concerned; and as for that girl—that heartless coquette—'

'We needn't quarrel about her,' interrupted Brown, 'for she is not worth a thought. I wonder how a man of your penetration never saw what she was before!'

'If so shrewd a man as you were deceived,' replied White, 'what could be expected of me? But we both know her better now, and can let her off without a pang.'

'What a sensible fellow you are!' exclaimed Brown; 'and what a pity it is I never made your acquaintance before!'

The rivals shook hands and became sworn friends on the spot.

Hearing Lydia's father talking very loud to her in the parlor, they thought it a good time to make their escape, and glided out of the house unheard by either the old gentleman or his daughter.

On the following day, as Lydia was laughing heartily at her adventure on the proceeding night, a small, neatly-folded billet was brought in to her by the postman.

'It's Brown's handwriting,' she said to herself, as she broke open the letter with a smile of satisfied vanity. 'Let's see what he says!'

She read as follows:

'TO OUR DEAR LYDIA:—

'As you are now, in all probability, laboring under the erroneous impression that you have played a most admirable trick off on us, we have formed ourselves into a joint committee of two, in order to devise means for setting your mind at rest upon the subject. The truth is, dear Lydia, we the undersigned, understand ourselves and each other perfectly, and see through your entire course of conduct better than you imagine. However, we have formed the wise resolution to allow you to retain your natural color through life, before we so far forget our self-respect, as to think of inducing you to become either Brown or White.

'Trusting that this official document contains such an explanation of our views as you will readily understand, we hereby bid you an affectionate adieu, hoping you may have better success in your attempts on others.'

(Signed) TIMOTHY BROWN,
OLIVER WHITE.

'POSTCRIPT.—(Not official). Messrs. Brown and White beg mildly to suggest to their dear Miss Lydia, that in the future, when she is in want of victims, she will stand a better chance of meeting success, if instead of attempting such sterling colors as white and brown, she should try something more nearly approaching a green.'

Lydia read this important document twice before she fully understood its import; then, in a fit of vexation and rage, she threw it on the floor, and stamped upon it with her pretty little foot.

When the first burst of rage had passed she reflected that she was no more than justly punished for her foolish, heartless flirtations. The event proved a salutary lesson to the pretty Lydia, for from that time she gave over practising anything like coquetting, and became a very sensible sort of girl.

A year after, Lydia married a respectable young farmer, and sent to her old friends, Brown and White, a polite and pressing invitation to the wedding.

Have You Neuralgia?

If you are suffering the agonies of Neuralgia, and have failed to get a remedy that will afford relief, we want you to try Polson's Nerviline. No remedy in the market has given anything like the same degree of satisfaction. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvelous, and as it is put up in 10 cent sample bottles no great expense is involved in giving it a trial. Polson's Nerviline is the most pleasant, powerful, and certain pain remedy in the world. Sold by druggists and all dealers in medicine, 10 and 25 cents a bottle.

HOW NOT TO HAVE YOUR WATCH STOLEN.—Strolling up Broadway the other day I dropped in at Tiffany & Co.'s to ascertain whether they had any device for holding my watch to my pocket in order to defy the attempts of pickpockets to relieve me of it. 'I'll tell you the very best thing to do,' said one of the gentlemen in charge of the watch counter: 'have a buttonhole made in the outer lapel of your watch pocket, and then pull your chain in the centre buttonhole of your vest. The light-fingered gentry pull the watch up straight out of the pocket, but when the chain passes through the hole in the watch pocket the pressure thus caused blocks their little game.—*Saturday Review.*

Found at Last.

From many years I suffered from croup but at last found a remedy for it in Hagyard's Yellow Oil, so that I am now free from croup entirely, and recommend Yellow Oil to all others who suffer from the same disease. Maggie McLeod, Severn Bridge, Ont.

Thinks She is an Heiress.

A WOMAN IN VICTORIA CLAIMS A GOOD PART OF THE TOWN.

VICTORIA, B. C., Oct. 17.—A big real estate sensation is developing in this city. Many years ago, back in the fifties, when the gold excitement was attracting thousands to this province, among others came Douglas McTavish to seek his fortune. McTavish settled down in Victoria and bought real estate in what is now the heart of the city. He married an Indian woman, by whom he had one child a girl. McTavish and his wife both died a few years later and the little girl was left to the care of strangers. She grew up to womanhood, married, and has been living here ever since totally unconscious that her father had left anything of value behind him. A short time ago a man who had been a friend of McTavish in the gold days began to look the matter up. McTavish's will was discovered in an old safe of the Catholic bishop where it had lain for years. The will bequeathed to his infant daughter property in the city now valued at nearly $500,000. The records, upon search being made, show that the young woman is the rightful owner of this large property. It is said that the Hudson Bay Company, losing sight of the fact that the property had been sold to McTavish, have been selling it again, and now some of the finest business edifices in the city are erected upon property to which the owners have no title. A long lawsuit will certainly be the result.

MELINITE.—A French officer, in speaking of melinite to a representative of the *Times*, said: 'Our shells for field artillery, as well as those for our forts and seige guns, are charged with melinite. What melinite is we do not know, and if we knew we should be very careful not to tell. Both the Italians and the Germans have sent spies to discover the secret, and to offer money for even the smallest fragment, but they have all been captured. All that can be said is that, according to a treatise published in 1882, melinite is composed of melted picric acid. But in the interval our artillerists have perfected the discovery of M. Tuplin. They have made melinite a tractable product. The effects of this explosive were fully demonstrated in some experiments in the Fort of Malmaisson in 1886. Melinite is so safe that in three years only one accident has occurred, that at the arsenal of Belfort. On the other hand, a hundred accidents have occurred from gelatine alone in thirty years. There has never been an accident in drawing the charges, nor one from bursting in the gun. As much cannot be said for roburite, hellofite, or the other substances employed by foreign states. What, it is asked, will become of fortifications in face of this redoubtable agent? Some think and say they are doomed; others, like Gen. Brialmont, recommended the use of armored circular forts. It is said that the shell will glance off these without doing damage. But experiments at Chalons have shown that turrets enjoy no immunity against a close and continuous fire.'—*New York Times.*

FUNDY'S TIDES.—Mr. P. S. Hamilton, of Yarmouth, has a most interesting letter in the *Empire* of the 18th inst., in reply to that paper's regular correspondent's remarks about the Bluenose exaggeration of the height, &c., of the Bay of Fundy Tides. Mr. H. well defends our wonderful tides in of his letter mentions the following facts this very wonderful Bay and in the course in regard to the Bay's quicksands that are really most surprising and interesting:

Here are two incidents relative to these quicksands. In Cumberland county, years ago, a schooner, loaded with limestone from Nappan, ran down with the ebb tide into Chignecto bay. Being late in the tide, she grounded on a line nearly direct between Amherst Point and Minudie village. The crew found that the schooner had struck a quicksand, and, fearful of consequences, made their way to the true shore. Sure enough, when the flood tide came the vessel failed to float. Nothing could be done. In a few days the schooner disappeared—first her hull and finally the tops of her masts—and she is still sinking for aught I know to the contrary. The other incident occurred in Cobequid bay. A schooner of some 60 to 80 tons grounded with the ebb tide upon a flat from a quarter to a half mile below the upland ridge, called Savage's Island. It was found that she was grabbed by the relentless quicksand. The cause was hopeless. The snared craft gradually, but rapidly, disappeared—masts and all. Where this vessel disappeared there is now dyked and cultivated marsh land, the present bay shore being some hundreds of yards distant, and the mowing machine and the horse rake now rattle over the sward, which is far above the tops of the masts of young Soley's first schooner.

A Description of our Saviour.

The following is a correct translation of an epistle sent by Publius Lentulus to the Roman Senate:—'There appeared in these days a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ, who is yet among us; of the Gentiles accepted for a prophet of the truth; but his disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a reverend countenance, such as the beholder must both love fear. His hair is the color of a chestnut full ripe, plain to the ears, whence, downward, it is most orient, curling and waving about his shoulders, in the midst of his forehead a stream or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; forehead, plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful, with a lovely red; his nose or mouth so forked as nothing can be represented, his beard thick, in color like his hair, not over long; his look innocent and mature; his eyes gray, quick and clear. In reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in conversation mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep; in proportion of body most excellent; his hands and arms delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest and wise; a man of singular beauty, surpassing the children of men.'

—There is no more fruitful source of disease than vitiated blood. It involves every organ and function of the body, and if not immediately corrected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sooner or later leads to fatal results. Be warned in time.

—The man who said he would rather make the songs than the laws of a country had his eye on the lay of the land.

REASONS

Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Diseases.

Because no poisonous or deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains only the purest and most effective remedial properties.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with extreme care, skill, and cleanliness.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed by leading physicians.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale everywhere, and recommended by all first-class druggists.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine, and not a beverage in disguise.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to effect a cure, when persistently used, according to directions.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical Blood Medicine in the market.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present.

—Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Not Kissers.

THE JAPANESE IGNORANCE OF THE OCCIDENTAL ART.

Fancy a young man in cotton kimono and wooden clogs stealing a chance to walk with his best girl under the blooming cherry trees, explaining the constellations and quoting sentimental poetry; telling her that he 'hung upon her eyelids,' that 'her voice was like a temple gong;' in fact, that he loved but her alone, and then making her several formal bows at the door of her father's straw-thatched hut as they parted in the moonlight. Can any American lover stretch his imagination enough to believe in a sweetheart not kissing those pretty lips, paint and all, by a sort of 'natural selection?'

'Tis a melancholy fact, but a Japanese has no such impulse. No lover courts his mistress with 'sweetest persuasive kisses.' No mother kisses her baby as she cuddles it against her bosom. Parting husband presses the hand of his wife and bends his forehead to the mats in sad farewell. Our salutations run through the crescendo of bow, handshake, kiss and kiss. I can't explain the difference in grade between the last two, but everybody knows. But in Japan the expression of regard is regulated by the number and length of the salaams.

I retold the tale to a select audience and added my opinion that the missionaries might give the belated Japs some pointers on earthly bliss when instruction on the heavenly joys of another life had a vacation. Why not get up classes to teach the art of kissing, with some good old gray-headed elders for instructors? That would be quite harmless and proper. The girls could learn it if they began quite small.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Why They Married.

THE SECRET OF THE MANY SUITORS FOR SOME HOMELY GIRLS.

In an old book written by a Western Congressman, a contemporary of Clay and Webster, containing reminiscences of his times, a story is told of one of his friends, a farmer in Kentucky named Payne, who had six daughters, none of whom was blessed with beauty. The Congressman knew them in their homely youth, and when he returned a few years later found them all married to good, influential men. So great was his surprise that he ventured to ask their father why they all had been so sought when other girls remained neglected. The old farmer chuckled.

'Yes, and you may say when they had neither dower nor good looks. Well, I'll tell you. When I want my cattle to eat buckwheat stubble instead of grass I don't drive them into that field. I fence it off from them. They are so contrary that they always want the thing they can't get. They break down the fence; I drive them out and put it up. By the time they fight for it once or twice they think they like the stubble.

'Well, I saw my girls weren't the most attractive kind, and—I fenced them in!

'You never found them in the hotels dancin' or keepin' stalls at country fairs. Young men to know them had to come to their father's house. When the neighbors saw how the Payne girls were kept apart from the crowd they thought their value must be high. Young men came to break down the fence. They like to break down fences.'

'The story was coarsely told, perhaps,' adds the old narrator. 'But there is more in it than meets the eye.'—*Youth's Companion.*

Wealth Cannot Buy It.

Health is not purchasable. The saddened, soured dyspeptic, or the bilious billionaire suffer, despite their wealth. Burdock Blood Bitters is a rational remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, scrofula, debility, etc., and every complaint arising from indigestion or bad blood.

—Hygiene requires that every member of the family shall have toilet accessories devoted to his sole use quite as particularly as each one has his own knife and napkin, *etcetera*, at table. Again, whoever has looked at combs and brushes in daily use through a microscope does not need to be assured that frequent cleansing is absolutely essential to even approximate cleanliness. An excellent cleansing agent for these articles is powdered borax dissolved in tepid, soft water, using enough of the powder to make the water soapy. It is easiest and most efficacious to cleanse two brushes at a time using them upon each other. Then rinse in clean water, and dry bristles down, after first shaking them dry as possible. The backs of brushes should not soak in water, nor should they be dried in the sun or near the fire for fear of warping them. Observing these precautions, frequent and thorough washing injures no brush or comb, and health demands that they shall be made and maintained clean.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Drs. deBlois & Primrose, Bridgetown, and Dr. Morse, Lawrencetown.

REASURING.—Guest (angrily): 'Confound your awkwardness! You've spilt half that soup down my back.' Waiter at restaurant (heartily): 'Don't mind it, sir, I'll bring some more. Bless you, there's plenty of soup.'—*Chicago Tribune.*