Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 23. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1895. NO. 16.

Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.

GILLIS & HARRIS,

Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.

Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
Members of the United States Law Association.
Real Estate Agents.

OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,

AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.

—WILL BE AT HIS—

OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,

(Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store)

Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Consular Agent of Spain.

—AGENT FOR—

Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.

☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.

NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.

Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.

Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.

Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

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

H. F. Williams & Co.,

Parker Market, Halifax, N.S.

COMMISSION - MERCHANTS,

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples Potatoes, Beef, Lamb Pork.

and all kinds of Farm Products.

Special Attention given to Handling of Live Stock.

☞*Returns made immediately after disposal of goods.* 27 y

A. A. Schaffner, M. D.,

LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.

Office and residence at Geo. I. Bishop's until July 8th. 13 1y

J. B. WHITMAN,

Land Surveyor,

ROUND HILL, N. S.

J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M.

Office and residence at corner of Church and Granville streets,
OPPOSITE VICTORIA HALL.
☞Orders left at the drug store will be attended to. 3 tf

G. O GATES,

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

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
☞Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.

Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.

MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38tf

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,

DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.

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

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,

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

Optical Goods

—AND—

NEW JEWELRY.

P. G. MELANSON,

of Middleton, has now on show the largest and most varied line of Superior Spectacles and Eye-Glasses ever shown in Annapolis County.

His stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver-plated ware is second to none, and is marked at astonishing low prices. Give him a call and verify the truth of the above statement.

Repairing a Specialty.

O. S. MILLER,

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate Agent, etc.

RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

HIDES AND PELTS WANTED

WANTED by the Bridgetown Larrigan Co., a large number of Hides and Pelts, for which the highest market rates will be paid. Place of delivery,—the Murdoch Tannery.
W. H. MACKENZIE, *Manager.*
Bridgetown, Oct. 10th, 1894. 28tf

—THE—

INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO'Y,

LIMITED.

We are now making soft mud, sand-moulded Brick at the rate of twenty-five thousand per day.

These Brick are 10 p.c. larger than any other made in Western Nova Scotia.

They are Hard, Straight and Square. No better in Canada.

We also have a stiff mud machine for making Wire Cut Brick, with a capacity of sixty thousand per day. These are smooth, hard and straight, and we make them this year half a pound heavier than usual. We have on hand five hundred thousand Wire Cut Brick left over from last autumn.

Our Brick are absolutely free from "white wash."

Come and see us and get prices, and before concluding a purchase take a look at the buildings made from our Brick and compare with those made from stock obtained elsewhere.—the Moir Building in Halifax, built three years ago, and the County Asylum here, built last summer for instance.

Address: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

A Grand Spring Opening

—AT—

A. J. MORRISON'S,

MIDDLETON, - - NOVA SCOTIA.

The Best Lines of

Cloths and Trimmings

ever shown in the County. Sole agent in Middleton for

THE - CELEBRATED - "TYKE" - SERGE.

I guarantee satisfaction in fit and workmanship or no sale.

Prices away down to beat the band.

Just Opened: A full line of Hats and Caps for Spring.
A complete line of Furnishings, Trunks and Valises.

BRIDGETOWN

BOOT AND SHOE STORE

is now ready to meet the wants of all customers, having just opened up a full and complete stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

My line of Ladies' Button Boots is simply fine, with a very fine line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Oxfords, in Black and Tan. Also Misses' and Children's Tan Button and Lace Boots.

My Men's Department is complete in all its lines, consisting of Calf, Buff and Russett, in Bals, Congress and Oxford, with all the heavy lines of the very best quality for farming and heavy work. They have no equal in the trade.

My line of Dressings is stocked with all the best kinds and also new from the factory this spring. No old dressing to be sold. Russett Cream and dressing for Tan and Russett Boots and Shoes.

Lace Department complete in all its lines, in colors.

So don't forget the place. No trouble to show goods.

E. A. COCHRAN,
MURDOCH BLOCK.

Telephone 16.
☞Fresh Eggs taken in exchange for goods, for two weeks.

MARK CURRY. A. S. CURRY. B. A. BENT.

CURRY BROTHERS & BENT,

Manufacturers & Builders.

PROPRIETORS OF THE

Bridgetown Wood-Working Factory.

We beg to notify the public in general that we have recently purchased the premises on Granville street, formerly known as the J. B. Reed & Sons furniture factory, and are now equipping it with additional machinery for carrying on a general business in

Contracting and Building,

INCLUDING THE MANUFACTURE OF

Doors, Sashes, Frames, Stair Work, Mouldings, Clapboards, Sheathing, Flooring, Shingles, Laths, etc., and will constantly have on hand a full stock of **Lime** and all other Building Materials.

Our motto will be "give every man a good job." We have come to stay, and if you want a building of any kind put up let us know, and we will give you a figure that will suit the times.

WANTED: -Seasoned Spruce and Pine Lumber.

Correspondence from all points respectfully solicited.

You Don't Need a Barrel

OF MONEY WITH WHICH TO BUY A

"White" Sewing Machine.

On the contrary, our prices are exceptionally moderate when you compare same with the results obtained in the use of the White.

IT'S BUILT WELL, LOOKS WELL,
SEWS WELL, LASTS WELL.

☞Points that you'll consider when you come to buy.

J. A. GATES & CO., - SOLE AGENTS, - MIDDLETON, N. S.

P. S.—Sewing Machine Findings, Needles and Oil always on hand.

Dr. J. Woodbury's

HORSE LINIMENT

Is Infallibly the Cure for

Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,

AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles. Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.

F. L. SHAFNER, - - PROPRIETOR.

MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

It produces an increase of vital activity in the system, thus preventing and curing disease. Originated in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson. It has satisfied every body for nearly a century. Trust what time has endorsed.

It Cures Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Cramps and Pains, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Rheumatic Pains, Neuralgia, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Sprains. Illustrated Book free. Price, 35 cents, six $2.00. Sold by all druggists. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

"Best Liver Pill Made."

Parsons' Pills

Positively cures Biliousness and Sick Headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great relief from using them. Price, 25 cts.; five $1.00. Pamphlet free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

Poetry.

Burdens.

We all must bear them. Vain regrets,
Love's longing for some dear, lost face,
Which even sleep cannot forget,
Nor yet the coming years replace;
The disappointment all must know,
When hope's mirage proves a dream,
The finding Marah's waters flow
Where tempting wayside fountains gleam.

We all must bear them. Why despair?
The wine-press is not trod alone,
The promise is that He will care
As doth a father for his own,
Our burdens may become our wings,
For underneath His arms will be;
And through our sighing sweetly rings,
"Sufficient is My grace for thee."

The Old School-House.

With the red paint worn from the humble walls,
With its shutterless windows blank and wide,
With never a foot of land of its own
Of the fields about it on every side.
With a rusted lock and a worn door-stone,
The little old school-house to ruin falls,
While the shadows and sun throw warp and woof
Aslant the shingles askew on its roof.

Within, the desks are few and small and straight
And short the aisles that run across the floor;
A broken chair, the teacher's vacant throne,
Still keeps its place beside the sagging door,
Through whose wide crack a bright eye sometimes shone,
To spy the land when lagging feet came late,
But the night is day, and the day is night.
And there's never a teacher or child in sight.

A mile away, where the brown river runs,
The old-time teacher is taking his rest,
Careless if scholars shall work or shall play,
Idle himself, with his hands on his breast,
He has lain in his grave for many a day;
And the wind and the rain loiter on at will,
Where the old man sleeps on the brow of the hill.

On land and on sea, in field and in town
The old-time pupils are doing their work,
But their eyes are dim and their hair is white,
And the shoulder that pushed now fain would shirk,
As the schoolday lengthens into the night;
But the master Time, and his colleague Fate,
Know no excuse for the boy who is late.

Yet so perverse are the souls of men,
Though we struggle and strain till hearts shall break
For the prizes we leave when school is done
For the foolish baubles the masters make,
Not one of us all would go back—not one—
To be a child in the schoolhouse again,
When the shadow and sun throw warp and woof
Aslant the shingles askew on the roof.

Select Literature.

A Little Good-For-Nothing.

"How often must I tell you that gentlemen do not eat with their knives? Really, Eugene, I begin to think you will never be fit for proper society."

The boy addressed put down his knife, and took up a fork obediently, with burning cheeks. He might have been a nice-looking little fellow if it had not been for the awkward, miserable expression on his sunburnt face, but his father watched him despairingly.

"Have you not got two hands? Take up your food properly, and be quick about it. Hand me the sauce, Matilda, if you please."

His sister did not hear him, and poor Eugene thought he could do this little service easily, but his hand was trembling with nervousness, and, lo and behold! in a moment the sauce was spilled over the snowy tablecloth, and the boy had forgotten his first reproof in the severity of the second. The offending knife was grasped again, and Mr. Williams was now really angry.

"What do you mean by disobeying me, sir? Go to your room till you learn to behave yourself."

"I forgot," murmured the boy.

"That is quite impossible. It is not two minutes since I spoke to you; do not tell lies, whatever else you do."

"I never tell lies; I did forget," cried Eugene, almost fiercely, and then sprang up and rushed away, banging the door behind him and overturning his chair.

Mr. Williams groaned.

"Matilda, whatever am I to do with him? I am really quite ashamed to send him to school; he is so utterly ignorant and vulgar, gentlemen's sons would look down on him."

"I don't know, indeed, Charles; perhaps it will be best to get a tutor."

"Oh, I can't be bothered by having a strange man in the house. He must go to school and bear things as well as he can, but we will not talk about him any more just now."

They began to chat over pleasanter matters, while Eugene sobbed upstairs, with his head hidden on his pillow. He did not mean to be awkward, and far less to disobey his father, but so many different directions confused him, and he continually made mistakes while intending to do right.

This was how it came about that the boy knew nothing of proper manners or ordinary learning.

Mr. Williams had been for a great many years in India, where money was easily made, and there was plenty of shooting and society to amuse him; but Mrs. Williams had grown so ill that she was obliged to take her baby son home to England, and died there, leaving her child to the care of an old nurse, a good woman called Betty West, until his father should come home.

But Mr. Williams was too pleasantly situated to give up his post, and stayed in India year after year, with his elderly maiden sister Matilda to keep house for him, always intending to return, and thinking that while his son was only a child he was best off with the good woman who had kept him healthy and happy; it would be time enough to attend to his education by-and-by.

Betty did her best for the boy, but she was very ignorant herself; and now that Mr. Williams was at last in England, he found that his son could neither read nor write properly at 10 years old, was awkward and wretched with any one but the servants, and hardly seemed to know his own name. Betty always called him Hughie; she could not manage the word Eugene at all.

"I think he has not even proper senses," Mr. Williams said to his sister as they sat at dessert that evening. "Can you make any impression on him?"

"Very little," she said. "I don't understand boys. He seems to me too rough and rude to be allowed to have his meals with us; but you did not intend to talk about him any more, Charles."

"You are right, Matilda; let us forget this trouble, if possible. You can keep him in his room to-morrow if you like. I must go to town to place all my law papers, deeds, and bonds in safe hands. I don't like having that box in the house at all—it is worth £20,000."

He glanced at a small iron-clasped case in the corner of the room, and Miss Matilda looked at it nervously.

"All the fruits of your years in India," she said. "Do carry it up to your room to-night, Charles. Think how terrible it would be if robbers came!"

"Robbers would not know half the value of those papers—they like solid gold and silver best, my dear; but I will do as you wish; there are bank notes and checks and diamonds in it, also."

The little box was very heavy, but Mr. Williams hugged it to him quite fondly as he went upstairs. He spent the rest of the evening turning over his treasures and quite forgot his son.

Eugene sat up for a long while, and then pulled off his clothes and went to bed. He was very unhappy. He had a wonderfully deep respect for his father, thinking him the cleverest, handsomest, and wisest man in the world, and he longed to win his love and good opinion; yet everything he did displeased Mr. Williams more and more, and the little knowledge he had seemed all to ebb away when confused by sudden questions and sharp reproofs.

He had never in his life felt so awkward before, nor upset chairs and dishes at Betty's table, for every one there seemed to him to love him, and no one thought him stupid and obstinate; what could he do to please his father?

Poor Eugene fell asleep while puzzling his brains over all sorts of foolish plans, and woke up suddenly some hours after, with a queer feeling that something strange was going to happen.

He sat up in bed and listened. There was a faint crackling sound overhead, and a heavy smell filled the room; in a moment he had hurried on some clothes and run up the stairs to Mr. Williams' door.

"Father, father, wake!" he cried; "the house is on fire!"

It was quite true; Mr. Williams had left a smouldering match unquenched when going to bed, and the fire had crept on slowly until it caught the window curtains.

The sleeping man was breathing heavily, knowing nothing of his danger, and Eugene only waited to see him rush out of the room before flying downstairs, and away to the yard. In less time than it takes me to tell you, he had roused the servants and laborers, ordering them about as though he alone kept his senses in the danger and fear, and ordering them wisely, too.

First, he thought of his aunt, and she was hurried downstairs at once. Even in that dreadful moment he could not help laughing a little at her funny appearance, looking so queer without her false teeth and hair! Somehow he felt happier than he had done since leaving Betty's cottage, though that seemed wrong when everybody was in such trouble round him, and he forgot everything but his father when Mr. Williams broke through the crowd, crying out wildly:

"My box, my box! I must save my treasures!"

He would have rushed up the burning stairs, but they held him back, for the danger was too great, and he could only stand wringing his hands in hopeless grief.

But Eugene slipped away quickly and quietly; the time had come to show that he was not good for nothing. In the confusion no one had remembered the little winding back stairs which were not yet on fire, and there was just a chance that he might save the precious chest.

Up the stairs he ran, but at the top a cloud of smoke and flame almost blinded him. He paused one moment, and dashed right through it to the burning room. The chest was in a corner which the flame had not quite reached, but they burnt and scorched the boy as he grasped it. It would have been impossible but that the fire was spreading chiefly away from him, through the dressing-room and down the front stairs, but even the iron clasps of the chest were almost red-hot.

Eugene had not expected this, and gave one cry as he touched them. Oh, if any one knew where he was! They would have stopped him if he had told his intention, but he must just do his best now, and he staggered out on the landing.

But the fire met him it was coming up from below, and he could neither go back nor forwards. There was a window on the landing and he stood there and called for help, while the flames came nearer and nearer, and the heavy box dragged him down.

It was only the space of a few minutes but it seemed hours. Eugene had lost all hope now, and his brain grew dizzy and confused, while his breath was choked by the smoke.

At last there came a cry from below. They saw him and tried to save him, but he could not move, and there was but one chance.

"Throw yourself out!" they cried, and we will catch you."

A great sheet was spread, held up by eager hands, but Eugene could scarcely find strength to move now. It was only his father's agonized voice which roused him to make one final effort.

Still grasping the chest, he scrambled up on the window ledge and let himself fall over. A dreadful sinking down, down, a sharp pain, and then darkness.

"Father, I've got it safe," and then he knew no more.

Mr. Williams knelt beside him, begging him to look up and speak again. All the wealth in the world was not so precious to him now as this poor, burnt, blackened, little figure.

For a long, long while no one thought that Eugene could live; he was terribly hurt and burned, and many weeks passed by while he knew nothing at all of what went on around him.

But at last he was so conscious that it was his father who tended him so carefully, who was such a loving nurse; and though it seemed too good to be true, I think it was the joy which that knowledge brought him that cured the boy at last.

For Eugene did not die, though it was a very weak, weary little son whom Mr. Williams took down to the seaside when he was able to be moved.

There was no more talk of school for Eugene. Mr. Williams himself taught his son by degrees as he gained strength, finding that he was not a stupid boy after all, as he had too hastily concluded, and that love is a better thing than gold.

But that was months afterward, for Eugene did not recover all at once, and at last Mr. Williams told him he would try another change of air to do him good.

Eugene did not raise any objections, but he grew very tired of the railway journey, and lay back in the carriage which met them at the station without noticing anything around him, until a voice he knew well made him look up with a cry of joy.

For there was old Betty herself, to nurse her darling back to health in the dear little cottage by the sea, where every day Eugene declared with more vigor and determination that he was "The happiest boy in the world."

Mr. Williams keeps the little chest still, and its blackened sides never fail to remind him of his boy's brave deed.

Mr. Edison's Latest Marvel.

TWO GREAT INVENTIONS COMBINED IN ONE.

A visit to Thomas Edison is suggestive of a pilgrimage to the haunts of some mediæval wizard.

The greatest inventor that ever lived has established himself in a dell hidden among vagrant mountains in New Jersey wilds. The neighborhood has no inhabitants with the exception of the 200 odd men whom the wizard employs in his incantations. The place is an old deserted mine, once known as Ogden, but the rockabye railroad with balky engines and wheezy, catarrhal cars that meander that way when the wind is not too strong, has christened it Edison. There are buildings all over Edison, large buildings that walk about the premises if you press a button. In fact, they rarely do anything at Edison without pressing a button. But one must know what button to press, for, although some take you to the opera, there are others.

When you reach the place no one pays much attention to you. That is one of its dangerous fascinations.

"Can I see Mr. Edison?"

"I don't know. The old man's around somewhere. Go to that red building."

Easier said than done. For the big, red building begins to move timidly away the moment you get near it, stops when you stop, advances when you advance, and is altogether a will of the wisp of architecture.

Finally it hove to and was boarded. It is an office and they pressed a button, found out Mr. Edison's exact location, said he would be along presently, and then began to break up mountains.

Breaking up mountains is a very simple process. It is begun, of course, by pressing a button. A hugh boulder is detached from the solid rock, carried on a movable hod as large as a barn, dropped upon a pair of huge iron wheels and shivered into cobble stones. The cobbles whirl aloft in trays or troughs, come down dust, and the grains of iron they contain are picked out magnetically. A three-ton boulder is splintered into fine iron in three minutes, the refuse going into the dust hole.

Finally the great Edison appeared. He was terribly dirty. He looked, so far as attire is concerned, like a navvy. He was all grime and dust. But his face was that of a bright, blue-eyed youth, beautifully blue-eyed, and smiling. Not until he took his vile, ash-covered hat off did the gray hair reveal that he is no longer young in years. His face is almost free from wrinkles.

"We are progressing, progressing," he said, when informed that his retreat had been invaded for the purpose of getting information concerning the latest and greatest of his inventions, the one which is being eagerly awaited and which very few have had a chance to see. That is the combination of the phonograph with the kinetoscope, the contrivance to which Mr. Edison applied the term kinetograph on this occasion.

"The great object of this machine," he said, "is to afford the spectator two inventions in one. That is, two senses are simultaneously appealed to. Suppose, we will say, an opera is to be reproduced. The phonograph already repeats the sound. The kinetoscope afterwards affords a view of the movements. Now, however, we wish to combine the two, and combine them more effectively than even their distinct elements have heretofore been rendered by separate instruments.

"Thus, if one wished to hear and see the concert or the opera, it would only be necessary to sit down at home, look upon a screen and see the performance, reproduced exactly in every movement and at the same time, the voices of the players and singers, the music of the orchestra, the various sounds that accompany a performance of this sort, will be reproduced exactly. The end attained is a perfect illusion. One really hears and sees the play, because the conditions peculiar to the suitable impressions upon eye and ear are obtained."

Mr. Edison's hearing has improved very much in the past year, owing, perhaps, to his perfect physical condition. He spoke well and distinctly, and is never, apparently, as much impressed with the wonders he performs as are his workmen.

He was asked if ordinary sights and scenes, the pope in the vatican, or a speech at a mass meeting, could be as effectively handled.

"Far more easily," he replied, "that is the least difficult part of the problem. Even now, the spectator could be treated to a perfect reproduction of Gladstone making a speech in the house of commons. This would be shown of life size, and, so far as the spectator is concerned, would be the real scene. For every word, every gesture of the grand old man, the gestures of each spectator and the sounds made on the occasion would be reproduced exactly. And, of course, 200 years hence, the same scene could be thrown up at will a new way of recording history, you see."

"Is not the mechanism very complicated?"

"Not more so than that of the kinetoscope and the phonograph, and the difficulty now in the way is the adjustment of photographic apparatus in minute fractions of a second. Certain flashes of emotion are caught in 10-49ths of a second. But in preserving them and in their reproduction, one or two obstacles are met with. The negative itself is very small—not much larger than your thumb nail. In reproducing these postures and movements great care is necessary in maintaining proportions.

"To throw upon a screen a series of movements, each taking up an interval of time not longer, perhaps, than a fifth part of 10-49ths of a second, and at the same time to insure fidelity is the problem. As it is, there are occasional distortions. If a movement in the reproduction be not, so to speak, run out consecutively that is, if looked upon as a change of posture it be not accurately photographed, although it occupied but the 200th part of a second, the effect will be distorted. Hence the extreme nicety required in the mechanism."

It would, of course, be out of place here to enter into any detail connected with the operation and the mechanism of the phonograph. That invention has been explained over and over again. So, too, of the kinetoscope. But it may be stated that the combination of the two involves instantaneous action in harmony of the two. This is, on the surface, an easy matter. The principle upon which it is effected, theoretically, is also known. In fact, the general mind has been pretty well saturated with information on the subject. But as for the mechanical difficulty with which Mr. Edison is contending, it has remained unthought of. So the great discovery lingers on the threshold of its accomplishment in fact. But it will not linger long.

"Perhaps by to-morrow," said Mr. Edison, "we may perfect the machinery. Perhaps we shall have to work another year upon it. In truth, it is a very simple matter. It consists merely in adjusting thoroughly understood principles to a new contrivance made up of old contrivances. Were it not that we have such infinitely small sections of time to deal with there would be no difficulty at all. But, as I have told you, we know how to overcome the difficulty. We simply lack practice."

"Does it make any difference of what nature the representation to be produced is?"

"At present, yes. In time, however, it will not. The reproduction of such sights and sounds as those enacted in the opening of congress would be very easy. The spectator could sit down in his drawing room or office, and the whole scene be enacted in front of him. Nor would any special apartment or any particular preparation be necessary. But, with a grand opera, it would be more difficult. One must exercise great care in securing the assembly. There are myriads of details connected with the tones, the gestures, the dress, the colors, the light and such like. It is proposed to give these with scrupulous fidelity. Hence the temporary cessation of progress. Though we could give all these impressions with comparative exactness, it is intended to be perfectly faithful to the original. It never does to perpetuate a half performance. It is disappointing and apt to shake confidence in an invention. For myself, I have no doubt whatever of the outcome. Before many years we will have grand opera in every little village at ten cents a head. And the very highest grand opera—you will hear and see Patti in your own parlor. She will be heard 100 years after her death, and seen, and will move and thrill her auditors in 3010. The president's inauguration can be treated in the same way. Pope Leo and his cardinals may be seen and heard for unnumbered centuries to come."

Mr. Edison's blue eyes lighted up with enthusiasm.

"What a way to write history," he repeated, echoing the words of his questioner. "Well, I had never thought of that particularly, and yet it is a way to write it, isn't it? How much more effectively one could convey to future generations an idea of the president than words and writing could. In fact, written records would cease to have their historical importance."

"Yet," went on the wizard, "these things are not as wonderful as they seem. It appears to me that the people generally are not keeping pace with scientific progress. What do you think of the idea of vaccinating land? That experiment, I see, has actually been made with success. The object of this process is to improve the quality of the soil. The law of diminishing returns, so long an important factor in political economy, is thus overcome. To explain the method employed so as to be comprehensible to the popular mind is not easy. You see, certain roots of plants which flourish in inferior soils have been ascertained to nourish a parasite. These parasites afford the plant, through their organic functions, strength and vitality. In return the parasites are fed and sustained by certain properties of the root. One supports the other and the two together have a decided effect upon the soil in which they grow. Now this process of nature has been successfully applied by science. What we may term an agricultural miss is obtained and the impoverished soil into which it is introduced is almost at once bettered. The process is permanently fertilizing and cannot fail to effect, in time, a revolution in farming."

Here a button was pressed somewhere in the remote regions, and Mr. Edison hastened away. The "Plant," as he calls the weird agglomeration at Edison, is being enlarged from day to day. In about six weeks it will be completed, and to-day has a very strange look. It contains the only stone breaker in the world of its extraordinary kind. It will reduce a mountain of ordinary size to dust in one day. There are telephones everywhere and phonographs for making memoranda connected with the desks. There are no house, no candles or lanterns. Labor is reduced to a minimum. A days' toil consists largely in pressing a series of buttons. And they never think this extraordinary in the queer place. Even the 'prentice boys are very scientific. They release the giant forces of nature and hold them in check again. Edison is the Nimrod of this electrical game reserve, with his pack running and gamboling all about him.—*Boston Herald.*

The Cause of Insanity.

In a recent article on Brain and Nerve Exhaustion, Dr. Wm. M. Baird of New York says:—"It is within the memory of the present generation that insanity was thought to be not a disease, but an abnormal physical condition, a vicious temper or emotion that needed only strong will to control. To-day we are quite safe in saying that insanity is indeed only another, and in some respects more serious form of nervous exhaustion." How important then that the nervous system should be kept in a state of health. The victim of nervous disease will find in Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic a remedy peculiarly adapted to his or her condition. It restores the nervous system to a state of health by improving the digestion and enriching the blood, enabling it to rebuild the wasted tissues. Its effect is stimulating and strengthening. It restores the lost energy and health is fully regained. This great remedy is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles $2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) St. John, N. B. and New York City.

K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the bowels.

—Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

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. 11 1y

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

WHICH MAY SAVE THE LIVES OF THEIR DAUGHTERS.

A YOUNG LADY AT MERRICKVILLE SAVED WHEN NEAR DEATH'S DOOR—HER ILLNESS BROUGHT ABOUT BY AILMENTS PECULIAR TO HER SEX—ONLY ONE WAY THEY CAN BE SUCCESSFULLY RESISTED.

From the Ottawa Citizen.

Perhaps there is no healthier people on the continent of America to-day than the residents of the picturesque village of Merrickville, situated on the Rideau river, and the reason is not so much in its salubrious climate as in the wise precautions taken by its inhabitants in warding off disease by a timely use of proper medicine. The greatest favorite is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and many are the testimonials in regard to their virtues. Your correspondent on Monday last called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. Easton, and interviewed their daughter, Miss Hattie Easton, a handsome young lady of 20 years, who is known to have been very low and has been restored to health by the use of Pink Pills. "Yes," she said, "I suffered a great deal, but I am so thankful that I am once more restored to health. You have no idea what it is to be so near the portals and feel that everything in life's future is about to slip from your grasp and an early grave your doom. I was taken ill four years ago with troubles peculiar to my sex, and which have hurried many a young woman to her doom—an early grave. I have taken in all about twenty boxes of Pink Pills, and I am only too glad to let the world know what these wonderful little pellets have done for me, hoping that some other unfortunate young woman may be benefitted as I was. When sixteen years of age I began to grow pale, and weak and many thought I was going into decline. I became subject to fainting spells and at times would become unconscious. My strength gradually decreased and I became so emaciated that I was simply a living skeleton. My blood seemed to turn to water and my face was the color of a corpse. I had tried different kinds of medicines, but they did me no good. I was at lost confined to my room for several months and hope of my recovery was given up. At last a friend strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using a few boxes I began to grow slightly stronger, I continued their use until I had used about twelve boxes, when I found myself restored to health. I now quit using the pills and for six months I never felt better in my life. Then I began to feel that I was not as regular as I should be and to feel the old tired feeling once more coming on. Once more I resorted to Pink Pills, and by the time I had used six boxes I found my health fully restored. I keep a box by me and occasionally when I felt any symptoms of a return of the old trouble, I take a few and I am all right again. I cannot find words of sufficient weight to express my appreciation of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and sincerely hope that all, who are afflicted as I was will give them a trial and I am certain they will find renewed health."

The facts above related are important to parents as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath, on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old.

Origin of the Word "Trolley."

Most persons which use the word "trolley" probably do not know the origin of this term, or why this name was given to apparatus by which electricity is conveyed from an aerial wire. Twenty years ago the word was used to designate "a form of truck which can be tilted, for carrying railroad materials and the like." This is the only defination of the word in Webster's Dictionary of the edition of 1848. In the edition of 1892 of the same work, three other definitions are added: 1. "A narrow cart that is pushed by hand or is drawn by an animal." It is noted that this meaning of the word is in use in England, not in the United States. 2. "A truck from which the load is suspended on some kinds of cranes." This meaning is technical, according to Webster, and employed only in speaking of machinery. 3. "(Electric railway). A truck which travels along the fixed conductors, and forms a means of connection between them and a railway car." It is easy to see how the primitive form of the electric trolley, which travels upon the wires, came to receive its name from its resembles to other types of trolley; and the name, having been immediately given to this primitive form, was naturally retained when the method of connection was changed from a little truck moving on a wire, to a mast having at its end a wheel pressing on the lower surface of the wire.

—Rev. C. B. Pitblado, in an eloquent sermon preached lately in Winnipeg, said:

"Our birthright is one of world-wide sympathies. Britain is well-nigh omnipresent. She controls the steamships and very largely the highways of transportation of the world, keeps the gateways of all the great channels of commerce. British connection has been worth a good deal more than mere loyal sentiment, especially in Canada. It is making the Canada Pacific Railway one of the greatest highways of the world's commerce; it means money to our treasury, safety to our shipping and strength to our institutions."

Rheumatism Cured.

Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood attacking the fibrous tissues of the joints. Keep your blood pure and healthy and you will not have rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood vitality and richness and tones the whole body, neutralizes the acidity of the blood and thus cures rheumatism.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache.

—Owner: "I want you to sell these horses for." Auctioneer: "I see their tails are docked. We'll have to sell them at wholesale." Owner: "What!" Auctioneer: "Well, I can't re-tail them."

—Thousands of bottles of Puttner's Emulsion are annually sold in the Maritime Provinces, where it is best known. None but an article of sterling worth could stand this test.

—Irish Nurse (shaking patient vigorously) —Come, now, sor-r, wake up an' swallow yer slaping dose; it's time.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.