BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

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.

Extension OF TIME

Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an

Extension of Time.

Puttner's Emulsion

OF COD LIVER OIL

WITH

Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases.

Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily, may have a long

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

BROWN BROS. & Co.,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS,

Halifax, N. S.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Eryaipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late Moore C. Hoyt, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

GEORGE HOYT,
W. J. HOYT,
Administrators.

Bridgetown, Sept. 24th 1890. 6m.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

FOR SALE

ONE COLT, five months old, (Percheron), large, and good style. Also, one Farrow Cow, a good beef. Also, 30 tons of Upland Hay. Apply to

SETH YOUNG.

Brooklyn, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 tf

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.,

(LIMITED).

Commencing Monday, Oct. 6th.

THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO."

R. H. FLEMING, Commander.

will sail from the Company's dock, Reed's Pt. St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same days, due at St. John about 7 p.m.

HOWARD D. TROOP,
Manager, St. John.

J. S. CARDER,
Agent, Annapolis. 9 4m

New Stoves!

R. ALLEN CROWE

Having purchased the retail business of the BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY COMPANY offers the largest stock in that line ever offered before in Bridgetown.

RANGES & COOK STOVES,

Parlor and Hall Stoves,

STOVE PIPE,
SHEET ZINC,
LEAD PIPING,
SINKS, OVEN MOUTHS,
ASH PITS, PUMPS,
MASLIN KETTLES
LANTERNS, GRANITE IRON WARE,
STOVE BOARDS,
COAL HODS,
FIRE SETTS,
TIN WARE,

and all articles usually kept in a

FIRST-CLASS TIN SHOP.

Jobbing a specialty.

R. ALLEN CROWE.

Bridgetown, Sept. 16th, 1890. 24 6m.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1890. NO. 38.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 60 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. L. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

Make New Rich Blood!

International S.S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK.

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., FOR BOSTON.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 3rd,

the Steamers "CUMBERLAND" and "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every MONDAY and THURSDAY Morning at 7.23 Eastern Standard Time. Returning, leaves Boston same days.

Through Tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all booking stations of all Nova Scotia Railways, and on board Steamer "City of Monticello" between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Also FREIGHT billed through at extremely low rates.

E. A. WALDRON, G. F. & P. A., Commercial Wharf, Boston.

C. E. LAECHER, Agent St. John.

I. B. COYLE, Manager, - Portland, Maine.

R. A. CARDER, Agent at Annapolis.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

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.

BUY MY MAKE OF

Boots & Shoes

And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my

LATEST STYLES

which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.

JAMES T. HURLEY

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,

23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

W. H. BANNISTER,

Optician,

—GRADUATE—

New York Optical College,

136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

COALS! COALS!

To Arrive, Cargo of Old Mine Sydney Coal, fresh from the Mine. Also Hard Coal.

Parties wanting to be supplied with the above please leave their orders at the subscriber's store, where they will find a large assortment of

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Mixed and Lead Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

(Best Quality.)

PAINTS, VARNISH, KALSOMINE, CARRIAGE AND WHITEWASH BRUSHES, CEMENTS, ALABASTINE, KALSOMINE, ETC., ETC.

ZINC, TAR, PITCH, ROSIN, OAKUM, MANILLA, JUTE, ROPE, GLASS, PUTTY AND GRINDSTONES.

Carpenters' and Joiners' Tools.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Coal and Iron always on hand.

H. FRASER,

Queen Street.

FOSTER'S

Carriage Emporium

Near Bridgetown, N. S.

AT the above establishment can always be found a superb stock of the very latest designs in

Top Buggies,
Open Buggies,
Road Carts,
Second-hand Vehicles.

The subscriber having a most thorough and practical knowledge of the carriage and wheelright trade is prepared to furnish at the lowest price the above mentioned conveyances, and is prepared and fitted up to do all kinds of jobbing, repairing and painting in a thorough and artistic style.

R. D. FOSTER.

Bridgetown, August 12th, 1890. 6m

CARD.

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MIDDLETON, - - N. S.

Office in A. BEALS' STORE.

Poetry.

Bells Across the Snow.

Oh, Christmas, merry Christmas,
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

Oh, Christmas, merry Christmas,
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow,
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

Oh, Christmas, merry Christmas,
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee;
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet heralds of good will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still,
For peace and hope may brighten
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To "bells across the snow."

Christmas Carol.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

[Written for the Christmas Festival of Trinity Church, Boston.]

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is come, Old Earth, it is come to-night!
On the snow-flakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out with delight,
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-Child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod.
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

—*Comp.*

Song of the Angels.

Alleluia! the Lord of glory and light is born!
Sing, ye Judean shepherds, and welcome this happy morn!
The winds that walk the earth, and the morning stars, find voice,—
Rejoice, ye children of men!—and again we say, rejoice!

All the Spirits of God do worship with folded wings,—
Bright with the glory of fire, and glad with the joy of kings!
All the angels of Silence muse in their hearts of Him
Before Whose heavenly Presence the morning suns are dim!

Alleluia! the Lord of glory and light is born!
Born to the purple of Sorrow,—born to the Cross and Thorn:
Born a Child for the children,—and heaven and earth find voice,—
Rejoice, ye children of men, and again we say, rejoice!

Select Literature.

His Merry Christmas.

"Joe, where are you going to spend Christmas?"

Mrs. Abial Fanshawe asked the question, with the air and mien of one who means to be answered.

She was standing on the door step of the little one-storied house, whose peaked roof and disproportionately large chimney stack loomed up against the dull gray horizon. There was no background but the sky, save here and there a gnarled apple tree whose boughs leaned away from the east, the quarter whence came all the piercing winds. Joe Fanshawe had been born here on a jutting part of the Rhode Island coast; and here he meant to die. Every New England village has its little band of eccentrics, and Joseph Fanshawe had always been called 'peculiar.' And upon this cold, frost-bound evening, with the glare of the setting sun seeming to dye the distant breakers with blood, and the light of Pinto's Point Lighthouse already beginning to shine through the gathering gloom, he presented a not unpicturesque appearance, leaning over the half door of his house, his hair blown about by the wind, his eyes glittering with something of a gypsy light. All the Fanshawes except Joseph had been cut after the regular orthodox pattern, getting up and going to bed when other people did, and feeling exceedingly scandalized at the independent ways of this youngest brother of the lot. Not that Joseph had ever done any wrong thing, but "it was a great trial," as Abial Fanshawe declared, "to hev a relation as never done nothin like nobody else!"

So, upon this December afternoon, Mrs. Abial had made some sort of errand to her brother-in-law's cottage, and boldly broached the Christmas question to him.

"Where be I goin' to spend Christmas?" repeated Uncle Joe. Mrs. Abial nodded, "Why, here, o'course!" said Joe.

"Who's going to cook your dinner?"

"I be!" dauntlessly replies Uncle Joe. "The girl's to have a goose, with sage stuffing, and some baked apples and cider."

"Joe," pleaded Mrs. Abial, "won't you come to our house on Christmas day?"

"Mech obliged to you, Sally," said the Eccentric, "but I had rather not. Home's the place for me!"

"But folks will talk," urged Mrs. Abial.

"Let 'em!" said Uncle Joe.

"It ain't hardly decent for you to live here," said Mrs. Abial.

"I've lived here forty year," said Uncle Joe meditatively stroking his beard, "and here I calculate to stay Christmas or no Christmas!"

"But you don't want to die alone!" cried Mrs. Abial.

"As to that," said Uncle Joe, "I don't suppose it's any harder to die alone than it is with a lot of folks round. Anyhow I'm willin' to risk it."

"Joe, won't you come to our house for your Christmas dinner?" urged Mrs. Fanshawe. "Abial, he'll feel awful bad if you don't."

"Abial always was a social creester," said Joe Fanshawe. "But tell him I calculate to take a sight o' comfort all by myself here."

Mrs. Abial went home discouraged but not defeated.

"Abial," said she to her husband, as they ate their bread and butter and stewed apple sauce that evening, "it won't do to let Joe go on that way."

"Why not?" said Abial helping himself to a slice of cold pork, and proceeding to smear it with mustard.

"It's queer," said Mrs. Abial. "It'll set folks to talkin'."

"Most anything'll do that," philosophically uttered Abial Fanshawe.

"He's got money," said Mrs. Abial. "Oh don't tell me"—as Abial would have made a deprecatory motion of his hand—"he must have laid up a sight, livin' as he does, even off that salt hay farm, and I mean that our children shall hefr it."

"Abial, I've got an idea!"

"What is it now?" resignedly asked the farmer—for his wife's "ideas" were one of the trials of his life.

"I've spoken to Hannah Ann and her husband," said Mrs. Abial. "And I left word to Milo's house,—and I wrh a note to Le Grand and his daughters."

"Eh?" said Abial with his fork suspended over the pickle plate.

"Yes," nodded his wife. "And we'll give Joe a surprise on Christmas day, and carry our dinners, and a lot o' runnin' vines and cedar branches and red bitter-sweet berries, and have Christmas on the sea shore."

Abial whistled low and long.

"How will Joe like it?" said he.

"It don't matter how he likes it!" sharply returned his wife. "If he don't choose to behave like other folks why we must make him, that's all!"

Again Abial whistled.

"S'pose he turns you out doors?" said he.

"Oh, he won't do that!" said Mrs. Abial.

So the Christmas party was organized. All the brothers and sisters of the Fanshawe family were let into the secret, and affairs progressed swimmingly.

"It's our dooty," said Mrs. Le Grand Fanshawe, "to see that he ain't neglected."

"I'm told he got a nice bit o' money for that p'int where they're building the new wharf," said Milo Fanshawe. "'Pears to me it would be only fair for him to divide with all of us.

"That's it," said Hannah Ann the careworn elder sister of the family. "And me with nine children, and Johnson out o' work half the time! I do wish I knew how much Joe has got."

With all the precaution they could exercise, however, the secret could not be kept entirely intact. Secrets never are. When Joe went to the village store on Christmas eve, for a paper of sage to season his goose, the store-keeper winked at him with solemn facetiousness.

"Guess you'd better get two," said he.

"Two papers of sage!"

Mr. Nivins nodded.

"What the duse-an' dickens do I want with two papers o' sage for a eight-pound goose?" rather angrily demanded Joe Fanshawe.

Nivins inclined his head toward his customer, and in a husky whisper spoke these words:

"You're goin' t' hev company!"

"Company!" echoed Uncle Joe.

"Yes, company!" nodded the store-keeper. "I know it's a mean thing to go to givin' folks away, but I hate to see a man took unawares. You're folks is goin' to give you a s'prise party on Christmas day!"

"I'll be hanged if they do, though!" said Joe, grasping his paper of sage with resolute fingers, and away he went into the snow-flecked darkness.

"I've had enough of this," he thought grimly to himself. "Abial's wife can't let me alone, and Le Grand's wife won't, and Milo always was a meddler, and Hannah Ann bothers the life out o' me! A surprise party, eh? I'll surprise 'em!"

And instead of going home with his paper of sage, he stopped at the Widow Dunlap's—a cosy little farmhouse whose dark red ridge pole was just visible from his own "end window."

The widow sat knitting in her arm chair by the light of a lamp set on a pine stand. Kate, her daughter, was stirring around in true house-wifely fashion. Mr. Fanshawe could see them through the bright panes of the uncurtained windows.

"It looks kind o' pleasant like," said he to himself. "Kate Dunlap's got the true grit of her,—always had. And Mrs. Dunlap's a dreadful pleasant, even-tempered woman. I've always wanted an independent life. But if a man has got to be boasted I'd rather 'twould be by a pretty creature like Kate Dunlap, than by Abial's wife and Le Grand's wife, and Hannah Ann and her shiftless husband!"

He knocked at the door and went in.

"I wish you a merry Christmas, Mrs. Dunlap and Kate!" said he. "What ye goin' to have for dinner to-morrow?"

Mrs. Dunlap colored.

"Well, to be frank with you, neighbor Fanshawe," said she, "turkeys is high, and me and Kate has to calculate pretty close. So we'd set out to roast the little cloudy-colored hen as come to us in the spring."

"But it will be very nice," said Kate, eagerly. "And I have made a mince pie and a glass of first-rate cranberry jelly. You're sort o' lonesome at your house, neighbor Fanshawe,—won't you come over and take a little with us?"

Joe Fanshawe laid down his purchase on the table.

"I've got a paper o' sage here," said he. "And sage ain't no seasonin' for nothin' but goose. I've got a nice tender goose all plucked and ready at my house. Would you cook it, Kate, if I fetched it over here."

"Certainly," spoke up Kate.

"You're right," said Fanshawe. "It is lonesome at my house. If I come over here to dinner to-morrow, Kate Dunlap, will you and your mother come back with me to my place? For good and all, I mean. Will you marry me, Kate Dunlap, if we stop to Parson Hall's on the way."

"Yes, neighbor Fanshawe, I will!"

"Very well," said Joe. "I'll go home after the goose."

"Kate! Kate!" cried Mrs. Dunlap as the door closed behind her daughter's extraordinary suitor, "are you sure you are doing right?"

"Mother," said Kate, "I haven't lived all these years next place to Joseph Fanshawe without knowing what sort of stuff he is made of! I know he is queer and notional, and may not be very young, but do you remember, mother, the old lame horse that was turned out to die on the common, and that Joe Fanshawe took in and cared for, until it died of sheer old age? Do you remember that blackbird with a broken wing that he put in a wicker cage, and that sings in his window to-day? Do you remember that it was he who paid the money for a decent tombstone for his mother, when none of the rest of the family would contribute a cent? Do you remember the barrel of Joscy Moore apples he sent us in the fall? And the basket of clams that he dug for you, that summer you were ailing. Yes, mother, I am quite sure I am doing right."

The next day, when the whole clan of Fanshawe arrived from different directions in various vehicles, rendezvoused on the front steps of the little cottage by the sea they found the bird flown.

"Goodness me," said Mrs. Abial, "what has come of him?"

"I never knowed anything so disappointin' in my life," whimpered Hannah.

"Knock again, why don't ye?" said Le Grand.

But just then Farmer Dilliard's one horse sleigh came jingling down the road. He drew rein.

"Who ye lookin' for?"

"Joe Fanshawe, to be sure," brawled Bro. Milo, who had once been a sea-captain and always spoke on the shout.

"Well, I guess your barkin' up the wrong tree, then," said Mr. Dilliard, scratching his nose with the handle of his whip. "He was married to Kate Dunlap an hour ago. And I sort o' guess he's keepin' his honey-moon down to the widow's house, for I smelt an awful savory steam of roast goose when I turned the corner of Widow Dunlap's new fence."

The relations stared blankly on each other.

"Might a-knowed it would a ha' happened so," said Hannah, feeling for her pocket-handkerchief.

"Joe was always the contrariest fellow the Lord ever made," grunted Le Grand.

"Well I guess we'd better go home and eat our own dinner where we belong," suggested Abial.

That was the end of the Christmas surprise party. And Mrs. Abial Fanshawe never knew that it was her hand that fired the train of matrimony in Joe's brain.

"It was a queer sort o' courtship, wasn't it?" Joe remarked afterward. "But I never was like other folks. A Christmas-day's a lucky day to get married on. And you're satisfied, Kate, ain't you?"

Kate lifted her soft, brown eyes with affectionate amusement to his rugged face, and answered.

"Yes, Joe, I am quite satisfied."

Home-made Candies for the Holidays.

[By a Toronto Confectioner.]

MOLASSES TAFFY.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size an egg. Boil hard, test in cold water; when brittle, pour in thin cakes on buttered tins; as it cools mark in squares with the back of a knife.

PEA-NUT CANDY.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one of vinegar. Put in a kettle to boil. Having crackled and rubbed the skin from the pea-nuts, put them into buttered pans, and when the candy is done, pour it over the nuts. Cut into blocks while warm.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a small egg, one tablespoonful of glycerine. Put these ingredients into a kettle, and boil hard twenty or thirty minutes; when boiled thick, drop a few drops in a cup of cold water, and if the drops retain their shape, it is nearly done, which will be when it is brittle; do not boil it too much. Have pans or platters well buttered, and just before the candy is poured into them, stir in one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar, or soda. If flavoring is desired, drop the flavoring on the top, as it begins to cool, and when it is pulled the whole will be flavored. Pull till as white as desired, and draw into sticks, and cut with shears.

POP-CORN BALLS.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of a small egg. Make the candy in a large kettle, pop the corn, salt it, and sift it through the fingers, that the extra salt and unpopped kernels may drop through. (It will take four quarts or more of corn that is popped.) Then stir all into the kettle that the candy will take, heap it on buttered platters, or make it into balls.

VANILLA SUGAR CANDY.—Two pounds of granulated sugar, two-thirds of a cup of water one-third cup of vinegar, butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of glycerine, two tablespoonfuls of vanilla. Boil all except the vanilla without stirring, twenty minutes or half an hour, till crisp, when dropped into water. Just before pouring upon platters to cool, add a small tablespoonful of soda, or cream tartar. After pouring upon the platters to cool, pour the two teaspoonfuls of vanilla over the top. You can pull it beautifully white. Draw it into sticks the size you wish, and cut off with shears, into sticks or kiss-shaped drops, to suit the eaters. If you can succeed in keeping it a week, it will become creamy.

BUTTER SCOTCH.—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of water, one teaspoonful of vinegar, piece of butter the size of a walnut. Boil about twenty minutes; flavor if desired.

FRENCH CREAM CANDY.—Four cups of white sugar, one cup of hot water, flavor with vanilla; put the sugar and water in a bright tin pan on the range, and let it boil without stirring, about eight minutes, and if it looks somewhat thick, test by letting some drop from the spoon, and if it threads remove the pan to the table, taking a small spoonful and rubbing it against the side of a cake bowl, and if creamy and will roll into a ball between the fingers, pour the whole into the bowl and beat rapidly with a large spoon or porcelain potato masher. If it is not boiled enough to cream, set it back upon the range, let it remain one two minutes or as long as is necessary, taking care not to cook it too much. Add the vanilla (or other flavoring) as soon as it begins to cool. This is the foundation for all French creams. It can be made into rolls and sliced off, or packed in plates and cut into small cubes, or made into any shape imitating French candies. A pretty form is made by coloring some of the cream pink, taking a piece about as large as a hazel nut, and crowding an almond meat half way into one side, till it looks like a bursting kernel. In working should the cream get too cold, warm it.

PEPPERMINT CREAMS.—Make cream as previously directed, flavor quite strong with essence of peppermint; take off small bits and shape into round flat forms.

PANACHE CREAM.—Make the French cream recipe, and divide into three parts, leaving one p white, color one pink with cochineal syrup, and the third part color brown with chocolate, which is done by just letting the cream soften and stirring in a little finely grated chocolate. The pink is colored by dropping on a few drops of cochineal syrup while the cream is warm and beating it in. Take the white cream, make a flat ball of it, and lay it upon a buttered dish and pat it out flat until about half an inch thick. If it does not work easily dip the hand in alcohol. Take the pink cream, work in the same way as the white and lay it upon the white; then the chocolate in the same manner, and lay upon the pink, pressing all together. Trim the edges off smooth, leaving it in a nice square cake, then, cut into slices or small cubes, as you prefer. It is necessary to work it all up as rapidly as possible.

FRUIT CREAM.—Add to French cream, raisins, currants, figs, a little citron, chopped and mixed thoroughly through the cream while quite warm. Make into bars or flat cakes.

WALNUT CREAMS.—Take a piece of French cream the size of a walnut. Having cracked some English walnuts, using care not to break the meats; place one-half of each nut upon each side of the ball, pressing them into the ball. For almond creams, roll a small piece with an almond in the centre.—*Canadian Queen.*

Fun With Peanuts.

A bag of peanuts, some wooden toothpicks, a box of pins and a sharp knife, two or three tiny Chinese parasols, and pen and ink for marking the faces, are all the materials necessary: These, with a little ingenuity, will make a great variety of peanut people, and almost every kind of animal. A little care and taste in selecting the peanuts will soon show what great adaptability there is in them.

A thick, fat nut, with very little curve near one end, will, with the aid of toothpicks for the legs and pins for the arms, make the "froggy who would a-wooing go." Bits of soft dough or putty stuck on to the ends of the toothpicks will, if held in one position long enough—that is until it stiffens—make the feet solid and the queer little creature able to stand alone. Plaster of Paris will do even better if it is to be had, as it hardens quickly and will hold the doll firmly in place on the cardboard or thin board used for a foundation.

The pugilists are made in the same way. It is better to fasten them securely to the foundation be ore putting on the knobs of dough which answer for a set of boxing gloves, as these are rather heavy and the people are apt to topple over if they are fastened on first.

A long, slim peanut should be selected for "my lady" who goes abroad under the shelter of a gaudy Chinese sunshade. A three-cornered colored bit of paper, stiff enough to hold its shape, may be used for a bonnet by fastening to the head with a bit of glue or paste, while the parasol is held in place by tiny threads, and glue if needed. A little experience will show how to manage.

Select the largest and fattest peanut for a boat; cut off about one-third, and fasten securely to the foundation before placing the occupants. Another sunshade, a bit of blue cloth for a pennant, toothpicks for oars, and you have a very amusing toy.

The "little pig who went to market" is easily arranged, as is Little Red Riding Hood or any other character which chances to please the little ones. One or two trials will show the possibilities of these common materials and will prove most entertaining and amusing.

—A casual glance at a newspaper will show a list of men who help to build up the town. If you see a good-sized, live advertisement in the paper by each of the principal merchants, and a card from each of the small ones, you need not enquire as to the prosperity of the town—it's solid. But if you find the most extensive merchants not advertising their business, then you set it down as a fact that those who do try to push their business and the town with its interest, have a hard time and an uphill 'ourney' all the year round.—*Ex.*

—A specific remedy for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form is found in King's Dyspepsia Cure, the only preparation of the kind in the market. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. One dollar a package. Sample package to any address on receipt of three cent stamp. Sole proprietors, King's Dyspepsia Cure Co., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

ELECTRICITY ON TRUNK RAILWAY LINES.—Professor Elihu Thompson says that in the near future railways will be run by electricity. By this he means not only the small roads for cities and suburban districts but the large ones connecting cities, and he looks for a higher speed than is now attained with the steam locomotive.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A Friend's Face.

A friend's face often looks sour and glum from the effects of misery-making biliousness or liver complaint. It will tell him to use Burdock Blood Bitters and he does it, the face soon brightens with returning health and happiness. B. B. B. never fails.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

A Bargain in Crabs.

HOW DR. TOMPKINS FOUND BAIT ENOUGH TO FISH FOR BASS ALL HIS LIFE.

"I like to do a little black bass fishing now and then," said Dr. Tompkins, of Penn Yan, "but I'm not one of those enthusiastic people who can't get along without it.

The other day, though, a friend of mine came in with a fine catch of bass, and the sight of them rather put me in the humor of going out and getting a lot myself.

"What did you catch 'em with?" I asked my friend.

"Crabs," he said.

"We call crawfish 'crabs' in Penn Yan. I had heard before that crabs were good bait for black bass, and thinking that I might get some fun out of them as well as anybody else I went over to Lake Keuka outlet to bait. I banged around in the creek for three hours turning up stones and slopping about in the water knee deep, and succeeded in capturing five little crabs.

"'Well,' I said to myself, 'that isn't a very big lot of bait to start on a day's fishing with, but I guess I won't have any trouble getting two or three nice bass, anyhow."

"I was about leaving the creek when I met a small boy. He was a Penn Yan small boy and he had nerve, and he hailed me familiarly and said:

"'Hullo, mister. What you after?'

"I told him I was gathering crabs for bait, but that they were powerful scarce.

"What'll you give me to get you some?" inquired the small boy.

"I thought it would be a nice thing to have a couple of dozen or so of crabs, for I'd want to be going out after more bass the next day, and knowing what a tough and tedious time I'd had getting only five, I thought I'd make it worth the boy's while spending a day tugging and sweating among the stones, and so I said I'd give him five cents apiece for crabs.

"'How many 'll I git you?' he asked.

"'Oh, all you can,' I replied, feeling that all he could get would certainly be few enough.

"'All right!' he said, and I went up the lake a mile or so with my five crabs to get some bass for my supper. I fished all the rest of the day and never got as much as a bite. It was supper time when I pulled for home.

"'The next man that says crabs to me,' I said to myself, 'it won't go well with.'

"After supper I was sitting in my office, feeling a little sore yet over my day's fishing, when a knock came to the door. I opened it, and there stood the small boy I had hired to gather crabs for me. I had forgotten all about him.

"'Hullo, mister!' he said. "I got some!"

"Crabs were the very last thing I was hankering after just then, but of course a bargain was a bargain.

"'All right,' I said. "Fetch 'em in.'

"The small boy stepped aside and immediately appeared again, accompanied by another small boy. Each boy lugged in a big tobacco pail. Each pail was filled with crabs.

"'Great heavens!' I exclaimed. 'How many have you got?'

"'There's two thousan', mister,' said the small boy I had bargained with. 'But we'd 'a' got a lot more if the pails had been bigger.'

"Two thousand crabs! If you'll take the trouble to figure on that you'll find that at five cents apiece 2,000 crabs will come to just $100, and that was the price per crab I had bound myself to pay. While those boys had nerve I've an idea that their ideas of financiering were crude, for after some exceedingly anxious and apprehensive arguments with them I induced them to compromise on a basis of labor by the day, and even then they made such a good thing out of me that the next man who mentions crabs to me will stand an excellent chance of having the price of that day's work taken out of his hide. I returned those crabs to Keuka outlet, and any one who wants to may go there and catch them—if they can."—*Louisville Post.*

Dyspeptics Will Rejoice.

Attention is called to the advertisment of "Dyspepticure" which appears to-day. "Dyspepticure" has been a valued Household Remedy for a number of years in St. John, and without any advertising, has become well known in nearly every part of the Maritime Provinces; that it is so well known is due to its wonderful success in really *Curing* not only Indigestion and all ordinary stomach troubles, but the worst cases of Chronic Dyspepsia. There are thousands upon thousands of Chronic Dyspeptics who have used so many remedies without success that they will hardly believe a cure is possible; these are exactly the ones that are particularly requested to try the Remedy. The Pamphlet (copyrighted) on "Dyspepticure" giving a history of its discovery and full of information about Diet and Digestion, is wrapped around each bottle or will be promptly sent free to any address. The fact of "Dyspepticure" having been thoroughly tested for ten years and being prepared by a responsible Druggist, Charles K. Short (Graduate Mass., College Pharmacy Boston) of St. John, N. B., recommends this remedy to the full confidence of the Public. 38 4i

VALUE OF A LAUGH.—For getting on in the world a cheery laugh is a valuable ally. We are apt to think well of and to befriend if necessary the man who never fails to see the point of our witticisms and gives loud and hearty evidence of his appreciation. A grave man is a bore; to be taciturn and uniformly serious, one should have no need of the world's good opinion or assistance. To sit in a gay company a dumb dog, unable to say good things one's self, or to cackle melodiously or otherwise at the good things of one's neighbors, is considered a crime, which no moral or intellectual virtues can expiate.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

—Young men of ambition, intelligence and energy, who choose well their work, are pretty certain to succeed in it if they persistently stick to it. Failure comes oftenest to those who lack earnest continued endeavor, and only less frequently to those who change from one pursuit to another, and who, being Jack of all trades, are master of none, and succeed in none.

A Successful Mission.

The medical mission of Burdock Blood Bitters in curing constipation, has been markedly successful. No other remedy possesses such peculiar power over this disease.

Was very bad with costiveness, and one bottle of B. B. B. cured me, would not be without it, says Mrs. Wm. Finley, Jr., of Bobcaygeon, Ont.