Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1893. NO. 9.

Professional Cards.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 ly

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 ly

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings. Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 ly

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. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

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.

EDWIN L. FISHER,
Real Estate & Insurance Agent.
Exclusive attention paid to the sale and purchase as well as the rental of
Houses, Stores, Farms & Furniture.
INSURANCE AGENT FOR
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, MARINE and PLATE GLASS at lowest possible rates compatible with security.
Money to loan on Real Estate Security.
Correspondence solicited.
29 ly P. O. Box 16, Bridgetown.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

SCHOONER
"CRUSADE,"
CAPT. W. Y. GESNER,
WILL PLY BETWEEN
Bridgetown and St. John,
touching at all intermediate ports, during the coming season.
For particulars enquire of Neily & Crowe, Bridgetown, or those on board.
May 10th, 1893. 6 13i

NOTICE!
The Packet Schooner
TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N.B., during the season of 1893.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly Lime and Salt.
J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master.*
When Schooner is not in port apply to Capt. P. Nicholson, Bridgetown.
St. John address: SOUTH WHARF, care of G. S. DeForrest & Sons.
Bridgetown, March 28th, 1893. 52tf

Executor's Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late ROBERT H. TROOP, of Granville, farmer, deceased, are requested to render their accounts, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof; and all parties indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
HENRY F. TROOP,
WILLIAM W. TROOP,
Executors.
Granville, March 20th, 1893. 51 13i

Executors' Notice.
All persons having any claims against the estate of HUGH FRASER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
ELIZA FRASER, *Executrix*,
ROBT. E. F. RANDOLPH, *Executor.*
Bridgetown, N.S., Feb. 28th, 18[illegible] 486m

Nova Scotia Wins.
A Tiverton Miracle.
Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by
DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
THE KING OF REMEDIES.
From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N.S.:—
"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 25 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all afflicted with sores of any kind.

FARMERS!
We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season
At Best Possible Advantage.
Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
HALIFAX, N. S. 1y[illegible]

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
HORSE LINIMENT
IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,
—AND FOR—
SPLINTS, CURBS, BOG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.
Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.
HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF
Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick,
which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and
ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.
Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE*, which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.
Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.
For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.
YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 1891.
The International Brick and Tile Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the surface. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,
J. B. KINNEY, *Architect.*
Correspondence solicited.
HECTOR MacLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

PUTTNER'S ...IS·THE·BEST· TAKE·NO·OTHER· EMULSION

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
ARE A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION, in all its forms.
For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are
EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
HALIFAX, N. S.
Established 1878.
'CERES SUPERPHOSPHATE
(The Complete Fertilizer.)
POPULAR PHOSPHATE,
APPLE-TREE PHOSPHATE,
POTATO PHOSPHATE,
STRAWBERRY PHOSPHATE.
Our fertilizers are now being offered to the farmers for the 15th season. As these fertilizers have been used to such a great extent and for so many years the farmer knows that he is buying something that is no longer an experiment, but an established factor in the growth of all crops.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territories.
48 4m JACK & BELL.

TO THE PUBLIC!
LAWRENCETOWN, MARCH 20th, 1893.
Please take notice that the agency held by R. B. Durling, of Lawrencetown, for Jack & Bell's Fertilizers in the past has now been transferred to Dr. L. R. Morse, who will be prepared to supply the farmers in the future with our fertilizers at prices and time that will suit all.
JACK & BELL.

HAVING purchased the Stock in Trade and Book Accounts of Runciman, Randolph & Co. and T. Shaw, in the
FURNITURE BUSINESS
lately conducted by them, under the management of J. B. Reed, Esq., I intend to continue the same business at the old stand.
I have employed the services of Mr. Reed as salesman, and think I can guarantee *good satisfaction* to those wishing to purchase.
UNDERTAKING
carried on as usual on the premises.
All those indebted to the old firm will kindly call and settle up as soon as possible.
W. M. FORSYTH.
Bridgetown, January 18th, 1893. 43

SURELY IF WE ACCEPT THE TRUTH
FROM ANYONE
It Must be the Clergy!
The Rev. J. E. Warner, Rector, of Middleton, says:—
"For more than twenty years I have been afflicted with Chronic Constipation. Have been treated by several physicians here and in the States, and have tried many of the *cures* advertised through the press without receiving any permanent benefit.
In consequence of the complications arising from this disease I have been obliged to undergo a painful surgical operation, and was compelled last year to give up work. About six months ago I consulted Dr. Miller, who gave me a box of his DINNER PILLS, and I can cheerfully testify that their effect in my case has been little less than magical. Since then I have recommended them to some of my friends, who have experienced like good results from their use and returned me their warmest thanks, and I confidently give them a public recommendation, as I have found them, by far, the best medicine I have ever used."
(Signed.) REV. J. E. WARNER, *The Rectory, Middleton.*
Use Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and all diseases of Mucous Membranes throughout the body.
Rev. John L. Sponagle, Methodist Clergyman, Middleton, says:—
"Suffering from Bronchial affection—aggravated by cold—and having heard of the healing properties of your "Tar Cough Mixture" I was induced to make trial of it, and I am glad to inform you that I received much benefit from its use. In my case it soothed and allayed irritation, and aided expectoration. I keep it constantly at my home."
For Sale by all Druggists and Respectable Dealers.

Potter's Liniment
IS SOLD AT
W. W. CHESLEY'S.

St. Macey, 10,033.
5 Years Old, 16 Hands, 1100 lbs.
THIS SPLENDIDLY BRED STALLION WILL TRAVEL BETWEEN BRIDGETOWN AND LUNENBURG DURING THE SEASON OF 1893.
St. Macey is the best bred stallion that will stand for public service in Annapolis County this year. It will pay those who intend to breed their mares to wait and see and examine him.
He has already proved himself able to sire large, handsome, good-gaited, fast and sound foals.
His breeding can hardly be better. Twenty of the greatest brood mares are represented close up in his pedigree.
Be sure and not breed to any stallion till you see St. Macey and be convinced that what I say is correct.
No trouble to show him, whether you breed or not. He can stand the most critical examination.
For tabulated pedigree and further information send post card to
HORACE H. FEINDEL,
Elm House, Lawrencetown.
March, 1893. 52 tf

Complete Manhood
AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT.
A Medical Work that Tells the Causes, Describes the Effects, Points the Remedy.
Scientifically the most valuable, artistically the most beautiful medical book ever published; 96 pages, every page bearing a half-tone illustration in tints. Subjects treated:—
Nervous Debility, Impotency, Sterility, Development, Varicocele, The Husband, Those Intending Marriage, etc.
Every man who would know the Grand Truths, the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, who would atone for past follies and avoid future pitfalls, should write for this WONDERFUL LITTLE BOOK.
It will be sent free, under seal, while the edition lasts. Address the publishers,
ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

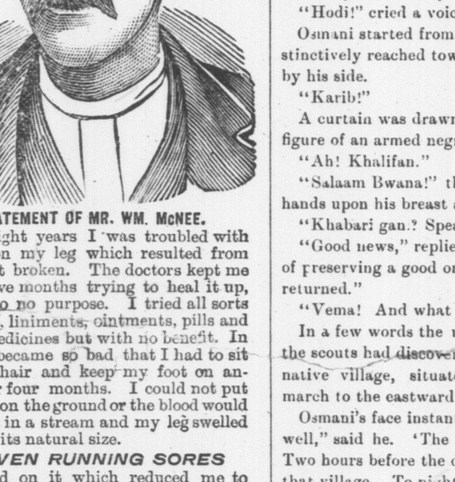
R. ALLEN CROWE
Has just got in a lot more of those
BARREL CHURNS
that gave such good satisfaction.
Butter Trays, Butter Ladles, Butter Molds, Sheet Zinc, Patent Steel Sinks, Magee's Patent Sink, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe,
RUBBER HOSE,
Plain and Wire bound.
RANGES AND COOKS
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Window Screen Wire Cloth, Kitchen Furnishings,
CREAMERS AND TINWARE.
Plumbing and Job Work
a Specialty.
—AGENT FOR—
THE GOOLD BICYCLE CO.
R. ALLEN CROWE.

THE ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE
NOW is a grand time to enter. We are now at the termination of the most successful Winter Term in the history of the College, and at the beginning of what promises to be the most successful Summer Term.
REMEMBER:—(1) There is no summer vacation, the unequalled climate of St. John rendering summer study just as pleasant and profitable as at any other time; (2) the summer attendance being smaller, students get more of the Principals' time and attention than in the winter. Students can enter at any time. Send for circulars and specimens of penmanship.
KERR & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
512 Dillwyn St. Phila. Pa.
I have taken a great deal of medicine in my life but no remedy ever helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best blood purifier in the world.
E. Walz
CURES OTHERS, WILL CURE YOU.

WEARING APPAREL.
In view of the early approach of Spring, I have just had arrive, large, beautiful, and
Complete Lines of
HATS and CAPS
in the very latest English and American styles.
READY-MADE CLOTHING
from the leading Canadian houses, in many patterns, thoroughly made, and in such variety and sizes as to meet the requirements of all ages.
BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS and SLIPPERS,
Latest Styles for Spring and Summer Wear *AT EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES.*
FULL AND FRESH LINES OF
GROCERIES
may also be found at my store, an inspection of which will convince all that they are placed at right prices.
Provisions, Etc.
T. A. FOSTER

THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES
AFTER YEARS OF TERRIBLE SUFFERING.
AN INTERESTING HISTORY.



STATEMENT OF MR. WM. McNEE.
For eight years I was troubled with a sore on my leg which resulted from having it broken. The doctors kept me in bed five months trying to heal it up, but all to no purpose. I tried all sorts of salves, liniments, ointments, pills and blood medicines but with no benefit. In 1883 it became so bad that I had to sit on one chair and keep my foot on another for four months. I could not put my foot on the ground or the blood would rush out in a stream and my leg swelled to twice its natural size.
ELEVEN RUNNING SORES
developed on it which reduced me to a living skeleton (I lost 70 lbs. in four months). Friends advised me to go to the Hospital; but I would not, for I knew they would take my leg off. The doctor then wanted to split it open and scrape the bone, but I was too weak to stand the operation. One old lady said it had turned to black erysipelas and could never be cured. I had never heard of Burdock Blood Bitters then, but I read of a minister, Rev. Mr. Stout, who had been cured of a severe abscess on the neck by B.B.B., after medical aid had failed, and I thought I would try it. I washed the leg with the Bitters and took them according to directions. After using one bottle I could walk on crutches, after taking three, I threw away the crutches, took a scythe and went to work in the field. At the end of the sixth bottle my leg was entirely healed up; pieces of loose bone had worked out of it and the cords came back to their natural places again. That was nine years ago and it has never broken out since. I can walk five miles to-day as fast as anyone, and all this I owe to B. B. B., which certainly saved my leg, if not my life. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Give B. B. B. a trial, it will cure you as it did me.
Yours truly,
WM. McNEE, St. Ives P.O., Ont.
Mr. F. C. Sanderson, the druggist of St. Marys, Ont., certifies to the entire truthfulness of the remarkable statement made by Mr. McNee and says that several other wonderful cures have been made in his district.

AN OLD FAVORITE!
The subscriber wishes to make known to those interested in the breeding of horses, that he will have for service during the coming season, the celebrated and well-known stallion
"BROTHER'S PRIDE,"
sire of one who went in 2.17, and also the remarkably speedy horse "BRIDGETOWN CHARLIE."
Further particulars will be announced in the next issue of this paper, and also by handbills in the course of a few days.
JOHN HALL.
Lawrencetown, April 26th, 1893.

When we assert that
Dodd's Kidney Pills
Cure Backache, Dropsy, Lumbago, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism and all other forms of Kidney Troubles, we are backed by the testimony of all who have used them.
THEY CURE TO STAY CURED.
By all druggists or mail on receipt of price, 50 cents. Dr. L. A. Smith & Co., Toronto.

NOTICE!
THE subscriber will continue the business formerly conducted by the late Hugh Fraser in its various branches, including Hard and Soft Coal.
ELIZA FRASER.
Bridgetown Feb 15th, 1893. [illegible]

Poetry.

Scandal.

A woman to the holy father went,
Confessed of her sins was her intent;
And so her misdemeanors, great and small
She faithfully to him rehearsed them all.
And chiefest in her catalogue of sin,
She owned that she had a tale-bearer been,
And bore a bit of scandal up and down
To all the long-tongued gossips in the town.

The holy father for her other sins
Granted the absolution asked of him;
But while for the rest her pardon gave,
He told her this offence was very grave,
And that to do fit penance she must go
Out to the wayside where the thistles grow,
And gathering the largest, ripest one,
Scatter its seeds, and that when this was done
She must come back another day
To tell him his commands she did obey.

The woman, thinking this a penance light,
Hastened to do his will that very night,
Feeling right glad she had escaped so well.
Next day but one she went to the priest to tell;
The priest sat still and heard her story through,
Then said: "There's something still for you to do;
Those little thistle seeds, which you have sown,
I bid you re-gather every one."

The woman said: "But Father 'twould be vain
To try to gather up those seeds again;
The winds have scattered them far and wide,
Over the meadow vale and mountain side.
The father answered: "Now I hope that this
The lesson I have taught you shall not miss;
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds
Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds;
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown
By any penance be undone."

Select Literature.

Tinela's Revenge.

A NOTED TRAVELER TELLS OF SCENES IN THAT DARK LAND.

Alone in a dark corner of his tent, toying with the beads of his rosary, sat Osmani ibn Seyf. His swarthy Arab face was lined and careworn and his eyes were downcast in thoughtful mood.

For six weeks this famous slave raider had led his cavern of Manyema marauders and captives through the dismal depths of the great African forest in search of human prey. Day by day they had trudged through thorny undergrowth, beneath the impenetrable canopy of primeval trees; and each night they had slept, hungry, upon the sodded ground, in the vitiated atmosphere of decaying vegetation.

The region that they had traversed was uninhabited.

That afternoon a Manyema follower had been wounded by a wooden spear, adroitly concealed in the bushes, by the side of a well-worn elephant track.

Here at last was an evidence of man.

The caravan had halted, formed effective zereba, and Osmani had dispatched scouts to survey the vicinity.

"Hodi!" cried a voice from without.

Osmani started from his reverie, and instinctively reached towards the loaded rifle by his side.

"Karib!"

A curtain was drawn aside, revealing the figure of an armed negro.

"Ah! Khalifan."

"Salaam Bwana!" the negro crossed his hands upon his breast and bowed.

"Khabari gani? Speak, what news?"

"Good news," replied the negro, mindful of preserving a good omen; "the scouts have returned."

"Vema! And what have they found?"

In a few words the negro explained that the scouts had discovered traces of a large native village, situate about two hours' march to the eastward of their encampment.

Osmani's face instantly lightened. "It is well," said he. "The sun is now setting. Two hours before the dawn we march upon that village. To-night, no fires, no noise. 'Sikia?"

"Our master's words are law."

"Haya! May Allah preserve us!" and Osmani waved his hand in token of dismissal.

With a profound salaam, the negro withdrew. Sentinels were posted, and soon the camp was wrapped in slumber.

The night air grew cold. A storm swept over the forest. The rain filtered through the thick foliage overhead and trickled in streams upon the naked bodies of the miserable wanderers, who grumbled, and crouched together in groups.

It was still dark and cheerless when Osmani emerged from his tent.

"Similla! Similla! Make way, there, for Bwana Osmani!"

Silent and sullen the Manyema marauders arose, stretched their stiffened limbs and buckled their ammunition belt around their waists. Each man rolled a strip of dirty white cotton cloth around his head, turban-wise, to serve as a discriminating mark in the coming fray with the naked savages.

"Tendele! Tendele! upesi!" The order to march echoed through the camp, and in a few minutes Osmani and his marauders started forth in single file. No word was spoken, and the only sounds that betokened their progress were a slight swishing of leaves and the muffled tread of naked feet upon the spongy ground.

The camp, containing numerous native slaves captured in former raids, together with a valuable stock of elephant tusks, was left in charge of fifty well-armed Manyema allies of Osmani.

The attacking party plodded onwards through the dark forest until they came within sight of the village clearing.

Dawn was just breaking when the first deadly volley was fired, followed an instant afterwards by shouts of "Allah-'llah-'la!" as the brutal assailants rushed upon their prey. Women and children, shrieking and crying, fled in all directions, dazed by the sudden onslaught. Fowls flew cackling towards the woods. Men's deep voices shouted incoherently, but above the thrilling uproar of gunshots, cries and groans, the fatal "llah la-ihu" of the Manyema sounded loud and relentless, as they crashed through the bushes into the midst of the multitude of panic-stricken savages, chasing the black figures that darted hither and thither, hurling them to the ground, and binding them with stripes of plated grass cord.

The sulphurous smoke from the raiders' guns, combining with the early morning mist, produced a dense fog which settled in an almost impenetrable cloud upon the scene; in the obscurity of which the Manyema guns flashed forth tongues of flame. Osmani had now lost all control over his frenzied mob, and their iron slugs whizzed and whistled through the air in all directions.

In endeavoring to penetrate the dark cloud of fog and smoke, the Arab leader suddenly found himself face to face wtih a burly savage, who bounded towards him, brandishing a huge sickle-shaped knife. Osmani raised his revolver and fired. The savage groaned and fell heavily to the ground. But Osmani's aim had proved untrue, for the savage, recovering from the shock, endeavored to rise. The Arab stepped forward. "A curse upon you! Die, you black fiend!" The revolver was leveled at the native's head, Osmani's finger tightened upon the trigger, but just as he was about to fire the fatal shot he was startled by a piercing scream. "Hey! Hoyo!" cried a female voice at his elbow, and the next moment a native girl sprang forward and threw herself at his feet. Glancing downward Osmani caught his breath. The savage maiden's beauty fascinated him Her mute appeal to spare the wounded native's life was answered, for Osmani's hand dropped to his side He paid no heed to the groaning savage. His eyes were riveted upon the graceful maiden at his feet.

A hurried footstep behind him caused him to start and turn. The negro Khalifan ran forward.

"Hey, Bwana! Greatly have we feared for our master's safety; we have searched in every place for you."

Pointing to the kneeling girl and the wounded savage—whose fate had been so strangely averted—Osmani waved his hand, saying: "Bind them. Bind them both! See that the girl escapes not. Bring her to me in my camp at sunset."

Gradually the firing and the tumult ceased. A cool, refreshing breeze dispelled the heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing the victorious raiders swaggering through the devastated village leading and driving scores of miserable captives, who slunk along in awed silence, with bowed heads and shivering limbs.

Then, in complete contrast to the former scene, shone the early morning sun in all its radiance. Its bright beams glinted through the distant trees, and fell upon the desolated scene, the narrow streets obstructed by the bodies of the slain, and upon the smouldering frame-work of many a home. Little sunbirds, with resplendent plumage, swarms of flies and bees filled the air with continuous buzzing, and large zephyr-winged butterflies soared and circled, vulture-like, above the ruin.

By noon the wretched captives were herded together, and Osmani and his heartless minions commenced the return march to their forest encampment. The captives were driven in single file, and occasionally some of the elated raiders pranced down on either side of the line, executing a wild dance and singing snatches of war songs, which echoed strangely through the gloomy woods. Guns were occasionally fired out of pure wantonness, causing the terrified natives to start and tremble. In loud, harsh voices the Manyema raiders blustered and bragged of their cruel prowess, and cursed their ill-fortune in permitting so many of the natives to escape them during the attack.

The arrival in the encampment was distinguished by triumphant shouts and howls. The marauders were beside themselves with delight, and the interval between their arrival and the setting of the sun was occupied by drinking and feasting. After securing their captives by means of grummets and forked sticks, the successful raiders gathered together in groups around blazing log fires. Huge gourds and earthenware jars of fermented palm juice, which constituted a particularly well-favored portion of the spoils, were produced and by degrees Osmani's followers relapsed into a state of maudlin drunkenness.

Just as darkness settled upon the forest, Khalifan, the negro, approached Osmani's tent, leading his female captive by the wrist

"Bwana! In obedience to your words, I have brought this heathen girl."

"Ha! This is the girl who stayed my hand when I would have shot. Question her, O Khalifan!"

The negro turned to her. The girl's eyes were downcast, but in answer to Khalifan's queries she mumbled a brief reply.

"It is Allah's mercy to let this heathen say that she begged her father's life."

"Oh, her father, was it? A powerful man, Khalifan, who nearly killed thy master."

"Allah be praised for our master's preservation," muttered the negro fervently

"She's a comely creature. Inquire her name."

After a few words with the girl, Khalifan replied:

"Master! May it please you, her name's Tinela."

"It is well. Tell her that she enters my harem."

Khalifan explained his master's word. Tinela cast one hopeless glance around her, then in despair she threw herself upon the ground and cried piteously.

"A curse upon her cries! Make her cease!" roared Osmani, angrily.

But Khalifan's endeavors to pacify the savage maiden were futile. Springing to her feet, Tinela struggled wildly with the giant negro. Her cries and screams at length attracted the attention of several of Osmani's followers to his tent, but still the girl fought and struggled for freedom.

Osmani's brow lowered, and, turning to one of his satellites, he said, gruffly: "Go! bring her father."

In a few moments Tinela's father, bruised, battered and blood-stained, was dragged forward from the crowd of captives.

Straightening his head, and folding his arms, the savage chieftain cast a defiant look upon his persecutors, but when his glance fell upon his daughter Tinela he scowled and ground his teeth. There was a dignity of mien about the wounded savage that attracted even the admiration of his heartless captors, among whom physical courage was esteemed the highest virtue.

In response to Osmani's brief command two of the Manyema raiders shouldered and aimed their guns at the chieftain's breast. The savage remained unmoved; he merely shrugged his shoulders and glanced scornfully at the guns.

Tinela's eyes distended with terror.

"Khalifan, tell the girl to look well upon her father! She chooses life or death for him. Another sound or struggle, and that frowning savage yonder will be shot. Does she consent to behave with peace?"

After the negro had interpreted Osmani's speech the unhappy girl stifled a sob, then turned and cast a flashing glance upon the Arab chief, and bowed her head in sullen submission.

"Ha! The savage is tamed? Lead her to my tent, and take that ugly Mishenzi away." Then, turning to the bystanders, Osmani added: "Bassi! You can go."

As the night hours passed the scene in the Arab's camp grew wilder. The victorious raiders gave themselves up to an unbridled carousal. The more sober of the party danced and sang until their bodies were bathed in perspiration, and they fell to the ground exhausted.

About midnight the revelers were startled by a stifled groan which appeared to emanate from the direction of Osmani's tent, but reassurred by the subsequent silence they said laughingly.

"Ha! Our master's vixen shows her teeth again." Merrily the dance and song continued, the deep bass voices of the singers blending with the incessant booming of the drums, filling the still night air with reverberations.

Muddled with potent palm juice, careless and stupefied, the drunken raiders were too absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's lithe figure glide from beneath the canvas of Osmani's tent, and disappear in the shadow and darkness.

The night grew far advanced, and the singing and dancing ceased. The log fires burned low, casting a lurid glow upon the forms of the raiders, who, overcome with drink, now lay sleeping in all manner of grotesque attitudes. Deep black shadows enveloped the crowd of native captives, who were huddled together in the center of the zereba. But they slept not.

The darkness increased; it was the hour before the dawn. The wind rustled through the tree tops in the forest, and the heavy breathing of the sleepers became more sonorous and regular, and the frogs in the adjacent swamps croaked dismally at intervals. Occasionally one of the wood fires burst into fitful flame, revealing the squatting form of a dozing sentinel. Then a shower of sparks would arise from another fire, where a half-burnt log had rolled aside.

A watchful sentinel glancing towards the forest would have seen the glittering of keen eyes. But the palm juice had proved too potent. The Arab's sentries slept.

Dark figures, led by the native girl Tinela, climbed noislessly over the stockade, and swarmed like ants into a shady corner of the camp. If one of the sentries had but raised his head he would have seen the gleam of murderous knives and spears.

There was a silent movement among the captives. One by one they arose, freed from their bonds. Then they crouched like leopards, ready to spring on their prey.

A shout, a rush of footsteps, and the Arab camp was doomed.

Dazed and surprised in their drunken slumbers, the Mayema staggered and fell before the revengeful natives. Deft and alert the natives swarmed upon them, hacking and hewing their weapons; until, panic-stricken, the surviving Mayema rushed towards Osmani's tent. There they found Khalifan with a flaming fire-brand. Holding the canvas aside the negro entered. Osmani ibn Seyf was stabbed in the heart with his own dagger. Tinela had revenged herself.

This discovery completed the disorder of the Manyema marauders, not one of whom lived to see the approaching dawn.

The last to fall was Khalifan, and the spear that pierced his body was hurled by a female hand.—*Herbert Ward in Pall Mall Budget.*

Save and Keep Saving.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, in an address to the graduating class of the Pierce Business College, at its commencement in Lancaster, Pa., made the following remarks:

Now, then, *saving.* Whenever I have talked to young men on the duty of saving, my newspaper friends have come out afterwards and said: "Mr. Depew, you are preaching the doctrine of sordidness." Well, I have no respect for a man who is not sordid enough to save for his family in his old age. You say it is hard to save. That depends on how many cigars and cigarettes you smoke. It depends upon how many beers you drink. It depends upon how often you are in the saloon playing pool and drinking at the bar. Any man whose habits are right, whose health is good, who can work, can save. It is astonishing how money grows. It has been my habit for the 27 years I have been with the New York Central Railroad, during all that period as its counsel, to have all departments of the road come in touch with me. Every once in a while during the whole of that period, these men would state their conditions and want advice. I don't know why I should be able to give advice any better than anybody else. But if you practice anything you get handy at it. I recall now two men whom I have met—and I won't locate them in the New York Central, because anybody I should mention in the New York Central would be known—but two came to me twenty years ago for advice. They were getting the same salary. They had very much the same kind of positions and the same opportunities in life. I said to both of them: "The time has come when you should begin to save. You have families. You may die at any moment, and your families would be left without a dollar. That is a calamity whose horrors no tongue can describe, especially a young and helpless family. You will grow old, and when you grow old the service wants you no longer, and you are laid aside useless." They said, "How can we save?" I said, "By making a rule that you will, no matter at what sacrifice, cut down your expenses so that within a certain time you will bring me a thousand dollars." One of them followed it, and to-day the income of his investments is the same as his salary, and he can live on it. The other one, as his salary increased, increased his living, went into a more fashionable neighborhood, went more frequently to the theatre, and had a craving for society, began to give pretty little dinners with champagne and what not, sported a carriage; and to-day one, as I have stated, looks serenely upon old age, which is upon him, because he has enough to carry him comfortably through without care and without anxiety, with enough to leave his loved ones in comfort, while the other one is in dispair for fear the axe may fall on account of age and incompetency, and he will be at the mercy of a heartless world."

Chicago's Motley Crowds.

Sixteen races, with features built on all the lines of facil architecture, rode side by side in the World's Fair smoker last evening. The collection was so speckled and mottled in disposition and color that a census was taken. There were two gibbering Zulus, who had come with African diamond dust; three sad Turks, with fezzes and scimitars; a group of Chinese actors, a pensive Spaniard, with sombrero; a begoggled Englishmen, who divided a strap with an Arab; a brace of Frenchmen, all angles and points; a high-browed and long-whiskered Russian, a blonzed Greek, a Kansas farmer, just-over Germans, who crowded a mild-mannered man from Ceylon; a handsome Viennese, two Egyptians with bare legs, four Venetian gondoliers in citizens' clothes, and a Norwegian Commissioner.

A Complicated Case.

DEAR SIRS,—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children. Mrs. Walter Burns, Maitland, N. S.

—The man who went out to milk, and sat down on a boulder in the pasture and waited for the cow to back up to him, was the oldest brother of the man who kept a store and did not advertise because he reasoned that the purchasing public would back him up when it wanted to buy something.

—K. D. C. offers you an opportunity to enjoy your meals without after-suffering. Try it. Free Sample, K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass. 8 21

—Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

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 ly

Christian Endeavor Convention Plans.

The central committee of arrangements for the great Christain Endeavor convention to be held at Montreal beginning July 5 has received a setback because of the refusal of Archbishop Fabre to give his official sanction to the opening of Catholic religious institutions for the entertainment of Christain Endeavor delegates. This means a second house to house canvass for the committee. Up to Jan. 1 accommodations for 13,000 delegates have been secured, but almost twice that number will be present. In all some 25,000 visitors are expected. It is the biggest crowd that has ever visited Montreal at one time, but the city is quite able to take care of it. When the necessary accommodation has been secured, the city will be divided into blocks of various lodging capacity, and each state delegation will be assigned to an area commensurate with its numbers. In this way, as it were, the city will be covered with little colonies, each centered around a local headquarters, with its own local excursion manager in charge.

Two thousand visitors are expected from Pennsylvania, 1,000 from Massachussetts, 700 from Illinois, 500 from Missouri, 500 from Indiana, 300 from Michigan, 2,000 from New York, 250 from New Hampshire, 500 from Georgia, 350 from Vermont, 400 from Nebraska, 100 from Texas 1,000 from Maine, 1,000 from Wisconsin, 400 from Connecticut, 600 from Iowa, 200 from West Virginia and 150 from California, with the other states yet to be heard from.

At present Montreal has no building sufficiently large to accommodate all the people who simultaneously will desire to attend the various meetings, but the Dominion government has permitted the use of the large government drill hall, which will easily seat 9,000 persons and have sufficient room for a platform accommodating 1,000, and permission to use the Celebrated Champs de Mars, which is adjacent to the drill hall, has been obtained from the city authorities, with a guarantee of sufficient police protection, and here a tent 230 by 180 feet will be erected which will comfortably seat 8,000 more. Simultaneous services will be held in both places.

One of the features of the convention will be a representative choir of 300 voices. Quartets are to be secured from each of the states and territories and each of the provinces of the Dominion, and in addition 100 of the best singers in the city will be engaged. Special dining accommodations will be provided by the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

As far as the reception of delegates is concerned, every incoming excursion will be received 100 miles from town by committeemen, who will wear white yachting caps and badges.

Representatives from England, Germany, India, Australia, Japan, China and South Africa intend to take part in the convention.

The Late Lucy Larcom.

THE FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND POETESS, WHO WAS ONCE A FACTORY GIRL.

Miss Larcom, whose death was announced recently, was born in Beverly Farms, Mass., in 1826. Her father was a sea captain, who died when Lucy was a child. On her father's death, her mother, who was left with eight young children to support and educate, removed to Lowell, Mass. Lucy went to the Lowell Grammar School, and here her education went on until she was compelled to earn her own living. She attended school only two or three years, and then began to work in the mills as a "doffer," taking off empty bobbins and putting on full ones. In this Lowell cotton factory she learned many useful and practical things about life.

In her "Idyl of Work," and also in "A New England Girlhood," she felicitously described her early life of struggle. Of the spirit of kindness and helpfulness which prevailed among her fellow-workers she has also said many pleasant things. In the "Idyl" Miss Larcom portrayed the mill life of fifty years ago. From the employment of doffing she passed to tending a spinning-frame and then a dressing frame. Later on she was employed in a "cloth-room." This position was more congenial to her on account of its fewer hours of confinement, the cleanliness of the room and the absence of machinery. The last two years of her Lowell life, in all a period of ten years, was spent in that room. And here she had a busy life. In her intervals of leisure she studied. Her spare moments were given to text-books on mathematics, grammar, English or German literature, which usually lay open on her desk.

Miss Larcom was a precocious writer of verse. Her factory experiences, too, gave her inspiration for her work. She closely watched the girls with whom she was associated as they went their various ways, and in this hard school she saw many examples of gentle culture and self-sacrifice.

In this hard school also she received her literary training. There was a group of literary spirits among the female operatives in the Lowell mills, and a little manuscript periodical was started called the Lowell *Offering.* Lucy wrote much for this journal, in fact her first printed prose and verse appeared in the *Offering.*

The mill girls also had a literary circle, and at one of their gatherings Lucy met the poet Whittier, who from that time was her warm friend and helper. In later life Whittier and Miss Larcom together complied "Child Life" and "Songs of Three Centuries."

When about twenty years of age, she went to Illinois with a married sister, taught there for some time and was for three years a pupil in Monticello Female Seminary. On her return to Massachusetts she was employed for six years in a seminary at Norton, but desisted on the failure of her health, only taking classes occasionally in Boston schools. During the Civil War she wrote many patriotic poems, and when *Our Young Folks* was established in Boston in 1865, she became an assistant, and in the following year chief editor, conducting the magazine till 1874.

Miss Larcom's published works are "Ships in the Mist and Other Stories," "Poems," "An Idyl of Work: a Story in Verse," "Childhood Songs" and "Wild Roses of Cape Ann and Other Poems." She also edited several collections of poems.

Scraped With a Rasp.

SIRS,—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me. Miss A. A. Downey, Manotic, Ont.

—Forty years ago the use of the canal connecting Halifax with Shubenacadie was abandoned, being parallel with a railroad. The canal has never been used since. Lewis P. Fairbanks, who has some interest in the canal, is now suing the Dominion government for two hundred thousand dollars damages, alleging that he had suffered great loss because navigation had been interfered with by the government building a bridge across the canal. The case is now being tried before Judge Burbidge.

—After the grip, when you are weak and "played out," Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore your health and strength.