BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

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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, Erysipelas, 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—

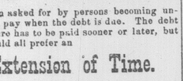
FOR SALE

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 Stores!

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 17, 1890. NO. 37.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and respond it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. ☞ Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

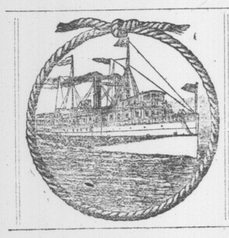
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

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 7.25 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.

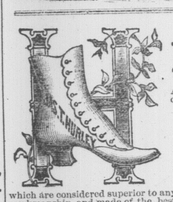
THE CELEBRATED Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—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.

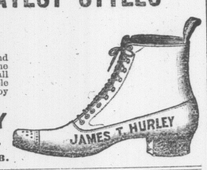


BUY MY MAKE OF Boots & Shoes

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 knowlegde 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. 14

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

Poetry.

The Legend of Eleanore.

BY C. E. C. W.

"There are bells afloat to-night in the waning summer light—
From each gray steeple down the long valley to the town,
I can hear them as I stand
Facing death upon the shore,
With the sea on either hand,
With its sullen, moaning roar;
And the high blue vault of heaven looks so far!" said Eleanore.
Miserere, Domine!

"*Miserere, Domine!* Oh, good people, can ye see
My death-shudders from the land, where ye cower hand in hand?
Not a hand that dares to reach
With a word of comfort now
Through the men that line the beach!
Soldiers, steel-capped, in a row,
Are ye cowards, that ye practice not the fine bravs words ye preach?"
Miserere, Domine!

"Men should ever chivalrous be! Yes, you said it unto me—
You, Ronald, and you, Reuben—as we walked along last week.
And you watch me from the land,
All alone, at sweet eighteen,
Naught but ribs of yellow sand
The slow, crawling sea between,
To die slowly in the twilight! Yes, men act not as they speak!"
Miserere, Domine!

"And my sin? Yes, tell it out till the pitying echoes shout—
She died, this tender maiden, for her lover in the spring!
Say—All her fault was love—
Say—Now she rests in peace
In the high blue heav'n above,
Where earth's cares and sorrows cease.
But, alas, the world is fair, and the swallow's on the wing!"
Miserere, Domine!

"O Percival, my heart, did we ever dream to part
When we wandered, lip to lip, in the perfumed lilac-grove?
Did we dream that one dark day,
When the mist drove on the wind,
Hunted, desperate, at bay,
With the grisly foe behind,
Weak and wounded, I should hide you near the nestling turtle-dove?"
Miserere, Domine!

"Hide you? Yes, ye coward men! I fling back the words again—
He is hidden—hidden safely from your wrath and from your hate.
Though the cruel creeping sea
Is slow rising wave by wave,
My secret down with me
Will lie silent in my grave.
What you hoped to wring ere death, e'en if won, would be too late."
Miserere, Domine!

"Ah, I shiver, for the sea has arisen to my knee,
And I feel its icy fingers touch my warm and beating breast!
O God—I stand again,
A happy girl and free,
In the violet-scented lane,
And Percival with me!
And the long, sweet chime of wedding-bells has filled the radiant West."
Miserere, Domine!

VOICES OF ANGELS IN THE AIR.

Agnus Dei!
Blest, forgiven,
Lift her soul
To the gates of heav'n!

"Angel hands,
Sweet Eleanore,
Wait to open
The heav'nly door.

"Death will not sever
Love from thee!
Gloria tibi,
Domine!"

"Angel voices! Ah, my love—all around me, far and near,
Bells and voices, angels waiting to receive my dying breath!
And the waves are on my brow;
But my cords are golden bands,
And the sea is golden now
With the touch of angel-hands.
Earth's wedding-bells, adieu! Can this—can this be death?"
Gloria, Domine!

Select Literature.

Wee Willie Winkie.

By Rudyard Kipling.

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN.

His full name was Percival William Williams, and he picked up the other name in a nursery book, and that was the end of the christened title. His mother's ayah called him Willie Baba, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the ayah said, her wisdom did not help matters.

Her father was colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant Colonel William put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered, strong in the possession of a good conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you mind being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good conduct badge for christening the commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the colonel could do made the station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained Mrs. "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Coppy," and rose therefore in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted on having his long yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie; and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforth to be called "Coppy" for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things far beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppy had promised him a terrier puppy, and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, silver soap-box, and a silver-handled "sputter-dish," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one, except his father, who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure half so wise, strong and valiant as Coppy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a "big girl," Miss Allardyce, to wit. In the course of a morning ride Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

"Coppy," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning—"I want to see you, Coppy!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself in a long chair with a studious affectation of the colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a teacup, and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim asked: "I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to—to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Whom do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie calmly, "but ve groom didn't see. I said, "Hut jao."

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony vas lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Coppy, enthusiastically shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all of these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie briefly; "but my faver says it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink you'd do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush."

"Exactly," said Coppy gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls nor no one 'cept my muvver. And I must vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me!"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and—all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve girl, I won't tell any one. must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was depended on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusally virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the colonel's little hay-rick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and verandah—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with quivering under lip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery — called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now, the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in winter. From his earliest years Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins—a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare, black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the bad men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the bad men, who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bed-rooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the bad men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest. It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib's, and went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mound of the flower borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot on the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police-post, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghaun territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her over night that she must not ride out by the river, And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winke as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are you doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody—not even Coppy—must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and—I've bwoken my awwest! — I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from the cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy, Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time, and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed towards the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming—one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must always look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden, he had seen the picture, and thus had they frightened the princess' nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives, after all.

They came up to the bowlders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically, "Jao!" The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted, and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till soon Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said of the men.

"I am Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into the cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background. These were the Bad Men—worse than the goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's ayah, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little Sahib Bahadur," said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterwards."

"That's a child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly,—"And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying "Oh, foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of these white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. Our villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yor's breastbone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch the child they will fire and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that the child is their God, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie standing over Miss Allardyce waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

. . . . . .

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the color sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each room corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the colonel's son!" he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off S'elp me, 'e couldn't fall off," blubbered a drummer boy. "Go and hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin, "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the colonel overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The pulton are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie confidentially to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicing; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I know she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy—"a pukka hero?"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any more. I'm Percival William Williams."

And in like manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.—*Beacon.*

Chip Dirt.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it not worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back in the basket."

When half the apples were replaced the son said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course, you cannot put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples! You said you did not know why you fell behind at school; and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. it will not hold more than so much. And here you have been the past month filling it up with CHIP DIRT—cheap novels."

The boy turned on his heel, whistled, and said, "Whew, I see the point."

Legal Impertinence.

Honest witnesses anxious to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, do not receive from the bench the protection to which they are entitled. They are badgered, brow-beaten and sometimes made to commit involuntary perjury by "smart" lawyers, "the court" smiling the overbearing insolence of the bar. It is a disgrace to the dignity of justice that such things are permitted and even tacitly encouraged.

Why should a respectable citizen be brought into court to be made a butt for the stale wit and libelous innuendoes of so called professional gentlemen? Why do judges allow the ordinary courtesies of life to be violated every day in the tribunals, where, if anywhere, the rules of decency and decorum should be rigidly enforced? Why should a pert attorney be permitted to imply by his mode of examination that a gentleman and a man of honor, whom he knows to be such, has appeared on the witness stand for the express purpose of perjuring himself, and is, upon the whole, a suspicious character?

Is it not enough that an honest man should be taken from his business without compensation to testify in a case in which he has no personal interest, but he must also have his reputation assailed and his feelings wrung by a lawyer who is paid for the job?—*New York Ledger.*

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.

Why The Doctor Cried.

Dr. Hill's autocratic bearing in the sick room gave strangers no hint of the deep sympathy which he felt for the humblest of his patients. A gentleman entering his office unannounced was surprised to find the doctor with his head bowed over his desk and sobbing convulsively. The intruder was about to withdraw in silence when the doctor wheeled around in his chair, and with tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks said:

"Take a seat. There's no occasion for privacy. I was thinking of little Willie M——, who has been sick with scarlet fever. It was a severe case, but I had it under control. In fact the boy was out of danger when his aunt, moved by his entreaties, gave him a hot doughnut to eat. He's nearer death's door than he was in the first place, and there isn't one chance in a hundred of saving him."

The gentleman was expressing regret at this sad turn of affairs when the doctor, as if ashamed of his unwonted display of feeling, exclaimed impatiently:

"I dont particularly care for the boy; what I am sorry for is that I can't kill his aunt before she has a chance to murder another sick person with her confounded doughnuts."—*Lewiston Journal.*

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