J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

CURE for the DEAF!

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums.

PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, and whisper heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs *free*. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway N. Y. 17y

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.

CHEAP

—: FOR :—

CASH!

FLOUR,
OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
CORMEAL,
GROCERIES,
STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,

Harnesses made to Order.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Nov. 19th, 1888.

B. B. B.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES

All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN

From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES

Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B.B.B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and

SCROFULA

We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

BAD BLOOD

Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the *first* bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases, on application to T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

Farm for Sale

THE subscriber offers for sale that very nicely situated property in MIDDLETON, County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, on the Post Road and in the immediate neighborhood of Railway Station, Telegraph Office, Post Office and Churches, consisting of about forty-five acres superior soil, a thriving young orchard of about one hundred and fifty Apple Trees of choice selected fruit, and conveniently divided into hay, tillage and pasture lands. Is well watered, has a commodious and thoroughly finished house, woodhouse, barn, stables, etc., in good repair. Terms easy.

JONATHAN WOODBURY.

Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are Jewels

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1890. NO. 5.

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.

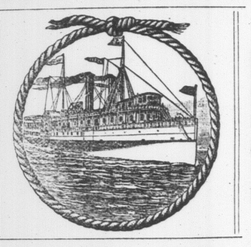
All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $5.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. ☞ Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

International S.S. Co.

OPENING OF THE DIRECT LINE.

FOR BOSTON, DIRECT.



Commencing Monday, May 5th,

—THE FAVORITE SIDE-WHEEL STEAMER—

NEW BRUNSWICK

Having been thoroughly repaired, will leave ANNAPOLIS (calling at DIGBY) every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, directly after the arrival of the Express Train from Halifax. Returning: Leave BOSTON MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings.

ST. JOHN LINE—CHANGE OF TIME.

Commencing MONDAY, May 5th, one of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN for BOSTON via EASTPORT and PORTLAND every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7.25 Eastern Standard Time.

For further information apply to

F. Crosskill, Agent, W. & A. R., Bridgetown.

R. A. Carder, Agent, Annapolis.

OR ANY AGENT OF THE W. & A. RAILWAY.

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.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *AS PALATABLE AS MILK.*

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

COMET

·THE BEST·

STOVE

·IN·

·THE WORLD·

POLISH

MORE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES.

Quite a Tall Yarn.

ABOUT AN ALLEGED PROFESSOR'S EXPERIMENTS WITH POOR HUMANITY.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: Reports come from a distant village in Southern Russia of the performances of the Count Zouroboff, a nobleman who poses as an amateur doctor and scientist. He was recently arrested, charged with cruelty to children, but escaped through a technicality. It appears that he bought four children 3 years old, from poor parents, and confined them in separate rooms. They were taught absolutely nothing, and were waited upon by a deaf and dumb attendant. They were plentifully supplied with food, and the rooms were large and well warmed and ventilated, but they were allowed no clothing. In fact they were caged like bears. In explanation of his conduct the count explained that he was endeavoring to discover what instincts were natural to the human animal. It was proved that he never struck these unfortunate children, who developed into perfect wild beasts, unable to talk and with no notions of decency. They would howl and snarl and tear their food like animals. Since his trial the count boards his proteges with different families, and will educate and provide for them during the remainder of their lives. Men of science are interested in the problem whether they will be able to restrain the children from their savagery.

A DYING MAN'S LESSON.—Wasn't it funny, by the way, about Professor Youmans, of the Popular Science Monthly, who sent for his dentist the month before his death and insisted on having his teeth all attended to and new ones put in? Everybody knew he couldn't live, and the dentist told him he was having a good deal of pains and trouble for nothing. But the professor intimated pretty strongly it was his own business, and if he was willing to pay $100 for having good teeth to be laid out in, the dentist needn't complain. Do you know how many people are poisoned by decaying teeth? They suffer from dyspepsia and bad complexions from nothing else than the constant drainage of bad matter from an imperfect tooth or two.—*Shirley Dare in Philadelphia Press.*

High Time to Begin.

After a long winter the system needs a thorough cleansing, toning and regulating, removing impurities and prepare for summer. Thousands of testimonials show that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine ever discovered, producing a feeling of buoyancy and strength. It removes that tired, worn out feeling, and restores lost appetite.

—Measure your health by your sympathy with morning and spring. If there is no response in you to the awakening of nature, if the prospect of an early morning walk does not banish sleep, if the warble of the first bluebird does not thrill you, know that the morning and spring of your life are past. Thus you may feel your pulse.

CULTIVATING THE ORCHARD.—The orchard is generally supposed to be a place to be utilized for several purposes, says the *American Cultivator*. If farmers were satisfied to grow a single crop in the orchard, as they are in respect to cereals, there would be fewer complaints, but they always seem desirous of procuring a crop of fruit and a crop of grain or grass from the land also. Now, as the land is no more capable of producing two good crops when used as an orchard than when occupied by other crops there is no reason why an orchard which includes the land in one sense should be afflicted with more than it should produce. But as the space between the trees seems to be unoccupied, though really not so, the farmer is tempted to put in a crop of grass, grain or vegetables and wonders why the orchard is so unproductive.

Select Literature.

On Board the Mongolia.

"'Every nation and tribe under heaven. Let me see," and Miss Stuyvesant counted on her fingers. "An Italian—does he call himself a prince? Yes, I believe he does. Well, then, an Italian prince; a Russian nobleman; an English lord, wife and seven children—there's luck in odd numbers; a French general with an interesting scar on his left cheek—just such a scar as a good general ought to have; a Japanese student, distrait and all that—a California gambler—at least he looks like a gambler, and I believe he comes from San Francisco; a United States senator; an Irish patriot; a Swedish—well, as he doesn't seem to be anything in particular, I'll call him an ambassador. That sounds well. He is a tall man, and it's a good long word."

"I hope your list is not yet exhausted, Miss Stuyvesant. It is too interesting to be cut short."

"That is not my fault, sir. I didn't imagine it worth while to include the few commonplace Americans we have on board, like you and me, for instance. Ah, here comes the French general. I always see the scar first."

Mr. Clyde drew back as the gentleman approached. He might be very erect on the tented field, but on the steamer deck his bearing was a little unsteady.

"You are facing the wind, Miss Stuyvesant," was his remark, as he laid his hand on the arm of the chair in which she was reclining.

"As you face the music, general. I am trying to be brave in a woman's way."

"Very fair weather for this time of the year," remarked the senator, John Morgan, as he approached the group. "Not a very large company, either, so everybody can be sociable."

"Yes, if one so desires," was the lady's reply. "The worst part of that fact being that one must be in a measure, whether one wishes it or not."

She opened a book which lay in her lap, looked over a few pages, closed it, and occupied herself in twisting her fingers through the fringes of the hood she wore. Miss Stuyvesant was evidently bored.

The clouds were settling down heavily; a few drops of rain began to fall, then gave place to snow flakes, which danced through the chilly air. But there was wind, and most of the passengers were on deck. Of course shuttleboard and quoits received due attention.

To those who cared nothing for such exhilarating sports, were not addicted to cards, and had read all the novels in general circulation, there was but one other attraction—Miss Stuyvesant. With the exception of the wife of the English lord, she was the only lady on board. She was handsome, witty, entertaining when she chose to be, and was seldom without a group about her, each one of the number showing the most marked admiration.

Miss Stuyvesant evidently found it dull on the steamer. Perhaps she had crossed the ocean before, and unfavorably compared the voyage to the more pleasant ones which had preceded it. But she was a woman who gave no history of the past, no hint of her future, and she was not one of whom people would venture to ask questions. "New York" stood on the passenger list against her name, and she was *en route* for Glasgow.

The Japanese student evidently disapproved of her, but then he was not accustomed to seeing women use such freedom in speech and action.

The Swedish grandee understood very little English, and spoke less. The Italian prince was only 16, and had apparently not reached an emotional stage of existence; the Californian played euchre most persistently with three of the "commonplace Americans," and the English lord was afflicted with the rheumatism.

With these exceptions the gentlemen on board were interested in the lady, some enough so to be very uncomfortable in their minds.

Mr. Morgan wondered what she would think of his elegant house out West, which had been three years without a mistress. The French general was sure she would enjoy Paris and Mr. Clyde's memorandum book was filled with distracted arithmetical problems, wherein he tried to prove that fifteen hundred dollars would luxuriously support two persons and leave a slight surplus over.

"How do you gentlemen manage to live without the daily papers?" Miss Stuyvesant suddenly asked one day. "I saw one of you reading a *Herald* this morning, probably for the sake of keeping in mind what a newspaper is like. I should enjoy looking at it myself, Mr. Sargent."

"With pleasure, Miss Stuyvesant."

"Thank you."

"It was my last purchase before leaving New York. I gave the boy a dollar for it, having no further use for American money. You ought to have seen his face."

There was a general laugh.

"Is there any special news in it?" Miss Stuyvesant asked carelessly, as she turned it over; "it could scarcely be called news, though, at this late day."

"Well there is a fine editorial on the Belden sensation. That the bother of spending ten days on the ocean. Now I'd give $50 this minute if I knew whether they've discovered anything more.

"Ah, yes," Miss Stuyvesant said, "I remember it was the talk of the city when we sailed."

"You could not have felt much interest in it, Miss Stuyvesant, if it has left your mind at this early date."

"No, not nearly as much as you seem to do. But, really, these affairs seldom interest me. Crime is an old story to the world—murder, robberies, the whole long list. Cain killed Abel. Murder has ceased to have any novelty since the first one was committed. All these modern exploits are only variations of the original theme."

"But I'm sure," remarked Mr. Sargent, "that the Beldon mystery will sooner or later be cleared up. I saw Holt, the detective, the day before we left and he believed he could put his finger on his man in Europe."

"In Europe! Then the arm of the law is not only strong, but long," laughed Miss Stuyvesant.

"Of course he telegraphed on," remarked Mr. Clyde.

"Most likely. He's got a brother over there now helping him to work up the case. They'r shrewd; but, as I was saying, I'd give $50 to know what's been discovered since we left."

The senator came up with a dish of fruit in one hand.

"Now, Miss Stuyvesant."

The words were cut short by a man who lurched heavily from the smoking-room, jostling the plate from Mr. Morgan's hand. It was the Californian, as Miss Stuyvesant called him. He stared at Mr. Morgan, and then without a word of apology, turned and walked away.

The gentleman looked petrified.

"Well," said he, as he looked after him, "if that rascal was sober I'd knock him down. He'll rue this when—"

"But, Mr. Morgan, you surely don't think that was done on purpose?"

It was Miss Stuyvesant who asked the question.

"I shouldn't if he had said a word; but he did not, and he looked ugly to."

"Our passenger from San Francisco is evidently a little reckless," remarked Mr. Sargent. "Captain Allen interfered last night in high play poker, I hear, that was going on between these gentlemen. There were high words, too, and a splendid diamond cross that he staked was—"

Mr. Clyde sprang to his feet. His quick eyes had noticed what others had failed to see—a curious pallor that crept round the lips of the lady as she listened.

"You are not well," he said impulsively, as he bent over her."

Her eyes flashed angrily, one might have fancied, as she motioned him away.

"Nonsense, Mr. Clyde!—and to interrupt an interesting story in that way! Do I lood very pale, really?"

"Yes, very."

She rubbed her cheek vigorously.

"Is it all right now?" smiling up at him as if in atonement for her previous words.

"All red, you mean," smiling back at her.

She turned to the senator, saying:

"And what about the diamond cross, Mr. Morgan?"

"Oh, that's all right. Of course, the captain put a stop to that kind of business, but he says he'll keep a sharp eye on him for the rest of the voyage. I guess he's a queer customer."

That evening Clyde, pacing the deserted deck, his mind still occupied on the distracting fifteen hundred dollar problem, heard voices at the stern of the vessel, near the wheelhouse.

"Curse you!" The ejaculation was in a man's voice, suppressed, hoarse, but distinctly audible. "I'll stand no interference from you, do you know that?"

"But you are watched—"

There was the sound of a blow, a low moan, and Mr. Clyde, springing forward at the sound of the familiar voice, caught, just in time, the shrinking form of Miss Stuyvesant, as she staggered back from an uplifted arm. In the dark, a man's figure stole noiselessly away.

"For God's sake—Miss Stuyvesant!"

She lay on his breast in an agony of tearless sobs, which shook her from head to foot. He was wild with apprehension of he knew not what. She grew calm in a moment more, but he still held her, and stroked her hair carelessly, longingly, yet not daring to speak.

"Mr. Clyde, I am grateful that it is you. Be my friend, as you have been. I have no one else that I can trust."

"Oh, if I might only—"

There was no mistaking the passion in his deep voice.

"No, no," she broke in; "if you are my friend, spare me."

"I would die for you."

She lifted his hand and laid her cheek softly on it.

"Poor boy!" she whispered as if to herself, not to him.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, after a little pause.

"Nothing—only forget what you have seen and heard. I thank you that you ask me no questions. I cannot tell you my miserable story—nor his who struck me."

She stood upright as she finished speaking, and drew her shawl up over her head. Once more she was the stately Miss Stuyvesant.

The steamship had been out nine days. Her passengers hourly waxed impatient for the sight of land. Ulsters and slouched hats had been exchanged for broadcloth and stovepipes, and while trunks were being hauled from the hold, the transfigured owners gaily exchanged good wishes and hopes for a future meeting, as they congratulated each other on a near release from a life on the ocean wave.

As usual Miss Stuyvesant had many friends about her, but during these last days it was always Mr. Clyde who stood nearest and seemed most in favor.

The little packet which was to convey them to the shore came steaming up to the side of the ship as she lay at anchor in sight of Greenock. The first persons to step on board the steamer were two men, one of whom Sargent greeted—

"Holt, you here?"

"Yes, Mr. Sargent."

The man extended his hand; while his companion, with keen eyes and alert movement, made his way to that part of the deck, where, apart from the rest, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, stood the Californian. All eyes were upon them. It took less than a minute for the few words they exchanged.

The passenger from San Francisco drew a pistol from his pocket only to have it sent spinning over the side of the vessel, while Holt, springing forward, helped to secure his wrists in handcuffs, with a professional dexterity for which he was unprepared. All the men gathered around the group and stared.

"My prisoner, gentlemen," explained the officer; "arrested for the great Belden diamond robbery in New York."

A woman fell at the criminal's feet—Miss Stuyvesant, her ashen face crushed down upon the heavy boot with which he spurned her from him.

"Allow me to introduce my wife to you, gentlemen. As for her name, you can read it in the papers. At any rate, it will never be Morgan or Clyde."

"Shame! shame!" shouted the first named gentleman, while the latter raised her from the deck.

The officer moved on toward the saloon, his prisoner following.

"You must take me too, for I cannot leave my husband."

They were the last words her fellow passengers ever heard Miss Stuyvesant speak, while with uncovered heads they watched her as she disappeared down the companion-way.—*Waverly Magazine.*

How to Keep Boys on the Farm.

The work of the farm house was over for the day; the children—with the exception of the eldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed, and in the big comfortable kitchen Farmer Harewood, his wife and his wife's sister, Mrs. Lucas, were sitting around a center-table. The farmer was reading the *Farm News*, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knickerbockers, and Mrs. Lucas was crotcheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was silence in the kitchen save for the snapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big eight-day clock in the corner, and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper, and when Mrs. Harewood sighed deeply, both her sister and husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" asked the latter. "That sigh is the loudest I ever heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as if you had a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered his wife. "And it is a load which you must share, Eli; I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is great trouble in store for us, husband—George is going to leave the farm."

The newspaper fell to the floor, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"Going to leave the farm!" he replied at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming."

Mrs. Harewood shook her head sadly.

"I wish I were," she said. "No, Eli, it is true. George has made up his mind to leave us. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about the work, and the dullness of his life. And to-day I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had had enough of farm life, and intended to leave; and if we refused our consent to it he would run away, and take his chances."

"We'll see about that," said the farmer, angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not! I won't consider it for a moment. What would he be worth a year from now if I let him go? He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, and get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It'll be ten years, at least, before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay, if I have to tie him down."

"Why don't you make him want to stay, Eli?" asked the gentle voice of his sister-in-law.

"If he's got the city fever on him all the talking in the world wouldn't do any good," rejoined the farmer. "He would not listen to a word."

"Don't talk. Don't let him ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan, Eli, a plan I have been thinking of all day."

"The best plan I know of is to tell him my mind freely, without any beating about the bush; and the sooner it's done the better."

"Now, Eli, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have been here three months now, and have taken a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction, and recognized the cause. I have overheard him talking to Jasper Flint more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he went to the city what he earned would be his own, but that here he worked from dawn to dark, and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He said that Tom Blythe, who is in a grocery store in the city, gets $12 a week, and Tom is only seventeen. Now, if you want George to stay on the farm, give him an interest in it, Eli. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He has had his food and lodging, and two suits of clothes a year, to be sure, but all he actually owns is that collie dog which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had that was fit for the saddle. And George was extraordinarily fond of Vixen."

"It seemed a pity to keep a horse that no one but George ever rode," said the farmer, "and she was too light for work. I am a poor man, Hester, and can't afford playthings for my children."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, Eli. Whom could you get who would take the interest in the work that George has? You have thought it only right that George should do his share towards running the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave you now that every year makes his services more valuable. But the boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway, and it is only natural."

The farmer leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his grave weather-beaten face. His gentle sister-in-law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his mind.

"I believe you're more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over to-night, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, Eli, remember that," said Mrs. Lucas, feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work, and taking up a lamp from a shelf by the stove, went upstairs to her own room.

Just at daybreak she was aroused from a sound sleep by the sound of horse's hoofs in the yard, and looking out of the window she saw Eli trotting away on old Roan.

"Where can he be going at this hour?" she thought.

When she went down stairs at six o'clock, George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two full pails of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look and he merely nodded in return for his aunt's cheery "Good-morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, but George, who had gone to one of the windows, and was looking out dejectedly did not even glance up.

"You were out early, Eli," said Mrs. Lucas. "I heard you ride away at day break."

"Yes, I went to Pine Ridge on a matter of business."

"That's where you sold Vixen, papa, isn't it?" asked little Harry, and Mrs. Lucas saw a quiver pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to Lawyer Stanley. George," turning to his son, "I've made up my mind to part with that fifty-acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?"

"Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man indifferently. "It's the best piece of land you have."

"But I haven't sold it. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away!" repeated George, roused out of his indifference, and staring at his father as though he had not heard him aright.

"Yes, deed it over, every inch of it, to some one I think a great deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice breaking a little. "I'm going to give it to my son, George Harewood, to have and to hold, as he sees fit, without question or advice."

"To me! You intend to give that fifty acres to me, father?"

"Yes, my boy, and with my whole heart. You've been a good son, George, and I only wish I were able to do more for you. But I'm not a rich man, as you know, and I have your mother and the three little ones to provide for, too. Still, I want you to have a start, and this fifty acre lot will yield you a handsome profit. You can have three days in the week to call your own, and that will give you a chance to work it, and if you choose to break in that pair of young oxen I bought the other day from Bagley, you can have them for your trouble."

"This—this seems too much, sir," stammered George. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Too much! Then I don't know what you'll say to this," and the farmer took his son by the arm and led him out on the porch. "There's another present for you my boy."

"Vixen!" The word came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy, and with one bound he was at the side of the little black mare he had never thought to see again, and had both arms about her neck. "Oh, father, I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in this world!"

And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down, and sobbed aloud.

That ended George's desire to leave the farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about the hard work, and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness.

In fact, Eli Harewood was wont to say occasionally in confidence to his wife, that he had reason to bless his sister-in-law for her good advice, and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in his advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortunes.

Saved by a Song.

In Robert Browning's beautiful poem, "Pippa Passes," a little girl who has a holiday, and so goes about her Italian town happily singing, influences great and powerful people to better things by the mere beauty and purity of her song. When they hear her young voice chant:

"God's in His heaven,"

they no longer dare break his decrees and scorn his counsels. A clergyman tells, in the Philadelphia *Times*, a story of his own peril near Harper's Ferry, at a time when there were many rough and dangerous men at work in the vicinity.

He was travelling alone, and having lost his way on a lonely road, suddenly found himself in the midst of a gang of workmen. He greeted them politely, told them his difficulty, and two of them sullenly offered to show him the way. He accepted the favor, though with some misgivings, and walked on with them, trying to make himself agreeable. He says:

"After a while we came to a dark place where they had been working on the road, and they proposed that I should stop and rest. I was bound to do as they suggested, but could not help wondering if I should ever get up again.

"Near them lay two short drills and these they took up, but said nothing. I seemingly did not notice this and talked to them about Ireland, for they were Irishmen, and asked about their families and everything which might interest them.

"At last I thought I would try the power of song, so I sang all the Irish songs I could think of. Still they seemed wholly unmoved and had the same wicked look, and I felt that I did not yet dare move and bring about a crisis.

"I remembered one more Irish song, 'The Irish Emigrant's Lament,' and I sang with all the pathos I could put into my voice. In a few moments I saw their countenances change; the muscles of their faces began to twitch and their eyes filled with tears, which soon rolled silently down their bronzed cheeks.

"When I finished they turned to me and said, with voices trembling with emotion, 'That song has saved your life. We had intended killing you for what money you might have, but we could not touch you now. That song of old Ireland has brought the dear homes and all the loved ones so strongly before us that now we will protect you and go with you until you are safe from all danger.'

"And so they did, but you may be sure I was glad when we came to the place of parting, for I did not know how long these better feelings might last. When we parted, I shook hands with them cordially, saying, 'Erin go bragh, Ireland forever,' and walked off, forcing myself to go a little slowly lest I should excite their ill-will by seeming in too much hurry to get away."

Autumn Anxieties.

I had a very bad cough this fall, but Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cured me completely. E. Robinson, Washago.

Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

"Ceres" SUPERPHOSPHATE!

[*THE COMPLETE FERTILIZER.*]

manufactured at the

Chemical Fertilizer Works, Halifax N. S,

We offer for the TWELFTH SEASON the above celebrated and reliable brand of Fertilizer.

THE OLD STANDARD! BUY NO OTHER!

46 4m **JACK & BELL, Halifax, N. S.**

She got the Farm.

A glimpse of early times is given in a story told by a Congressman from Indiana in the first years of this century of one of his constituents, says the *Youth's Companion*. Betty Frazier was a lean, tough little woman, with a crippled husband and two boys, who settled on the east bank of Whitewater River, and worked hard to raise money to buy the land from government at the auction sales in the approaching autumn.

In midsummer, however, Betty was in debt, and the sheriff, General Hanna, appeared, in gold braid and chapeau, with an execution on her property.

"Property? I have nothing but the white mare," said Betty.

"That will do," said the general.

Betty conducted him, talking pleasantly all the while, to the stable, a log building of one room, without a window, and fastened by a solid door which was secured by an iron pin outside.

"There is the mare," she said.

The general stepped inside. Bang went the door, the pin was thrust into its place, and Betty, smiling, went back to her work.

After twenty-four hours, during which the general starved and raged in the hot, filthy den, she tapped at the door.

"Well general how have you slept?"

"Betty, I'll compromise it if you'll let me out. I'll return 'no property available.'"

Betty made him swear to keep his word before she released him. She then showed him the way to Whitewater Ford, and as he was swimming across on horseback shouted, "I reckon the law will let me alone till I've sold my pigs now!"

The general was good-natured enough to wave his chapeau and give a cheer to his conqueror.

In December the pigs were grown. Betty, with her baby in her arms, rode the mare, while the little boy on foot helped her drive them to Cincinnati. It was a ten day's journey through a driving storm.

She sold the drove for a good price, and then, still holding her baby, went to the government land sales and bid off her farm at a low figure.

"Nobody," said the old chronicler "would bid against the plucky little woman."

It Works on the Cars in Iowa.

I came through Iowa this morning, and when I took my breakfast on the dining car I saw on the bill of fare "no liquors sold in Iowa." While I was passing up on the Central Iowa road I ordered lunch, and on the bill of fare there were twenty-five or thirty kinds of liquor, including old bourbon and all kinds of liquors. I said this didn't look like enforcing prohibition in Iowa, with all kinds of whiskey, gin and rum on the bill of fare, and I thought I would try it; so I said to the porter, "Get me a bottle of old bourbon," and he said, "No, sah, couldn't do it, sah, we can't sell it here. Well I said, "But you have it on your bill of fare." And he said, "Yes, sah, but we can't sell it in the prohibition States." And at the top of that bill of fare I saw "no liquors sold within the limits of prohibition States." Well, I thought may-be he was fooling me a little, but I looked around, and nobody knew me, and I knew nobody, so I said to him, "couldn't you get a bottle of beer, anyhow?" And he said, "Oh Lawd, no boss, couldn't do it nohow." And I said no one would know anything about it, and he said, "Lawd, sah, dey counted every bottle in the car before we reached the State, and then they count 'em after we leave it, and if a bottle is gone I has to 'count for it,"

As soon as we left the Iowa line the darkey came to me with a face like a full moon, and said, "Now, boss, we's in Minnesota, I let you have what you wants." Not a drink in Iowa under prohibition—all you want in Minnesota under high licer se. —*W. C. T. U.*

An Alligator Nursery.

The first movement of the alligator in building her nest is to fill her mouth with dead leaves, grass shrubs of wet soil, and carry them to where she intends to build her nest. After laying the foundation which has a diameter of six or seven feet, she piles her material carefully by using her head as a trowel, and sometimes her forepaws. When the walls are from four to seven feet she opens a hole in the top and drops her eggs, seperating them into layers by means of earth, dry grass and leaves, and when all are laid she covers with another layer of the same material, arranging it carefully in order to make it as protective as possible. "This done," continues John Mortimer Murphy in this interesting article in *Outing*, "she retires to a convenient shelter close by, leaving her eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun and the steam arising from decaying vegetation.

The eggs are about as large as those of an ordinary goose, having a decidely musky odour, and, like those of all reptilia, have a tough membraneous covering instead of a shell. They are eagerly devoured by bears, pumas, wild cats, cranes, herons and other furred and feathered enemies, but if they secure them it is only when the female is absent or sleeping, for she will fight any living thing in defense of her nest. Each nursery contains between forty and eighty eggs, and as nearly all prove fertile, it is quite evident that the country would swarm with the saurians unless Nature placed a check on their numbers. These checks are numerous enough, and embrace, fur, fin and feather. Moccasin snakes, darters or water turkeys, members of the Grallidae, and many species of fish prey on them constantly, but their worst enemy is probably the male alligator, for he will devour all the young in a nest in a few minutes.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning? The signs perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 60 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Drs. DeBlois & Primrose, Bridgetown, and Dr. Morse, Lawrencetown.

—Sadlier's Catholic Directory for 1890 estimates the Catholic population of the United States at 8,277,039. There are 8,332 priests, 7,523 churches, 3,302 chapels, 35 theological seminaries with 2,132 students, 102 colleges, 635 academies, 653 charitable institutions, 3,194 parochial schools with 633,238 pupils, 13 archbishops, 73 bishops, 18 archdioceses, 66 dioceses, 5 vicariates apostolic and 1 prefecture apostolic.

—It is a pity, girls, that this isn't a leap year. The prevailing influenza has brought many a hardened old bachelor to his sneeze.