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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

3 0 1y

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

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

Granville St, Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.

T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension OF TIME

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

Extension of Time.

Puttner's Emulsion OF COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

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

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

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

BROWN BROS. & Co., CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS, Halifax, N. S.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, 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.

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine.

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

CARD.

W. M. FORSYTH

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

Office in

LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.

Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84. 51tf

FOR SALE

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

SETH YOUNG.

Brooklyn, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29tf

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.

(LIMITED).

Commencing Monday, Oct. 6th,

THE S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO,

ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

will leave the Company's wharf, Reed's Pt. Mondays, Wednesday and Saturday, at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with W. C. and W. and railways, returning same days, due at St. John about 7 p. m.

WARD D. TROOP, Manager, St. John.

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

To Rent.

HAVING disposed of the Drugs and all other lines and Stock in the Drug Store of the late Joseph Dennison, M.D., I hereby offer to rent for one or more years, the premises known as Dennison's Drug Store, located on Queen street. Well adapted for a general store.

S. DENNISON.

Bridgetown, Nov. 8th, 1890. 32 4l

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1890. NO. 35.

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, Sores or 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. & 50 cts. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

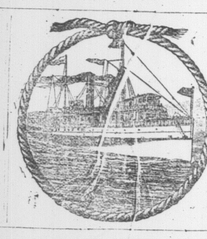
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

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.)

W. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

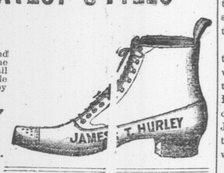
We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

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 mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.

JAMES T. HURLEY

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER.

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

W. H. BANNISTER,

Optician,

—GRADUATE—

New York Optical College,

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

COALS! COALS!

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

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

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

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

(Best Quality.)

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

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

Carpenters' and Joiners' Tools.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Coal and Iron always on hand.

H. FRASER,

Queen Street.

FOSTER'S Carriage Emporium

Near Bridgetown, N. S.

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

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

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

R. D. FOSTER.

Bridgetown, August 12th, 1890. 6m

CARD.

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MIDDLETON, - - N. S.

Office in A. BEALS' STORE. 16

Poetry.

Happiness.

"Thou shalt be happy!" So I told my heart
One summer morning many a year ago;
"Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt have thy part
Of mirth and feastings in the great world's show;
Thou shalt have health and wealth, high fame and praise,
Thy place shall be with those who sit above;
Thou shalt have sunshine on the dullest days,
And, best of all, my heart, thou shalt have love."
Thus, in the morning of my days, I spake
Unto my heart, and gladly it replied:
"The world is all before us, we can make
Joy for ourselves, a never-ebbing tide."
So we set out, my heart and I, in mirth,
To seek for happiness—upon the earth.

God gave us health and wealth, and we were glad
Thus, for a season, waiting joys to come;
God gave us fame and praise, a little sad
We were, my heart and I, amid the hum
Of voices landing us, till one, more dear
Than all the rest, spake gentle words and sweet.
Then we grew jubilant with right good cheer,
And happiness came on with flying feet,
Drew near—put passed. Alas! my heart and I,
We could not hold the radiant wanderer fast.
One rose-touch of her lips in fleeting by
Was ours; one precious look—the first, the last.
She will return, we said, with love's new birth,
There must be happiness for us on earth.

We lost fair health, my heart and I, and fell
Sore sick; were sorrowful, found dreary ways.
We lost our wealth, and none drew near to tell
Of comfort waiting us in better days.
But where is happiness? Alack! we find
She is not ours to beckon as we list;
We have no magic spell wherewith to bind
This rare, bright visitant to earth. We missed
The royal road to happiness; but lo!
Something is saved as from the wreck of all:
We have content, though doubtful blessings go,
And peace entwines our crosses great and small.
We learn, my heart and I, the world's true worth,
And seek for happiness—but not on earth.

Select Literature.

The Other Mrs. Smith.

BY ALLIE.

It was nearly supper time. I was just at out to put up my mending—and very plain mending, too, for country people have no time for fancy work—when I heard a carriage drive up to the door. By the time that I had reached it, a woman and her daughter, evidently, were on the steps, loaded down with citified bundles. Giving them a more careful second glance, I saw that they were distant relatives of mine from the city who had written me some time previous as to their intention of making me a visit. And oh, my! weren't they dressed to kill! The colors were so very bright that I had no time to take in what they really did have on.

They one and both took a few mincing steps as though they were stepping on eggs, and then pounced on me with a passionate hug.

"Oh, you old sweet darling! You're as young as ever! And oh, how well you do look—as though you would live always—and I hope you will! Have you been well? It's been a very long time since I saw you last. We won't stay away so long again. We're very glad we came, it's such a lovely place. And my husband thought that you wouldn't know us; but you do, now, don't you? We're cousins, and we have come to make you a long, long visit. We've been wanting to come for ever and ever so long, but couldn't get away. Pa wanted us to go to Monterey, but we thought we would come here. We have so much company, and so many receptions that it takes all our time."

As soon as I could get my breath I told them that they were welcome, and that I was very glad they came, as it would liven things up for my boy. They must be tired. I showed them up-stairs into the spare chamber, and told them that I would have Jim and the hired man bring up their trunks. I brought some clean, fresh water, and then went to get supper.

"I'm real glad they came," I said to myself. "They seem good company."

Though they arrived much sooner than I expected, it had not put me out much of any; my spare room was always ready. And then it would be so nice for my son Jim. He was only seventeen, and did not have much of women's society. And this young Miss Smith was so pretty and chatty he could not but like her. Young company was now really a necessity for him.

As for relationship, they were very distant cousins. That didn't matter; as long as they were agreeable they were welcome, and I was glad to see them. I was a widow, and sometimes I felt very lonely out here on the ranch. Of course my boy was a great comfort, but still both felt as though we would like a change in our regular life. And Jim longed for society more than I, and I was doubly glad for his sake that now he would have a pleasant change. He was all I had left of our once perfect family, and I loved him as only a good mother can love a son.

I went about getting supper with more alacrity than I had felt for some time. When it was ready I blew the horn for Jim to come. The sound had hardly died away when Jim put in an appearance. I told him who had come, and "Pshaw!" he would stay some time. He seemed extra dirt I noticed that he took a little pains with his toilet.

I blew the horn up the stairway. We waited some time for our guests to come, and then I concluded that they did not understand this kind of a call to supper, so I mounted the steps to call them in person. As I neared the door I saw that it was open a crack, and I could hear every word that was spoken inside.

"What do you suppose that old fish-horn was blown for—do they think that we're barbarians? Did you see that red-headed gawk striding in? He has a step like an elephant. And his mother, too—isn't she coarse and ignorant? And what a quiet place! I don't believe there's a neighbor in sight. I wish pa could have sent us to Monterey! Why can't he make money like other men? What's the use of dressing up here? Nobody will see us. We might as well live in State's prison."

These were the words of Miss Smith. To talk about my Jim in this way! I felt as if I could have scalped her alive with a rare relish.

"You mustn't talk so, Alice. If you capture the red-headed monkey he's worth at least twenty-five thousand dollars, and his mother will quite likely leave this ranch to him, which is worth at least another ten thousand. His money, too, is in his own name. I tell you, Alice, you must catch this fellow. That sweet voice of yours will charm him if nothing else will."

And she did have a wonderfully sweet voice—a voice which might prove far too soft for my son's happiness. If her ways should prove as winning as her tones I would have need of all my skill to induce him to believe that a union with such a woman would be fatal to his peace.

"Well, ma, much as I hate the place, I will do my best. We wouldn't live in this wretched hole, anyway."

"Well, just wait till you fetch him to terms, and then you can do as you like—eh, Alice?" with a laugh that made me sick at heart.

One of the precious pair now made a movement to leave the room. I put on a sort of smile, and walking noisily up to the door, rapped. I announced as pleasantly as possible that supper was ready; and they told me not to wait—that they would come right down.

As I went down stairs my first idea was to tell my son what I had heard, and warn him of the evil designs his fair and distant cousin had upon him. But on second thought I deemed it best to let things take their natural course; it was not time for me to interfere till I knew for certain that he was in real danger.

It did not take me long to see that Alice Smith had made a conquest of Jim. Her smiles, her pretty face and sweet voice made him as awkward and green as a country boy could be made. His blushes were numerous, while she scarcely lost color. That was the first step. And as day followed day each proved in favor of the conqueror. She praised everything, and soon coaxed him into conversation, for Jim was never much of a talker.

After the guests had been at the ranch a week or more, Alice became our leading spirit. I remember one night when we were all assembled in the parlor, we had fallen into a sort of Quaker meeting. I was no talker, and Jim most certainly was not. We were good listeners, but for us to sustain a conversation was an impossibility. We had been sitting mum for some twenty minutes when Alice opened talk in this way:—

"Old San Gabriel Valley is a pretty place. I thought yesterday that it was the loveliest valley in all our Golden State! And such lovely days—don't you think so, Mr. Stone?"

"Yes," bashfully answered Jim.

Then, with a bewitching smile levelled on him, and a glance at her mother, which she thought that I did not see, fair Alice continued,—

"All the days are lovely, and the sky is so clear, and the air so balmy. Here it is January, and see how green the slopes and lawns are, and the oranges—are many getting ripe, Mr. Stone?"

"Yes, Miss Smith, they are turning fast."

His tongue was getting loose.

"How long is this valley?"

"Forty miles."

"And all like this?"

"Yes, and even more so."

"What a lovely place to live and die in!" she said with a sigh. And of course that goose of a Jim was delighted at her praise.

Then she told us of her travels, where she had been and what she had seen. She said that she had been to Italy, and the climate did not compare with that of our valley.

"I could live here forever with one I loved," she cooed.

I could have killed her for looking so sweetly at my susceptible son.

It was evident enough that he was head over heels in love with her.

And we had many evenings like this one. I noticed with considerable apprehension how enamored Jim was becoming. And when she told about their elegant mansion, their servants and horses, I could see that he was restless to go to the city with her and see them all.

One evening I came upon Jim and Alice in the back hall. He was kissing her. This was a settler. My son's eyes must be opened, but how was I to open them. I should have told him long ere this of the conversation that I had heard in the spare room the day of our guests' arrival. But now he would ask me why I had not told him before. Of course it was not likely that Alice would try to marry him right away, and in a month or so things might change. And I held a power over Jim and his property that Alice Smith had not considered; he was under age, and I was his guardian.

As day followed day, I saw that my boy was more and more in the meshes of Alice's net; and when she left the ranch and urged Jim and myself to be sure to run up to town and call on her, I made up my mind that when he mentioned his desire to go to the city on business that I would go with him. If I should find nothing to convince him of what a trap he was getting into, then I would tell him all that I knew—and perhaps add something else beside.

I was not one bit surprised when, two weeks later, Jim told me that he thought he would go up to the city on business. Of course I insisted on going with him, and much to my surprise, he was perfectly willing that I should. In fact, he said that he would far rather I would go with him than not. We transacted all the business

After we arrived at us to the city, Jim said, that had brought

"What do you say, ma, to looking up Mrs. Smith? You know she insisted upon our calling on her the very first time we came to the city. It wouldn't look well if we didn't."

This was just as I had expected, and I showed my willingness to go. Jim had taken special care to bring the Smiths' address along with him. We showed it to a horse-car conductor, and he told us that he would set us down at the very door of the elegant residence.

And it was indeed an elegant place. I was almost dumbfounded with the grandeur. There was no possible chance for a mistake. There was the name on the door, engraved on a great silver plate, "J. L. Smith." I had never dreamed of such an establishment. Perhaps, after all, I had been hasty in judging my distant cousins.

In less time than it takes to tell it, we were ushered into an elegantly furnished apartment. Perhaps five minutes had passed, and then Mrs. J. L. Smith stood before us. But it was not the Mrs. J. L. Smith that we were in search of. As soon as we saw her the card she got on her dignity. She said she had been tormented time and again by this other low, vulgar Mrs. Smith, and if it ever occurred again she would most certainly have her name changed. After she had calmed down a little she gave us quite a slice of the other Mrs. Smith's history, which was, to say the least, far from flattering. Then she told us where we would find the other J. L. Smith's store, where some one would direct us to their very dingy residence.

Jim was now so much turned round that I had to do the pilot work. I found the store without any particular trouble. It was the dingiest store I had ever seen. Our valley had never been disgraced with such a concern. What a contrast to the elegant affair that they had so vividly described to us! And the many clerks consisted of just one big-nosed specimen of Hibernian extraction. Business did not seem to be rushing, and he closed the door to show us where his employer lived. A few minutes' walk brought us face to face with the original and true Mrs. J. L. Smith's home. Jim was not prepared for this surprise, and I'm positive that I was more astonished than I had expected to be.

I put on my specs and took a good look around me. So this miserable hovel was their elegant mansion on the heights! The garden gate was hanging on one rusty hinge. The house as well as the fence was destitute of paint.

"This can't be the place," said Jim.

"Let's go in and see. There's a great mistake somewhere, or some one has not told us the truth. So there goes for the truth of the matter."

I made a dive for the door-bell, which to my horror came off the minute I pulled it. I held the knob in my hand a minute, and then pounded the door with considerable force. The door was opened by an Irish girl.

"Does Mrs. J. L. Smith live here?"

"Yis'm."

"Then go and tell her that Mrs. Stone and son, from San Gabriel, have called to see her," I said.

"Thin plaze to step in to the sitting-room while I go and tell her about yez."

In a minute we were within the walls that had been described to us as so elegant.

We had not been in the room three minutes when we heard words that made our both open our ears. They evidently came from the apartment in which we were.

"I wonder what made those horrid country things come now? If we had known they were coming we could have taken our old suite of rooms at the Lyde House—those we had last winter to receive them in, you know. They're so green they would not have known but that the whole house was ours. Can't we tell them that they've struck the wrong place, or that we've the small-pox here, or something of the kind?"

"No, no ma!" we heard that sweet voice reply. "The rustics are here, and we shall have to receive them."

I looked steadily into Jim's face; he had heard every word, and was dumbfounded. He recognized the sweet voice, and I could almost read his thoughts in his face, they were so plainly expressed there.

"Let's go mother," he said.

"No, Jim, we are here for a call, and let us have it out."

I took a rickety chair and motioned for him to be seated.

Before we had time for further words the door opened and Mrs. Smith and her daughter, in very flashy attire, entered the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Stone, we're so awfully glad that you came! We were just talking about you this noon at lunch, and wondering if you would ever come and see us. And now that you are here you must stay just as long as you want to. Come right into the parlor."

They led the way and I followed promptly, for I was now interested to know what kind of a parlor they had. Jim followed with some reluctance. This room was a little better than the other. The carpet was not wholly worn through; but everything was dusty. I had no need to tell him that these elegant ladies never touched their hands to straighten out things. Any one with half an eye could see that.

"Mollie is awful slack about these rooms," said Mrs. Smith, "and of course I could not think of allowing Alice to soil her beautiful hands with this kind of work. This is no work for a lady. I think we will have to get another girl. But we thought we would keep her till we got into our new house. Did you see it as you came up from the depot? That elegant brick front with brown stone trimmings. We have engaged three girls and a Chinaman to do our work there. Did you notice the house I mean, Mrs. Stone?"

"Do you mean that elegant building with that great tall chimney in the rear?"

"Yes, that's the one. That is our laundry and cookery. I do detest the odor of cooking in the house. Don't you?"

"Well, they ain't over pleasant," I returned, looking hard at Jim. I meant they should go on to their last card. "But we were told that the new building was a vinegar factory. I suppose we were misinformed. It will make you a lovely home; but don't you think it rather out of the residence part of the city?"

"Oh no! All the nabobs are building houses down there now. Let me take your hat," Alice said sweetly.

But Jim was not disposed to give it up. Though he was as awkward as ever, I was pleased to note that Alice's smiles and dances no longer had any effect on him. He was far more disgusted with their deceptions than I was.

"Well," I said at last, "I am no nabob, and I don't know what a nabob is; but I do know that all the fools are not dead yet, and they don't all live in the country either. And, Mrs. Smith, I greatly admire your music-room, your parlor, your drawing-room and your servants."

"Mrs. Stone, you are exceedingly impertinent to talk in that way. We hire this cottage; it was the only one we could find, for there is a great building boom going on here, and even the millionaires are living in tents. If you had come here a month later you would have seen us in one of the most elegant mansions in the city. You need not look at me in that way. The house you are pleased to term a vinegar factory will soon be furnished in fine style."

And here she broke down, just as I have seen actresses do on the stage, and her eyes became a fountain of tears. Alice bent her languishing look on Jim for sympathy, and, though a boy in years, he showed that he was no fool. This was all new to him; he had had a narrow escape, and realized it. I could see that he was doing a lot of thinking, though it was not his way to do a lot of talking; and if he could then have expressed himself there would have been more music than even I could have relished.

"Impertinent!" I said acidly. "Well, I should think that the word would apply better to you. Perhaps you two remember some of the nice little compliments you gave Jim and me the day you arrived at the ranch. I went up-stairs to call you to supper, and your door was open, and I heard every word you said. I never told Jim what a nice outfoy you had in store for him, for I felt all the time that if I gave you rope enough you would hang your own little game where all eyes could read it; and you have. You need not flash your eyes or order me out of this hole. We are going in a moment. I trust the next visit you make to the country, Miss Alice, that you will catch a twenty-five thousand dollar fool. But when you invite your "country gawks" to come to see you be sure that you have your winter residence completed."

Mother and daughter were dumbfounded. Every kind of an expression crossed their faces in a short time. I was expecting that Mrs. Smith would threaten to sue Jim for breach of promise, but perhaps she had considered that she had no letters as proof, and also that Jim was under age.

Their good-bys were exceedingly meagre. Jim confessed to me on the way home that he had never been so deceived in his life.

Perhaps some think that I was a meddler; that I took too much interest in my boy, since every son has a right to choose his own mate in life. But I used no prejudicial words or advice—I just let things take their course and allowed Jim to judge for himself. When he finds another bird to mate with I don't think I shall say anything against her. But circumstances greatly alter the case sometimes.

Mrs. Hayes's Goat.

The telling of a joke upon ones self requires more self-denial than the majority of persons care to exercise. It has the advantage, however, of hurting nobody's feelings, and of affording a field for legitimate exaggeration. The late Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes was especially fond of recounting her own defeats and mishaps, as the anecdote, which she told one evening at a dinner at the White House, will show:

It was at our home in Fremont, one evening in November, when without any warning the thermometer began falling and snowflakes filled the air. I was alone in the house with my youngest children and their colored nurse, Winnie. The men servants had gone to their homes before dark.

Suddenly I thought of poor Christopher Columbus, our long-haired pugnacious Angora goat, out in the pasture. It seemed cruel to leave him there without any shelter, so immediately I went and asked Winnie to get a lantern and come with me.

At the barn we found a great box, into which we put some straw, and together we rolled and pushed and carried that box across the road and into the pasture. Christopher saw the light, came toward it. We retreated behind the fence, and tried to coax him into the place of shelter. Imagine our sentiments when he mounted to the top of the box, and there took up his abode for the night!

The World's Big Bridges.

The Tay bridge is 10,230 feet long, and its greatest span is 245 feet.

The London bridge is 1,760 feet long, and its greatest span is 110 feet.

The Niagara bridge is 3,808 feet long, and its greatest span is 808 feet.

The Fourth bridge is 8,091 feet long, and its greatest span 1,710 feet.

The Cromlin bridge is 1,860 feet long, and its greatest span is 150 feet.

The Brittannia bridge is 2,511 feet long, and its greatest span is 460 feet.

The Brookline bridge is 5,862 feet long, and its greatest span is 1,600 feet.

The Susquehanna railway bridge is 3,500 feet long, and its greatest span is 250 feet.

The Brooklyn bridge is 3,475 feet long, and it has a clear span of 1,595 over the East River.

The Ohio river suspension bridge at Cincinnati is 2,220 feet long, and it has a clear span of 1,057.

The length of the proposed Hudson river bridge will be over 5½ miles. Total cost, £40,000,000. Length of greatest span 2,850 feet.

The largest iron arch bridge is the Southwark bridge over the Thames. It consists of three arches 240 feet in span and with a rise of 54 feet.

The Victoria railway bridge over the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, is two miles long, cost over $5,000,000 and contains 3,000,000 cubic feet of masonry.

—Cremation was borrowed by the Romans from the Greeks, and was not generally practiced among them till toward the end of the republic. The custom gradually fell into disuse under the empire, and appears to have been abandoned about the end of the fourth century. There is no record that it was ever practiced by Christian nations.

High Time.

When weakness, loss of appetite, lack of energy and other symptoms of dyspepsia appear, it is high time Burdock Blood Bitters was made use of. There is nothing "just as good." It is B. B. B. that cures dyspepsia, so be sure you get it.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

"Nobody Will Ever See It."

THE advantages of thoroughly advertising whatever one has to sell, have been set forth by the newspapers in the strongest light, so that most people acknowledge the evidence to be overwhelming. The Vallejo (Cal.) *Chronicle* contains the following, which illustrates this subject, and proves that a man may be a doubting Thomas yet have considerable faith when its becomes aroused by some extraordinary circumstance.

A short time ago we called upon a certain party in business in Vallejo, and asked him why he did not advertise in the *Chronicle*.

"Oh! because," he answered, "what's the use? Nobody will ever see it."

"You're mistaken,' said we; "every page in our paper is read."

"Nonsense," he replied; even if they did read my advertisement, people would never think of it again. I don't want to advertise."

"But"——

"No buts at all, I don't want to advertise, and don't bother me any more; I'm busy." And he walked back into his store and strangled a poor little fly that was helping itself from a barrel of sugar.

Time passed, and we never again intimated "advertisement" to him, although meeting him daily. Yesterday the gentleman called at our sanctum, looking a little uncertain as to how he would be received. We cherished no hard feeling, and motioned him to a chair.

"I suppose you heard of that little affair of mine below."

"Oh! yes," said we; "that little escapade on Kearney street, night before last?"

"Yes, we've got all the particulars——"

"Hush! not so loud, please," said he; "of course, you are not going to say anything in the paper about it."

"And why not? It's a matter of interest to your friends and the people generally."

"Heavens! Why it would ruin me!"

"Oh, no, I guess not. Nobody will ever see it."

"Yes, they will! And it will ruin me as sure as I'm sitting here. I'll be the laughing stock of the town. They will see it!"

We rose and touch him impressively on the shoulder.

"Well, we will admit that the people will see it, but then, you know, they will never think of it again!"

His words came back to him like a flash and he trembled so violently that his eyeballs fairly jingled; and he was such an object of commiseration that we promised to keep mum. This little moral, as drawn from the above, is applicable the world over. Ask a man to advertise and he will immediately say in the majority of cases, of cases, that "Nobody will see it.' but advertise gratis some little indiscretion he may commit, and he immediately grows indignant over the certainty that the whole world will know it.—*Ex.*

A Source of Joy.

DEAR SIRS,—My young sisters were attacked by croup so badly that we almost despaired and had little hope of curing them. At last we applied Hagyard's Yellow Oil and to our great joy it cured them perfectly, and they now enjoy the blessing of perfect health. Annie Johnston, Dalhousie, N. B.

Artificial Eyes.

Artificial eyes are not glass eyes, as they are often miscalled. They are made of enamel. People who have never seen one are likely to imagine that they are round and hollow, but they are only thin shells representing the front of the eye, the loss of which they are intended to conceal. The art of making them has only reached its present perfection within the last fifty years, and they are now so skilfully made that hundreds of people wear them without the knowledge of their intimate friends. They are not uncomfortable to the wearer. A person who has an artificial eye would feel as uneasy as a man without a hat should he go out without it.

When a man wants an eye, tests for color, size and shape are made by examining the cavity and the other eye, and then the eyes from sample stock are tried until one that is suitable as far as shape and size go is obtained. If the cavity and stump (natural eye reduced) are in favorable condition, an artificial eye can be made to fit so perfectly that it will be almost impossible to distinguish it from the natural one. A person who was known to wear a false eye has asked his friends to say which is the natural and which is the artificial, and they often make wrong guesses.

The eyes of an individual are generally alike, except to an expert, but there are cases where there is a great difference. Men have had one blue eye and one brown one, and a person whose iris was one-half blue and one-half brown has been known to several prominent opticians.

Fifteen dollars is the price for an artificial eye made to order, or twenty-five dollars for two. The reason a reduction is made for two is that after one eye has been made it is easier to make another one like it than to start without such a model. People who wear artificial eyes usually buy two at a time, so they may not be without an eye to wear in case one is broken. Some one-eyed ladies keep two on hand for quite a different reason—one to be worn in the daytime and the other in the evening. The latter they have made with a pupil larger than that of the natural eye. The pupil expands at night, and they want both to appear alike. Large eyes are generally considered a mark of beauty.

Artificial eyes wear out. The polish comes off through long use, and the action of the lids and the secretions of the eye and the enamel gets rough, like ground glass. A new eye must then be provided, as the irritation caused by the old one is liable to cause inflammation of the eyelids.

Come one, come all,
Both great and small
Try Hagyard's Yellow Oil,
It stops the pains
Of wounds or sprains,
That rest and comfort spoil.

Big Interest.

The biggest interest on any investments is that obtained by buying a bottle of B. B. B. The dividends of strength, health and vigor are always realized, and there are no assessments. Burdock Blood Bitters, the great blood purifier, costs one dollar a bottle—about one cent a dose.