Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 14. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1887. NO. 47.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the quick effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused; take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured. —Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A Lecture to Young Men

On the Loss of

MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

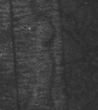
Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box, 450.

1885. 1885.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE BRIDGETOWN



Marble Works,

ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS.

—IN—

Marble, Freestone & Granite,

of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.

ALSO:

Furniture Tops!

Call and inspect work.

OLDHAM WHITMAN.

Bridgetown, Jan. 12th. 85'

JUST RECEIVED.

Two Carloads

FLOUR AND MEAL,

which will be sold LOW FOR CASH.

Also.—A well assorted stock of

Groceries!

MOLASSES AND SUGAR,
SPICES, SALT, TOBACCOS,
BROOMS, SOAP,
RAISINS, CURRANTS,
CANNED GOODS,
BISCUITS, SYRUPS, ETC

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, July, 1885

CURE FOR THE DEAF

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing

and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonial, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N.Y. Mention this paper.

SEAVEY'S EAST INDIA LINIMENT

The great Internal and External REMEDY

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

The receipt of which was obtained from a native of India. Excels all other Liniments and Pain Killers for the relief and cure of Internal and External Pain.

IT IS CELEBRATED FOR THE CURE OF

Cramps, Diarrhœa, Cholera, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Rheumatism, Pain or Lameness in the Back, Chest and Side, Soreness and Stitches in the side, Stiffness in the Joints, Colds, Sudden Chills, Bruises, Cuts, Swellings, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Chilblains, &c.

Also the Best Liniment Extant for Horses.

For curing Lameness, Swellings, Hard Lumps, Windgalls etc., and Strains, Wounds and Bruises etc., in Horses and Cattle.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For Sale by Dealers and Druggists.

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $150. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2116, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

They all Speak Well of

SIMSON'S LINIMENT!

MESSRS. BROWN BROS. & CO.

GENTLEMEN,—I wish to speak with approval of SIMSON'S LINIMENT. Having my knee fractured and the cords almost destroyed by a kick from a horse, and other applications not proving successful to relieve the pain and soreness, I used SIMSON'S LINIMENT, which at every application at once took effect, and now, after six weeks, I am able to walk nearly as well as ever. JACOB FOSTER.

Coldbrook, Kings Co., Nov. 10th, 1886.

FROM THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS AT MONTMAGNY, P. Q., Dec. 13th, 1886.

I was very much troubled with a sprained foot and though having an antipathy to patent medicines, I was induced to try a bottle of SIMSON'S LINIMENT and with such great results that I have recommended it to all my neighbors. I also recommend this same LINIMENT for Bunions and Corns, as a friend who used part of my bottle can also testify. EUGENE HAMMOND.

441y.

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.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

—:o:—

MR. P. H. MORRIS,

—regrets that sickness prevented his attending at—

Mr. Sancton's Jewelry Store on Wednesday, Dec. 8th, '86,

as advertised, for the purpose of fitting the B. LAURANCE SPECTACLES, and is extremely sorry for the disappointment of the many callers.

Arrangements will be shortly effected for an early visit, of which due announcement will be made. He hopes then to meet all those who called, and others who desire his services in fitting by scientific methods the best spectacles to be had, viz., the

B. LAURANCE, PEBBLE and OTHERS,

to all and every condition of sight.

Montreal, December 13th, 1886.

Notice of Removal.

TO accommodate his large and increasing business

MR. A. J. MORRISON,

...OF...

MIDDLETON,

has removed to the large and commodious store, formerly occupied by Mr. S. L. FREEMAN, where he has just opened the best and largest assorted stock of

Cloths & Trimmings,

in the two counties. Having personally visited the New York, Boston and Montreal markets, and bought my goods from first hands for cash, I cannot be undersold by anybody. Having a large staff of experienced workmen, I am prepared to make Clothes to order, second to none in the Province, both for fit and workmanship, at prices that will astonish you. Now is the time to leave your order for Fall Suits.

Also: a full line of American HATS and CAPS in Felt, Cloth and Furs—Nobby Styles. Also a complete line of Gent's BOOTS & SHOES, RUBBER COATS, all Prices and Styles, Ladies' CIRCULARS, READY-MADE CLOTHING for Men, Boys and Children, MEN'S SUITS for $5.00, OVERCOATS for $6.00. A splendid lot of Trunks, Bags, and Valises, and the most complete stock of Gent's Furnishing Goods, in short, anything that a man wants to wear.

A. J. MORRISON.
Merchant Tailor.

Middleton, N. S.

Guns,

AMMUNITION,

HEAVY

WOOL SHIRTS,

Shirts & Drawers,

A SMALL LOT OF

GENTS' GENUINE

Plymouth Buck Gloves.

Apple Barrels.

B. STARRATT.

PARKER & DANIELS,

Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

Money invested on Real Estate Securities.

OFFICE—Fitz Randolph's Building, corner Queen and Granville Streets, Bridgetown, N. S.

G. H. PARKER. O. T. DANIELS, B. A.

Hardware.

REFINED, COMMON SWEDISH AND HOOP IRON;
SLEIGH-SHOE, TIRE, BLISTER, DRILL AND CAST STEEL;
HORSE SHOES AND HORSE SHOE NAILS;
CARRIAGE & SLEIGH SHOE BOLTS;
RIVETS AND-WASHERS;
SQUARE NUTS, WOOD SCREWS;
BLACKSMITHS' FILES & RASPS;
TAPER FILES, ALL SIZES;
AXES AND HATCHETS;
MORTICE LOCKS, KNOBS, BUTTS & HINGES, PATENT WIDOW FASTENERS, ETC.
STEEL AND IRON, CUT NAILS AND SPIKES.
CLINCH NAILS, TACKS AND BRADS, ETC.
PAINTS AND PAINT BRUSHES.
HARD AND SOFT COAL, ALSO BLACKSMITH COAL IN STORE AND FOR SALE BY

H. FRASER.

LIVER WORKED Women.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a single class of purposes, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

Salesmen Wanted!

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

415 Acres. the largest in Canada. 415 Acres.

Head Office, Toronto, Ont.; Branch, Montreal.

Hardy Canadian We want agents to sell our NURSERY STOCK

Steady employment at fixed salaries. MEN and WOMEN can have pleasant and profitable work THE YEAR ROUND. Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month, and expenses.

Send photo with application. Address STONE & WELLINGTON,
Montreal, Canada.
J. W. BEALL, Manager. Aug. 8th, '86 1y.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Poetry.

Jim.

He was jes' a plain, every-day, all-round
kind of jour,
Consumpted lookin'—but is!
The jokeyest, wittiest, story-tellin', song-
singin', laughin'est, jolliest
Feller you ever saw!
Worked at jes' coarse work, but you kin
bet he was fine enough in his talk,
And his feelin's too!
Lordy! of he was on'y back on his bench
agin to-day a carryin on
Like he ust to do!

Any shop mate'll tell you they never was
on top o' dirt
A better feller'n Jim!
You want a favour, and couldn't get it
anywhere else—
You could get it o' him!
Most free-heartedest man thataway in the
world, I guess!
Give up ever' nickel he's worth—
And, ef you'd a-wanted it, and named it
to him, and it was his,
He'd a give you the earth!

Allus a reachin' out, Jim was, and a-help-
in' some
Poor feller onto his feet—
He'd a-never a-keered how hungry he was
hisse'f,
So's the feller got somethin' to eat!
Didn't make no difference at all to him
how he was dressed,
He ust to say to me—
'You tog up a tramp putty comfortable in
winter time,
An' he'll get along," says he.

Jim didn't have, nor never could get
ahead so overly much
O' this world's goods at a time—
'Fore now I've saw him, morn'n onc't lend
a dollar an' half to
Turn round an' borry a dime!
Mebby laugh and joke about hisse'f for
awhile—Then jerk his coat
And kindo' square his chin,
Tie on his apern, and squat hisse'f on his
old shoe bench,
An' go to peggin, agin!

Patientest feller, too, I reckon, 'at ever jes't
naturely
Consigned hisse'f to death!
Long enough after his voice was lost he'd
laugh and say
He could get everything but his
breath;
'You fellers,' he'd sorto' twinkle his eyes
and say,
'Is-a-pilin' unto me
A mighty big debt for that air little weak-
chested goose o' mine to pack
Through all eternity?'

Now, there was a man 'at jes' 'peared like,
to me,
At ortin't a-never died!
But death ain't a-showin' no favors,' the
old boss said,
'On'y to Jim!' and cried:
And Wigger, 'at puts up the best sewed
work in the shop,
Er the whole blame neighborhood,
He says: 'When God made Jim, I bet you
He didn't do anything else that day
But jest set around and feel good.'

Select Literature.

Andrew's Friend.

'Hazel, Hazel, where are you?'

'Here, in the hammock!' I call lazily, as I see my brother Tom racing across the lawn with his two fox terriers at his heels.

'It's a downright shame,' he begins, throwing himself upon the garden seat under the cedar tree from which my hammock is suspended; 'the governor says I am to take the tumble cart to the station, to meet the Indian prig, or rather pig!'

'I should not go if I were you; tell father you've a headache, and he will be sure to let you off. Ever since you hurt your head through falling out of that precious tumble cart, he has been fearfully anxious about your going out in the sun.'

'Oh, it is not till 6.30. It will be quite cool then, so I don't suppose shamming will answer this time. Well, I'm going to the strawberry bed; so, if you want me you will know where I am.'

'Stop a minute—I'll come too'—swinging myself out of the hammock; 'and I'll give you fifty guesses to tell me how the Beauty has been spending her time this afternoon.'

'Rowing the cook?'—'No—wrong.'

'I know'—and Tom chuckles grimly—'putting your things in order!'

'Not a bit of it! Ever since 3 o'clck she has been in her room fixing her hair on the top of her head in that new-fangled way that Miss Weatherall affects since her last visit to London! I suppose the Beauty intends to captive the Beast, and thinks the newest style in coiffures the first thing necessary to his subjection.'

On hearing this, Tom collapses in fits of laughter under the strawberry net; and I having picked the largest cabbage leaf I can find, proceed to fill it with 'British Queens' to take back to the hammock with me.

Perhaps I ought to explain here that we—Tom and Hazel Garnler—are the children of the rector of Maythrope, Nell—or the Beauty, as we call her—is our sister; but she is so much older than we are that we never look upon her as belonging to us at all. She is 26, while Tom and I are only 18 and 20—at least, I shall be next week—and, besides, Nell snubs us so persistently, because we are the youngsters, that we quite look upon her as an ancient.

Father is a dear old man, who never minds anything, unless we are late for church, or take to squabbling just outside his study door.

We have a brother in the Indian civil service whose name is Andrew. Tom and I think him rather a prig; but we do not really know him very well, as he went abroad years ago, soon after our mother died, when we two were quite little, and he has not been home since. Last mail father received a letter from Andrew saying that his great friend, Capt. Merewether was home on sick leave, and expressing a wish—somehow Andrew always expresses a wish, and never asks straight out for what he wants—that father would invite this friend to the rectory.

As all Andrew's wishes are law, father has done so; and, of course, the captain is coming, which is a great bother, for he is sure to be a worry and spoil all our fun. Tom and I abused him so heartily that at last father remonstrated with us, and said he was sure that any friend of Andrew's would be all that was pleasant, and we should like him very much.

This, of course, made us perfectly rabid; but we have been careful to keep our opinions to ourselves and growl and grumble only in private, for fear of annoying father, and calling down on our heads another lecture on the perfections of Andrew's friend.

There goes the first gong, so I must go in and dress for dinner. I hate leaving the hammock and the 'House on the Marsh'; but I must not be late for dinner to-night, or I shall get into hot water with the Beauty.

As I run up stairs to my room I hear the wheels of the tumble-cart crunching off the gravel sweep; and from the window I see Tom, looking awfully cross, throwing out a brown portmanteau, with the letters 'V. M.' painted on it in white.

'What on earth can his Christian name be? I say to myself, as I pull out my regular evening dinner dress—a rather old fashioned pink muslin—and begin putting it on.

I wish I had been in time to see him get out of the cart. I wonder if Tom made him climb over the back or jump from the wheel; either way must have given him a shock, I should think—and I am very glad of it! If he is going to stay here long, the sooner he learns that the only way of getting into and out of the tumble cart is to tumble, the better!

By this time I have finished my toilet, and, dashing down stairs, two steps at a time, reach the drawing room just as Jarvis is striking the second gong.

As I go into the room, I see Nell, looking lovely in her best cream-colored muslin, standing in the window talking to Capt. Merewether, who is admiring the view.

Looking at the Beauty, in her pretty fresh gown, with her hair successfully coiled on the top of her head, I am painfully conscious of my old pink frock and rough curly crop of hair—which, by the by, never will be smooth, do what I will—and wish to goodness that I had put on a less shabby gown—not to do honor to the guest—for I do not care a straw what he thinks of me—but because I know Nell will take the opportunity, when she and I are alone together after dinner, of lecturing me on my untidiness.

'This is my little sister Hazel, Capt. Merewether,' says Nell, in her most patronizing way; and I bow, pretending not to see the captain's outstretched hand.

'That is a neat snub!' whispers Tom, who has just followed me into the room. 'By Jove, Hazel, you did it with such an air, you might have been the Beauty herself!'

At this moment dinner is announced, and we march solemnly into the dining room—Nell and Capt. Merewether first, and father, Tom and I behind.

During dinner I have time to observe Capt. Merewether. He is very tall and rather nice looking, with black hair and moustache, and queer, greenish-colored eyes, which always look as if they were laughing. He has a knack of screwing an eyeglass into his left eye and suddenly turning it upon the person who is speaking, which is rather embarrassing, not to say rude; but he is better looking, on the whole, than I expected. As for the 'sick leave,' I think that is humbug, for he appears to be in perfectly rude health, to judge from his appetite. He tells us a great many Indian stories, and talks incessantly about Andrew, at the mention of whose name Tom makes an awful face at me through the branches of an azalea which decorates the middle of the table.

The Beauty makes herself agreeable to Capt. Merewether; evidently he admires her, and certainly she looks very well this evening, with a great bunch of Australian briar roses in the front of her dress. Nell is tall and fair, with wavy light hair and dark eyes and eyebrows. She is quite the belle of our part of the world; and I notice that she is playing off all the little airs and graces I know so well on Capt. Merewether and apparently with perfect success.

When the gentlemen came into the drawing room, to my surprise, Capt. Merewether, after talking to Nell for a moment comes over to the window where I am sitting, playing with Jack and Jill, Tom's two terriers.

'Have you still got Tiger?' he asks.

I stare at him in astonishment.

'How do you know anything about Tiger?' I demand bruequely, quite forgetting my good resolution to try to be polite for father's sake.

'Oh,' he replies, laughing, 'I know all about him, and your pony; and I even knew how to get out of the tumble cart without breaking my neck! Also, will you tell me why your sister has changed her style of hairdressing? I think I like the knot at the back of the head better; but I am not sure.'

I sit perfectly bewildered, wondering what he will say next, and thinking he is the most impudent being I have ever met. He sees my astonishment, and is evidently determined not to enlighten me yet, for he goes on—

'You sing a great deal, I know. You have lately got 'Laddie.' Will you sing it presently?'

'No, I won't!' I burst out in a rage. 'Who is the man who can tell all we do and say, as if we had known him for years?'

He sees I am angry, and says penitently:

'I beg your pardon, I did not mean to annoy you, but Andrew always told me so much about you all that I could not resist mystifying you a little. I seem to know you quite well, and have been looking forward to hearing you sing, ever since I knew I was coming here. Do you remember those photographs of old Tiger, and the pony and the cart, that you sent to Andrew two years ago? They decorate the walls of his bungalow, and I know them so well I should recognize the originals anywhere. Then there is that capital photograph of your sister—the tinted one—in the white evening dress, I mean, with her hair low on her neck. I noticed at once that she had changed her style of hairdressing; otherwise I think I should have known her if I had met her in the street. I do not think I have seen any photograph of you, except one, in which you are taken in a hammock; but it is not very much like you now.'

'Oh, that thing! It was not taken by a real photographer. Ernest Davies had his camera here one day three summers ago, and took us all—one worse than another. I came out, I know, with a fiendish expression, and my hands larger than anything else in the picture! But how funny it is that you know such a lot about us all! We never even heard of you till father said you were coming. I suppose he and Nell knew who you were, for Andrew always writes to them; but Tom and I never read his letters unless we are obliged—they are so long-winded!'

At this moment the Beauty comes up and asks Capt. Merewether if he would like to take a stroll on the terrace, to which he assented. I suppose she thinks our tete-a-tete has lasted long enough; and I have never been more grateful to her in all my life. Why did she let him pass the tea-table? I should have been spared the story of Andrew's photographs if she had only caught him when he and father first came into the drawing-room.

I should think I have altered since that awful photograph was taken! I was really a hideous girl when I was 17; but even Nell says I am not so bad now, and, at all events there are two people in the world who really look upon me as good-looking. They are Tom and Ernest Davies. My nose is rather turned up, I admit; but my eyes are good—hazel, like my name—and my hair is brown and curly. It curls naturally, too, and Nell has to do hers in damp rags every night of her life! So at least I have one pull over the Beauty.

'Hazel, here is Ernest; he wants to know if you will come with us on Thursday to Langdown to see the skeletons of ancient Britons and things they have dug up there.'

I look up and see Tom and his dear friend, Ernest Davies, standing outside the window.

'I can't go on Thursday,' I reply, nodding to Ernest. 'Nell says I must go to the Wetheralls' garden party, which I know I shall hate. I have a most elaborate new gown for the occasion, and the Beauty will never be content to go alone.'

'Well,' says Tom, sulkily, 'she has Capt. Merewether to go with her. Surely you need not sacrifice yourself!'

'Hooray! No more I need! Of course, she won't want me now; in fact, there is room for only three to go comfortably in the T cart, and of course father is going. I like riding to Langdown far better than playing feeble tennis at Fairfield. What time must we start?'

'Oh, let us go early, and then we shall be back in time for me to give you and Ernest your revenge at tennis before dinner time!' says Tom. 'I want that set to be finished, for I am sure I shall get the box of chocolate.'

'Not a bit of it!' says Ernest. 'Hazel played so splendidly yesterday that we shall win as sure as anything! We shall perhaps give you a few of the very commonest chocolates; but Hazel will have all the caramels and I the creams. That will be a fair division, I think.'

Ernest is our doctor's son, and ever since we came to Maythrope, 16 years ago, he has been our dearest playfellow. Tom and he were at Haileyburry together, and are now at Cambridge. During the vacations we three are almost inseparable; and, when the two boys are away, I mope about dreadfully, and count the days till they come back again. Ernest is very good to me, quite like another brother, only much more polite. Once or twice it has crossed my mind that he has visions of marrying me, or rather of asking me to marry him; but as he is a year and a half younger than I am, the sooner he gets that idea out of his head the better.

'Really Hazel,' declares Nell, 'I don't see the use of your having pretty gowns, for you never will go anywhere! It is lucky for you that Capt. Merewether is here, and very anxious to accompany father and me to the Wetheralls' garden party; if he had not been, you would have been obliged to come, for I should not have known what excuse to make for you. As it is, I am sure Mrs. Wetherall will be quite pleased that we should bring her such an excellent substitute. It is a real triumph to take a new man to one of these parties, where one always meets the same boys year in year out.'

* * * * * * *

Capt. Merewether has been with us a week, and we—Tom and I—have found out that he is not so bad, after all, though we have seen but little of him, having kept out of his way as much as possible. But really, on the whole, he is not so disagreeable as we had made up our minds he would be.

To-day is Thursday, and I am standing in my habit in Nell's room, waiting for the horses to be brought round; for I am going with the boys to Langdown. The Beauty is busy putting some finishing touches in the way of lace and bows of ribbon, to her dress for the famous party. It is a pretty dress of white Indian muslin, trimmed with coffee-colored lace and shaded brown ribbons; and, as I look at it and think how becoming it will be to my beautiful sister, I almost wish I were going to Fairfield, too, that I might see the sensation which her entrance with Capt. Merewether will be sure to make.

My reflections are cut short by Tom's voice shouting to me to 'look sharp down.' So, with a hurried good-by to the Beauty, I fly down stairs, and in ten minutes have quite forgotten the existence of Nell and the captain in the pleasure of making my pony take all the little ditches along the side of the high road.

Four hours later I am lying on the grass under the cedar tree. Tom is making a lovely strawberry squash, and Ernest is pouring out the tea and cutting huge slices of plum cake. We are all very hungry after our ride, and are enjoying our tea even more than usual, if that be possible, for we are fond of our afternoon tea, we three.

'It's wonderful the quantity of bread and butter I can eat when the bread is new!' says Tom, mashing the strawberries with one hand and raising his tea with the other. 'I wish Jarvis would hurry with that second plateful. I am simply starving; and it is of no use beginning on cake until one has laid a substantial layer of bread and butter.'

'I can see his legs coming down the terrace steps,' I say, raising myself on my elbow and peering through the lowest branches of the cedar, which almost touch the ground on the side nearest the house.

Tom seizes the tea-cosey, and, as Jarvis comes up, digs it full at him without looking up. As he ducks his head to avoid it, we see to our horror, that it is not Jarvis but Capt. Merewether! We are awfully taken aback, and Tom stammers a lame apology, while Ernest and I, instead of helping him out, go off into shouts of laughter, in which Capt. Merewether joins heartily.

I am the first to recover myself, and, turning to the captain, I ask him how he enjoyed the party, and why he is back so early.

'I did not go, after all,' he replies. 'The 3 o'clock post brought me some letters which required immediate answers, so I entreated your father and Miss Garnier to go without me, for I did not like them to wait. I promised to walk over to Fairfield if I finished my letters in anything like decent time; but it is half-past five now, so I think it is too late. Besides, it is a good mile and a half, is it not? And, though your sister took great pains to explain the way to me, I am afraid I should not find it very easily. May I stay, and will you give me some tea?'

I get up from the grass with as good grace as I can muster, and, pouring out a cup of tea, hand it to the captain. I hate this interruption in the midst of our fun; and I know Tom and Ernest will go off in a minute, leaving me in the lurch. Sure enough, there they go, murmuring something about the bullpup! What selfish fellows they are!

How on earth am I to amuse this man for the next hour?

'Who is that young man with your brother?' asks the captain after a pause.

'Our doctor's son, Ernest Davies,' I reply. Ernest has been away during the last week, so the captain has not seen him. 'He is Tom's greatest friend, and mine too; he is at Trinity with Tom.'

'Oh, the hero of the camera?—'Yes.'

Another long pause, during which I nearly choked myself with a cracknel-biscuit which I do not want, and only take out of politeness.

'Have you ever seen anything like these bangles?' says Capt. Merewether, pulling a box out of his pocket, and showing two lovely gold bracelets, very curiously worked.

'No never. How beautiful they are!' I answer eagerly, glad of anything which will make conversation. 'Did you bring them from India?'

'Yes. Do you like them?'

'Very much. Whom are they for? This unlucky question slips out before I know I have said it! 'Oh, I beg your pardon!' I murmur, blushing crimson, and wishing the earth would open and swallow them up. 'I did not mean——'

'Don't apologize, please, Miss Hazel; they are for you—or—er—your brother sent them home for you. He thought you would perhaps like this curious Burmese work.'

'Did Andrew send them to me? Are you sure he did not mean them for Nell? How very kind of him! Why, he has never sent me anything before! I do love these—they are most beautiful! Thank you, Capt. Merewether, for bringing them. What has he sent Nell?'

'This is the only thing he asked me to bring; but I know he is sending home a box, so I suppose his present for Miss Garnier is in that. I dare say it is some large article which he was afraid to ask me to pack.'

All the time he is speaking, Capt. Merewether is blushing like a girl—why, I cannot imagine; but I expect he and Andrew had some tiff about the parcel he was to bring home, and now he is rather ashamed of himself that he did not bring Nell's present as well as mine.

'Well, I shall write and thank Andrew for those lovely bangles. I have not written to him for ages; but I must now.'

'Don't be in a hurry, Miss Hasel; I think your brother is sending you something more in the box, and it would be a pity you should have to write twice.'

'So it would; and it will cost tenpence too, whereas, if I wait, I can make one five-penny stamp do for both. I wonder why Andrew has begun to shower presents on me all of a sudden? It's awfully nice of him, and I think he shall have those slippers I have been working at for so long. Why, tomorrow is my birthday! I do believe Andrew must have counted up, and calculated that you would be here some time about then; that is why he sent me the bangles.'

'I expect that is how it was, for I know he has a birthday book. I looked into it one day, and read all your names.'

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

HUMOROUS.

The most humorous man is not always the happiest; the man who has scrofulous humor or any obstinate humor of the blood, does not feel very lively, at least not until he is cured, which, by the way, Burdock Blood Bitters will do in the most troublesome of blood humors.

—The champion rat story comes from Eastport. The *Sentinel* says: At the time of the great fire here, the numerous army of rats infesting the factories and warehouses along the water front were driven out and many of them moved back, taking up winter quarters in cellars of dwellings. East Thursday one of them was found in a vegetable barrel in Mr. John O. Baker's cellar. A sponge saturated with ether was thrown in the barrel and the top closely covered. After the rat had become stupefied he was taken out, an iron collar with chain attached put around his neck, and taken to Mr. Baker's sail-loft. He measured twenty-five inches in length including the tail and weighed six pounds. The animal was measured by Mr. Mr. Will Woodworth.

IMPORTANT.

It is of the utmost importance that some good household remedy should be kept within handy reach in case of pain and accidental injury. The most useful remedy of this kind is undoubtedly Hagyard's Yellow Oil, for internal and external use in all painful complaints.

Golden Medical Discovery.

Thoroughly cleanses the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vigorous strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proved its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Rating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

A LIFE SAVED FOR A DOLLAR.

Brewer, Me.

This is to certify that having been troubled for a number of years with a distressing cough and bleeding at the lungs, and receiving no benefit from medical aid, I was to all appearances in the last stage of consumption. My legs swelled so that I was unable to stand or help myself. At that time Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was providentially recommended to me—and, by the use of three or four bottles, I was entirely cured, and have since been able to work every day. I have also for the last twenty years been subject to severe attacks of bloody dysentery, and never found permanent relief until I took your Liniment, since which I have had no return of this complaint. I can truly say I think your Anodyne Liniment was the means of saving my life. JOHN T. AKINS.

THE DOCTOR SAID, 'LET HIM TRY IT.'

South Jefferson, Me.

'Some time ago my son was taken sick with a serious lung difficulty, which threatened to end in quick consumption. We summoned our family physician, who attended him faithfully for four weeks, during which time he gradually grew weaker. Becoming very much alarmed about himself, and being satisfied that he was growing worse all the time, he finally refused to take any more medicine from the physician, and expressed a wish to try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. I immediately told the physician, expecting that he would object to his using it; but he did not. He said, 'let him try it; it won't hurt him, and may do him some good.' He did try it, and continued to use it some time, taking it inwardly, and bathing the chest and lungs outwardly. Very soon he began to improve, gradually gaining strength until at last we had the satisfaction of knowing that the foundation of his disease was broken up. My son is alive and well to-day, possessing a strong and vigorous constitution, which we attribute, under God to the use of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. I can further say that I never allow myself to get out of the article; and in my judgment, it is the best family medicine in the world.

[Des.] JOHN HODGKINS.

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING BETTER.—Some one sent a person in Massachusetts a package of infidel publications, consisting of Ingersoll's lectures, etc. He responded: "At the same time, if you have anything better than the 'Sermon on the Mount,' and the parable of the 'Prodigal Son,' and that of the 'Good Samaritan,' or if you have any better code of morals than the 'Ten Commandments,' or anything more consoling and beautiful than the twenty-third Psalm, or, on the whole, anything that will make this dark world more bright than the Bible does; anything that will throw any more light on the future, and reveal to me a Father more merciful and kind than the New Testament, then send it to me and scatter it broadcast."—*Christian Advocate.*

—EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLIME is one of the few remedies which has given satisfactory results in cases of Defective Nerve Power, Mental and Muscular Debility, induced by overwork, worry, early indiscretion, etc. It is also recommended in diseases attended with diminution of the vital force, also Softening of the Brain, Melancholy, Facial Neuralgia, Sciatica, and all cases involving both the cerebral and spinal centres. For sale by druggists.

STRUCK A GLACIER.—A well at Yakutsk, in Siberia, has been a standing puzzle for many years. It was begun in 1828, but given up at 30 feet, because it was still in frozen earth. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences continued for some months the work of deepening the well, but stopped when it had reached to the extent of some 382 feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the Academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from the data thus obtained the ground was estimated to be frozen to a depth of 612 feet. As external cold could not freeze the earth to such a depth, even in Siberia, geologists have concluded that the well has penetrated a frozen formation of the glacial period, which has never thawed out.

'I Would That I Were Dead!' cries many a wretched housewife to-day, as, weary and disheartened, she forces herself to perform her daily task. 'It don't seem as if I could get through the day. This dreadful back-ache, these frightful dragging down sensations will kill me! Is there no relief?' Yes, madam, there is. Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' is an unfailing remedy for the complaints to which your sex is liable. It will restore you to health again. Try it. All druggists.

A BACKWOODS STORY.—*Woodberry, Pa.*, February 11.—The widow Christina Buckhelmer of this township, and widow Elizabeth Gray of Huston township are twin sisters, aged 90 years. They were married on the same day, and their husbands died within a few hours of each other. Each widow has ten children, nineteen grandchildren, and one greatgrandchild. If one of the aged sisters falls sick the other is similarly affected. They are both now in rugged health, and attend to their own household duties.

Our Brave Volunteers

Endured the severe marching of the Northwest campaign with admirable fortitude. The Government should have supplied them with a quantity of the celebrated Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to remove corns painlessly and the volunteers and everybody should have it. Beware of substitutes. Get Putnam's Extractor and take no other.

—Work is progressing steadily but slowly, on the Nova Scotia Central Railway (Nictaux and Atlantic). It is being built as a second class road, a grade higher than at first intended. It is said the company are paying as they go.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

—A purgative medicine should possess tonic and curative, as well as cathartic properties. This combination of ingredients may be found in Ayer's Pills. They strengthen and stimulate the bowels, causing natural action.

—A young man asks: 'How can I gain a copious flow of language?' We suggest that he should try sitting down on a tack.

—Shall we repine at a little misplaced charity, we who could in no way foresee the effect—when an all-knowing, all-wise Being showers down every day his benefits on the unthankful and deserving?—*Atterbury.*

WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE.

The preparation sold by druggists known as Hagyard's Yellow Oil is worthy of all confidence as a household remedy for pain. It has been over a quarter of a century in the market, and never fails to cure or relieve rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, quinsy, deafness, burns, scalds, bruises, frost bites and internal or