CRYING FOR AID.

Loss of Appetite, Headache, Depression, Indigestion and Constipation, Biliousness, a Sallow Face, Dull Eyes, and a Blotched Skin, are among the symptoms which indicate that the Liver is crying for aid.

Ayer's Pills

will stimulate the Liver to proper action, and correct all these troubles. One or more of these Pills should be taken daily, until health is fully established. Thousands testify to their great merit.

No family can afford to be without AYER'S PILLS.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION...$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month $1.00; two months, 1.50; three months $2.00; six months, 3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches)..First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00 twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN..First insertion, $6.00; each continuation, $1.50; one month $12.00; two months, $16.00; three months $18.00; six months, $25.00; twelve months, $45.00.

A COLUMN..First insertion, $12.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $24.00.

Special rates for longer terms.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

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 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 459.

BRIDGETOWN
FOUNDRY COMPANY
(LIMITED.)

THE above Foundry Co., having just opened its new premises, on the site formerly occupied by Craig's Foundry, lately destroyed by fire, is now prepared

TO MANUFACTURE

STOVES, PLOWS,
HAY CUTTERS,
MILL and Other Castings.

All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.

W. A. CRAIG,
MANAGER.

Bridgetown, March 10th, '85 y

WE SELL
Cordwood,
SPILING, BARK,
R. R. TIES, LUMBER, LATHS,
PRODUCE,
Potatoes, Fish, etc.

Best Prices for all shipments.
Write fully for Quotations.

HATHEWAY & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf, BOSTON.
Members of Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic Exchanges. jan28ly

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.

A. E. SULIS.

Furniture Tops!
Call and inspect work.
OLDHAM WHITMAN.
Bridgetown, Jan. 12th. 85'

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

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1885. NO. 38.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Circular free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make Hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA, Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00, by mail, $1.20. Circular free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Lawrencetown Pump Company,
(ESTABLISHED 1880.)
I. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
CELEBRATED
Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,
—ALSO:—
MONCTON
Non-Freezing FORCE PUMP.

These Pumps are admitted by thousands who are using them to be the best in the Dominion.

Orders Promptly Attended To.

'Good Workmanship.

Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,
Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
A. E. SULIS.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

Can be obtained from the

N. S. P. B Building Society and Savings Fund,

On real Estate Security, payable in Monthly instalments extending over a period of about eleven years.

For particulars apply to

J. M. OWEN,
Agent for County of Annapolis.

Annapolis 27th Feb 1885.y

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber being desirous of giving more attention to his

GROCERY and PROVISION TRADE,

has decided to sell his valuable FARM, situated in Beaconsfield, three and a-half miles from Bridgetown, and directly under the North Mountain.

The property comprises about 300 acres of splendid land, 25 or 30 under cultivation, and 200 abounding in valuable Hard and Soft Timber.

There is also between 200 and 300 healthy and bearing Fruit Trees, in Apple, Plum, Pear, &c.

A good House, Barn, and other Outbuildings, together with pure and never-failing water privileges are among the inducements.

For full particulars apply to the subscriber.

T. J. EAGLESON.

Bridgetown, Oct. 9, 1885. tf

Rare Bargain!

The subscriber offers for sale that DESIRABLY SITUATED PROPERTY, formerly owned by the late

DANIEL NICHOLS.

THE property contains 25 acres and is most beautifully situated in the fertile district of Central Clarence, facing the Leonard Road which leads to the village of Paradise. The house is in thorough repair, containing 8 rooms, and is fitted up with all modern conveniences, such as bath room, water closet, water pipes led into the house from a never failing spring, etc. The cellar extends under the whole house, contains a milk pantry, is frost proof, has a concrete floor, and is capable of storing 450 bbls. of apples. The orchard on the place yields from 75 to 80 bbls. of apples per year of choice fruits, together with a quantity of plums, pears and cherries. A vegetable garden is also on the place, which is in a good state of cultivation, and has quite an assortment of small fruits such as currants, gooseberries, strawberries, etc.

A nice hawthorne hedge, well trimmed, separates the premises from the highway. The place cuts sufficient hay for a cow and horse, and has a good pasture with some woodland.

Adjoining the house is a store, which is thoroughly shelved, and well situated for a general trade. A good hall is over the store.

For terms apply on the premises to

MRS. D. NICHOLS.

Clarence, Sept. 8, '85. 6m.

BIG Discounts
—AND—
LOW PRICES
THIS MONTH
—AT—
E. STEVENS'
GENERAL STORE,
LAWRENCETOWN.
See Handbills for particulars.

GUNS,
AMMUNITION,
HEAVY
WOOL SHIRTS,
Shirts & Drawers,
A SMALL LOT OF
GENT'S GENUINE
Plymouth Buck Gloves.
Apple Barrels.
B. STARRATT.

Letter "B" No. 34.

In the County Court, 1885.

BETWEEN JACOB SLOCOMB, Pltff.

AND

ROBERT MARSHALL, and JOSEPH GRAVES, Deftds.

Upon hearing Counsel and upon [L. S.] reading the affidavit of J. G. Henniger Parker and J. Avard Morse, dated the 4th day of December, A. D., 1885, it is ordered that unless the above named Defendant Robert Marshall do appear and plead to the writ of summons, herein, within thirty days after the publication of this order in the *Weekly Monitor*, at Bridgetown, the Plaintiff above named may proceed therein to judgment, and that publication of this order for thirty days after the date hereof, in said Bridgetown *Weekly Monitor*, shall be good and sufficient service of the said writ, and that a copy of this order and of the said summons be also mailed post-paid to the said Robert Marshall, addressed to his last place of residence at Port Lorne, Annapolis County.

Dated the fifth day of December., A. D., 1885.

On motion of Mr. Parker, Counsel with Pltff.

By the Court,

(Sgd.) RICHD. J. UNIACKE.
Clerk.

5it41.

Colonial Exhibition, London, 1886.

THE Government of Nova Scotia having decided to make the Exhibit of the Economic Minerals of this Province at the COLONIAL EXHIBITION, to be held in London, G. B., next Spring, all parties desirous of exhibiting specimens of our minerals are requested to communicate with the department without delay.

By order of the Commissioner of Public Works and Mines.

E. GILPIN, JR.
Inspector of Mines.

Halifax, Dec. 9, 1885. 3i139.

TENDERS.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned for lighthship at Miramichi Bay," will be received up to the 1st JANUARY, next, for the supply of a suitable VESSEL, about 75 feet in length, not more than three years old, to be used as a Lighthip and to be delivered at Newcastle, N. B., immediately after the opening of navigation next season. Parties tendering to give full particulars as to description of vessel offered, age and outfit.

WM. SMITH,
Deputy Minister of Marine.

Department of Marine,
Ottawa, 30th Nov. 1885. 3i39

SAMUEL LEGG,
Watch and Clock Maker.
—IN—
Murdoch's Block.
Also Agent for the
HARTFORD LIFE
—AND—
ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.
Of Hartford, Conn.
Bridgetown, July 1, '85.

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, 858 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

F. C. HARRIS,
Licensed Auctioneer,
Commission Merchant and Real Estate Agent

Special rates for sales of Real Estate and Farm Stock.
Bridgetown, March 26th, 1884. n50

NOTICE!

The subscriber having met with a heavy loss by fire, will esteem it a favour for all who are indebted to him to call and settle their accounts.

W. A. CRAIG.

To Loan.

ON first class Real Estate security, $35,000. None but first class security will be taken.

J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Dec. 23rd '84.

THE CURRENT CHICAGO, U. S. A. The great Literary and Family Journal of our time. Clean, perfect, grand! Over 600 brilliant contributors $4.50, yearly; 6 months, $3. Buy it at your news dealers—Send 10 cents for sample copy. THE CURRENT AND MONITOR, ONE YEAR, ONLY $4.40.

The usual Large and Varied Stock of ENGLISH, SCOTCH, CANADIAN TWEEDS & ENGLIS WORSTEDS, for Fall Orders is now open at

JOHN H. FISHER'S,
BLUE STORE.

Sept. 1st, '85.

THINK OF IT NOW!

Although much is said about the importance of a blood-purifying medicine, it may be possible that the subject has never seriously claimed your attention. *Think* now.

Almost every person has some foul, secretious poison lurking in his veins. It manifests itself in develops in Scrofulous Sores, Blotches, Eruptions, or in the form of Biliousness, or Organic Diseases. The consequence is sues is terrible. Hence the great demand who discover, as thousands yearly do, that

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system.

As well expect life without air as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six Bottles for $5.

Poetry.

The First Snowfall.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roof'd with Carara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff sails were softened to swan's down
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little head-stone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robin the babes in the wood

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I look'd at the snow fall,
And thought of the leden sky
That arch'd over our first great sorrow,
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remember'd the gradual patience
That fell from that child like snow,
Flake upon flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep plunged woe.

And again to the child I whisper'd,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kiss'd her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—*James Russel Lowell.*

Christmas Story.

The Madonna of the Tubs.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

(*Continued.*)

'Give the wind time
To blow the man down,'

sang Henry Salt. Laughing, he snatched and kissed the child—the mother too, perhaps. Down there in the dark wet lane Miss Ritter could not see, or her eyes failed her somehow.

For a moment the group stood in the open door in a kind of glory. Then Emma Eliza came in, and putting down her empty clothes-basket, and going straight to the instrument, began—it seemed that Rafe asked—to play. A waltz, perhaps? A minstrel melody? Some pathetic fragment of the music teacher? A merry ditty flung at fate and dashed at life and death, between whose equal mysteries these poor souls wrenched their brave and scanty happiness? My musical friend—no. Emma Eliza sang a hymn. She sang that venerable Sunday-school jingle known as 'Pull for the Shore.'

Rafe joined in it sweetly, leaning on his crutch. His mother sang it shrilly while she fried the cod. Henry Salt sang it merrily while he hung his oil-clothes on the nail behind the door. Sue and Tommy and the other baby sang it anyhow; and the baby in the crib waked up and stretched his arms out to the instrument.

'Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar!
Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!'

Then the door shut suddenly; the Madonna was blotted from sight; blackness replaced the sweet and homely halo; only the voices of the fisher-people, expressing what they knew of happiness in the sombre, sacred words that held the terror and danger of the sea, echoed faintly down the dark and now deserted lane.

'If this were a story in need of heroine,' said Helen Ritter as she turned, 'it is a vacant position which I should not be asked to fill. And yet I'd be my washwoman to be—'

'Give the wind time
To blow for the shore,'

rang out the gruff bass voice that wind and weather had roughened in shouting 'Ship ahoy!' For Henry had musically forgotten himself, as will be seen, and Emma Eliza, at the instrument, came to a severe halt to set him straight.

* * * * * * *

Perhaps if it had not been for William X. Salt it would never have happened.

Tennyson, I think, or it might well be, has sketched a sea-port town in one line which runs:

'And almost all the village had one name.'

The fishing town of Fairharbor was generously furnished with the appropriate name of Salt. There were great and small Salts, rich and poor Salts, drunk and sober Salts, Salts making money in the counting-rooms and Salts earning it upon the wharves, Salts in the fish firms and Salts before the mast—Abraham L. Salt, for instance, who owned the schooner (herself *Abby E. Salt* by name), and William X. Salt and Peter Salt and Henry Salt, who sailed in her to the Grand Banks, after the golden-rod and the summer people were gone, when there were no Japanese umbrellas, and nobody screamed at the snails, and there was no washing by the dozen to be had, and only now and then a letter from Miss Ritter—in November, just before Thanksgiving, when the weather had turned cold and wind blew from the north.

Nothing is easier than to find a reason for the unpleasant in ourselves, in causes outside of ourselves, and yet, in spite of this calm, proverbial philosophy, it is probably true that if it had not been for William X. Salt it would never have happened. It least Ellen Jane said so, and will say so to her dying day. For from whatever cause—divine, diabolic, or human—whether because William X. Salt treated Henry, or because Henry allowed William X. to treat him, or because Heaven permitted or hell decreed—the truth remains that Henry and Ellen Jane Salt, like many another wedded pair loving less than they, like many another loving even more than they, quarrelled; but the worst of it was that they quarrelled the night that Henry set sail in the *Abby E. Salt*, with William X. and Peter and Job Ely and the other fellows—ten in all—for the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

William X. Salt had given him the whiskey, for, as I say, it was turning cold, and the wind blew bitterly from the north, and the men had worked till they were fretted and chilled, getting their traps and trawls abroad. Now Henry was a sober man, for the most part, and meant to keep so, or his wife meant to keep him so, which is much the same thing; and I should libel him were I to say that he came home to supper drunk. He was not drunk, Strictly speaking, he was not sober. In point of fact, he was what may be charitably called sensitive to liquor, owing to some passing familiarity of the nervous system with its effects in early youth; and it took little enough to make it clear that he had better have taken none at all. As a rule, Henry recognized this physiological fact. That November night he was cold and tired and 'down,' and William X., who was sober sometimes, but so seldom that, by the law of chance, that could hardly have been one of the times, was moved to treat at the wrong moment or in the wrong way; and if Henry had taken a little less—or a little more, and come home to his wife drunk-it might not have happened, we must admit, for he was jolly and silly when he was drunk; but he got only so far as the cross stage, and cross he was—it need not be denied—to Ellen Jane.

What was it all about? What is it ever all about when two who love each other dearer than any great thing on earth, fall sharp asunder because of some little one—too little to find? The pity of love is that it is given to small creatures: let us not forget that itself is great.

Perhaps it was the door that slammed; perhaps it was the coffee that did not settle; it may be that the baby cried, or the chowder burned their tongues, or somebody upset the milk pitcher, or the lamp smoked, or the ironing fire was burning coal to fast, or the barberry sauce (brought out to honor the occasion) had not enough molasses in it, or the griddle cakes did not come fast enough, or there was a draught somewhere—who could say? Neither of these married lovers, perhaps, after it was all over. Less than any one of these almost invisible causes has broken hearts and homes before, and will, world without end, till lovers learn the infinite preciousness of love, and human speech is guarded like human chastity.

In short, then and there, on the night, on the hour of their separation, Henry and Ellen Jane Salt 'came to words.'

She had been crying all day, poor woman, because he had to go. She dreaded a November voyage intelligently and insanely. Rafe had cried too, but he hid in the parlor to do it. The children were all sober, except the baby and the other baby. The house was illuminated there were two kerosene lamps and the lantern. All Henry's mending was tearfully and exquisitely done. There had been fresh doughnuts fried, and a squash pie (extravagantly) made to please him. Emma Eliza, at the instrument, played the 'Sweet By-and-by.' Her mother was dressed in her best calico—a new one never at the wash-tub, one of those chocolate patterns with strong minded flowers that women fancy, Heaven and the designers know why. Her hair was brushed and her collar fresh, and she had looked as pretty as a pink, poor thing, dashing away the tears when he came in—ready for all the little feminine arts that make men cheerful at the cost of woman's nerve and courage.

Then it happened—whatever it was—and the glow went out of her face as the gloom gathered on his, and that sweet look about her mouth settled away, and the smouldering fire burned up slowly from a great depth in her sunken, tired blue eyes; and with a breaking heart she blamed him; and with a barbarous tongue he admired her; and their words ran as high as their nerves were strained; and because they loved each other dearly, every harsh word they said scorched them like coals of white fire, on which one pours more to cover up the blaze; and more to each other than all the world besides, they said each to each, bitterly dashing out blind words, what neither would have said to friend or neighbor for shame's very sake; and so it came about that on this night they were in high temper, than which none had been really sharper, perhaps, in all their wedded lives.

'There is something always wrong about this house, curse it?' cried the man whom William X. Salt had treated.

'There's nothing wrong in this house but him that's setting sail from it,' cried the woman whom the man had scolded.

They were flashing words—up and out and over—and, had it fared differently with them, at another time a sob and a kiss would have met above the ashes of the sorry scene, and there would have been an end, and peace to it.

But the *Abby E. Salt* weighed anchor at eight o'clock. It was quarter past seven when Henry pushed back from the half-eaten supper and took up his old hat to go. He had over a mile to walk, and a ferry to catch, and what not to do; he was already late. There was no time to let the sweet waters of repentance come to the flood. He bade the children good-bye sullenly, kissed Rafe, and, after an instant's hesitation, pushed open the door. He said he must hunt up Job Ely, and so saying, and saying no more than this, he went out of the house. He did not look at his wife.

Her pretty, weary face had flushed a dangerous scarlet during the scene which had passed. Now it turned a dreadful white. She stood quite still. She seemed to have no more moral power to move after the man then an unsought girl or a woman repulsed. Her whole feminine nature quivered pitifully. When a man is rough with a woman he forgets that he hurts two creatures—the human and the woman—and that he hurts the second more than it can hurt himself by just so much as the essence of the feminine nature is a fact superimposed upon the human. But as the mystery of this knowledge is one that princes and philosophers have not yet commanded, who should expect it of the fisherman Henry Salt.

The children during this unhappy scene had stood silent. To their father's quickness of temper they were used; he scolded one minute and kissed the next; but the usual had become the unexpected, and a kind of moral embarrassment filled the cottage. The baby and the other baby began to cry; Emma Eliza, whether from some rudimentary idea of calling her father's attention, or from some daughterly delicacy which led her to take herself out of the way, sat down at the instrument and vigorously played 'Pull for the Shore' on the wrong key; Rafe got upon his crutch and hobbled to the door; the wife stood quite still.

The wind was rising fiercely from the north, as has been said, and bursting in at the open door, caught it and clutched it too and fro, closing but not latching, and noisily playing with it, as if with a shaken mood that could not fix itself. For the instant the master of the house seemed to be shut out, and seemed possibly to one outside to have been slammed out by hands within.

'Let me by Rafe; let me by this minute!' The wife made one bound, and down the wooden steps, where she stood bewildered. No one was to be seen. It was deadly dark, and the wind raved with a volume of sound which seemed to the Fairharbor woman, born and nourished of the blast, to be something intelligent and infernal pitted against her. She flung her shrill voice out into it: 'Henry! Henry! come back and say good-by to me. I'm sorry. Henry! Henry! *Henry!* I'm *sorry! I'm sorry!*'

But only the awful throat of the gale made answer. She ran a little way, straining her eyes, her voice, beating her breast in a kind of frenzy, calling passionately, plaintively, then passionately again; and so despairing, for she made no headway against the roar of the November nor'wester, staggered, turned, and stopped.

At his moment, scrambling through the dark, a little figure hit her, hurrying by upon a crutch.

'I'm goin' to catch my fa—ther,' said Rafe.

He pushed on beyond her, his bright hair blown straight like a helmet or visor of gold from his forehead, calling as he went, slipping, daring, tumbling on the sharp rocks, and up again. Down there in the dark midway of the road she saw the little fellow stop to gather strength and throw the whole force of his sweet young voice like a challenge to the gale:

'Fa—ther! marm's sorry! (Don't you cry, marm. I think he'll answer.) Fa—ther! fa—ther! marm says she's sorry! Marm is sorry, fa—ther! (Just keep still, marm. I'm sure he'll answer) FA—THER! MARM IS SORRY!'

The crippled child hurled the whole of his little soul and body into the last cry, and then she saw him turn and limp, more slowly, back. He came up to her gently where she stood sobbing in the dark and wind; as if he had been the parent, one might say, and she the child, he patted her upon the hand.

'I told you I'd catch him, marm—*dear* marm,' added Rafe.

She shook her head incredulously, convulsive with her tears, turned drearily to go back. She hardly noticed Rafe in that minute. The wife was older than the mother in her; if stronger, who should say her nay?

'But I caught my fa—ther,' persisted Rafe. 'He says, says he—'

'Rafe, he couldn't, dear.'

'Marm, he hollered, 'So be I.'

'Did your father say that, honest, Rafe?'

She lifted her head piteously, pleadingly, before the child.

'I *think* he did,' said Rafe, conscientiously. 'I says, 'Fa—ther, marm's sorry' and he says, 'So be I.'

'If he says, 'So be I,' God bless you, Rafe! mother's sonny boy.'

But with that she began to sob afresh, half with hope and half with misery. The child, whose sympathies were made old and fine by suffering, watched her soberly.

'I think he did,' said Rafe, stoutly. '*I think* my fa—ther hollered, 'So be I.''

He lifted the truthful voice of an angel in a halo to the poor Madonna in the glimmer of the open door. His yellow hair shone like an aureole about his ardent little face. He would have given his scrapbook just then to say, 'I know he did.' But Rafe never lied. The other children supposed it was because he was a cripple.

* * * * * * *

It was in just eleven days that they brought her the news. Abraham L. Salt asked Biram to tell her, and Biram sent a woman neighbor. The northwester had blown grandly, as any one might know, straight for the Banks, and blown the *Abby E. Salt* thither in a smart voyage of four days and a half. After the steady blow the weather thickened, and that which has happened to Fairharbor fishermen, and will happen again, God help them! till the way of the wind and wave is tamed to human anguish, happened then and there to Henry Salt. The *Zephaniah Salt* a fine three-masted schooner, about returning from the fishing grounds, carried the word to the telegraph at Boston, and the telegraph to Abraham L. Salt, as was said; he to Biram, Biram to the woman neighbor, the woman, praying God's pity, to her.

She did not say it as she meant to. Who of us does hard things as we thought we should? She walked straight into the cottage, and stood still in the middle of the floor, and began to cry. The first she knew she had caught the little crippled child and put him into his mother's arms, and said,

'Rafe, tell your poor marm that your father's drowned—for I can't.'

* * * * * * *

'At the Grand Banks, on the morning of November —, Henry Salt and Job Ely, of Fairharbor, dory mates, set out from the schooner *Abby E. Salt* to look after their trawls, and were lost in the fog. Every effort was made in vain to find the unfortunate men. No hope is any longer felt of her safety. The bodies have not been recovered. Salt leaves a wife and six children. Ely was unmarried. The *Abby E. Salt* belongs to the well-known firm of Abraham L. Salt & Co., of Fairharbor.'

Miss Ritter, idly nibbling at her *Daily Advertiser* before her open cannel fire one bleak December morning, chanced upon the paragraph, which she re-read and pondered long. Ellen Jane had sent no word out of her misery, poor—thing! A letter achieved is an affliction to the unlearned and she had enough to bear without adding that.

'I'd rather do a day's washing any time than write a letter,' she used to say. Besides, after all, what would the 'boarder lady' care? When it came to the point of bereavement, remorse, widowhood, hunger, cold and despair, the summer patron seemed as far from the Fairharbor winter as her paper parasol or her 'valingcens.' Henry Salt had gone the way of his calling, like other men; he had become one of the one or two hundred Fairharbor fishermen over whose fate a comfortable dry-shod world heaves a sigh once a year when the winter gales blow so hard as to shake the posts of the firm, warm house a little, or even to puff the lace above the sleeping baby's crib in the curtained, fire-lit room. His wife, like other women, was a Fairharbor widow, and like other women must bend her to her fate.

She bowed to it in those first weeks in a stupification that resembled moral catalepsy. A reserve such as restrains the hand which writes this page—a page like a bridge over a chasm down which one can not look, yet over which one must cross perforce—solemnly enwrapped the fisherman's widow in that space between the night when the woman neighbor put the crippled child into its mother's arms, and the advance of the holidays, which come—God help us!—straight into the ruined as once into the blessed homes.

And so to Fairharbor as to Beacon Street, to Ellen Salt as to Helen Ritter, or you or me, the sacred time which enhances all happiness and all anguish come gently or cruely, but surely on, on; and it was the day before Christmas and going to snow.

In the sad cottage behind the leafless rose thicket and under the ice-clad bowlders they were all at home early that afternoon; the mother from her daily attempt and failure to find another neighbor to 'wash' on Monday morning; Emma Eliza from the net factory, where she wove seins and hammocks (when the factory was running) at irregular wages, ranging from four dollars a week to none; Tommy and Sue from the district school, where 'one must have an education,' even if no father and no dinner. Rafe took care of the baby and the other baby, and was, so to speak, professionally at home. Besides, Rafe himself (indeed I might say Rafe in particular) was about to become the support of the family. As luck would have it—or as God willed it—a group of marine artists had discovered Fairharbor that year, and were wintering, by the mercies of Providence and the landlady, in the closed hotel, hard at work. Among them, one, a portrait and *genre* painter, guest of the little company for a week or so, had seen Rafe at a window one day and presto! the child's face—a cherub strayed from paradise into misfortune, the fellows said shall go to the exhibition.

Rafe was earning what occurred to him as an enormous salary as a model by the hour; he failed to see why Sue had no rubbers or Tommy no coat, or why the kitchen fire burned so cold, or there was no meat for dinner, in view of his monetary receipts. He had often told his mother that he would support her, and begged her not to cry. It did not strike him that he had never seen her cry since his father died.

As Christmas Eve drew on, they were all well in the house. Emma Eliza drew the curtains fast, for the hard and bitter air must melt into snow from very force of resistance to its fate, now at any moment, and the house was cold. Rafe asked her to leave one of the kitchen curtains up a little; he had a fancy for looking out on dark nights; he used to stand sometimes crooning and singing to himself, his bright hair pressed against the window pane, and his thin hands up against his temples. Before his father died, Rafe sang 'Pull for the Shore' a good deal, standing by that window looking out; sometimes Emma Eliza would catch it up upon the instrument and join. But he did not sing it any more.

The outside door did not latch—the one that slammed poor Henry out on that last night; it never latched very well; there was no man to fix it up now; a carpenter could not be afforded; the women and children had tinkered away at the fastening, in their blundering fashion, with blinding tears. Such are the cruel small ways in which the poor are reminded of their bereavements at every crevice of their lives. Rafe had pushed up the washbench finally against the door to keep it in its place.

Mrs. Salt looked about the little group, trying dutcously to smile. She had on a (dyed) black dress; she looked sixty years old; she was what one might be tempted to call almost infernally changed; an indescribable expression had got hold of her face; she seemed like a dead person up and dressed. There was something no less than dreadful in the mechanical gentleness and reserve which had settled down upon this emotionable, voluble creature. No accident betrayed her into any acceleration of the voice; the crossest baby never raised a ruffle in her accent; she had such a monotonous sweetness and bruised patience as seemed like a paralysis of common human nature. Her children could not remember to have had even a rebuke from her since that night when the woman neighbor came in. They had deserved it twenty times.

'Children,' she said, dully and gently. 'I haven't any presents for you this Christmas. It's the first one, I guess. I can't help it you know, my dears. We are very poor to-night. But I'll build you a big, hot, fire—it's all I can do. We'll keep Christmas Eve by keeping warm, if we can. The stove don't work somehow;

(*Continued on fourth page.*)

The Private Academy for Boys,
—AT—
"THE WOODLANDS,"
will re-open on
JANUARY 4TH
under the superintendence of the former principal,
Mr. Wm. McVicar, A. M.

The location of the School, with its beautiful surroundings, combined with the efficient character of instruction imparted, renders it one of the most desirable places of Education in the Lower Provinces. tf.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given, that all Bills except Assessor's Bills against the Municipality of Annapolis, must be forwarded to the Clerk, on or before December 28th, A. D., 1885.

J. G. H. PARKER,
Clerk.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1st, 1885. 4i Spec.