Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1893. NO. 32.

Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS.
Barrister, Solicitor,
Notary Public, &c.
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.
OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

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

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

G. O GATES,
PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pianos & Organs.
Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

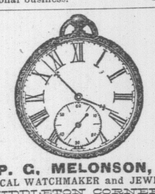
DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

NOTICE!
LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49tf

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf



P. C. MELONSON,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER
MIDDLETON CORNER.
REPAIRING punctually and thoroughly attended to, and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.
I have constantly on hand complete lines of Watches Clocks and Jewelry.

NOTICE!
The Packet Schooner

TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N.B., during the season of 1893.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly Lime and Salt.
J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master.*
When Schooner is not in port apply to Capt. P. Nicholson, Bridgetown.
St. John address: SOUTH WHARF, care of G. S. DeForrest & Sons.
Bridgetown, March 28th, 1893. 52tf

REMOVAL.

The subscribers wish to announce to their many friends and patrons that they have removed from the Payson building on Granville Street, and are now located in the building on the corner of
Queen and Court Streets,
where they will keep constantly in stock full lines of
FRESH AND SALTED MEATS, FISH, VEGETABLES, ETC.
Look out for the first Spring Lamb on Saturday, June 9th.
Goods delivered free of charge.
A. VIDITO,
F. VIDITO.
Bridgetown, June 6th, 1893. 10 tf

Nova Scotia Wins.
A Tiverton Miracle.
Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by
DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
THE KING OF REMEDIES.
From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N.S.:—
"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 25 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all afflicted with sores of any kind.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER
—AND—
SOLICITOR!
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies
Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia
Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Dr. J. Woodbury's
HORSE LINIMENT
Is Infallibly the Cure for
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles.
Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR
MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

BURGLARIZING AND ROBBERY
AT MIDDLETON.
A few mornings before the robbery of Mr. Andrew's store Dr. Miller found a part of a skeleton key in his drug store lock, and the Dr. is puzzled to know what the would-be robbers wanted in his drug store, except they had read the following and wanted a supply of the goods:
Rev. T. B. Reagh, Rector of Milton Episcopal Church, P. E. Island, says: "My daughter had suffered for nearly two years from indigestion, &c., and nervous prostration. After using many remedies and consulting many physicians I was advised to try Dr. Miller's Tonic Dinner Pills, which in her case worked like a miracle."
The Rev. J. E. Warner, Rector, of Middleton, says:—
"For more than twenty years I have been afflicted with Chronic Constipation. Have been treated by several physicians here and in the States, and have tried many of the *cures* advertised through the press without receiving any permanent benefit.
In consequence of the complications arising from this disease I have been obliged to undergo a painful surgical operation, and was compelled last year to give up work. About six months ago I consulted Dr. Miller, who gave me a box of his DINNER PILLS, and I can cheerfully testify that their effect in my case has been little less than magical. Since then I have recommended them to some of my friends, who have experienced like good results from their use and returned me their warmest thanks, and I confidently give them a public recommendation, as I have found them, by far, the best medicine I have ever used."
(Signed) REV. J. E. WARNER,
The Rectory, Middleton.
Use Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and all diseases of Mucous Membranes throughout the body.
S. R. NIXON, of Nictaux Falls, says: "I have used all the so-called cures for coughs, colds and bronchitis, but found none equal to Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture. *I believe it is the best on earth.*"
Rev. John L. Sponagle, Methodist Clergyman, Middleton, says:—
"Suffering from Bronchial affection—aggravated by cold—and having heard of the healing properties of your "Tar Cough Mixture" I was induced to make trial of it, and I am glad to inform you that I received much benefit from its use. In my case it soothed and allayed irritation, and aided expectoration. I keep it constantly at my home."
For Sale by all Druggists and Respectable Dealers.

Closing Out!
As I intend making a change in my business, I am now offering my goods at
GREAT BARGAINS
to close out my stock,
FOR CASH ONLY.
For Sale:
Staves, Headings, Laths, Shingles,
E. S. PIGGOTT,
Queen Street,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

BRIDGETOWN LIVERY STABLES
N. E. CHUTE, Proprietor.

THE subscriber, having purchased the entire outfit and good-will of the Livery Business enjoyed by Mr. Wm. C. Bath for a number of years past, begs to notify his many friends and the travelling public that he is prepared, at a moment's notice, to furnish any kind of an outfit in single, double, tandem, or other styles, with or without drivers.
The capacious stables are roomy and centrally located, affording every facility for boarding and baiting.
Teams always on hand at station on arrival of all trains.
A specialty will be made of Trucking with moderate charges.
When you want a nobby fit-out, a place to bait your horse, or any information connected with the livery business, ask for
N. E. CHUTE,
Proprietor of the Bridgetown Livery Stables.
Bridgetown, April 25th, 1893.—4

For Sale!
10 THOMAS ORGANS, direct from factory for Musical Convention, May 24th.
Cash or easy terms.
Come and get a *BARGAIN*, as they must be sold.
gtf N. H. PHINNEY,

AWFUL HEADACHES.
2 YEARS OF SUFFERING.
LIFE A TORTURE.
Kendrick Outhouse, of Tiverton, N.S., says: For several years I suffered from severe attacks of biliousness, which came on periodically, about every ten days. I had *awful headaches* and the smell of anything cooking turned me sick. I became *weak and nervous*, and had no ambition or strength to work. I passed *many sleepless nights*, and for days could not retain food on my stomach. I suffered intensely with piles and hives, and my life was a *constant torture* to me. I became so weak that my friends *gave up all hopes* of my recovery. My brother brought me a bottle of
HAWKER'S
NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,
and a box of
HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS.
I had not taken them long before I commenced to improve and in a short time I was *completely cured.* I grew *strong* and *vigorous*, my appetite returned, I *slept well* and in a few months had *gained 30 pounds* in weight. I have not suffered from piles or biliousness since, now 2 years, and am as *strong* and *hearty* as any man could wish to be. I firmly believe that
HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC AND LIVER PILLS
Saved My Life.
I hereby certify the above statement is correct in every particular.
HOLLAND OUTHOUSE.
Sold by all Druggists and general dealers.
TONIC 50cts.; PILLS 25cts.
Manufactured by
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.,
ST JOHN, N. B.

SPECIALTY
I take special care
—TO HAVE A—
COMPLETE
—STOCK OF—
Window Glass
—SELLING AT—
LOW FIGURES.
RICHARD SHIPLEY.

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.

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.

FINE NEW LINES OF
AMHERST
BOOTS and SHOES.
—AND—
ALL KINDS OTHER FOOTWEAR
Intending purchasers will find my stock of Footwear bright, new, and of superior quality. The prices are right, and offer special inducements.
—o—
HATS and CAPS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
UNDERCLOTHING,
GENTS' FUNNISHINGS
—o—
Flour, Meal & Feed.
—o—
GROCERIES.
—o—
Dry and Salt Fish.
Butter, Eggs, and other Country Produce wanted in exchange.
T. A. FOSTER
Bridgetown, Sept. 13th, 1893.

Clergymen
Desirous of obtaining New and Perfect-Fitting Clothing
AT REDUCED PRICES
WILL PLEASE BEAR IN MIND THAT
JOHN H. FISHER,
formerly of this town, but now conducting business at
ANNAPOLIS,
Makes special discount to them.
A well-selected stock of
CLOTHS AND TRIMMIGS,
suitable for all classes of customers just received, and on which I guarantee every satisfaction.
—o—
PLACE OF BUSINESS:
Over Clarke's Grocery Store.

1893. LETTER "B." No. 559.
IN THE COUNTY COURT,
For the District No. 3.
—BETWEEN—
JAMES SLOCOMB, - - Plaintiff,
[L.S.] —AND—
IRA B. NEILY and THERON A. NEILY, - - Defendants.
Upon hearing read the affidavit of Orlando T. Daniels, sworn herein the 16th day of October, 1893, and the exhibit thereto, and the affidavit of J. Avard Morse, High Sheriff:
Sgd. It is ordered. That the publication of
[A.W.S.] this order for thirty days in the WEEKLY MONITOR newspaper, and mailing a copy of this order and a copy of the writ of summons herein to the defendant, Theron A. Neily, shall be good and sufficient service upon the defendant, Ira B. Neily, of the writ of summons herein, and the said defendant, Ira B. Neily, shall be at liberty to appear hereto within thirty days from said publication and the mailing of a copy of said order and said writ of summons. The costs of this application shall be costs in the cause.
Dated at Annapolis, October 17th, 1893.
(Sgd.) RICHARD J. UNIACKE, *Clerk.*
O. T. DANIELS, *Solicitor of Plaintiff.* 29 51

Coal! Coal!

	Per ton.
Hard Coal (Nut and Stove Size) - - -	$6.25
Old Mine Sydney, - -	4.75
Spring Hill Mine, - -	4.75
Joggins Mine, - -	4.35
Sydney Blacksmith, - -	3.75

(Delivered at R.R. Depot.)
Apply to
EDWIN L. FISHER,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent.
Bri 19th, 1893. 29 1y

NOTICE!
Having secured the schr. *Ocean Bird*, I am prepared to carry apples at 15c. per bbl. to St. John. Satisfaction guaranteed. Being well acquainted with all the leading Grocery firms I am prepared to secure the highest prices. Yours respectfully,
LEE B. MAGEE.
Melvern Square, Sept. 18th, 1893. 25 tf

Poetry.

Why Should We Weep For Those Who Die.

(By Alfred Tennyson.)

Why should we weep for those who die?
They fall, their dust returns to dust;
Their souls shall live eternally
Within the mansions of the just.

They die to live, they sink to rise,
They leave this wretched mortal shore;
But brighter suns and bluer skies
Shall smile on them for ever more.

Why should we sorrow for the dead?
Our life on earth is but a span;
They tread the path that all must tread,
They die the common death of man.

The noblest songster of the dale
Must cease when winter's frowns appear;
The reddest rose is wan and pale
When Autumn tints the waning year.

The fairest flower on earth must fade,
The brightest hopes on earth must die;
Why should we mourn that man was made
To droop on earth, but dwell on high?

The soul, the eternal soul, must reign
In Worlds, devoid of pain and strife;
Then why should mortal man complain
Of death which leads to happier life?

Select Literature.

A Timid Woman.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

(Conclusion.)

"I didn't mean to make any mischief," said Joshua, contrite. "I ain't that kind, but, you see, my wife got scared."

"Does she know anything about business?" asked the deacon, with a caustic accent on the word, and Joshua felt that he cut the sorry figure of a man that was cajoled by his wife into doing unkind as well as unbusiness like actions.

The deacon left him, wretchedly cleaning his boots on the wooden sidewalk to conceal his embarrassment, and hurried after Starling himself.

"I will get the note back today," thought the deacon; "he was so liberal loaning without asking security that I couldn't very well refuse, but he has got to see me through."

Joshua was in two minds about going home. In the event he stayed, deciding to run the risk of another mortification in order to have plenty of proof to fetch Judy that she was a fool to be scared. The next time he applied to a rich lawyer of the town, who stared at his question, "Anything the matter with Starling? What makes you think that?"

"I did hear"—thus Joshua made a feeble stand—"that he was sorter speculating in Chicago opinions."

"Opinions? Do you mean options? I heard so, too, and wrote to Chicago; his name was not known to any one. I'd be a little careful if I was you, talking about a banker's credit, these days. You have been fooled by some smart Aleck, I guess, Mr. Crest."

Crestfallen and rebuffed, Joshua climbed into his wagon. Had he gone to Myron he would have discovered that it was under the names of other men that all Starling's speculations were made; but Joshua regarded Myron as the cause of his griefs.

He told Judith that he had been laughed at for his pains, and that the bank was as good as gold. But he did not convince her, and indeed, as he repeated the conversation to her, they lost some of their potency as approvers of Starling.

The next day, she would have walked to Delmar to consult with Myron, had she not heard from a passing neighbor that he had gone to Chicago. She said nothing to Joshua, but at night he said to her: "Tomorrow I got to go to Hallers to help them thresh; they're dredful behind with their wheat, and I can't feel its Christian to let them two boys, that ain't got no father, mebbe lose a lot of wheat 'cause they ain't got help enough at the machine; but day after I'm going to see Myron and give him a check to draw out that money. I sent word to Starling by Axel yesterday."

She thanked him warmly, and did not express the fear tormenting her that the notice would in some undiscerned way defeat all their intentions.

That night she slept ill. She rose early and tried to cheer herself by making Joshua's favorite German coffee cake, to be ready against his return at night.

She set her sponge, and was arrived at the stage of dough, when Myron Dwight rode up on his fast horse. Myron looked cheerful but the horse shook flecks of foam off his nostrils as he tossed his head. Myron asked for Joshua, and rode away on a gallop, singing out: "Tell you all about it when we come back, Aunt Judith."

The moon was in the sky when afar, on the sea of prairie, she discovered Myron Dwight coming alone. With a sinking heart she saw that he came in the direction of Ranford, and that he was riding a tired horse. He must pass the house to reach the Delmar road. She waited for him.

"Won't you come and have a cup of coffee, Myron?" she begged. "I got some hot on the stove. Where have you been so long? Oh, Myron, please tell me, please don't put it off!"

Myron's face changed. "You're right," he muttered; then in a louder tone, "I won't put you off, aunty. I have been to Ranford with Uncle Josh, and—well, we got there after banking hours and could do nothing. I couldn't get uncle Josh away from the infernal machine. But he is going back to Ranford first thing next morning, and so am I, in fact, I shall go and see mother and take the train over there to-night."

"Oh, Myron! is the bank going to burst!"

"I guess not before we get our money out, Aunt Judy. Well, good, bye."

Joshua came no long time after. He began to talk in a rambling way about the Hallers and the day's work; and how tired the horses were, and she made no effort to question him; but presently he broke out with a groan: "Judy, I got to tell you. I guess Myron was right about Starling."

"Yes, I guess he was."

"He has been looking him up in Chicago. He does speculate, and he has lost money. And Myron showed me a printed book where they'd got his name down, and he ain't got good credit at all, mother. And they got Maxwell there real high credit—"

"How do they ever find out."

"I guess the lawyers tell 'em,—they don't mind spying and telling on folks. It is a mighty queer looking book, sorter looks like an algebra. Well, Judy, we went to Ranford and we got there too late, but I am going to be there to-morrow. Don't you bother to get me a hot breakfast, though; a cold bit is all I want.

It was not like Judy to pass this over in silence, yet she made no protest. Presently Joshua said he would go to bed. "Good-night," said Judith. She came over to him and kissed his forehead. "You know I know you did all you could, Joshua, don't you?" she asked.

"I guess we ain't goin' to begin a quarrel now, whatever happens, Judy," said he, "but—we are old folks to have to begin life over again, mother. I kinder wonder at Starling taking that money off me; he must a' knowed how things was with him—but I guess he was hopeful; well, one good thing, they all was saying at the threshing today how uncommon strong I was for my years. So if we do have to begin again—"

"We ain't going to have to," said Judith.

"After he slept, she crept out of bed and dressed herself quietly. The moonlight filled the room; at the door she paused to look at the sleeper, whose face was pale in that bloodless radiance. Her look was tenderer than a caress. She stole about the kitchen in her stocking feet, until she had placed the simple meal which Joshua desired on the table: "'Cause, maybe, I might be prevented from getting home, and there ain't no need for him to go hungry," she thought.

Her preparations completed, she wrapped a thick shawl about her, tied her decent bonnet under her chin, and went out into the moonlight. All she carried with her was a black satin bag, embroidered with a crimson flower.

Huddled in her shawl, she opened the barn door and went to the colt's stall. Her eyes travelled wistfully to the farm horses munching their corn; only her eyes, for she knew they were too tired for a mid-night ride. Trembling she untied the terrible colt, distracting his attention as much as possible by some corn and keeping as far from his uneasy feet as her short arms would let her. The colt tossed his head and lashed his tail, and the other horses made ugly noises on the floor. Cold drops stood on Judith's pale face; nevertheless she saddled Starlight and led him to the buggy, where she managed to mount.

The station at Delmar is a small wooden building with a long platform. At night it has a deserted, dreary aspect, with the stove glimmering redly through the open space of window, the locked doors and the lonely telegraph operator dozing at his desk. Behind the station is a fence. To this fence rode Judith, just as the town clock struck ten. She climbed laboriously off the horse's back, and tied him to the fence by a knot possible only to a woman.

She walked up and down the platform waiting for banker Starling. Not until the Chicago train had gone without him would she go. If he did not come to the train, she would go to to the house, but she was fully persuaded, by some mysterious and feminine intuition, that Starling meant to fly.

The night air was bitterly chill; she did not think of her own tingling feet and shivering frame, but the horse, the colt Joshua hoped to sell for a hundred dollars, he might catch cold! Would she better wrap her shawl about him or walk him around the little open plot of ground to exercise his muscles? In one case she would be cold, in the other—she did not dare undertake the other! So she wrapped the colt's flanks in the warm woolen shawl, pioning it about the neck, and an astonishing looking beast he was, thus caparisoned. Then Judith solemnly jumped up and down, and smote her pipe-stems of arms together to keep warm.

A lantern flickered at the corner of the village street; the ticket agent was coming to the station. From the opposite direction came someone else. Two strides placed her in front of this man as he mounted the platform, a slight, well-dressed man, with a neat travelling bag in his hand. He had observed Judith's grotesque antics already. "Mad!" was his decision, perhaps, for he started nervously and essayed to edge by her.

"Mr. Starling," spoke the old woman in her quavering, sweet pipe. "Mr. Starling, my husband tried to get our money from you this afternoon and you wouldn't give it to him; will you please give it to me?"

"Why, Mrs. Crest, I didn't recognize you," exclaimed the banker, smoothing his brow; "yes, Mr. Crest came after the bank was closed. If you will go there to-morrow at nine, it will be all right."

"I want it now. I got to have it now!"

She had slipped her hand in her little black bag.

"But, my dear madam, I haven't got it with me. I don't carry the bank in my pocket."

"I tell you I got to have my money. You shan't carry it away—oh, for the Lord's sake, be merciful to us, Mr. Starling; it's everything Joshua and me has saved working hard for 30 years. We'll lose our farm if we don't have it!"

Her voice rose shrilly, and there were people back on the platform now.

"You fool! I haven't got it," he snarled, pushing her aside. He could hear the whistle of the approaching train from Chicago; it was stopping at Delmar, five miles away.

Instead of recoiling, she flung herself on him, and simultaneously he felt the icy rim of a revolver at his ear.

"Then God have mercy on your wicked soul, for you are a dead man," cried Judith Crest. "I give you time for one prayer—unless you move—" He could see her face set in a ghastly fixity of despair and resolve, the pistol was as cold as the grave; worse, there was a hideous wriggle about the thing, as if the desperate creature's hand trembled—what if her finger slipped!

He rolled his eyes at her. He did not venture to move his head. "Why can't you wait a minute! Where's your check?"

"Never mind my check; I can't wait."

"Wait!" he cried frantically, "suppose I give the money. How much is it?"

"It's six thousand two hun——"

"Well, take that infernal thing off my head and I will get it for you."

"You got to get it with it on your head. I don't trust you. You got the use of your hands. Take the money out and count it and put it in my bag."

Starling could see the distant head-light of the train. He ground an oath between his teeth, but he pulled out his pocketbook.

"Walk along nearer the light or strike a match on your pants, I can't see the bills," the relentless, unwavering old voice went on. He did light a match for the desire to get away on that swiftly nearing train overmastered everything else. She hitched her bag further down on her wrist and so held first one, then another match until he had counted out the sum. "Six thousand, one hundred and fifty—silver certificates, yes, they're good. There had ought to be two dollars more——"

The buzz and rumble of the train was heard more distinctly. Starling tore a $5 note from a wad of bank-notes and threw it at her. "Will you let me go?"

Five minutes more, Myron Dwight could not believe his eyes as they showed him Judith weeping on the platform.

"Oh, Myron," she sobbed, "I tied the colt up so tight I cayn't untie him, and I am so frightened!"

Joshua did not discover his wife's absence in the morning. He supposed she was out in the garden, and he ate the breakfast that she had made ready, and hurried away through the usual exit of the kitchen door without suspicion. He was one of the first to file into Starling's bank that morning. The young man at the desk looked at him, and then retired for consultation with the other young man. "I ain't going to keep up the force any longer," said the other young man. "Mr. Crest, we haven't got $500 in the vault."

Joshua did not speak a word. "Mother," said he, in a dry, clear tone. "I've lost all that money."

"No, no, you ain't, father," said Judith.

"I got it here."

"She met Starling at the depot and somehow, she won't tell me how, she got him to give her back the money." This was Myron, who remained bewildered, having considerately put Judith to bed at the hotel, without agitating her by questions. "But mother, you hadn't got no check. How could you get the money?" said Joshua.

Judith was sobbing. "Oh, I guess you won't be able to forgive me. I didn't have no check. I made him give me the money—"

She had been taking the notes out of her bag. Myron put in his fingers and drew out a pistol.

"Ah—ah!" he exclaimed, "I perceive. Why, Aunt Judith, you dear little highwayman!"

No one else knows of it, no one else would believe it if he did know—Mrs. Crest is such a harmless, timid woman. But Myron Dwight now prospering and helping Joshua to prosper, keeps the pistol in his drawer as a memento. No one else but him knows another interesting fact—the pistol was not loaded.—*New York World.*

An Episode of Life.

AN OLD MAN BESIDE A ROUGH PINE COFFIN IN A BAGGAGE CAR.

The time was a cold October afternoon.

The place was a lonely junction waiting room in northern Michigan.

The people of the drama were an old lumberman in "store clothes" and a man whose apparel proclaimed the city.

And then there was a rough pine box about six feet long, on a truck outside. Perhaps that might have been called "the properties."

There is no more desolate place than the Sault Ste. Marie Junction. And it was raining that afternoon. There is a dirty little station, and the train dispatcher's house on one side of the main track. Opposite is a deserted log cabin. There is nothing else to be seen. In summer the commonest flowers shun the spot. The old man with crape on his hat sat looking at the box on the truck. The young commercial traveller, or advance agent, or whoever he was, stared vacantly at his companion. The time passed slowly and drearily. Once a freight train rattled by. The young man got all the enjoyment he could out of that, and ruefully viewed the caboose fading away into the fog.

At length, as if compelled to speak, the old man said: "Say, I hate t' see th' rain fall on that 'ere coffin so. They oughter made th' caves t' this yer station bigger. I tried to bring him in, but that truck's too wide. Jim was a fine boy, he was, afore he went up t' Marquette. That's him out there It warn't onnateral fer him t' want ter go. There hain't nothing to keep a bright boy t' home in a town what's got nothin' in it but my ole saw mill an' th' store. But O Lord, I wisht he'd stayed—I wisht he'd stayed! A country boy ain't got no show in one o' them tough iron towns. I ain't a blamen Jim fer leavin' me. But he was all I had. He didn't know how much I wanted him t' stay or he'd a done it. He didn't have no sort o' raisen'. His mother died an' when he growed up nothin' 'ud do but he mus' go away. He goes up t' Marquette an' gits him a good job on the docks, being strong an' handy. He us'ter write me th' fines' letters you ever seen ev'ry Sunday reglar. He was up there jest four months when he quit writen'. I stood it a month, an' then I went up. He was sick in a measly bordin'-house. He was consider'ble sick but we fetched him through an' I took him home. He got good and well again. He said he'd stay t' home. But he didn't. He runned off one night. I didn't care fer what he took, if he'd only a com' back. He kep' a written' fer money t' come home on and I kep' a sendin' it—but I had to go for my boy. He was shot through the heart in a saloon at the Soo. That's him out there. I ain't a blamen' him. I didn't raise him as I——"

Then a whistle was heard. It was the awaited train. With careful hands the father, the train dispatcher, and the young man wheeled the coffin to the baggage-car. Gently the burden was lifted within. The old man climbed in to be by his dead. The door was shut. And in a moment the train was lost in the burnt pine barrens.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Rothschild's Rules.

The elder Baron Rothschild had these rules posted upon the walls of his bank:

Shun liquors.
Dare to go forward.
Never be discouraged.
Never tell business lies.
Be polite to everybody.
Employ your time well.
Be prompt in everything.
Pay your debts promptly.
Bear all troubles patiently.
Do no reckon upon chances.
Make no useless acquaintances.
Be brave in the struggle of life.
Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.
Never appear sometimes more than you are.
Take time to consider, and then decide positively.
Carefully examine into every detail of your business.

TO SAVE LIFE.—In New York and Buffalo a new device has been secured to prevent the repetition of the horrible accidents on the electric cars. The new invention resembles a wide door mat. It protects the front of the car, and reaches to within two inches of the ground. The mat is made of interlaced metallic piping, rubber hose and tarred rope. Between the mat and the car there are strong spiral springs. A person who is standing on the stack is picked up and tossed out of the way. Already in Buffalo fifteen cases of what would otherwise have been fatal have been reported. It is possible that the new fenders will be introduced in all places where the electric car system prevails.

—A well-known financier in New York who died lately, was noted during life for lavish and unceasing liberality as well as for the wisdom with which he gave to individuals, to charitable and religious purposes—In a word, to every worthy cause. On one occasion, when a friend spoke to him of his generosity, he said bluntly: "You mistake. I am not generous. I am by nature extremely avaricious. But when I was a young man I had sense enough to see how mean and belittling such a position was, and I forced myself to give. At first, I declare to you, it was torture to part with a penny, but I persisted until the habit of liberality was formed. There is no yoke like that of habit. Now I like to give."

—The best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Rising Generation.

"It keeps one so busy making a living," said a man of family, "that I don't perhaps pay as much attention as I should to the forms of speech, but I think that my children more than make up for anything that I lack in this respect, and I wish they wouldn't insist as they do upon my conforming in this matter to what they call the usages of polite society. The latest phase of this subject occurred last evening at dinner. My wife looked across the table at me and said:

"Not 'doantchoo,' you understand, but 'don't you,' with the don't and the y u pronounced separately and distinctly. Not being prepared for this, it made me laugh, but my eldest daughter frowned, and when my eldest daughter frowns I don't laugh, so I said 'yes' and stopped laughing.

"I've been accustomed all my life to saying 'doantchoo' for don't you, and 'ehtall' for at all, and things like that, but the children tell me that nobody talks that way nowadays, and so I suppose I have got to give it up.

"They had before insisted that I should have my cloths stylishly cut and with the trousers sharply creased; that I should wear stylish hats and fashionable shoes, and now they insist that I shall speak correctly. Take it all together, I think they are making life pretty hard for their poor old father. Still they're nice children, and I suppose I'll have to try to keep up with the procession."

To Avoid Colds.

"There are two very simple ways of avoiding pain and colds," said Henry McIntosh, who is at the Southern. "One of these is to shut your eyes and the other is to shut your mouth. The man who comes out of an over-heated room, especially late at night, and breathes through his mouth, will either catch a bad cold or irritate his lungs sufficiently to cause considerable annoyance and unpleasantness. If he will just keep his mouth shut and breathe through his nose this difficulty and danger are entirely avoided. Nine chills out of every ten are the result of people talking freely while out of doors just after leaving a room full of hot air, and theatre goers who discuss and laugh over the play on their way home are inviting sickness.

"It is just the same with regard to shutting the eyes. Every man who travels a long distance gets dust or something worse in his eye occasionally, and proceeds to take every one's advice to get it out, sometimes rubbing it and sometimes pulling one lid over the other. The next time you get a speck of dust or metal in your eye just shut it and keep it shut for over a minute. Nature will then come to your relief, and then will be enough tearlike moisture to get rid of the obstruction, which will be found in one of the corners when the eye is finally opened. The worst of these two prescriptions is that they are entirely too simple. Mankind loves martyrdom in connection with medicine or surgery.

To Keep Ships from Sinking.

IF THE INVENTION FAILS IN ONE WAY IT WILL ACT IN ANOTHER.

An English mechanical genius has devised a method of indicating and stopping a leak by the use of compressed air. He divides a ship into air-tight compartments fitted with doors provided with packing material and connected by tubes with a room on deck, called the switch-room. In this room is a junction chest supplied with compressed air from fixed or portable compressors, and so arranged that the air can be delivered to any one of the compartments. Other tubes lead from the compartments, from which water can be forced out when required, and electric indicators are also connected with the switch-room to indicate the accumulation of water in any of the compartments. Should the vessel "spring aleak," the indicator will show which compartment is affected, so that the compressed air may be forced in to drive the water out.

The invention also includes the means for indicating the position of a sunken ship, this being accomplished by means of a buoy connected to a coil of rope. To refloat the vessel a diver can descend and connect the junction chest with the various compartments, so that by supplying compressed air the water will be ejected and the vessel floated. Other objects of the invention are the prevention of fire and means for extinguishing the same, and also for ventilating the cargo.—*Boston Globe.*

—"Speaking of Edwin Booth," said an lady, "reminds me of a story my husband used to tell of a memorable encounter with the elder Booth. He (my husband) was travelling on horseback through the South before our marriage, when stress of weather made him take refuge in the home of the great actor. He was ensconced in the guest chamber for the night and was just dropping off to sleep as his unlocked door slowly opened. He started up to see his host enter bearing aloft a candle that cast a sickly ray across the bed. Advancing with measured tread he asked in a low, deep voice:

"'Have you prayed to night!'

"The guest admitted that his devotions had been missed.

"Rise, kneel by that bedside, and say the Lord's Prayer," was the next speech. Impressed by his manner, my husband tumbled out of bed, fell on his knees, and repeated the words of the prayer.

"'Is that all you make out of the grandest utterance in literature?' cried Booth.

"And he dropped upon his knees, put his palms together, and then, my husband used to say, in a voice of surpassing strength and melody, began his supplication, giving to the familiar sentences such depths of eloquence and such richness of meaning as they had never possessed for him before.

Corn Sowing
Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure por corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widly imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore producing substitutes; they are dangerous to use and are sold simply because they afford the dealer large profit.

—A dreadful famine, caused by drought, prevails in some of the northern provinces of China, and suffering and death are the result. Wheat in some places has increased in price 400 per cent., which means that it is utterly beyond the reach of many. No railways exist to bear to famishing millions the superabundance of other lands.

Burdock Blood Bitters.
Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, bark and herbs, and is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofula sore.

—The imperial health officer of Berlin says that the juice of both the orange and the lemon is fatal to the cholera bacillus in a few hours.

—Itch on human and horse and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by deBlois & Primrose.

Minard's Liniment is the Hair Restorer.

1886. "B." No. 129.
IN THE COUNTY COURT
For District No. 3,
Between BENJAMIN STARRATT, Plaintiff,
—AND—
NORMAN G. CHARLTON, Def'dant.
To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his Deputy at the Court House in Bridgetown, on
Saturday, 25th day of November,
A.D. 1893, at twelve o'clock, noon.
All the estate, right, title, interest, claim and demand of the above named defendant at the time of the registry of the judgment herein, or at any time since, in, to and out of all the following lots of land:—
All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Annapolis, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the south-east corner boundary between the lands hereby described and the lands of Hannah Charlton at the main road as at present situate, thence running westerly along the north side of said road until it comes to a certain road or way owned and occupied by Silas Margeson, th