BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 ly

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1891. NO. 10.

Professional Cards.

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

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 ly

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.

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Dentistry a Specialty.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, . . N. S

G. E. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.
House Residence for the present: MRS. AARON CHUTE'S.
Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.
DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 ly

THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

Burdock Blood Bitters CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA.
PROMOTES DIGESTION.
Mr. Neil McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes:
DEAR SIRS,—For years and years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B. which I did, and after using 2 bottles I was completely cured.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures CONSTIPATION Cures CONSTIPATION Cures CONSTIPATION
ACTS ON THE BOWELS.
Rapid Recovery.
DEAR SIRS,—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me ever so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B. B. B.
MISS F. WILLIAMS,
445 Bloor St., Toronto.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS.
REGULATES THE LIVER.
Direct Proof.
SIRS,—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.
MARY A. E. DEACON,
Hawkstone, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE.
REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.
A Prompt Cure.
DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.
ANNIE BURGESS,
Tilsonburg, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD.
PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B. by regulating and toning these organs, removes the cause and makes new rich blood, removing all blood diseases from a pimple to a scrofulous sore.

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.
JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

W. H. BANNISTER,
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

NOW IN STOCK!
At Wholesale or Retail,
the following choice brands of FLOUR:
50 bbls. "PEARL,"
25 bbls. "ACADIA,"
75 bbls. "WHITE DOVE,"
50 bbls. "FIVE ROSES,"
75 bbls. "ANCHOR,"
25 bbls. "MYRTLE,"
25 bbls. "FUSCHIA,"
30 bbls. "CLOVER,"
25 bbls. "A. B. C."
CORNMEAL:
200 bbls. KILN-DRIED CORNMEAL.
OATMEAL:
20 bbls SUPERIOR OATMEAL, Tilson's Standard Brand.
A few bags MIDDLINGS left in Stock.
Grocery and Provision Supplies constantly on hand.
Stock the best. Prices low as the lowest.
P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, Oct. 21st, 1890. 29 ly

Frank E. Vidito,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 ly

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.,
(LIMITED).
CHANGE OF TIME.
THE Iron S.S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO," R. H. Fleming, Commander, having been thoroughly overhauled and fitted for the season's operations, will, on and after Monday, May 4th, sail from the Company's wharf, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7.30, local time, for Digby and Annapolis, connecting at these points with the different railways.
Returning will sail from Annapolis on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, upon arrival of the morning express from Halifax, calling at Digby, and due at St. John at 7 p.m.
From 1st until 22nd June, the sailings will be, Monday—St. John to Digby and Annapolis and return; Tuesday—St. John to Digby and Annapolis and return; Wednesday—St. John to Digby and Annapolis; Thursday—Digby and Annapolis to St. John; Friday—St. John to Digby and Annapolis; Saturday—Digby and Annapolis to St. John.
From the 22nd June, a daily service (Sundays excepted) will be made, the steamer sailing from St. John every morning at 7.30, local, returning same evening, due at St. John 7 p.m. These sailings will be continued until the 10th September, when the Fall and Winter Arrangement will be announced.
HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager, St. John.
J. S. CARDER, Agent, Annapolis.

$1,000.00 GIVEN AWAY
—:BY:—
THE WILMOT CORSET CO.,
South Farmington, N. S.
For particulars apply to:
Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, Mrs. L. C. Wheelock,
C. H. Schaffner, R. D. Beals,
S. Harris & Son, Mrs. Ansley,
G. I. Letteney & Bro.
Feb. 11th, 1891. 1y

A. W. MOORE,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Painter, Grainer and Decorator.
Fresco Painting in all Branches.
Paper Hanging, Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewashing, Coloring, Etc., specialties.
Ceilings thoroughly whitened and cleaned without injury to Furniture or Carpets.
Estimates given. All jobbing punctually attended to.

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Benn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even if you have no money you can start in this to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. You can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

TIRED—
How often we hear people say, "I'm tired," and when they have really not done any thing to make them feel so. It is not that they have been working hard, but that
TIRED
feeling that they experience is caused by the system being run down, and they require a good bracing medicine to build them up—to bring about the desired result they should take Estey's Iron Tonic—then that
TIRED
feeling will soon pass away. It builds up the system; strengthens the muscles; tones the appetite, and makes you feel like a new person. Sold by all dealers.

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.

House For Sale!
THE subscriber offers for sale her property on Court Street, next to the Court House, consisting of house, barn, and small garden or building lot. Buildings in good repair, and furnished with town water service and sewerage.
Apply on the premises. C. PIPER.
Bridgetown, March 4th.

PRODUCE.
THANKING a generous public for their valued favors in the past, we take this opportunity of soliciting a continuance of their patronage.
—RECEIVERS OF—
Apples, Plums, Pears, Eggs, Butter, Live Stock, Vegetables,
in fact, everything in the way of Country Produce.
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
Foot of Bell's Lane, Halifax N.S.

An Immense Stock
OF AMERICAN
ROOM PAPERS,
embracing many beautiful and pleasing designs, is now open for inspection, and marked as
LOW AS THE LOWEST,
in price, at the Book Store of
MISS B. ELDERKIN.
Bridgetown, March 30th, 1891.

MONEY
can be earned at our NEW line of work, by industry and honesty, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. The easy to learn. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments to the work. This is an entirely new road, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Persons are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

CERES SUPERPHOSPHATE!
USE this high grade Fertilizer, and try for-the
PRIZES
for wheat grown on it.
See Circular.
JACK & BELL,
Halifax, - - Nova Scotia.
Feb. 11th. 4m

Important Notice!
THE Subscribers have purchased the thorough-bred Holstein Bull "Duke of Clifford," and will keep him at their stables during the season for service of a limited number of cows. Terms.—$1.50 for season; 25 cents extra on all sums after Nov. 30, 1891.
OWEN P. BENT.
J. H. RAY.
Granville, April 9, 1891. 2 13i

NOTICE.
The packet schooner TEMPLE BAR will ply as usual between this port and St. John, N. B.
LIME and SALT
constantly kept for sale.
J. H. LONGMIRE, Master.
Also—Schooner NANCY ANNA, W. R. LONGMIRE, Master, will run on same route. When schooners are not in port, apply to
Capt. P. NICHOLSON,
50tf Bridgetown, N. S.

PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.
I am devoting my time to tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs, and any orders sent to me at Truro will receive my attention in my annual turn through the province. Intending purchasers will do well to communicate with me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am willing to order for small commission.
4 tf G. O. GATES, Truro, N. S.

THE CELEBRATED
GERMAN HAIR DYE
IS NO PUFF! NO HUMBUG!
but is all that it professes to be,
A PERFECT DYE
changing, as if by magic, White, Gray, or any other colored Hair, to a Jet Black or Dark Auburn, as may be required, rendering it soft and silky in texture, and of a rich, glossy, natural appearance.
Price, 50 cts. Sold by all druggists.
.....PREPARED ONLY BY.....
F. L. SHAFFNER, Middleton, Annapolis Co., N. S.

BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29ly

NOTICE!
THE undersigned are now ready to furnish
LUMBER,
(Hard and Soft, Rough or Dressed),
SCANTLING,
CYLINDER-SAWED STAVES,
HEADINGS, SHINGLES, LATHS, &c.
Parties requiring any of the above will please communicate with
SPINNEY & MACK,
Bridgetown, or Mill, Morse Road.
March 18th, 1891. 50 3m

FOR SALE.
TWENTY bbls. Digby fish fertilizer, to close consignment, belonging to the Estate of the late Hon. E. R. Oakes.
A. VIDITO.
Bridgetown, March 24th, 1891. 51tf

A COOK BOOK FREE
By mail to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO
JOB WORK
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
We have increased facilities for turning out
FINE WORK
—such as—
NOTE HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
MEMO. HEADS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
POSTERS, VISITING CARDS.
DODGERS,
PROGRAMMES,
CIRCULARS,
PAMPHLETS,
TICKETS,
ENVELOPES,
ETC., ETC.
Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
always on hand.
Estimates Furnished.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.
Address,
"MONITOR" OFFICE,
Bridgetown, N. S.

Poetry.

Aim High.

While up life's rocky steep, under hot ray
With pain you climb,
Or when, with nimble tread, through joyous hours,
Trips lightly time,
Be this your long, inspiring, lofty cry,—
Say by your faithful life, "Aim high, aim high!"

What though the lonely top you never reach,
That leads to fame,
The striving hard will exercise your powers,
Earn you a name,—
Whatever path you tread, whate'er you try,
Walk straight, work well, think deep.
"Aim high, aim high!"

And oft the arrow gains its cherished mark;
The skylark wings
Its lofty flight, o'er mountain, forest, lake,
At Heav'n's gate sings,—
Beneath your feet, all obstacles shall lie—
You, the proud conquer, "Aim high, aim high!"

The Mother's Prayer.

Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh! we know not what of harm
May betide them!
'Neath the shadow of thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Do Thou hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Do Thou clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Do Thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
If the world we know must be
Much to grieve them,—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
Trustful, in thy hands of love
We must leave them.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

Select Literature.

A Batch of Bread and a Pudding.

Nancy Newton was a blunderer, said folks who ought to know. If it wasn't blundering, it was worse; and here they tapped their heads, signifying there was something within those precious spheres which Nancy's cranium lacked.

Her aunt Felicia—what a name to go with sallow cheeks and a frame like a hay-tedder!—felt that she could have done better by Nancy if she had had an earlier start. For the child was ten years old when her father left her doubly orphaned, and Felicia Newton, spinster, was called upon to fulfill the duties of kinship, and to atone for "such a bringing up as men folks give." A straight diet of femininity, "over and over" seams, bed-making, dish-washing, Miss Newton prescribed, and administered her own medicine. Nancy took it meekly, but grew more reticent, asked fewer questions, and solved her problems by making reckless dashes at them, so winning her reputation for blundering or worse.

"I declare I don't know whether you are too bright or ain't bright enough," cried her aunt, after finding the girl laid flat on the kitchen floor, fitting herself to an old sack the elder had given her. "But how in the name of goodness—turn round here." Nancy revolved, showing her small back with the large garment pinned across. There were slits in the cloth, where alterations were to be made. "How you ever twisted and turned," went on Aunt Felicia, taking out the pins and slipping the sleeves on the girl's unwilling arm. "If you wanted it fixed, why didn't you come to me?"

Nancy murmured some unintelligent response. She could not tell her aunt that any contortion was preferable to such an appeal for help.

Eight years failed to alter the relations between the two. Nancy grew more "capable," but not a whit more confidential. Aunt Felicia exulted over the results of her own training, but eyed the blank, fair face before her with suspicion well nigh become mistrust. "She's glib enough outside, makes friends, has attentions. I wonder why we two don't get on better?" mused the old lady. She was sixty-eight, or would be on the morrow. The nearness of the festival, the prominence it gave her mounting score of years, brought a pensive influence to bear upon her. The old heart yearned over the young one.

"Nannie," she said gently, "I've been telling Mis' Barker an' Mis' Skelton an' Mis' Briggs, that's comin' to dinner tomorrer, how you could cook. Now I'm goin' to lay back an' let you do it all. I won't raise a finger, so's to show 'em what I say is true. How'd you like that?"

"It was a delicate compliment, and tendered generously, with a hint of possible blundering. Nancy nodded appreciatively: "First-rate, Aunt F'licia. What you goin' to have?"

"I've promised 'em b'iled dish, 'cause they don't all of 'em git it, nowadays—leastwise Mis' Skelton an' Mis' Briggs don't an' b'iled Injun puddin'. You'd best set a pan o' biscuit doin' to-night. Come to think of it, we need bread; may as well make a whole batch while you're about it."

There was meeting that night, and afterward Nancy loitered through the fragrant lanes with her escort, Jo Barker. The whippoorwills were singing as if their honor depended upon getting in as many notes as possible before daybreak. A wild grape vine climbed the rail fence, and held its fragile blossoms out to the moonlight and the soft night breeze.

"M-m-m! Ain't that sweet?" cried Jo, rapturously. "I don't know anything sweeter, 'less it's"—here the precaution of a glance at his companion told him to hedge a little—"'less it's roses. By-the-way, our sweetbrier's out full. Don't you want a pitcher of 'em for your dinner table tomorrer?" For Jo's mother was one of the prospective guests, and Nancy's debut as a cook had been a theme of conversation on the homeward walk.

"Yes, indeed," responded Nancy, cordially. "You're just as good as you can be to think of it."

Then the two said good-night, and Nancy went in to her bread-making. Aunt Felicia had retired for the night. The place seemed chilly and dull after the radiance without. Rapidly, and as quietly as possible, Nancy put away her bonnet and shawl, and brought flour, milk, and the jar of foaming yeast. "Wish 't aunt had left a coal or two, enough to warm the milk," she thought. "Guess 't 'll be all right, though."

It looked promising, a round, smooth mass, firm and white as the young arms which wrestled with it. They turned and kneaded and turned again, with a rhythmic motion; then she caught a sharp knife, cleft the mass, gathered the pieces deftly together, and fell again to kneading.

After all, innocent and hopeful as the infant batch looked when tucked into its pan and covered with a clean crash towel, Nancy somewhat distrusted it in her heart, awoke at intervals during the night to worry, and stole down into the kitchen with the first gleam of daylight to learn the worst. Inert and hopeless lay the dough, precisely at low-water mark.

"What ever shall I do?" sighed the unfortunate debutante. "It'll never do to let Mis' Briggs and Mis' Skelton and Jo's mother put that stuff into their mouths." She glanced wildly about her. The odor of a burnt sacrifice would not be pleasing to the divinity above-stairs, who was to be heard even now preparing to descend. There was no time to be lost. Nancy caught up the dough, bore it hastily to the flower bed, where trim geraniums left the ground open between their stems, dug a grave in their midst, dumped in the offending dough, and covered it with earth. When Aunt Felicia appeared a few minutes later, there was no signs of the recent tragedy.

"Seems to me you're pretty airly," said Aunt Felicia, not disapprovingly. "Bread rix? Why, you don't mean to say you forgot it? That's just like you, Nancy Newton. Now what ever shall we do? An' all those folks a-comin! If I'd had an idea you'd be so careless I'd set up." She ran on and on, giving the culprit no opportunity to tell the truth—at least as the culprit assured herself.

"What shall we do?" repeated Aunt Felicia.

"I'll make some cream-tartar biscuit. Those last you said were good," proposed Nancy. And with this the heroine of the day was forced to content herself.

Jo Barker made his appearance about ten o'clock, his hands full of sweetbrier. Nancy met him at the door, and the two stood and gossiped on the flag-stones without. A great many things seemed to have happened to discuss since the night before. Suddenly Jo stopped in the midst of a sentence.

"What is that out there in the flower bed?" he asked.

Nancy gave a start. Guilty premonitions blanched her cheek and quickened her heart-beats. A little mound had risen in the centre of the flower bed, and out of the top poured, like lava from an active volcano, that dreadful dough.

"What is it?" repeated Joe, curiously, going to the spot and poking at the phenomenon with a stick.

"It's—it's bread," groaned Nancy; "or at least it ought to be. It hadn't risen this morning, so I took it out and buried it."

Jo's red lips opened, and Jo's hearty lungs emitted a genuine whoop of laughter.

"Oh, 's-sh! for mercy's sake!" implored Nancy, laying hold of his sleeve and looking toward the house. "She'll hear you. She's in the sittin'-room now, but she'll come right round to this side of the house if you make so much noise."

Jo endeavored manfully to restrain his mirth, but it broke away and ran its course in spite of him. "That's the best I ever heard!" he ejaculated, wiping his eyes. "Well, we'll have to bury it over again."

This they attempted to do with handfuls of dirt and many a pat and pressure; but Enceladus would rise. Nancy was in despair. Eager to remove the enemy to Nancy's peace, Jo cast about for an instrument. His eye fell on a huge oleander planted in a wash-tub. This he seized, and set it, tub and all, firmly over the ambitious dough. "There!" he said, triumphantly; "that'll hold it down. And she"—looking in the direction of the house—"she can't stir it. I'll get out before she asks me to put it back." He vanished over the fence.

The neglect of the bread-making rankled in Aunt Felicia's breast. Promise or no promise, she would not again risk her dinner.

Not until the chicken, the corned-beef, and the salt pork were in the iron pot together, and the vegetables were prepared to join them, and the pudding was under way, did she relax her hold on the helm.

Nancy, meantime, was quaking in her shoes over another discovery of her own improvidence. There was not a particle of Indian meal for the pudding. The store was miles away. Mrs. Barker was the only near neighbor, and to borrow of prospective "company" was, to say the least, humiliating.

There was nothing else to be done. She dallied about with spoon and bowl, pretending to put in this and that. At last Aunt Felicia went to lie down for an hour before donning the best black gown and the cap with lavender ribbons—regalia suitable for high feasts. Then, throwing her apron over her head, Nancy sped like a fawn over the fields to the Barker place. She came upon Jo in the back yard splitting kindlings. He was in his shirt sleeves, and would have blushed for them, had not Nancy's bare arms and flying hair put him, so to speak, in costume.

"Oh, Jo," she gasped, "this is one of the days! What do you think? I've started my puddin', and there ain't a mite of meal in the house."

"Come right along in," replied Jo, cheerily. "We'll fix that. Mother's got plenty. She's gone over to Mis' Brigg's of an errand, but I know where she keeps it."

He led the way to the pantry, and there the two searched high and low, in bucket and box, for the missing article. Not a single golden grain rewarded them. Jo scratched his head, and proposed going over to Briggs's after the mistress of the house.

"No, don't," begged Nancy. "I'd just as soon there didn't any more folks 'n is necessary know about it. Why, what's in this bag? That's meal." And she held up a handful. "There isn't much more'n what I want here."

"Take it right along," insisted Jo. "No need o' sayin' an'thing 'bout it."

"I'll come over to-morrow and explain," compromised Nancy, and clasping the brown paper bag, back she flew across the fields to her pudding.

Promptly at two o'clock the four old ladies sat down to their dinner. Everything was done to perfection. The cream of tartar biscuit fulfilled the mission of the batch under the oleander tub, and were a miracle of sweetness and light. The "b'iled dish" brought tears of tender retrospection to the eyes of the aged participants, who declared they "hadn't tasted anything that tasted so good not in years an' years an' years." The pudding emerged from its bag plump and brown as a healthy farmer, and, like him, it must be confessed, somewhat tough and wiry. But, smothered in cream and powdered with maple sugar, it went down to the last crumb. The guests found nothing in their vocabularies, ancient or modern, to equal the occasion, and concluded "it was no use talkin'." Mrs. Barker in particular, with her motherly familiarities, brought a blush to the cheek of the girl cook. Nancy was not a hardened deceiver. The oleander tub lay heavy on her conscience. The meal so unhandsomely obtained turned to ashes in the cup of flattery the old women poured for her. It was hours before they left, years before she could do up the work next day and hasten again to the Barker place to do penance by frank and unqualified confession. This time she walked demurely by the road, and wore her best bonnet.

She found Mrs. Barker whipping up a syllabub for the minister's wife, who was ailing. "Have some?" she said, proffering a cupful. "Tain't nothin' but a gasp an' a swaller."

But Nancy had no appetite, even for so amiable a trifle. "I told Jo not to say anything," she began, steadily; "I'd tell you myself. I came over yesterday when you were out to borrer some meal for that puddin'. 'Twas awful careless o' me. I didn't know we're out till just as I was mixin' it. I was ashamed to borrer of you, company so; but I had to do somethin' quick. I'll bring it over soon's we get some." Nancy spoke hurriedly in her nervousness."

Mrs. Barker sat down the bowl she was washing. "I hain't got any meal," she said, in a puzzled voice. "B'en out for a week, an' kept a-tellin' we'd have to go to town soon or send."

"Oh yes, you had," persisted the other. "It was all I had for the pudding. I found it in a brown paper bag on the lower shelf in the pantry."

"For the land sakes!" Mrs. Barker gave vent to a shout to mate with that her son sent up on discovering the buried dough. And here there was no aunt Felicia to terrorize her into silence. She rocked to and fro, her face growing purple with emotions, for which her shrieks and her rocking furnished inadequate outlet. Nancy looked bewildered in turn. What was there in the borrowed meal so agonizing funny? It was some time before Mrs. Barker could explain herself, and then she exploded, between fits and gusts of laughter: "You've—et—the—inside—of—a—pin-cushion—I'd—had—for—twenty-five—years. I—emptied—it—in—the—bag—to pick—out—the—needles—an'—forgot—to throw—it—away." She stopped with a moan, and held her sides, completely overcome by the storm which had passed over her.

Nancy laughed, a hysterical little giggle, with more of distress than of merriment in it. With it struggled a feeling of disgust; she too had partaken of the pudding. But embarrassment soon yielded to gratitude toward the merry soul who could laugh over such an experience. The blunderer had fallen into kind hands.

"You're awfully good," she said as she stood up to go.

"Don't say a word," replied Mrs. Barker, reassuringly. "I won't tell a soul, 'less it's Joe. He'll be tickled almost to death."

"I'm afraid he'll tell," demurred Nancy.

"Oh, no, he won't," said Jo's mother. "He sets too much by you."

And he never did tell, not even when he became Nancy's husband. He held her eccentricities plain indications of genius. It was Nancy herself who, learning to look with tolerance upon her blunders, told of the remarkable day when she buried the bread dough, and made a pudding out of a pin-cushion.—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine.*

—Septicaemia means poisoning of the blood by products of decay. Sepsis is organic decomposition, putrefactions; and the term antiseptic is applied to these agents which retard or prevent changes. In most of the cases of septicaemia the septic or poisonous matter is absorbed by the blood from a part of the body in which decay is going on at the time. In wounds which do not heal readily this danger is liable to occur, if an abscess forms, and when the proper time comes it does not open or is not opened by the surgeon's knife, then there is a liability of septic absorption. In diphtheria there is an ulceration beneath the false membrane, in consequence of which absorption of the poisonous matter occurs. These are examples of septicaemia, which is much less common than it used to be. In all cases where it is liable to occur surgeons now employ preventives—antiseptics—and when it does set in the chances of recovery are much greater than formerly, owing to the better knowledge which they have of its nature, etc.

—There is an absolute neccessity for advertising; there is a great eagerness to compete for attention and no one gets it unless it is by giving, as it were, so many strokes of the hammer, one after the other, to compel people to notice what is going on.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

Hag. Yel. Oil.
This stands for Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the best and promptest cure for all pain from the simplest sprain to the racking torture of rheumatism. A never failing remedy for croup, sore throat, and pain in the chest.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia
Annapolis, N. S. 11 ly

Vaccination.

The tendency of smallpox to reappear as an epidemic from time to time is noticeable even in countries where vaccination prevails and is somewhat thoroughly enforced.

Are we, then, to infer that vaccination is a failure, as some persons contend? By no means; the carefully garbered facts of all lands prove the reverse. For instance, in the great epidemic in Sheffield, England, vaccinated children were seen to be twenty times as safe from an attack as the unvaccinated, and nearly five hundred times less liable to a fatal result. Three things, however, seem to be established:

Some persons have a susceptibility to smallpox which is not readily overcome, either by vaccination or by a previous attack of the disease. A Sister of Charity, who had been successfully vaccinated in childhood, had a severe attack of smallpox at the age of thirteen. Four years later she was again successfully vaccinated, and still again in adult age. Persons have been known to take the disease several times.

During an epidemic of smallpox the susceptibility to it is greatly increased. Persons who in ordinary circumstances might be exposed to the disease with little risk will often take it readily during its prevalence.

Vaccination, as a general fact, loses its protective power after a few years, especially prior to adult age. In the Sheffield epidemic it was found that the safety of the twice vaccinated was twelve times as great as that of those who had been vaccinated only once.

Every child should be vaccinated in infancy, and again at the age, say, of seven. It is safer to repeat the operation again in youth, if an epidemic is prevailing, but in every case it should be repeated after adult age is reached.—*Youth's Companion.*

Thrilling Narrative.

EXPERIENCES OF YARMOUTH SHIP ELLEN A. READ.

[From the Bristol (Eng.) *Mercury*, May 15.]

Mr. D. Beck writes that one of the officers of the English clipper ship *Ellen A. Read*, of Yarmouth, N. S., which arrived in Bristol yesterday morning, reports the following thrilling and exciting events as happening during her passage to Bristol from Puget Sound:—"We left Port Townsend December 23rd last, and all went well until February 28th, when the ship was in lat. 51 deg. S., lon. 55. W. We were proceeding along with a fine breeze abeam, having all sail set. The wind was freshening; orders were given to take in the skysails and flying jib, which was at once done and men were sent aloft and out on the jibboom to make them fast. They had scarcely reached their destination when a heavy surge struck the ship, taking away with one fell swoop the topgallantmast and jibboom, the foretopgallantmast tearing away the foretopmast head as it went. The six men aloft and on the boom were at once precipitated into the now raging sea. The men from the boom managed to scramble aboard much bruised, but the three poor fellows from the skysail yards were never seen again. No doubt the fall from such an immense height instantly killed them. The breeze became a gale almost at once, and the vessel became utterly unmanageable. The three masts, nine yards, and gear attached, halliards, head, and backstays, braces and lifts were all one heterogeneous mess. The noise made by the flapping, tearing sails, was truly hideous, and, as the vessel rolled in the trough of the sea, the whole mass of wreckage would fly out, and, as she rolled to windward, it would come back again with a fearful crash against her mast. To add to the horror of the scene, the cargo shifted and the whole lee rail of the vessel was completely submerged. After 36 hours of fearful anxiety the gale moderated. The wreck was cleared away after much hard toil, fresh masts, &c., sent aloft, the cargo trimmed, and the vessel headed for her destination, which she reached after a fair passage, considering, of 142 days."

—Children sometimes tell the truth at most inopportune moments, much to the discomfort of their elders, writes a correspondent who relates that a lady of her acquaintance, whose home was charmingly managed had two roughish irrepressible boys. One afternoon the lady had company. She was particularly anxious to produce a favorable impression, and took great pains for this purpose. She prepared an elaborate supper. The guests and family were gathered about the tea-table, when one of the boys surprised his mother by exclaiming, during a lull in the conversation, "Tell you what, ma, we don't have such a supper's this very often, do we?" There was a momentary pause; the hostess blushed, and then said with a laugh, 'No, Johnnie, this is a company supper.' The reply and the little laugh prevented any feeling of awkwardness. After supper the company retired to the parlor where the lamps were lighted and here that artless boy fired another shot at his mother's weak armor. "Oh ma!" he cried, "You've borrowed Aunt Sally's new lamps, ain't you?" If annoyed, the mother did not betray it; but making a smiling grimace to her guests she said: "It's no use trying to shine in borrowed plumes with my boys."

Wicked Montreal.

The Methodist district meeting held at Montreal, on the 22nd ult., passed this resolution:

Resolved, that we, the ministers and laymen in the district meeting assembled, recognizing the growing immorality of this city by reason of Sabbath desecration, the increase of drinking dens, licensed and unlicensed, the tolerance of lotteries and other gambling devices, the want of vigor in police administration as seen in the assaults on unprotected women and children and the infamous attacks upon the Salvation Army, pledge our moral and active support to those aldermen who are endeavoring to close the resorts of Sabbath desecration, notably so Homer Park, and conserve the moralities of our city.

ANOTHER MUSICAL PROODIGY.—There is a musical progidy near Oak Grove schoolhouse, Forsyth county, who excels Blind Tom in his palmiest days. It is little Micajah Bagwell, the four-year old son of "Game" Bagwell, as he is called, and to say that he is a progidy is putting it mildly. This little fellow is only four years old, and yet he frequently gets up before a singing class and leads the music. He thoroughly understands the rudiments of music and sings any piece at sight. The most difficult music is plain to him.

Don't Feel Well.
And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you from that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.