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 1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1891. NO. 7.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

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. 41 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 over A. W. Phinney's Store.

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 1y

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

B. B. B.
Burdock Blood Bitters
Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES
All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN
From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure saltrheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

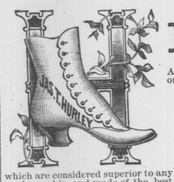
DISEASES
Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B.B.B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and

SCROFULA
We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the effected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

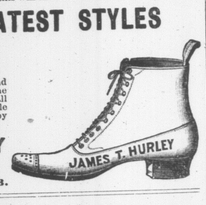
BAD BLOOD
Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the *first* bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases, on application to T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

$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

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.

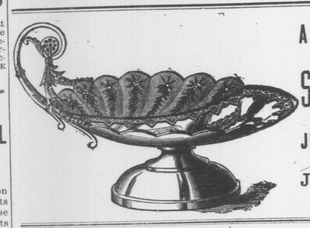


BUY MY MAKE OF
Boots & Shoes
And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my
LATEST STYLES



which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.
JAMES T. HURLEY
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,
23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

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



A Beautiful Line of
SILVERWARE!
JUST RECEIVED.
J. E. SANCTON.

NOW IN STOCK!
At Wholesale or Retail,
the following choice brands of FLOUR:
40 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 1y

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 1y

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.,
(LIMITED).
CHANCE 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 (Sunday 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.

N.Y.
NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.
THE PIONEER LINE
will resume operations at an early date, which will be announced through the press.
Our wharf has been improved and enlarged, a large and commodious warehouse with modern improvements erected, making the most complete accommodations for freight and passenger business on the water front.
FINE STEAMSHIPS WILL THEN LEAVE
St. JOHN FOR NEW YORK
Via Eastport, Me.
Every FRIDAY at 3 p.m.
(Standard Time.)
Return Steamers will leave NEW YORK, from
Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, every Tuesday, at 5 p.m.
Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.
CHEAP FARES AND LOW RATES.
For further information address
N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York,
OR AGENT, N. Y. S.S. Co.'s wharf,
Rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 1y

MONEY TO LOAN.
Nova Scotia Permanent Building Society and Savings Fund of Halifax.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the *monthly balances* at six per cent. per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefor, and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Agent at Annapolis.
Annapolis, Feb. 11th, 1891. 6m

Snug little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bunn, 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 beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money coming thereto. Failure is unknown here. Everything NEW and wonderful. Particulars free.
E. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

Poetry.

Just Do Your Best.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A-finding fault with Providence,
And balkin' cause the earth don't shake
At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
If stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions, and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise or blame
That follers that, counts jest the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less.
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

James Whitcomb Riley.

If We Knew.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should—
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the care and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain.
Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help where now we hinder?
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source,
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden gains of good;
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

—Exchange.

Select Literature.

A Strange Case.

"Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush pervaded the court-room as the judge addressed the young man in the prisoner's dock as above.

Wallace Harper turned his gaze for an instant towards me. I had defended the young prisoner to the best of my ability and the outcome was a verdict of guilty. From the outset I expected this, although in my utmost soul I believed the unfortunate man innocent. Circumstantial evidence, however, had encompassed him round so completely, it was impossible to override it. I could give the prisoner no look of encouragement. I merely looked dumb, perhaps stolidly indifferent, although I was far from feeling so.

Wallace Harper rose slowly to his feet, until he towered full six feet of noble stature, and gazed fixedly at the judge. His face was pale as death, and when he opened his lips and spoke, the words sounded hollow and unnatural.

"Your honor, what can I say on an occasion like this? I was fore-doomed from the start. Our family has always been unfortunate. My father was killed in battle (Gettysburg,) and my poor mother died of a broken heart. My eldest brother fell in one of the battles in the West, the younger died of yellow fever at Memphis, some years ago, and I am the last of the race. I, it seems, am doomed to die on the gallows!"

He paused here, a hot flush shooting into either pale cheek. Would he break down and beg for mercy? It was not in keeping with his cool courage during the trial. I could not help pitying him, and feeling that it would have been much better had he refrained from speaking at all. I dared not look at his face for some moments. At length he was speaking again, and I ventured once more to look toward him. The flush had disappeared, and the prisoner's face was pallid as before.

"I know what the sentence must be, your honor," continued he, with awful calmness. "I have only this to say: I am an innocent man. I lay up nothing against the members of the jury. They thought they were performing a duty; but if there is a future life, in that future the truth will be with me, and I shall be vindicated."

He bowed his head and ceased to speak. His words had been impressive. To me they were convincing. I had moved for a new trial when the verdict had been rendered, on the previous day, and now had no more to say.

"Hanged by the neck until dead—Friday, November 9."

These were all the words that reached my ear. I rose to leave the room. The prisoner was led past. I glanced into his white face. A look of settled despair rested on every lineament. I bent forward and whispered a word of hope, mentioning the fact of my determination to move all the powers for a new trial. He said nothing and soon the court-room was empty.

"It's justice. It was an infamous murder."

I started at sound of voices at my elbow. Two gentlemen were discussing the prisoner and his sentence.

I paused to listen.

"I knew Wallace Harper well. All of his family have died violent deaths. He had a good show with Donald Dunham. He had been with the old gentleman two years. I think the trouble was all on account of the girl, who they say is quite sick because of the death of her father."

"Did the girl think anything of the clerk?"

"Some say so. I don't know. It seems 'twas on her account that Harper put poison in the old man's wine. It was a foolish as well as a wicked crime."

I walked on. The details of the murder had been repeated too many times to interest me now. It had appeared on the trial that Harper was in love with his old employer's only daughter, and that Dunham had quarreled with his confidential clerk in consequence.

On the evening when he (Harper) was to depart, Mr. Dunham called him into the library and requested him to drink a social glass of wine with him. It seems that Harper assented. An hour later Donald Dunham was dead. He had died in agony, and with his latest breath accused his clerk of having poisoned him. The dregs of one of the wine cups were found to contain arsenic, the other being harmless. The confidential clerk was at once arrested, and in one of his pockets a package of arsenic was found. Such evidence was overwhelming. Wallace Harper sent for me, and I undertook his defense. I made as good a fight as possible under the circumstances.

The ante-mortem testimony of Donald Dunham, together with the fact the two had quarreled, and the finding of the poison in the pocket of Harper, was evidence that I could not overcome.

I went from the court-room to my own pleasant home feeling a weight on my mind that I could not shake off. A few hours later a messenger came to me from the prisoner, requesting an interview.

I at once repaired to the jail.

Wallace Harper greeted me with a pleasant smile, and held out his hand.

"I am satisfied that you did all that a human being could do, Mr. Nelson, and I want to thank you for it, and to tell you that it is my wish that you do nothing toward securing a new trial."

I expressed my surprise at this.

"It would only postpone the inevitable," he said, "Ill luck runs in our family. I suppose I was born to be hung!" and the laugh that followed made my flesh creep.

"But you are innocent?" I said, a sudden doubt coming, unbidden, to my brain.

"I am innocent. I hope you will never doubt that, Mr. Nelson."

A little later I left him, promising not to urge a new trial. I was satisfied that a new trial could not be obtained, and I had only entertained the thought to delay matters as long as possible.

It was two months to the 9th of November. Much might be done in that time if there had been any foundation on which to stand. As it was, I tried to dismiss the prisoner from my mind and attend to other business. I could not do this, however, and the days and weeks passed, until one day remained before the day set for the execution of the condemned. On this day I visited Wallace Harper once more.

He had lost flesh, and I could see that there was much inward suffering. I became fully convinced that something rested on his mind, and I urged him to make a clean breast of it.

"It could do no good," he declared. "I will die without speaking." And then I left him.

As I passed from the jail another visitor was announced—a veiled woman. It was doubtless the man's sweetheart, come to visit him for the last time. She had been too ill to appear at the trial, and I had never seen her to speak with her since.

The night before the day set for the vindication of the law I passed miserably. I felt that an innocent man was soon to be launched into eternity.

In the gray mists of the morning of November 6th a veiled female walked to my door. I answered the bell in person, and I admitted the visitor to my office room. Being seated, she threw aside her veil, revealing a young face, pale and thin, and almost beautiful.

Before she spoke I knew that she was the daughter of the late Donald Dunham.

"Is it too late to save Wallace Harper?" she asked, in a tremulous voice.

"Certainly too late," I answered. "Of course, if there was evidence of a positive nature, going to show that some other person committed the crime for which he is to suffer, I've no doubt we might save the young man. But—"

"I have that evidence."

"You have? Why in heaven's name did you not speak sooner?" I cried in a stern voice.

"I dared not," she said slowly. "I—I must speak now; the world must know the truth. Wallace Harper is innocent. It was I who did the deed."

Her whole frame shook like an aspen, and I could see that she was wrought up to an awful pitch of excitement. I could scarcely believe her words, however. It must be that she was driven mad on account of her lover's peril. I requested her to speak, however, and she did so, in rapid, low tones.

"It was I who did the deed. I hated to speak sooner. I loved my father, and I did not believe him capable of doing an evil deed. He did it, however. He invited Wallace to take wine with him that last evening. I saw him pour the wine, and I saw him drop a powder into one of the goblets. Then he called Wallace, and requested him to quaff with him.

"I did not know what the powder was, but an awful fear oppressed me. With a quick movement when father's back was turned, I exchanged the goblets, and father drained the one intended for his clerk. What followed you know. I was horrified when I learned that a deadly poison had been administered.

"I could not speak. My father a murderer! It was horrible. I realized that my hand had substituted the poison for his lips that he had intended for another. In the excitement of the moment Wallace picked up the folded paper containing the poison near by and dropped it into his pocket, as he testified at the trial. In his dying moments my father cursed the name of Harper and accused him of murdering him.

"I fainted, I think, and I have been near to death since that. I have tried to bring myself to speak more than once, but have been unequal to the task. I am now anxious to have the truth known. Can you save Wallace? He is an innocent man."

There was no time to be lost. I sprang up at once. I visited a magistrate with Miss Dunham, and her affidavit was sent over the wires to the Governor.

We were none too soon. A reprieve was granted, and the facts at once investigated. Miss Dunham adhered to her story, and Wallace Harper corroborated it. He saw her move the glasses, but had refused to speak, lest he should criminate the girl he loved. That was his secret.

A thorough investigation was had and the story told by the girl accepted. Wallace Harper went forth a free man, and he has since won an honorable place in the business world.

I saw him, five years afterward, for the first time since his narrow escape from the gallows.

"Yes, I am married," he said, when I brought up old times. "No, Miss Dunham is not my wife. Do you know, Mr. Nelson, I have always believed that she poisoned her father. I think her mad love unsettled her mind. At any rate, she is now an inmate of an asylum, and hopelessly insane."

It was a strange case. I always believed Harper innocent. As to Miss Dunham, I hold grave doubts.—*J. M. Merrill, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

The Essential Point of Beauty.

We hear so much about physical culture, and read so many articles telling how plain women may become beautiful, that in spite of the old saws we almost think that beauty *is* more than skin deep. But while every one cannot be born beautiful, every thinking woman knows that she may gain by culture that which will give her greater happiness and her friends more pleasure than mere physical beauty ever could do.

The secret is simple. Make the most of every opportunity which comes in your way; and if they do not come, *make* them. There is no beauty like that of a beautiful mind; and no matter how great our physical beauty, no matter how much money we have, or how many maids we keep, or how many pretty gowns we wear, if we do not let our souls shine in our faces, and kindness in our eyes, we shall miss the greatest qualities that constitute true beauty.

A certain Sunday-school teacher labored long and lovingly with her little charges to fix in their minds the words, "Keep your body under." Many times they repeated it, and one small boy seemed much impressed by her explanation of it. On his return home his father said, "Well, what did your teacher tell you about to-day?"

"Oh, papa, she talked so beautifully to us," he said, "about giving up things." And we all learned to say—well, papa, I can't just remember it, but—something like "keep your soul on top."

Do not the child's quaint words just express the way for us "children of a larger growth" to direct our lives? Just as sure as a woman thinks good thoughts, reads good books, and does good deeds, her face will show to all the world that she "keeps her soul on top."—*Housekeepers Weekly.*

Histories of Words.

There are many words which we use every day without a thought of their original meaning. Here are a few of them:

Gazette—is from the name of an old Venetian coin, worth about a cent and a half—the sum charged for a reading of the first Venetian newspaper, a written sheet which appeared about A. D. 1550.

Excruciating—pain, like that of a person "crucified." How carelessly we use this word of terrible meaning!

Milliner—A native of Milian, Italy, once famous for its manufactures of silks and ribbons.

Lord—means "bread-earner;" lady—"loaf-giver."

Terrier—is a dog which pursues animals to their burrow in the earth (Latin, *terra*).

Stalwart—that is, "worth stealing"—a war term, meaning Saxon, a fine soldier worth making captive.

Salary—at first meant money given to soldiers to buy salt with; in the same way, emolument was an allowance of meal.

Muscle—a "little mouse," referring to its appearance under the skin.

Heretic—from a Greek word, means simply "one who chooses" for himself. In the same way, a sceptic is one who searches carefully; and fanatic, one inspired. Custom has given all the words an unpleasant signification.

Explode—to applaud out, as you "clap out" a boy or a girl in the familiar game of that name. You will find the word used in that way if you care to look, somewhere in the eleventh book of Milton's Paradise Lost.

Good-bye—"God be with you."—*Selected.*

Sulphur Not Effective for Fumigation.

It appears that the prevailing method of disinfection by means of burning sulphur is considered by some of the leading bacteriologists as of less value than it has heretofore been considered, though Dr. Edson strenously maintains the contrary. Dr. J. G. Johnson, on the other hand, read a paper before the Kings County Medical Society recently in which he stated that he had proved the present system of fumigation as worthless for the destruction of disease germs; that the fumes of burning sulphur do not penetrate woollens as disease germs do. He also stated that he had propagated diphtheria from the clippings of blankets after they had undergone a thorough process of fumigation by burning sulphur. Dr. Prudden, of the New York City Board of Health, appears to have come to the same conclusion, and in both New York and Brooklyn currents of steam are to be recommended for disinfecting purposes instead of burning sulphur.—*Medical Record.*

—"Turn that wrapping paper the other side out," said a lady in a dry goods store this morning as the clerk was putting up her purchase in a printed wrapping paper. "I don't want to be a walking advertisment to your store. I read the papers as all intelligent people ought to do, and I think in them is the place to advertise your business. Instead of asking your customers to carry your sign around with each purchase of goods, go and tell the people through the papers what you have to sell and how you sell it."

Why Not Have Good Roads?

A recent writer says: "The chief reason why the people of the country do not insist upon better highways is that they have never seen a mile of good road. When once they learn by experience what advantages are secured to them by the best roads they will not rest until the common roads receive the same attention that is given to railroads." There is much truth in this; yet there is another reason, perhaps quite as potent, namely the large first cost of a good road. The proposal to tax a farming community to make first-class roads in every direction would almost incite a rebellion. Yet after all, it would be the cheapest thing to do in the end. The tax which bad roads for a considerable part of every year well-nigh impassable, impose upon farmers is a heavy one. It is a tax difficult to compute the factors in the problem being so many and uncertain; but every farmer knows that there is an immense waste of power and time, and a heavy loss in the wear and tear of horses, wagons and harness, which would be obviated by good roads.

A good illustration of this is afforded in one of the rural townships of New Jersey. For a dozen miles in every direction Macadam roads have been constructed in the best manner, leading from the city into the surrounding country. These roads are maintained in perfect condition at very slight expense. No matter what the weather is, one can drive with perfect comfort so long as he keeps to these improved roads. But in the spring and fall, when the rains have saturated the soil, when the Macadam pavement is left one flounders in the sea of mud, and locomotion becomes a strain alike upon the horse, the driver, and the harness and running gear.

Suppose, now, instead of enduring the waste and discomfort of bad roads indefinitely, the farmers of any community determined to make a beginning, at least, on a general system of improved highways. It need not all be done at once. Let a portion be done every year, commencing with the principal throughfare, and extending the improvement in other directions later on. The matter should first be carefully studied, so that the best method should be pursued, for it doesn't pay to half do business. Done in this way, the tax would not be heavy in any one year, and as the roads improved the item of individual cost, from the causes above mentioned, would constantly decrease.

One means of improving the roads could be adopted without great cost. If every farmer, as fast as new running gear for his farm wagons became necessary, or when buying new vehicles, would get wheels with broad tires—not less than four inches in width, and five or more for extra heavy loads—he would do much towards keeping the roads in good order.—*N. Y. Mail & Express.*

Cruel Business.

The practice of thrashing the patient ox to increase his speed, or whacking him across the nose when he is desired to stop is certainly not the characteristic of a good teamster, any more than the habit of yanking, twitching, and whipping the horse is the indication of a good driver. If a man addicted to this method of driving will harness himself to a rig, and with eyes blinded, a harsh bit in his mouth, and a person with the reins and a rawhide behind him, who, when he wishes to start, gives him a cut with the rawhide, when he would have the speed increased give him several additional cuts, and when he wants him to stop yanks the reins with force enough to nearly break his jaw, he will appreciate this style of driving, and knowing how it is himself will doubtless correct his method.

There is nothing more unreasonable or wasteful than this style of managing horses. Good sense requires that a horse be started, urged forward, and stopped by the voice, and that resort should never be had to the whip unless absolutely necessary. A horse then knows what is required of him, and the annoying and dangerous habit of suddenly starting and jumping is avoided. A great majority of the spavins, sprains and ringbones, not to speak of the heaves and numerous other horse ailments, are caused by this rough and thoughtless driving.—*The Clay Manufacturers' Engineer.*

Growth of Vancouver B. C.

This new town is building up very fast and the time is not far off when it will be a powerful rival of San Francisco. It is 136 miles nearer New York than San Francisco, and 800 miles nearer Japan. Five years ago it was a forest, now it is a busy hive of 15,000, with many brick and stone blocks, first class hotels, electric light, gas, electric street railroads, water-works, saw mills, furniture factories, foundries, sugar refinery, lines of ocean steamships, and now they are to have a dry dock 600 feet long. Thus does British Columbia go forward by leaps and bounds?

The New York *Sun* says of British Columbia:—

"The population of the Province is increasing steadily, while its trade and commerce are growing rapidly. The Canadian Pacific railroad has brought it into communication with Quebec and the Atlantic seaboard, and there is an assured prospect of a great increase of business over this route. It will soon be brought into direct marine communication with Asia by the new line of magnificent steamships that are to run between Vancouver and Hong Kong, two of which are now on the ocean; and we have had news of the project for the establishment of another line between Vancouver and the ports of Eastern Australia. Still further, a British cruiser is at this time exploring the bed of the Pacific for the purpose of finding a route for a cable between Asia, Australia and British Columbia. Both the British Government and the Dominion Government have given heavy subsidies to the steamship and cable lines, with a view to the strengthening of the Queen's Empire. According to the London *Times*, a new commercial and military route from England to India is to be opened so that troops or goods can be conveyed across the Atlantic by steamer, across the American continent by rail and across the Pacific by steamer to all Asiatic ports. It must be evident by this time that British Columbia is a growing Province."

Caught In a Shaft

A frequent source of accident is found in shafting. Great care should be used and a supply of Hagyard's Yellow Oil kept on hand in case of wounds, bruises sprains, burns, or scalds. It is the promptest pain reliever obtainable.

—Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

—Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood.
Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood.
Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood.
Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood.
Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood.
Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood.

—Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

—When you go to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla be sure to get it. Don't be put off with an inferior substitute. Insist upon Hood's.

—Minard's Liniment is the Best.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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.

BRADLEY'S
X. L. Phosphate,
which has steadily held its place at the head of all artificial fertilizers for THIRTY years, will be sold as usual throughout the province. Agents wanted where none are now acting.
BONE!
We have secured a large stock of the best make of Pure Bone, perfectly free from moisture, which we offer on favorable terms.
G. C. MILLER,
Managing Agent,
Bradley Fertilizer Co.
Middleton, March 25th, 1891. 51 10t

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.

IN THE SUPREME COURT.
1891. LETTER A. NO. 337.
BETWEEN
SAMUEL GROVES, Plaintiff,
AND
TRAVIS BRINTON, Defendant.
TO BE SOLD AT
Public Auction
by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his deputy, in front of the office of J. G. H. Parker, Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, on
SATURDAY, 6th Day June
next, at twelve o'clock noon,
pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1891, unless before the sale the amount due the plaintiff herein on the mortgage, with interest and costs, be paid to him or his solicitor.
ALL the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above-named defendant, and of all persons claiming or entitled by, from or under him in and to all that certain lot, tract, piece or parcel of
LAND
situate, lying and being in the township of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, bounded and described as follows:
Beginning at the Bay of Fundy, at the north-east corner of lands belonging to John and David Hall and running along the said line south ten degrees east two hundred and forty rods until it comes to the main road. Thence east the course of the road twenty-three rods and three-quarters to land belonging to Charles H. Brinton. thence north ten degrees west along Charles H. Brinton's land to the Bay of Fundy; thence westerly the same course of the Bay of Fundy to the place of beginning, being part of lot No. 147, and containing thirty-five acres be the same more or less, as described in a deed from Charles Brinton and wife to the said Travis Brinton, dated the 18th day of June, 1861
TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.
J. AVARD MORSE,
Sheriff County of Annapolis.
J. G. H. PARKER,
Solicitor of Plaintiff.
Sheriff's Office, Bridgetown, May 5, 1891.

NOTICE TO
CREDITORS
Notices and statements of accounts have been sent to all who are indebted to the estate, and many of them have not responded. All accounts incurred before the assignment not paid or arranged for by the 31st instant will be sued without further notice.
Parties who have bought goods from the assignees are requested to pay up not later than April 20th, 1891.
The undersigned also invite bids for the real property, consisting of
THE FACTORY
so called. The building is 140 x 38 feet, three stories high, with a cellar under the same. This factory is equipped with all the newest and most improved machinery used in the manufacture of First-class Furniture, including a 35-horse power engine and boiler, two dry houses, steam elevator, etc., etc. The whole factory and the dry houses are heated with steam pipes, with water on each flat.
THE WAREHOUSE
46 x 28 feet, two stories high, with an Upholstering Shop attached, 30 x 24 feet, two stories high.
The Reed Homestead and the Double Dwelling-House
occupied by W. E. and S. S. Reed. All buildings are in thorough repair, spacious grounds, gardens, and the necessary barns and out-houses are attached to each dwelling.
For prices, terms, etc., apply to the subscribers at Bridgetown.
HECTOR MacLEAN,
ROBERT BATH,
51 tf Assignees.