WORDS FAIL "Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. SELBY CARTER, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefits derived from

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Having been afflicted all my life with Scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in Blotches, Ulcers, and Mattery Sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, he has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

All baneful infections of the blood are promptly removed by this unequalled alterative.

PREPARED BY

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

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

ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

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

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

Advertising Rates.

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

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Special rates for longer terms.

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

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

We have recently published a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

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

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

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

Address

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

1885. 1885.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,

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

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS.

—IN—

Marble, Freestone & Granite,

of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.

ALSO:

Furniture Tops!

Call and inspect work.

OLDHAM WHITMAN.

Bridgetown, Jan. 12th, 85'

BRIDGETOWN

FOUNDRY COMPANY

(LIMITED.)

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

TO MANUFACTURE

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

All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.

W. A. CRAIG,
MANAGER.

Bridgetown, March 10th, '85 y

WE SELL

Cordwood,

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

Best Prices for all shipments.
Write fully for Quotations.

HATHEWAY & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf, BOSTON.
Members of Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic Exchanges. Jan31y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1885. NO. 34.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

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

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

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

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

MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. One teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Circular furnished in large cans, price $1.00, by mail, $1.20. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Lawrencetown Pump Company,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

MONCTON

Non-Freezing FORCE PUMP.

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

Orders Promptly Attended To.

Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

A. E. SULIS.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

Can be obtained from the

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

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

For particulars apply to

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

Annapolis 27th Feb 1883,y

To Let!

THE House and premises recently occupied by Mr. A. Drysdale, near Providence Church.

Possession given immediately.

W. W. CHESLEY.

Bridgetown Sept 1st, 1885. 2m.

J. G. H. PARKER,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, CONVEXANCER, and REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Practise in all the Courts. Business promptly attended to.

OFFICE—Fitz Randolph's NEW BUILDING, Bridgetown. 7ly

F. C. HARRIS,

Licensed Auctioneer,

Commission Merchant and Real Estate Agent

Special rates for sales of Real Estate and Farm Stock.

Bridgetown, March 26th, 1884. n50

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber being desirous of giving more attention to his

GROCERY and PROVISION TRADE,

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

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

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

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

For full particulars apply to the subscriber.

T. J. EAGLESON.

Bridgetown, Oct. 9, 1883. tf

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

ANNAPOLIS, SS.

In the Supreme Court in Equity, 1885.

BETWEEN, STEPHEN E. BENT, Plaintiff,

AND

ALDEN CROCKER and JANETTE ELIZABETH CROCKER, Defts.

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, at Bridgetown, in the County aforesaid on

Saturday, December 5th,

next, at 12 o'clock, noon.

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein, dated the 29th day of September, A. D. 1885, unless before the day of sale the said defendants shall pay the said plaintiff or his solicitor, or into court the sum due on the mortgage herein and costs.

All that certain tract or parcel of

LAND,

situate, lying and being in Wilmot, in the County of Annapolis, bounded and described as follows:—

FIRST.—Beginning at the south west angle of a lot of land conveyed by William J. Spinney to Arthur Spinney, by a deed bearing date the 1st day of November 1874, from thence running north nine degrees west along said Arthur Spinney's land, thirty-eight chains and fifty-three links, thence north eighty seven degrees east four chains, thence north nine degrees west, two chains and fifty links, thence south eighty-seven degrees west four chains, thence north nine degrees west eight chains, thence south eighty-one degrees west eight chains and thirty-seven links, thence south nine degrees east forty-nine chains and three links, thence north, eighty-one degrees east eight chains and forty-one links, to the place of beginning, containing forty-five acres more or less.

SECOND.—Beginning at the north-east angle of said tract or parcel of land, and running south nine degrees, east forty-nine chains and three links, thence south eighty-one degrees, west eight chains and forty links, thence north nine degrees west thirty-eight chains and fifty-three links, thence north eighty-seven degrees east four chains, thence north nine degrees west two chains and fifty links, thence south eighty-seven degrees west four chains, thence north nine degrees west, eight chains, thence north eighty-one degrees east eight chains and thirty-seven links, to the place of beginning, containing forty-three acres more or less, together with all and singular, the easements, tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances to the same belonging, or in anywise appertaining, with the revision and revisions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, interest, claim, property and demand, both in law and in equity of the said Alden Crocker and Janette Elizabeth his wife, of, in, to or out of the same or any part thereof.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff.

J. G. H. PARKER, Solicitor of Plff.

Bridgetown, Nov. 2nd, '85. 5i

Rare Bargain!

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

DANIEL NICHOLS.

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

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

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

For terms apply on the premises to

MRS. D. NICHOLS.

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

Poetry.

For All Who Die.

The following poem was regarded by Edgar A Poe as the most beautiful and touching of its kind in our language:—

It hath been said for all who die
There is a tear,
Some paining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier;
But in the hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near,
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear;

Who'll watch the fast departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe
And follow me to my long home
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep
Who then, by pure affection led,
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all around,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That cold sod's gloom,
Twould mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel,
From halls of glee
And beauty's presence, one would steal
In secrecy,
And come and sit or stand by me
In night's deep noon,
Oh, I would ask for memory
No other boon.

But ah, a lonlier fate is mine,
A deeper woe.
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go.
Draw round me my pale robe of white
In a dark spot
To sleep thro' death's long, dreamless night,
Long and forgot.

—A Bostonian cures the morphine habit with this recipe: 'Every time she takes a dose of morphine out of the bottle let her put in its place the same amount of pure water. This gradually weakens it, and almost before she knows it, the habit is gone.'

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

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

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

SAMUEL LEGG,

Watch and Clock Maker.

—IN—

Murdoch's Block.

Also Agent for the

HARTFORD LIFE

—AND—

ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.

Of Hartford, Conn.

Bridgetown, July 1, '85.

JOHN Z. BENT,

UNDERTAKER.

Bridgetown N. S., near Presbyterian Church.

Coffins and Caskets, and Coffin trimmings, in all styles, always on hand. All branches of this department of his business will receive the most careful attention. 36ly

NOTICE!

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

W. A. CRAIG.

To Loan.

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

J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Dec. 23rd '84.

THE CURRENT CHICAGO, U. S. A. The great Literary and Family Journal of our time. Clean, perfect, grand! Over 500 brilliant contributors $4.50, yearly; 6 months, $3. Buy it at your news dealers—Send 10 cents for sample copy. THE CURRENT AND MONITOR, ONE YEAR, ONLY $4.40.

Select Literature.

Rachel.

A TRUE STORY OF WESTERN FARM LIFE.

(*Concluded.*)

The father raised his hand as if to strike his child, then, as she did not drop her eyes, he turned and left the room.

July came, but the Stillman girls did not go to the picnic. Tom and the 'hands' went, and Mrs. Lansing and her boys stopped at Stillman's on their way and offered the girls seats in their wagon, but the offer was not accepted. 'The women folk,' Mr. Stillman said, 'had to get ready for the harvest hands,' and there was more cooking and cleaning and washing as the days went on. No wonder Mrs. Stillman grew weaker, and even Mr. Stillman noticed it and brought her a bottle of bitters, and told the girls to keep 'mother out of the kitchen,' which they, indeed, tried hard to do. But the mother could not rest. There was so much to do. The girls could not get along, and Elizabeth was not well, she knew, for the patient elder daughter seemed drooping, and a hopeless look had settled on her face as if for life.

At last there came a morning, about the middle of July, when mother did not rise to breakfast.

'Hadn't we better send for Dr. Lewis, father?' said Elizabeth.

'Oh, no, your mother did not sleep, it was so hot last night. She'll be up directly. Keep her out of the kitchen, and see you have a good dinner on time. We'll have to work to finish to-day, an' I am expectin' a storm; the air feels like it.'

Twelve o'clock came. Dinner for a dozen hungry men was on the table, and still Mrs. Stillman was in her bed.

While the men were eating Rachel slipped in to her mother. She found her awake, but her flushed cheeks and bright eyes startled the girl.

'O, mother!' she cried, 'you must have the doctor, you are so sick.'

'No, no, dear,' the mother answered, 'father is too busy now, he could not take time. You run over to Mrs. Lansing after dinner. I'm not much sick, but I would like to see her.'

Rachel returned to the dining-room.

'Take that fly-brush, Rachel,' said her father, 'Susy's no account.' Poor, tired little Susy crimsoned to the roots of her hair as she handed Rachel the brush.

When dinner was over Mr. Stillman glanced in his wife's room. She seemed sleeping and he did not go in. 'Mother hasn't eaten a bite to-day, father,' said Rachel. 'I wish she'd have the doctor.'

'Well,' said Mr. Stillman, impatiently, 'If she's no better by mornin' I'll send for him.'

Not stopping to eat, Rachel went half a mile through the July sun for Mrs. Lansing. The men had gone to their work when she returned. Margaret was doing up the work and Elizabeth and Susie trying to make the poor sick woman comfortable by bathing her head and fanning her, while they begged her vainly to drink the tea they had brought her.

'Rachel,' said Mrs. Lansing, 'I saw Dr. Lewis' buggy coming down the road as I came here, you run out and stop him when he gets here.'

When about four o'clock the rain began to pour in torrents, Mr. Stillman had the satisfaction of seeing the last load of grain just inside the great barn door, and taking off his hat he wiped the moisture off his face, exclaiming, 'Well, boys, we beat the rain; it can pour down now for all I care.'

Replacing his hat on his head, he returned toward the house, and to his surprise saw the well-known figure of Dr. Lewis on the porch. 'Driven in by the rain,' he thought; 'guess I'll get him to see mother.'

'Well, Doctor,' he said as he stepped up on the porch, 'how are you? Just got my wheat in, in time; lucky, wasn't I?'

'Very,' said the doctor, gravely, 'but I just came from your wife's bed-side, and she is, I find, very ill. I ought to have been called long ago.'

Mr. Stillman was startled. 'Why,' he said, 'doctor you can't think her dangerous. It's the weather's weakened her so.'

The doctor was silent a moment. Then he said slowly: 'Mr. Stillman, it is my duty to tell you that your wife can live at the farthest but a few days.'

For once in their lives the men at Stillman's ate a cold supper and did the milking. Mrs. Lansing took the superintendence of everything on herself. John and his wife were sent for and came, and before morning, Jim Lansing, who had learned the state of affairs from one of the 'hands' quietly hitched the horses to a wagon and went for Martha and her husband.

Poor Martha, who had not seen her mother for more than a year.

All night Mr. Stillman watched by his wife's bedside or walked restlessly up and down the long back porch. It could not be. His wife was not dying; she was only tired. Yes, that was it, Mr. Stillman; she was tired and rest was coming.

When Martha came, the mother, who had so longed for her, did not recognize her.

'Mother! mother!' cried the daughter in anguish. The mother looked at her with dim eyes that saw no more of earth, and muttered as she tossed upon her pillow: 'Hurry, girls! oh, hurry, it's almost twelve, and father will be in soon.'

Then she grew quiet, only her restless hands, which her daughters vainly strove to hold, kept reaching out as if trying to grasp at the unknown land she was soon to enter. Just as the sun arose in the morning Mrs. Stillman entered her rest.

Her husband seemed stunned by the terrible shock. With haggard face and trembling lips he bent over his dead wife. 'I loved her so,' he said, 'how could she leave me?'

Ah, Mr. Stillman, you are by no means the first person who has failed to care for their beloved ones until too late.

Life went on as usual at Stillman's after the mother had gone; for a little while the father had been kinder, but as the time went on old habits were resumed. Elizabeth went listlessly about, evidently failing in health.

Margaret was growing every day more defiant toward her father and constantly quarrelled with Tom, who, now that his gentle mother's influence was no more felt, grew every day more meddlesome and overbearing toward his sisters.

The summer following Mrs. Stillman's death, Mrs. Lansing's eldest son Frank took unto himself a wife, and late in the fall the neighborhood was electrified with the entirely unlooked for marriage of Mr. Stillman and Mrs. Lansing. Her boys on hearing her intentions had remonstrated earnestly with her, but she said: 'You boys do not need me now and those girls are going to destruction. Think of Rachel saying, 'God had nothing to do with her mother's death, and she didn't think He cared anything for women anyhow. He just created them for men's convenience.' And then look at little Susy; the child's face haunts me.'

'Well,' said Jim, 'I know things are in a bad fix over there, but it isn't Susy's face that haunts me, by any means.'

His mother laughed. 'I shall take good care of Margaret,' she said 'the poor girl needs some one to look after her, she and Elizabeth are both being worked to death.'

Time has slipped four years more over the heads of the Stillman's—years well improved by Rachel and Susy at the academy in the village and on their father's farm—years which gave Margaret's happiness into Jim Lansing's keeping, brought Susy to the verge of womanhood, and made Tom a young man of whom his sisters were extremely proud. Even Elizabeth's wan face looks as if life might still hold a little happiness for her, for under the new wife's skilful management life at Stillman's has taken on a different color. The spare room has metamorphosed into a pretty sitting-room for the young folks. 'We don't want them always with us,' says Mrs. Stillman as she shows her husband the change she has made. This is one of her peculiarities.

She does what she thinks best without talk, taking it for granted that Mr Stillman will view matters in the same light that she does.

As for Rachel, she enjoyed fully the change for the better; but now to the feeling of bitterness she cherished against her father was added a touch of contempt. 'See,' she thought, 'how this wife can flatter and bend him to her will. If mother could have done that she might have been alive still.'

Rachel was mistaken; the new wife did not manœuvre or flatter, but knowing her place she maintained it as mistress of the home, not as a sort of upper servant to be snubbed or praised according to the master's humor. And another summer had been added to Rachel's nineteen years when Tom came home from town one evening and hurrying into the dining-room where she was arranging the supper table said; 'Rachel, do you remember old Gray, as I used to call him, that taught our school one winter about six years ago?'

'Yes,' she answered.

'Well, I met him in town to-day. He is one of the lawyers in the Sanders case, and he knew me right off; he's coming out this evening, so look your prettiest, for I tell you he's a smart one I heard some of the lawyers talking about him.

'Rachel,' said Susy, as they arrayed themselves for the evening, 'you are so hard to please this evening; what ails you? You look so excited.'

Rachel smiled. 'I was thinking of old days,' she said; 'that is all.'

And she enters the little parlor where Mr. Stillman and the guest are seated in a perfectly self-possessed manner, saying as she extends her hand:—

'Good evening, Teacher. How goes the world with Apollyon?'

And the young lawyer springs to his feet exclaiming: 'Rachel! Is it possible?' And he holds her hands and looks into her eyes so long that Susy and Mrs. Stillman declare he fell in love then and there.

However that may be, it is certain Mr. Grey shows a wonderful interest in the Stillman district during his stay at Maywood. The trial is tedious, but his patience never gives out, and when some of the lawyers propose night sessions of court to hasten matters he opposes it earnestly. 'Too hard on the old Judge,' he says.

But all things must end, and the case was at last decided in favor of Mr. Grey's client. As Rachel congratulated him on his victory, he said with a look that brought the color to her face:—

'How long must I stay in Doubting Castle, Rachel?'

'Dear me,' she answered, 'I did not think a promising young lawyer, as father calls you, ever got into that dismal place.'

Then Susy came in and the young man bade them good-bye, but he watched an opportunity to whisper in Rachel's ear a promise of speedy return, and as he travelled homeward those wonderful eyes seemed to haunt him persistently, 'Who would have thought,' he said to himself, 'she could have become such a woman? No wonder I never could find a girl to suit me when she has been my ideal.'

You see he was trying to persuade himself that he had thought of her ever since that winter term of school; perhaps it was true. Maybe all unknown to him those eyes had held him. At any rate he says they did; and when time after time they drew him back to Stillman's he at last succeeded in making Rachel believe it, and then with the little "key of promise" she delivered him from 'Doubting Castle.'

Let us take one more look two years later at the Stillman homestead.

There is a family gathering and all the girls are present—Martha and her two little ones, Margaret with her two boys, and Rachel with her baby. Susy, a proud young aunt, flits to and fro, now teasing one and now another of the children. Elizabeth, with unwonted brightness in her eyes, look on and even laughs a sweet, low laugh at some of the merry mischief.

'Well,' says Margaret, 'it does seem odd to think of Lizzie's lover coming back after all those years.'

'Yes,' answered Margaret, in the same low tone, 'and how happy she seems. I suppose the wedding will be soon; they have been separated so long.'

The husbands are all present in the evening, and the old house is full of light and gaiety. Rachel steps off upstairs to put baby to bed. As she sits in the room where in her childhood she had spent so many unhappy days, her tears fall thinking of them and the dear mother who had suffered and died, and the old bitterness rises in her heart. Baby drops asleep, and, laying him gently in the cradle in which she herself had been rocked, she kisses two dainty lips and goes down-stairs. Some impulse prompts her to enter the sitting-room instead of going into the parlor, where she thinks all the family are gathered. As she opens the door she sees her father sitting by the table, where the lamp stands of old, and half turns to go out again, but something in his attitude touches her. He is not reading his newspaper; he is looking at something he holds in his hand. She notices how gray he is getting, and how age is tracing lines in his stern face. Drawing near, she says: 'Are you sick, father?'

'O, no,' he answers, 'I was thinking of your mother, Rachel;' and he handed her a faded daguerreotype of the fair young girl who had been his bride in the days of his youth.

'How like Susy, father,' she said with tears dropping on the lovely face.

'Yes, only she was prettier,' he answered.

'I have been thinking of her so much lately, Rachel,' he went on; 'I am going to do something I think will please her if she sees. I bought that pretty little farm of Perry's the other day and I am going to put Martha and her husband on it. Dick's an industrious fellow, but it's hard gettin' on, on a rented place, and Martha is worried too much. You don't think any of the rest would object?' and he looked anxiously in her face.

'Object! Why, father, they will all be glad,' and dropping her head on his shoulder she puts her arms around him for the first time in her life and as she slipped the little daguerreotype in his hand, a sweet peace fills her heart, as she thinks, 'The bitterness has gone, and love takes its place.'

After a while she joins the group in the parlor. They are singing, while Susy plays accompaniments on the organ. 'Sing "Coronation," Susy,' she says, as she sits down beside her husband.

'What is it?' he asks. 'You look unusually happy.'

'Ah!' she answers. 'I have had a vision of the land of Beulah, and love is its king.'

As the voices joined in singing the old familiar hymn, Mr. Stillman came quietly in and sat down to listen. So let us leave Rachel and her sisters, hoping that whatever may befall them in the journey of life, 'love, for them, may always be king.'

Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

The Same Invention.

(*To the Editor of the Monitor.*)

DEAR SIR,—I noticed in a recent issue of the MONITOR, an article headed "A New Invention," descriptive of a most unique curiosity, which has lately been imported into Manitoba, not directly from Nova Scotia, as the article states, but from the island of Barbadoes. But, with the exception of a few other trifling errors, the description is by no means inaccurate. As you have withheld your editorial opinion, and as the article solicits the opinion of your intelligent readers, I venture to say, in the first place, that a patent would be quite useless and an unnecessary expense, as anything else like it never has been, and probably never will be produced.

For a number of years the machine was in operation in one of the southern counties of N. S., and during that time was fed almost exclusively on cod fish. This kind of diet or pulp kept the machine in rather indifferent running order, and a few gallons of whiskey were added as an experiment, when it collapsed entirely. Its reputation in our fair, native Province was ruined forever, and it was forthwith removed to Barbadoes. This was a most unfortunate venture, as the climate of the tropics, together with the increased diet of whiskey, threw it totally out of kilter and for a few months it was subject to fits every alternate day. These peculiar and distressing attacks lasted until after it was brought to Manitoba. The negroes not being enterprising people, and therefore blind to its merits, merely regarded it as a curiosity, although some rather large stories of its alleged success, chiefly with the feminine portion of their community, were brought with it to Manitoba. Probably there was some truth in them, as the face of a very unfavored negro appears on the upper part of the machine. In Manitoba it has been fed largely at the expense of the people, and has succeeded admirably, although an occasional return to the whiskey diet, and some charicatures by a school boy, have brought on attacks of the old malady. So much for its history.

As the article above mentioned says it cannot be made to operate on poplar wood. Rather than do this, it has been known to stop short when the mercury was at forty degrees below zero, with no one near except a feeble old man to start it again. It has been discovered lately that beeves liver is its most natural diet, but it is very difficult feeding it now, as its ponderous teeth are somewhat deranged. It certainly requires water to drive it, but there is no necessity for it to bring it, as it will not operate at all unless water is very near. Indeed the two objects in this case have a sort of phonetic affinity, that would be rather difficult to explain. During the past summer it has been run pretty hard and it is believed without proper care by a shrivelled up relic of humanity, who like the machine is somewhat deranged, having been partly paralyzed by a stroke of lightning last spring. MILES JAY.

—If you want to see whether a pond or a stream is inhabited by fish, climb a tree and look down from a height. The bottom can then be plainly seen. A telegraph line-man, who recently ran a wire along a northern New Jersey road, says that he saw hundreds of pickerel, bass and trout almost every day, and during his leisure hours he devoted himself to fishing, with great success. He picked out the good places from the cross arms of the telegraph poles.

A CLEAR HEAD.

"One year ago I was induced to try AYER'S PILLS as a remedy for Indigestion, Constipation, and Headache, from which I had long been a great sufferer. Commencing with a dose of five Pills, I found their action easy, and obtained prompt relief. In continuing their use, a single Pill taken after dinner, daily, has been all the medicine I have required. AYER'S PILLS have kept my system regular and my head clear, and benefited me more than all the medicines ever before tried. Every person similarly afflicted should know their value. 102 State St., Chicago, June 4, 1882. M. V. WATSON."

For all diseases of the stomach and bowels, try AYER'S PILLS.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.

Famous Medicine Men.

Messrs. Root & Tinker, of New York City who have published from time to time handsome lithograph portraits of the prominent journalists of the United States and Great Britain, have just issued an attractive engraving 22x28 inches, of the leading Proprietory Medicine Manufacturers of the United States, including Dr. J. C. Ayer, O. I. Hood, Dr. Hostetter of "Hostetter's Bitters," John Hodge of "Merchant's Gargling Oil," Mr. Scott of "Scott's Emulsion," Dr. J. H. Schenck, H. E. Bucklen of "Electric Bitters," Mr. Powell of "Iron Bitters," Dr. Tutt, Dr. Brandreth of "Brandreth's Pills," and H. H. Warner of "Warner's Safe Cure" and and "Tippecanoe" fame. We doubt if a more attractive group of eleven men could be got together from any one walk of life. The central figure is W. H. Warner, the back-ground of whose vignette is his trade mark of an iron safe, inscribed with the names of the famous Warner's Safe Remedies. This picture is sent out with the compliments of Mr. H. H. Warner, who besides having won much fame as the manufacturer of "Warner's Safe Cure" is well known as the founder of "Warner Astronomical Observatory," Rochester, N. Y., and the "Warner's Astronomical Prizes," for cometary discovery so eagerly sought for by astronomers all over the world. Mr. Warner is a self-made man, and those who know him best say that the success which he has won thus early in life (he being at present not over 45 years of age) is in all respects deserved, for he is a man of broad views and extended liberality.

—A very important collection of pictures and other treasures will come under the hammer next season in England. It is no other than the contents of the treasure-house filled by the late Earl of Dudley, who opened his purse with a liberality quite regardless of expense wherever his caliere was concerned. Few private collections could present such varied interest both to connoisseurs and amateurs as this curious assemblage of works by ancient masters and painters of a late day. Fifteenth century pictures of the Italian, German and Dutch schools appealed most to the late earl's taste, but this hobby did not stand in the way of lavish expenditure in other directions. He acquired some of the finest Turner drawings that eye has ever coveted, beside astonishing Parisian and London society by paying the sum of $20,000 for a single example of Greuze, namely, 'La Petite Fille au Chien,' when the San Donato collection was dispersed at the Hotel Drouot some 15 years ago. His picture called 'La Matin,' cost the earl $17,000. "L'Enfant a la Pomme," $68,000; another, $68,000, and a less attractive picture, called "The Lover Discovered," $12,000. These were shown at the winter exhibition at Burlington House in 1870, and no less than 128 of the pictures exhibited were from Lord Dudley's valuable storehouse.

—A French advocate, who has made it a rule never to take up a case which he did not thoroughly believe, while recently entertaining a distinguished company at dinner was informed that a client urgently requested a few minutes' interview. It turned out to be a man whose acquittal on the charge of stealing a watch he had that morning procured. Appearances had been strongly against the prisoner, who, it is thought, had been not a little assisted by the charcter of this counsel. He looked somewhat abashed at the presence of the guests; but reassured by the kindly tone of the host began: "Monsieur, it is about that watch." "Yes my friend, I congratulate you on the triumphant vindication of your innocence." "Then the trial is quite over?" "Why of course." "And I can't be tried again?" "Certainly not" "They can do nothing more to me?" "How could they?" "Then I may wear the watch?"

—A brewery at Toronto has been making and selling what was styled "blue ribbon beer" so named after a local temperance organization, numerous unlicensed persons have been freely retailing it. Last week a suit was brought before a county Judge to test the matter. It was ascertained that the beer contained two or three per cent. of alcohol, or one half the quantity of alcohol contained in ordinary American lager. The Judge held that the amount of alcohol in the beer would render it intoxicating. While the trial was in progress the prosecuting counsel made a practical test of the beer by procuring the services of two men, who drank seven glassesesach in an hour and a half. Both became quite drunk. The decision of the Court was against the beer.

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.—Mr. George Musgrave, in writing to the London *Times* has stated that in one auction room in London there had been sold 6828 birds of paradise, 4974 Impeyan pheasants, 770 so-called Argus, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian birds, and 356,398 East Indian birds of various kinds. This wanton destruction is rightly attributed by the editor of the Dublin *Farmer's Gazette* to the demands of a "wicked fashion" on the part of ladies desirous of luxuriating in dress adorned by the brilliant plumage of those birds. The remedy is very clear. Let the leaders of fashion cease to wear them, and the birds will then be allowed to devour insects at their will—infinitely more serviceable to the race than to the adornment of some lady's head-dress with fragments of their dead bodies.

THE GOVERNMENT DEFRAUDED.—*Montreal, Nov. 13th.*—Startling rumors of extensive frauds upon the Dominion Exchequer which have been current in certain circles for a week past have been creating quite a sensation here. It is alleged that the British American Bank Note Company, one of the wealthiest and most extensive corporations in Montreal, have defrauded the government during the past few years of duty on vignettes, steel plates, coats of arms, engravings, cuts, etc, which were executed in New York and subsequently imported without any inspection by the customs officers. A searching investigation is now being made by the authorities. The amount of the government claim is $150,000.

A KIND ACT REWARDED.—*Kingston, N. Y. Nov. 14, 1875.*—Jennie Jones is a pretty young lady residing at Highland, Ulster county. She is a dressmaker, and one day about a year ago, while employed in New York, she befriended an old lady who had lost her pocketbook by lending her a small amount of money and also assisted her across the street when the horse car in which she had met her came to the place where the old lady wished to alight. Miss Jones gave her name and place of residence to the old lady at her request, and thought no more about it. A day or so ago Miss Jones received a letter from a lawyer in Buffalo, which stated that, by the death of an old lady in that city, she was heiress to $50,000. The lady who bequeathed the money was the person whom Miss Jones had assisted a year ago.

CERTAIN EVIDENCE OF A HARD WINTER.—The corn-husk prophet, the muskrat prophet, the down-on-the-duck's back prophet, the goose-bone prophet, the burdock-on-the-cow's-tail prophet, the wild-goose prophet, the guessing prophet, and the prophet of all evil report and good report and other prophets all agree upon having a mild winter.—*Peterboro' Times.*