Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1894. NO. 23.

Professional Cards.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store)
Every Thursday.
On arrival of Morning Accommodation Train.
Consular Agent of the United States.
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Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

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NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
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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 therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
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20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

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Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.
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☞Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY,
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Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

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

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

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

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

A. B. PARKER,
SOUTH FARMINGTON,
CAN SUPPLY
PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE,
ALEXANDRA CREAM SEPARATOR,
AND
THE STEEL HARNESS,
For Farmers and Lumbermen. No Whiffletree.
ALSO
THE POPULAR DOOR CATCHER.
☞All the above will be delivered at manufacturers prices. 43 26

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

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

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

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. 26ly

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

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

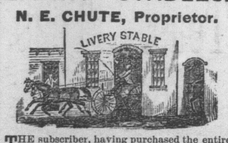
HATS! HATS!
Every Christian wears a Hat on Easter Sunday, and the place to get the
Largest Range,
—AND THE—
Latest Styles,
—IS AT—
A. J. MORRISON'S,
MERCHAN TAILOR - - - MIDDLETON, N. S.
His stock of SPRING CLOTHS is complete.

"Once a King." "Always a King."
STEP BY STEP **The "WHITE"** Triumphantly Progresses!
The Pride of its Friends!
The Enemy of its Competitors!
CINCINNATI, 1888. PARIS, 1889.
World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.
Awarded the HIGHEST HONORS covering the essential and vital points claimed.
IT'S THE BEST—first, last, and all the time.
JAS. A. GATES & CO., SOLE AGENTS, MIDDLETON, N. S.

F. A. McPHERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Spring & Summer Suitings
IN THE LEADING PATTERNS.
ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS
FOR 1894.
Also Fine Worsteds, and a Large Assortment of Fashionable Trimmings.
GENTS' FINE SUITS A SPECIALTY.

—THE—
INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO'Y,
LIMITED.
Works: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
☞Correspondence solicited.

BRIDGETOWN LIVERY STABLES.
N. E. CHUTE, Proprietor.



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

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!
ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of SINCLAIR BOLSOM, late of Havelock, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
WILLIAM WORTHYLAKE,
Administrator.
Brighton, Digby Co., N.S., June 27th, 1894. 1y

CARRIAGES!
To My Friends and Customers:—
I beg to inform my friends and patrons, and the public in general, that I have now on hand a lot of Fine Carriages, nearing completion, consisting of
Open and Top Buggies,
—AND—
Jump-seat Double Carriages,
for the spring trade. They are all built of the choicest stock; all grade "A" standard wheels, with leather trimmings, and painted and finished throughout in a first-class manner.
Parties wanting an extra vehicle at reasonable cost, are requested to inspect the stock to be found at the "Old Reliable Carriage Works," at Victoriavale.
D. FALES, Proprietor.
April 4th, 1894. 2 26i

MORSE'S
PARIS GREEN
POTATO SPRINKLER
which gave such universal satisfaction last year,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—AT—
McCORMICK'S.
☞*Write for particulars.*

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

"For Years,"
Says CARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

AYER'S PILLS
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Every Dose Effective

Cheap Excursion
Rates for Boston!
via the Palace Side-Wheel Steamers of the
BAY OF FUNDY S.S. CO.
—AND—
INTERNATIONAL S.S. COMP'Y

From Annapolis to Boston, only	$4.00
From Digby to Boston, only	$3.50
From Annapolis to Boston and return,	$6.00
From Digby to Boston and return,	$6.00

☞The return tickets are good for 30 days from date of issue.
Steamer "City of Monticello" leaves Annapolis for St. John every P.M. upon arrival of Halifax Express Trains, calling at Digby. Steamers of the I. S. S. Co. leave St. John for Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings at 7.25, standard time.
For tickets and all information apply to Purser, Steamer *Monticello*, or to
J. S. CARDER, Agent, Annapolis. H. B. SHORT, Agent, Digby.

SEEDS. SEEDS. SEEDS.
FIELD AND GARDEN.
FRESH, AND OF THE BEST QUALITY.
SOLD VERY CHEAP
For Cash by
W. E. PALFREY.
Lawrencetown, April 10th, 1894.

LORENZO PULISTON.

SPOTS AND BLEMISHES, CAUSED BY BAD BLOOD, CURED BY **B.B.B.**

DEAR SIRS,—I am thankful to B.B.B. because I am to-day strong and well through its wonderful blood cleansing powers. I was troubled with scrofulous spots and blemishes all over my body and was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I took one bottle, with great benefit, and can positively say that before I had taken half of the second bottle I was
PERFECTLY CURED.
I am so pleased to be strong and healthy again by the use of B.B.B. and I can strongly recommend it to everybody. LORENZO PULISTON, Sydney Mines, C.B.

FLOUR,
Cornmeal, Feed!
The subscriber has on hand at the
Masonic Building, Granville St.,
a full supply of Flour, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Feed Flour and Middlings, which he will sell at the following low prices for Cash, viz:

Goldie's "Best" Flour,	$4.50	bbl.
"Crown of Gold," -	4.00	"
"Star," - - -	3.90	"
"Sun," - - -	3.90	"
"Shawmut," - -	3.90	"
"Victoria," - -	3.75	"
Rosebud Cornmeal, -	3.00	"
Oatmeal, - - -	5.00	"
Feed Flour, - -	1.50	bag.
Middlings, - -	1.35	"

The above Flours are as good of their kind as any Flours made in Canada, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction every time or money refunded.
W. M. FORSYTH.
Bridgetown, August 3rd, 1894.

HORSE NETS!
AT McCORMICK'S.

Poetry.

Dorchester and Dorothy.

Dorchester, Dorothy, lad and lass,
Brother and sister, it came to pass,
Never each other knew;
Lassie is five years, while laddie'd be seven—
One upon earth and the other in heaven,
So these children grew.

Dorothy, Dorchester (sweetest of names!)
Never together played pretty games;
Dorothy plays them alone.
She does not miss him. She couldn't, you know.
But mother, who watches her, misses him so—
Longs for her little "my own!"

Dorchester, Dorothy. Many the night
Both in her arms have been folded tight,
Sung to and put into bed.
Only the one? She knows there are two—
Mother-love truly such wonders can do!—
Dorchester seemeth not dead.

Dorothy, Dorchester, always, I know,
Side by side in her heart do grow,
Giving her heart a joy;
But first to awaken a love divine,
First to make sorrow a friend benign,
First in her heart is her boy.

—*William S. Lord in Chicago Record.*

Select Literature.

Thimble's Last Hunt.

MARIA LOUISE POOL IN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Permit me."

"Allow me."

The voices that spoke held laughter in their tones. The first speaker took off her Derby with a flourish, and stood with bare head beside Elsie Chapin, who had led her white pony from the stable near the Academy where she came every morning, being a day pupil of that somewhat celebrated school. She lived four miles away, and cantered back and forth, taking care of her steed herself. She had no riding skirt, and her little plain brown dress fluttered back in the wind as she looked at her compaffions, both of whom were gayly dressed, with flounces flying and ribbon ends streaming, their mannish collars tied by square bows.

Elsie's wide red mouth and big eyes put on a look of scorn.

"As if either of you could put me on Thimble!" she said.

"Try us," cried Marion. "I can at least do as well as Bob Morris, who fell on his knees in the dust."

Then the three laughed ringingly, just from sheer youthful spirits.

Marion stepped forward and bent down with her two hands clasped tightly together.

"Give me happiness by making me your slave, O fairest of the fair!" she cried, with a solemn air.

Kate went to the pony's head and laid her hand on the weather-stained bridle. Elsie put her foot lightly on the clasped hands and sprang into the saddle.

"Somebody spread down a cloak, so that my pony's feet may not be soiled by that mud," she said, as she made sure that the hemp satchel of books was securely fastened to the pommel.

"Now you ask too much," replied Marion. "My hopes, my heart, my life you may have, but not this lovely new plaid wrap," hugging the article closely about her.

"Adieu, then, until to-morrow," responded Elsie, gathering the reins more securely in her hand.

Thimble danced a little, which was his way of saying he was more than ready. His mistress shook the lines and he started, his 'banged' foretop flying backward, his snowy hogged mane standing up very thick and straight.

The two girls watching could not help envying Elsie the fleet Texas pony which she had ridden constantly for more than a year.

"You know we can't afford to have him," Elsie had said in confidence to Marion; "but father consented to buy him if I would really wear my old dresses and hats, so that Thimble could have the money for his food. I promised, and now if I get so shabby that you are ashamed of me, why, I shall have to bear it, that's all. But I wouldn't give up Thimble; he knows more than all of us put together."

"I believe it," Marion had said, standing with her arm over the pony's neck. "His eyes are not as bright as that for nothing. And as for being shabby, why, I'd rather wear blue gingham all the rest of my life and have such a love of a beastie!" and she kissed him on the end of his soft nose—a caress which he bore with calmness, evidently having his own opinion about the usefulness of girls in purveying him goodies.

Now, as Elsie rode out of the yard, the north-east wind came sweeping full in her face, bearing with it a fine storm. But what cared she? Her blue jacket was buttoned tightly across her chest, and her hat pulled firmly down over her forehead.

"You'll have it full upon you," called Kate.

And Marion put her hands to her mouth and shouted, "Elsie, 'ware the marshes of Saugus."

The rider turned and waved her hand, and then the pony settled down into his quick lope, and in a moment Elsie and Thimble were out of sight, shut in on the long, straight road by the thick storm, which came on with that sudden sweep which characterizes one phase of a north-east storm on the New England coast. It did not rain; it was a thick mist, and smelled as salt as as though the ocean were tossing up its spray just the other side of the road. It had been a sort of 'dry storm' all day, and the ocean had been moaning loudly.

The two girls turned and strolled toward the large boarding-house which stood at the farther end of the academy yard. It was now almost dark, but there was going to be a moon.

A side door opened suddenly, and Miss Monroe, the principal, appeared.

"Elsie Chapin has not gone!" she asked, quickly.

"Yes, a few moments ago."

"I am sorry. I intended to ask her to stay here over night. The storm is coming on furiously. It was only yesterday I spoke to her mother, telling her not to be anxious when it was very bad weather, for I should keep Elsie. It is too late in the fall for her to go so far when it is not pleasant."

The kind face looked so worried that Marion said, with the earnestness of conviction, "Miss Monroe, the pony will take her home safely; he will get there in less than half an hour; you've no idea how fast he can go."

Out in the increasing storm Elsie was sitting on her pony with her head bent down, and her left hand holding the bridle loosely. Thimble's small feet clattered swiftly over the stony road, and every time he felt the bridle shaken on his neck he dashed forward still faster, the darkness thickening all the time.

Their way lay along a wide stretch of salt marsh, and the road was only a few feet above the level of the low field which stretched out for hundreds of acres. In such a storm one might wander here for days even and not find his way nor see a sight save the fog, nor hear a sound save the swash of the sea far down at the shore and the cry of wild birds who were hurrying to their Southern homes.

Far ahead—or it looked far in the dark mist—Elsie suddenly saw the gleam of a light, it shone palely in the watery atmosphere. It seemed to be on the road, and the girl rapidly approached it, pulling up her pony a few moments later as she saw it was a market waggon which went by her home twice a week. The man was walking by his horse, and swinging a lantern as he went.

"Hullo!" he cried, spying the white animal. "Be you 'Liab Chapin's darter?"

"Yes, sir."

"I was about sure of it from the pony. I never calkilated to see you, but there's a mighty row down to your house."

"What?" said Elsie, sharply, her mind going instantly to her mother, whom she loved with all the faith and affection of a loyal, upright nature, and who had been an invalid so much of the time that Elsie always felt a kind of care for her.

"Yes," went on the man, with that curious satisfaction in telling unpleasant news that is so marked in some people. "You see, Miss Chapin she was sent for 'bout nine o'clock this morning to go to Bill Karter's on the marsh end 'cause his child was sick. The child died, so they tell me, and Mis' Chapin— Yer mother, ain't it?"

"Yes! yes!" said Elsie, breathlessly.

"Wa'al, she started about two o'clock to come home, and she ain't got there yit. Yer father he happened to see some one that knew she started, and now there's a parcel of men gone out to find her. They think she's got bewildered in the fog, ye see."

Elsie's voice was high and strange as she asked:

"How long ago?—did they start, I mean?"

"Goin' on two hours."

"Did they take the dog with them?"

"Don't know; guess not; I didn't see no dog."

Elsie's mind ran riot for a moment without her having the least control of it. She turned Thimble so that the cart passed on; but instead of allowing the pony to go on, she checked him, and he stood impatiently shaking his handsome head, switching his square-cut tail, and putting back one ear, as if to ask what was the meaning of this.

The light the market-man carried was soon swallowed up in the darkness; and now Elsie, looking before her, knew that if her pony had not been white she could not have seen its head, so dense was the atmosphere that encircled her.

Not for many seconds of time did the girl hesitate.

"There's small chance of finding her unless they went after the dog," she said. "I can find her with Max." She knew that Max had gone home with a cousin of hers who lived a mile beyond her own home; he frequently stayed there for several days at a time.

"I can find her; I will find her!" she cried. "Go, Thimble—go as you never went before!"

The pony jumped forward, neighed shrilly, and then settled down. Elsie knew he could do his mile in four minutes well enough, and she had no uneasiness concerning the way, for Thimble could have gone blindfolded, and in fact he was utterly blinded by the darkness and the storm. But he did not flinch: he leaped through the darkness, the thud of his swift-hitting hoofs being the only sound in the noise of the wind. That motion had in its rapidity something inspiring and triumphant.

In a few minutes she saw, close by her, a light shine from what she believed to be her cousin's house. Almost at the same instant the gravel of the road was scattered by scratching feet, and then she heard the deep bay of welcome from Max's throat. Her pulses gave a bound.

"Thank heaven!" came unconsciously from her lips.

Here was her ally, and without her having to lose a moment in finding him.

"Come Max," she called, and wheeled her horse.

She could not see him, but she heard him cantering along abreast of her as she rode, and the sound gave her courage. She must trust all to her pony and her dog, for no human instinct could guide her in such a time as this.

Leaning over from her saddle she spoke to Max, who was nosing around among the stubble. Then she drew out a silk handkerchief from her pocket; it was her mother's; she had only taken it from her that morning.

The dog smelled of it.

"Find her," cried Elsie, and there was a pathetic entreaty in the command. Max snuffed again, then gave a quick bark, as if asking a question.

"She is lost—here on the marshes. Oh, Max, I shall die if we do not find her!"

The dog's instincts had been sharpened by training, and he would show now of what he was made. He started off. Elsie heard him rustling in the brown grass. She felt the pony quivering under her; he too was getting excited. Far away on his native Texan plains he had hunted many a day, and the baying of dogs and the crack of rifles were inspiration to him.

"Go!" said Elsie, not thinking of her own safety, remembering nothing but that her mother, who was so far from being strong, was on this desert, buffeted by this merciless storm, vainly trying to get on, as one in a nightmare struggles to find the right way.

Thimble leaped across the narrow ditch that separated the marsh from the road, and the next moment Elsie felt as if she were flying through unlighted space, the salt air cutting her face and thrashing her wet, unfastened hair about her.

She dared not think of her mother; she must banish from her mind every memory of that tenderness which made her mother so dear to her. Was it yesterday that she had sung with such a care-free heart:

"The blinding mist came down and hid the land"

The words went like a knife. "Oh, mother, mother!" she moaned aloud.

Farther off Max barked, and Thimble made longer leaps, splashing in pools of salt-water, the sharp, stiff grass cutting his legs, his chest wet with his own foam and with the chilly water. But he did not slacken nor pant, hardy, longbreathed fellow that he was.

W-s that the report of a gun, dulled, deadened by the dampness? The sound gave a new terror to Elsie; she did not think that it might be a signal. She knew that, earlier in the season, men prowled about for coots and geese, but why should they shoot at such a time as this? Such a shot might hit her mother; the girl never thought that it might hit herself as well.

Far off she now heard Max barking frantically.

"Thimble, go on!" she shouted, and the brave little animal needed not to be told a second time. He dashed on like a wild thing, straight over sedge and pool, and Elsie's breath came heavily, for in the wind that rushed by her face she still heard confusedly the sound of the dog's furious bark.

An exultant throb was now in Elsie's pulses. Already, in her mind, she had slipped from her seat and was holding her mother fast and close; a sob rose in her throat. Not yet must she give way to such imaginings; yet longer she needed her strength. Wild and high came the roar of the sea.

Was Thimble moving? Would he never get to where Max barked in such a victorious note? Elsie rose in her stirrup, her fingers clinging round the pommel.

"Mother! mother!" she called, "are you there?"

"Is it you, Elsie?" responded a faint voice from out of the mist, and there came the sound of some heart-felt thanks.

Trembling, and now at last panting, the pony made the little remaining distance between the daughter and mother.

Just as Elsie slipped from the saddle another shot sounded, and this time close to them—not the shot of a gun. A prick, as of a needle, going through her flesh, Elsie felt in her side, but forgot it instantly. She did not notice that the pony swerved oddly to one side as she withdrew her foot from the stirrup. She was groping in the fog for the owner of the soft voice that now called her again.

"Dear Elsie! It is you who have found me!"

Now her mother's arms held her, and Elsie could hear the choking in her breath, knowing that the work she had set out to do was done.

In a moment she said, "I will put you on Thimble, and I will go by his head; the dog knows the way home even if the pony does not. If you are only not ill after this! if you do not have pneumonia again! Here is Thimble, noblest fellow in the world! He shall have sugar and apples all his life. You don't know what a darling he has been—oh!"

The last word was uttered with such horrified shrillness that Mrs. Chapin started and grasped her daughter's hand more closely.

But before she could speak Elsie had flung away from her, and was down in the mud by the side of a white shape that lay on the ground. She gathered the lovely head into her arms; she felt again the soft dark nose she had so often kissed. The pony's breath came distressfully; he was lying on his side. At that moment the fog was pierced by the rays of a lantern, and footsteps were heard among the sedge.

"Hello, here! I say, I guess I've got you!" cried a man's voice. "Don't shoot any more or I'll use my own pistol!"

Elsie heard, but she did not care to look up from the head she held, and which she could now see by the light of the lantern.

Mrs. Chapin, without moving her eyes from her daughter, asked, "For whom are you looking?"

"That fellow accused of murder over there in Norley. Of course you've heard about him. We've tracked him all the afternoon, and got him to this horrid place It was he that fired. I declare! has he killed that little horse? Lucky he didn't hit anything else!"

The barking of Max had by this time given notice to others on the marsh who were looking with Mr. Chapin for his wife. In another moment two more men with lanterns had come, but Elsie neither saw nor heard them. She was sitting in a pool of water, the pony's head held fast, but gently, tenderly in her arms, while her gaze was watching the light go out in the brilliant eyes that looked up at her.

In the heaving, muddy side was an ugly bullet-hole which dripped blood. It seemed to her that plainly the pony asked her to help him. Did he tell her that he had done all, given all for her, and why did she not help him?

Elsie felt her heart bound tightly with steel bands. She could not breathe. She saw the spirited eyes glaze, but their blinding gaze was still on her face. A shudder went over the shapely white form. Then Elsie knew there was no sight any more in the eyes.

With a broken cry the girl bent her head down on the pony's neck. She did not know her mother's arm was over her shoulders. Presently stronger arms were put around her; her father had come, and he took her up.

Not until they had reached Bill Karter's—which was thought to be the nearest house—did they find there was blood mingled with Thimble's—and then, on being asked, Elsie became conscious that her side was sore. She had been stopping over in such a way that the same bullet that had killed Thimble had given a flesh-wound to her mistress.

"Let it comfort you to know that you saved your mother's life," the doctor said to the girl, after he had dressed her wound, and she was lying on her own bed. "She could not possibly have borne a long exposure. You did well to take the dog with you."

"Your father says," said Marion to her, a few days later, as she sat by the big chair where Elsie was reclining—"your father says he is going to sell that Jersey cow, and get you another Texas pony from Mr. Nolan when he comes North with another lot in the spring."

"No! no!" cried Elsie, with energy. "I never want another pony. There was but one Thimble."

Her voice broke, her eyes filled. Marion bent over and touched her cheek gently, not saying anything.

The Moon's Influence
Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corn in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to work at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

—As long as a man is kept busy for God the devil never knows just how to get at him.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla will cure your catarrh, and remove that sickening odor of the breath.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

FROM SUFFERING TO HEALTH.
THE EXPERIENCE OF A WELL-KNOWN BRUCE COUNTY FARMER.
HE TELLS THE STORY OF THE PAIN HE HAD AFFLICTED HIM, THE SUFFERING HE ENDURED AND HOW HE FOUND RELEASE. OTHER SUFFERERS MAY FIND FROM THIS HIS RELEASE.
From The Teeswater News.
Of all the ills that flesh is heir to perhaps none causes the sufferer keener anguish, and few are more persistent and more difficult to eradicate from the system than that nervous disease known as sciatica. The misery of an aggravated form of this malady suffers beyond the power of words to express, and it is with the utmost reluctance that the disorder yields to any course of treatment intended for its cure. Hearing that a rather remarkable cure had been effected in the case of Mr. William Baptist, a respected resident of the township of Culross, a News reporter called upon that gentleman to ascertain the facts. Mr. Baptist is an intelligent and well-to-do farmer. He is well known in the section in which he resides and is looked upon as a man of unimpeachable integrity. He is in the prime of life, and his present appearance does not indicate that he had at one time been a great sufferer. He received the News representative with the utmost cordiality, and cheerfully told the story of his restoration to health, remarking that he felt it a duty to do so in order that others afflicted as he had been might find relief.
Up to the fall of 1892 he had been a healthy man, but at that time while harvesting the turnip crop during a spell of wet, cold and disagreeable weather, he was attacked by sciatica. Only those who have passed through a similar experience can tell what he suffered. He says it was something terrible. The pain was almost unendurable and would at times cause the perspiration to ooze from every pore. Sleep forsook his eyelids. His days were days of anguish and night brought no relief. Reputable physicians were consulted without any appreciable benefit. Remedies of various kinds were resorted to and his condition was worse than before. The limb affected began to decrease in size, the flesh appeared to be parting from the bone, and the leg assumed a withered aspect. Its power of sensation grew less and less. It appeared as a dead thing and as it grew more and more helpless it is little wonder that the hope of recovery began to fade away. All through the long winter he continued to suffer, and towards spring was prevailed upon to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He commenced using them and soon felt that they were doing him good, and hope began to revive. By the time he had taken three boxes the pain was eased and the diseased limb began to assume a natural condition. He continued the use of the remedy until he had taken twelve boxes. In course of time he was able to resume work and to-day feels that he is completely cured. He has since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to others with good results.
An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits anæmia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, &c. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at either address. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

Golden Opportunities.

How many golden opportunities have we lost, are we in danger of losing tomorrow, today, by keeping our lips closed, instead of whispering a word of good cheer to our neighbor, faltering, almost discouraged, as he toils up hill; instead of shouting a warning to our brother, our reckless, desperate brother, who is fast hurrying downward? If our words can add but a feather's weight to a right impulse, to subtract little more from an evil one, still let them not be missed. Results are very unknown quantities; God alone can measure them. How many chance words, stray sentences, do you yourself carry about with you, as touch-stones to decide the worth of many things, which it would astonish those who spoke them to know that you remember, if you could succeed in bringing them back to their minds?

That Tired Feeling.
Is a dangerous condition directly due to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for such a condition, and also for that which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

Twenty Years of Success.

The Sentinel of Toronto has entered on its twentieth year of publication and is the oldest and largest purely Protestant paper published on this continent, being the official organ of the Loyal Orange Association of British America. During the past two years many important improvements have been made in the paper, which renders it invaluable to all who are interested in the cause of civil and religious liberty. *The Sentinel* is absolutely free from all political partizanship and unsparingly opposes both parties in their dealings with Rome. The price of the paper is only one dollar per year, sent weekly to any part of Canada or the United States.

SIRS.—My baby was very bad with summer complaint, and I thought he would die, until I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the first dose I noticed a change for the better, and now he is cured, and fat and healthy. MRS. A. NORMANDIN, London, Ont.

—A number of New York capitalists have been looking over the gold properties at Kempt the past week.

—Improper and defective care of the scalp will cause grayness of the hair and baldness. Escape both by the use of that reliable specific, Hall's Hair Renewer.

Jas. J Ritchie, Q.C.,
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