Scrofula

Is one of the most fatal scourges which afflict mankind. It is often inherited, but may be the result of improper vaccination, mercurial poisoning, uncleanliness, and various other causes. Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors, and, in some cases, Emaciation, and Consumption, result from a scrofulous condition of the blood. This disease can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a derangement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am

Entirely Cured

and, for the past year, have not found it necessary to use any medicine whatever. I am now in better health, and stronger, than ever before.—O. A. Willard, 218 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.—Elizabeth Warnock, 54 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.

Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed, until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been entirely healed, and my health is fully restored. I am grateful for the good this medicine has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brian, 158 Sullivan st., New York.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A Mill for the Public

—The firm of—

BOWLBY, BALCOM & Co.,

LAWRENCETOWN,

HAVE their NEW MILL now completed and are now ready to saw

Shingles, at 75 Cents per M.;
Lumber, at - - $2.50 per M.

Persons bringing logs can have their lumber to take home with them.

—We want:—

500 CORDS STAVE WOOD,

for which we will pay $1.75 per cord, we will pay in Cylinder Staves or Heading, if desired. We want any amount of

SHINGLE WOOD,

—and plenty of—

LOGS TO SAW

for which we guarantee satisfaction every time.

BOWLBY, BALCOM & CO.

To Meet the Public Want

—we have added a—

CYLINDER SAW!

to our stock of Machinery, and can furnish Staves and Square or Round Heading

—AT—

REASONABLE PRICES.

We have added a New Thresher,

—The "AMERICAN LITTLE GIANT,"—

which will be in operation during the coming season.

BOWLBY, BALCOM & CO.

Saml. FitzRandolph,

—Dealer in Finest Quality of—

FRESH & SALTED MEATS,
PORK,
HAM,
BACON,
TRIPE, Etc.

—ALSO:—

ALL VARIETIES OF

COUNTRY PRODUCE

usually kept in a first-class Market.

Bridgetown, May 31st. 1886, n81y.

N. H. PHINNEY,

Stipendiary Magistrate

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANT.

STOVES PLOWS,
HOLLOWWARE,
GROCERIES
FLOUR, and MEAL,
AT BOTTOM PRICES

—FOR—

CASH.

Lawrencetown, Feb. 7th, 1887. tf

NOTICE.

IT having been brought to the notice of His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor in Council by the Warden of the County of Annapolis, that the Parchment Roll of the Justices of the Peace of the County has been lost, notice is hereby given to all Justices of the Peace in the said County of Annapolis to appear before the Clerk on or before the

1st day of September, '87,

produce their commissions and qualifications and have their names entered on a new roll in accordance with the provisions of Section 8, of Chapter 101 of the Fifth Series of the Revised Statutes, and the names on said new roll shall constitute the list of Justices for the said County of Annapolis.

O. T. DANIELS,
Municipal Clerk.

Bridgetown, May 26th, '87.

Executor's Notice.

ALL persons having legal claims against the estate of ABNER M. CHESLEY, late of Clarence, in the County of Annapolis, school teacher, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within six months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

J. W. ROSS,
Executor.

Bridgetown, July 5th, 1887. 3m

A LECTURE

—TO:—

YOUNG MEN!

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 a 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.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 15. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1887. NO. 21.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

—:o:—

MR. P. H. MORRIS,

—regrets that sickness prevented his attending at—

Mr. Sancton's Jewelry Store on Wednesday, Dec. 8th, '86,

as advertised, for the purpose of fitting the B. LAURANCE SPECTACLES, and is extremely sorry for the disappointment of the many callers.

Arrangements will be shortly effected for an early visit, of which due announcement will be made. He hopes then to meet all those who called, and others who desire his services in fitting by scientific methods the best spectacles to be had, viz., the

B. LAURANCE, PEBBLE and OTHERS,

to all and every condition of sight.

Montreal, December 13th, 1886.

PIANOS! ORGANS! ORGANS!

ACADIA ORGAN CO.,

—ARE STILL—

MANUFACTURING THEIR FINE ORGANS

Which are Selling Fast and the Demand Steadily Increasing.

—THE PRICES ARE—

BELOW THE IMPORTED INSTRUMENTS,

therefore the Intending Purchaser need not send his money away for ORGANS when he can buy one of the Finest Instruments at Home.

PIANOS!

We have secured agency for several of the best makes of Pianos, such as STEINWAY & SONS., J. & C. FISHER, J. HERR, LANSDOWNE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICKERING & SONS, and many others.

—Those who have been—

WAITING TO BUY CHEAP

and have an opportunity of selecting for themselves will please call and see our Stock

WE CAN SELL AT CITY PRICES.

We have in connection with our Organ business a lot of

Dining Extension Tables,

made by the well-known maker, Mr. JOHN EMSLIE, now in stock, and shall continue to keep them. Call and inspect. Mr. Emslie will also

REPAIR FURNITURE AT REASONABLE RATES.

CALL AND SEE US.

NOVA SCOTIA SPORTSMEN Attention!

I beg to call your attention to the RODS and FLIES I am manufacturing. The rods are so far superior to the ordinary stocken Rod, as the Breech Loader is to the percussion gun, and is sold at prices that defy competition. These Rods are made on the same principles as the Split Bamboo Rods, only my Rod is made of wood instead of cane. The woods, Lancewood and Greenheart, the two best woods known for rod making, are used in the construction of my rods in sections with silk between joints, making a wonderfully light and powerful rod, being superior to split bamboo, for in the enamel is the strength of a bamboo rod and that once chipped the rod is done. My $10 rod can be subjected to the roughest usage without injury. I will test my rod with any now manufactured.

PRICE LIST.

Combination Rod full nickle finish 1 tip	$10.00
With spare Lancewood Tip	11.00
With spare Combination tip	14.00
Salmon rods same finish, 15 to 17 feet	18.00
Trout rods, 6 strips	14.00
Salmon do.	20.00
Greenheart trout rods, 9 to 12 feet, same finish as above, spare tip, two cases	3.00
Lancewood same as above, $7.00, former price $9.00	
Salmon rods 15 to 17 feet, same finish, greenheart, $14.00, former price $15.00	
Lancewood, 15 to 17 feet, $15.00; former price $16.00.	

Trout Flies, new style of body to prevent drowning, 75 cents per doz.

The above goods are first class in every respect being made by myself personally and of the best material that can be got.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

J. DALZELL,
7 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

DR. NORTON'S Dock Blood Purifier

Is a Peculiar Medicine.

NO other preparation has won success at home equal to it.

The combination and proportion of Yellow Dock, Burdock, Sarsaparilla, Mandrake and other remedial agents is exclusively peculiar to DR. NORTON'S DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER, giving it

Strength and Curative Power Superior to Other Preparations.

A trial will convince you of its great medicinal value.

DR. NORTON'S DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER creates and sharpens the appetite, stimulates the digestion and gives strength to every organ of the body. It cures the most severe cases of Scrofula, Boils, Pimples, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Headache, Kidney and Liver Complaint, Rheumatism and that extreme tired feeling.

CURES FEVER SORES.

I have had two Fever Sores on my legs for eight years which laid me up. A doctor attended me a whole year but failed to help me; others said my sores were incurable. I took six bottles of DR. NORTON'S DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER and now the sores are entirely healed.

MORTON BLACKBURN.
Newport, May 19th, 1887.

I took DR. NORTON'S DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER and MULLEY steeped strong and it cured me of Consumption after the doctor had forbidden me holding my children in my arms or sleeping in the same room, for fear they would catch it, and had given me up to die.

JOHN COMOUE,
Marshalltown, April 24th, 1887.

CURES SORES OF ANY KIND.

Last year I had fifteen running sores on my left arm, in fact my arm was nearly rotten. I took two bottles of DR. NORTON'S DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER which cured them and I have had no sores since.

J. OUTHOUSE,
Tiverton, April 16th, 1887.

Sold by all Dealers at $1 per Bot.; 6 for $5.

J. B. Norton, Proprietor,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

125 doses for $1.

Poetry.

Out at Sea.

I know that I am dying, mate; so fetch
the Bible here,
What's laid unopened in the chest for
five-and-twenty year;
And bring a light along of you, and read a
bit to me,
Who haven't heard a word of it since first
I came to sea.

It's five-and-twenty year, lad, since she
went to her rest
Who put that there old Bible at the bottom of my chest;
And I can well remember the words she
says to me;
'Now, don't forget to read it, Tom, when
you get out to sea.'

And I never thought about it, mate, for it
clean slipped from my head;
But when I came from the first voyage, the
dear old girl was dead.
And the neighbors told me, while I stood
as still as still can be,
That she prayed for me and blessed me as
I was just gone out to sea.

And then I shipped again, mate, and forgot the Bible there.
For I never give a thought to it a-sailing
everywhere;
But now that I am dying, you can read a
bit to me,
As seems to think about it, now I'm ill
and down at sea.

And find a little prayer lad, and say it up
right loud,
So that the Lord can hear it if it finds Him
in a crowd.
I can scarce hear what you're saying for
the wind that howls to lee;
But the Lord'll hear above it all, for He's
been out to sea.

It's set in very dark, mate; and I think
I'll say good-night.
But stop—look there! why, mate, why,
Bill, the cabin's turning light;
And the dear old mother's standing there
as give the book to me!
All right; I'm coming! Bill, good-bye!
My soul's going out to sea!

Select Literature.

Indian Devils.

SECOND PRIZE STORY ADVENTURE IN YOUTH'S COMPANION.

On a burning moon in mid July, 1883, the professor and I were in camp on the upper waters of the Squatook, five days' paddle into the heart of the North New Brunswick wilderness. He from his classroom, I from my sanctum, had forsaken the city and dignity and high collars, to unbend and lead a free life awhile among the trout rivers of this almost unvisited region.

We had called a halt for dinner and siesta in a little sandy cove, where the river eddied listlessly. It was a hollow between high banks, down which drew a soft breeze as through a funnel, and the deep grass fringing the tiny beach was densely shadowed by a tangle of vines and branches.

Our birch canoe was behind us, her rosined sides well shaded from the heat. At the water's edge flickered the remnants of our fire, paled and browbeaten by the steady downpour of sunshine. The stream, itself, for a wonder, grown drowsy, idled over its pebbly bed with a sleep-inducing murmur.

While we were thus half idling and dreaming, I was startled wide awake by the grating of a paddle on a line of gravelly shoals above the point. A moment more and a birch canoe swept into view, and drew up at our landing-place. The crew, two youngish-looking Indians, having lifted their craft out of the water, stalked silently up the beach and paused before us, leaning on their paddles. With a non-committal grunt they accepted some proffered tobacco, glanced over our baggage, eyed greedily the bright nickel-plating on our trout-rods, and murmured something in Melicete which I failed to comprehend.

The professor, somewhat annoyed at this intrusion, blinked sleepily at them for a while, and then proceeded to sort and stow away his latest acquired specimens, amongst which were some splendid bits of pyrites, glittering richly in the sun.

One of our visitors was not unknown to me. He was a certain Joe Tobin, of ill repute, hailing from Francis Village. The other was an older looking man, with high cheek-bones and little, pig-like, half-shut eyes.

The appearance of neither had any attraction for me, but the Indian with the pig-like eyes I found particularly distasteful.

These eyes grew intent at once, as they caught the yellow gleam of the pyrites, but their owner preserved his air of stoical indifference.

Approaching the professor's side, he sought a closer examination; but the professor was not propitiatory. He dumped the ore into his specimen box before the Indian could touch it; and shifting the box deeper into the shade, he took his seat upon it. The box was plainly heavy, and a gleam of interest crept into the cunning eyes of Joe.

'Gold, mebbe?' he suggested persuasively.

To which the professor, facetiously grumpy, answered, 'Yes, all gold! Fools' gold!'

At this a most greedy glance passed furtively between the Indians, and it flashed upon me that, by the barbaric ear 'Fools' gold' might be misinterpreted to 'Full of gold.'

I gave the rash professor a warning look, which Joe intercepted. I then proceeded to explain what was meant by 'Fools' gold,' and declared that the things in the professor's box were valueless bits of rock, which we had picked up chiefly out of curiosity. This statement, however, as I could see by our visitors' faces, was at once regarded as a cunning and cautious lie, to conceal the vast value of our treasure.

'Whereabouts you got em?' queried Joe again.

'Oh,' answered the professor, 'there's lots of it floating round Mud Lake and Bullhead Brook.' He took a lovely cluster of crystals out of his pocket, and laughed to see how the Indians' eyes stuck out with deluded avarice. I felt angry at his nonsense, for one of his visitors was an out-and-out ruffian.

In a few moments after a series of low grunts, which baffled my ears completely, though I was acquainted with the Melicite tongue, the Indian turned to go, saying, in explanation of their sudden departure, 'Sugar-Loaf 'fore sundown, mebbe.' I took the precaution to display, at this junction, a double-barrelled breech-loader, into which I slipped a couple of buck-shot cartridges; and as I nodded them a bland farewell, I said in Melicite, 'It'll be late when you get to Sugar Loaf.' The start they gave on hearing me speak their own language, confirmed my suspicions, and they paddled off at haste without more words.

No sooner were they well out of sight than I made ready with all speed for our own departure; nor did I neglect to upbraid the professor for his rashness. At first he pooh-hooed my apprehension, declaring that it was 'fun to fool the greedy Hottentots;' but when I explained my grounds for alarm, he condescended to treat them with some respect. He warmed up, indeed, and made haste, so that we were once more darting along with the racing current before the Indian's bad been gone above ten minutes; but I could see that he had adopted my suspicions mainly for the sake of an added excitement. The professor's class-room afforded too little scope for such an adventurous spirit, and he was beginning to crave the relish of a spice of peril. With his dainty rifle just at his hand, he was soon plying a fervent and effective paddle, while his sharp eyes kept a lookout which very little would evade.

Our design was to press so closely upon the rascals' heels that any plot they might agree upon should not find time to mature. We knew they would never calculate upon our following them so promptly; still less would they dream of the speed that we were making. In a fair race we flattered ourselves that we could beat most Indians, and we rather counted on overtaking and passing this couple before they could accomplish aught against us. There was one point in the stream, however, which I remembered with misgivings.

Three or four miles ahead of us were the dangerous 'Green Falls,' which nature appears to have arranged specially for ambuscades. These falls consisted of a succession of deep *chutes*, roaring down between great green boulders, and forming a barrier impassable, except to most skilful canoe-men.

The portage round the falls, though short, is very steep and difficult; nevertheless, most voyagers prefer to face its difficulties rather than the equally certain dangers of the rapid.

I suggested to the professor that here, if anywhere, these Indians, if they intended to rob us, would be likely to lie in wait for us, in order to take us at a disadvantage whilst we should be struggling with our loads across the portage.

We concluded that we could upset such a scheme, however, by running the fall direct, without pausing even to explore it. I knew the channel well, down to every rock and twist, and the height of the stream at this season was all that could be desired for the undertaking.

With the tremendous and unobstucted current of this portion of the Squatook, a distance of four and five miles was a trifling matter. It seemed but a moment of swiftly receding shores and silent effort, ere broke upon our ears the roar of the falls.

To what was now ahead of us the professor's hand was new, so I told him to keep still and devote himself to watching. The portage landing was a rounded point, beyond which the stream slid like lightning down a slight incline to the falls.

Once well around the point, and the die was cast. It would be too late then to think of shirking the passage! Without pause or doubt, however, we shot past; and looking eagerly down along the shore we saw, in the still reach beyond the last turmoil, a canoe thrust in among the alders.

'Ah-h-h!' exclaimed the professor, in a tone of deepening conviction; and he shifted his grip upon his rifle. An instant more and we were in the surges.

Just then I saw the professor start, half raising his rifle to the shoulder; but the canoe was taking all my attention, and I dared not follow his glance to shoreward.

Our delicate craft seemed to wallow down the roaring trough. At the foot of the first *chute* a great thin-crested ripple slapped over us.

I had understood the professor's gesture, and, as we plunged down the next leap, I chuckled to myself, 'Sold this time!'

Like a bird, the true little craft took the plunge. One more blinding dash of spray, a shivering pause, and, darting forward arrowlike, she dipped to the last and steepest descent.

At this instant, from the bank overhead, came a spirt of blue smoke and a report, followed by a twinge in my left shoulder. Another report, scarcely audible amid the falls' thunder, and, cleaving the last great ripple, we swept into gentler currents. Crack! crack! crack! went the professor's little rifle, as he fired over his shoulder at the place where the smoke-puffs clung.

I said, 'Push on, before they can load again.'

Dropping my paddle, as we passed their empty canoe, I put two charges of buck-shot through her birchen sides. Then, satisfied that the mending of this breach would keep our enemy wholesomely occupied for some time, we pushed forward swiftly in grim triumph.

A few miles further on I stopped, and informed the professor that I was wounded. At this he turned about in such sudden concern that he barely missed upsetting our topplish craft; but he presently remarked, 'By the healthy vigor you've displayed in running away the last half hour, I don't imagine the wound can be serious.'

On examination we found that a bullet had nicked the top of my shoulder, though not so deeply but that cold water and some strips of sticking-plaster went far toward giving relief from pain. But the muscular action of paddling, and the repeated strains the shoulder had to endure in the rapids which we were continually encountering, caused the scratch to become inflamed, and so when, at about four in the afternoon, we swept down the last rush and gained the smooth waters of the lake, I gave up the stern paddle to the professor and played invalid awhile in the bow.

A light breeze, to which we hoisted our sail, took us pleasantly down the lake some nine or ten miles, and about half-past six we landed near the outlet. This was a delightful camping-ground, in a cluster of tall pines, open toward the gravel beach and the lake, but walled thickly on the other three sides by a low, dense undergrowth. Here in the centre of the grove we pitched our tent, and in front of it built our fire. Under the lulling influence of a supper of fresh fried trout, the savor of which mixed deliciously with the wholesome scent of the pines, we concluded that perhaps by this time our enemies would have given up the pursuit, disgusted by their past failure and the damage done to their canoe.

Nevertheless, we resolved to take thorough precautions, lest our adversaries should cross the head of the lake and come upon us by night.

We built a huge fire so that it shone upon the landing place, and lighted up every way of approach by water. The tent stood out in the full glare. To the rear and a little to one side, beyond the limits of the grove, in the densest part of the thicket, we fixed ourselves a snug and secret couch, whence we could command a view of the whole surroundings.

Close by we arranged a pile of bark, with kindlings and dry, balsamic pine-chips, such as we could urge into a sudden blaze in case of any emergency. Immediately behind us was the water, and from that side we felt that we were safe so long as that glow of fire-light could be maintained.

We fixed up the camp to look natural and secure hung out wet clothes to dry on the *chup lah quah-gan*, closed the tent door for the night to keep out the mosquitoes, and retired, not dissatisfied, to our covert.

It was dark and almost starless night, with a soft, rainy wind soughing in the pine tops, and making the 'Big Squatook' wash restlessly all down her pebbled beaches. As we drew our weapons close to us, and stretched ourselves luxuriously in our blankets, we could not forbear a low laugh at a certain relish the situation held for us. The professor, however, suddenly became serious, and he declared, 'But this lark's in the soberest kind of earnest, anyway; and we mustn't letting ourselves tumble to sleep!'

My shoulder gave an admonitory twinge, and I cordially acquiesced.

Just then a far-off howl of hideous laughter, ending in a sob of distress, came down the night-wind making our flesh creep uncomfortably.

'Is that what the Indians call 'Clote Scaurp's Hunting Doge?' whispered the professor.

'Not by any means!' I answered under my breath.

'Well, it ought to be,' returned the professor.

I replied, that the voice in my opinion, came from the dangerous Northern panther, or 'Indian-Devil.'

These animals, I went on to explain, were growing yearly more numerous in the Squatook regions, owing to the fact that the caribou, their favorite prey, were being driven hither from the south counties and from Nova Scotia.

Just then the cry was repeated, this time a little nearer; and the professor began to inquire whether it was Indian or Indian-Devil about which we should have most call to concern ourselves. His hope, but half expressed, was plainly for 'a whack at both.'

I assured him that so long as the Indian-Devil kept up his serenading we had little need to be troubled; but should the scent of our tried trout be blown to his nostrils, and divert his mind from thoughts of love to war, then would it behoove us to be circumspect.

As we talked on thus in an undertone which was half-drowned by the washing of the waves, the panther's cry was heard much nearer than before; and it was not again repeated. This put us sharply on our guard.

Hour after hour passed, till we began to find it hard to remain awake. Only the weirdness of the place,—the strange noises which stole towards us from the depths of the forest, dying out within a radius of a couple of hundred yards from the fire-light,—together with our anxiety concerning the movements of the panther, kept us from falling asleep.

The professor told some stories of the skill of Western Indians in creeping upon guarded posts, and I retorted with examples of the cunning and ferocity of these Northern Indian-Devils.

Once we were startled into renewed vigilance by what seemed like a scratching or clawing on the bark of some tree near at hand; but we heard no more of it. When, as near as we could guess, it must have been well past midnight, we began to be concerned at the lowness of our fire. It had fallen to a mere red glow, lighting up a circle of not more than twenty yards around the camp. As for our covert, it was now sunk in the outer darkness.

We considered the needs and risks of replenishing the fire, and concluded that the risks were so far greater than the needs, that our better plan was to stay where we were till morning.

If our enemies were upon our tracks, then for either of us to approach the light would be to betray our stratagem, besides furnishing a fair and convenient target; while we felt tolerably sure that the panther was in some not distant tree waiting to drop, according to his pleasant custom, upon any one that should come within his reach. These considerations made us once more satisfactorily wakeful, and with straining our sight through the blackness our nerves got painfully on the stretch.

A bird stirred in the twigs above us, and the professor whispered, 'What's that?'

Then there was a trailing rustle of the dry leaves near our feet; and, with a sharp click and a jump of the pulse, I brought my gun to full cock.

But two little points of green light which met my eyes for an instant told me that it was only a wood-mouse which we heard scurrying away.

The professor whispered, 'What was it disturbed the mouse? He seemed in a hurry about something when he ran against us that way.'

This was a point, and we weighed it. We were just about to hazard some guess, allowing for an owl, or polecat, or other night prowler, when the professor gripped my arm sharply and whispered 'Look!'

Just on the outermost verge of the dim circle I could detect a human figure, creeping, like a snake, toward the rear corner of the tent.

'Shall we shoot—wound him?' whispered the professor, breathlessly.

'No, wait!' I answered. 'Look out for the other fellow! We'll capture them both and take away their guns.'

The words were scarce out of my mouth when there was a sort of mad rush, and a struggle, apparently close beside us, followed by an agonized shriek. We sprang to our feet in horror, and at once set our little beacon ablaze.

There, not not twenty yards off, beneath a tree, lay a twitching human form. Upon his breast crouched the Indian-Devil, with its jaws buried in his throat.

With a cry we sprang to the rescue, and the beast, half-cowed by the sudden blaze, seemed at first disposed to slink off; but, changing its purpose, it set its claws deeper in its prey, and faced us with an angry snarl.

The grove, all around, was now as bright as day. The professor rushed straight upon the beast; but for myself, turning at the moment to draw my sheath-knife, I caught sight of the other Indian, whom we had forgotten, in the act of deliberately drawing a bead upon me.

He stood erect, close by the tent, his pig-eyed countenance lighted up by the red glare. I had just time to drop flat upon the ground, ere a report rang out, and a bullet went *spat* into a tree-trunk close above me. I returned the shot at once from where I lay, and my assailant fell.

Without pausing to notice more, I turned to my companion's assistance. He had just fired one charge into the animal, and then drawn his knife, afraid to fire a second time lest his shot should strike the Indian.

As I reached his side the Indian-Devil sprang; but the ball had struck a vital spot, and snarling madly it fell together in a heap, while again and yet again went the professor's knife between its shoulders right up to the hilt.

As the dead brute stiffened out its sinewy length, we dragged it one side and made haste to examine its victim. The poor wretch proved to be Tobin, and we found him stark dead—his throat most hideously mangled, and his neck broken.

Sickened at the sight we turned away. The other Indian we found still lying where he had fallen, with his arm badly shattered by my heavy charge of buck-shot. We were trying to save his comrade; but after brightening up the fire we proceeded to dress his wounds. At this work we had small skill, and dawn broke be before we got it accomplished.

Then, digging with our paddles a grave in a sandy spot on the shore, we buried the Indian-Devil's victim, and set out with our sullen prisoner for the settlements. Paddling almost night and day, we reached *Detour du Lac* on the shores of Lake Temiscouata, and here we delivered up our captive to the combined cares of the doctor and the village constable.

As we afterwards learned, the doctor's care proved effectual; but that of the constable was so much less, that the villain escaped before he could be brought to injustice.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

GOOD ADVICE.—R. J. Burdette pays his compliments to the chronicle newspaper fault-finder as follows: 'Suppose a newspaper man, every time he hears of a man who severely criticizes him or his paper in public, should retaliate by holding up to the public gaze the faults and shortcomings of said fault-finder, what would be the result? Why the criticiser would think himself terribly outraged and would thirst for the editor's gore. Then the poor quill would get shot or shoot somebody. The patient beast of burden, the country journalist, never does this unless under great provocation. It isn't because he is afraid to do it, but because he is not mean enough. He allows men to go around trying to destroy his business. He hears his paper called a worthless sheet because its editor, in doing his duty, has stepped on some one's toes. Such worthless scoundrels should receive no mercy at the hands of the press.'

VALUE OF LONDON LAND.—It has been ascertained, with regard to the Imperial Institute, that the site of about five acres, recently secured for the new Admiralty and War offices, is valued at £820,000, or rather over £160,000 per acre; that now vacant in Charles street, opposite the India Office, is less than an acre and would cost at least £125,000; probably another acre might be secured by private contract, so that the value of a limited site in this position would not be less than £250,000. It has been suggested that a single acre not far from Charing Cross might be obtained for £224,000. Two and a half acres, on the Thames embankment have been offered for £400,000, and it is stated that six acres may be procured from Christ's Hospital at £600,000. Another good central position has been suggested, consisting of two and a half acres, which has been valued at £668,000. Even it a reduced price were accepted, no site in that direction is to be had for less than a quarter of a million. This explanation is offered for falling back on the site which belongs to the commissioners of the exhibition of 1851.—*Court Journal.*

—'Facts are stubborn things,' and sufferers from Chills and Fever find this complaint a very stubborn fact until they commence the use of Ayer's Ague Cure. This medicine never fails to cure even the worst cases.

HURRAH!

Having purchased the staunch schooner

'TEMPLE BAR!'

I WILL sail her as a packet between Bridgetown and St. John for the remainder of the season.

Freight handled with care as usual.

Lime and Salt always on Hand; for Sale Low.

Apply to

J. H. LONGMIRE,

Bridgetown, June 21st, 1887. tf

Listen, Girls.

WHEN TO PERMIT HIM TO ENCIRCLE YOUR WAIST.

Should a young girl allow a gentleman whom she is quite well acquainted with to place his arm around her waist while walking home from a party, it being quite dark? DAWSON.

If he seeks your love honorably, says Emily Bouiton, in the *Toledo Blade* it will be time enough for you when you have accepted it, to allow him to put his arm around you. If it is only a pastime, such as young men frequently indulge in, then you certainly do not want to grant him a privilege like that. He may mean you no shadow of harm, but personal familiarity, founded upon no relation that makes it sacred, is always unsafe. Many a young girl would have saved herself a life-time agony had she steadfastly repelled these advantages, however innocent at first their meaning.

There is nothing, my young friend, that you should guard so scrupulously as your own womanly delicacy. Brush the bloom off from a peach, rudely touch the waxen petals of the lily, and half of their beauty is gone. It is impossible for you or any other woman, to allow yourself to be caressed by your young men acquaintances without losing somewhat of that purity and modesty that you should wear always as a Queen her robe of royalty. You will be sure to preserve not only their respect, but what is of far more importance, that of self.

Nor need this preservation of personal dignity savor one wit of prudery. You can be just as bright, as merry and friendly while saying by your manner, should it be necessary 'hands off,' as you can possibly be by permitting these sentimental demonstrations. They are not necessary to the good comradeship which is all that should exist or appear to exist between you and any masculine friend, until you are sure that you possess the true and tender love of the man who has made himself your heart's king, a love which holds you sacred, as every true man holds the woman he would make his wife and the mother of his children. And believe me, even if you are not yet certain that the Prince loves you as you desire to be loved by him, he will not be any easier won should you yield to caresses prompted by a passing mode, but rather repelled from you, for it is human nature not to value what is easily or cheaply obtained.

He Murdered Her.

I recently heard an incident that may prove a lesson to somebody. A well-to-do citizen of a city not a thousand miles from this city, who is a hard drinking man, had a sweet little daughter to whom, when sober, he was devotedly attached, but when drunk he was inclined to be ugly. In the latter condition he was frequently in the habit of calling her to him for a kiss. If she hesitated, the maudlin beast would rap her on the head with his cane, knuckles, or whatever came handy. The result was that after a while his mere approach served to throw the little one in convulsions in anticipation of the blows she expected to receive. All this appeared to please him while he played upon her fears, and the shyer she grew the severer grew the punishment that followed the forced caress. Finally she was taken ill, and the physician 'who was summoned pronounced it a case of brain fever. On examining her head he found it full of knots and bruises. It was necessary to make a further diagnosis, and the father was informed that the child must die. The intelligence sobered him, and he insisted on being at her bedside continually. Just before the child breathed her last she looked at him wearily, while the little head tossed from side to side in pain, and said, 'Papa, I ain't afraid of oo, now; oo may tiss me now as much as oo please, and oo may knock my poor head, too, if oo wants, papa, for I ain't going to tubble oo any more!' and with that she turned her baby face to the wall, and slept the sleep that knows no waking.

The father, recognizing at last what he had done, uttered a cry and fell to the floor. The physician who described the scene, says that he has in the father another patient who will never recover, for his minds is gone, and he wanders around the house, moaning and weeping for his murdered child.

This is related by a St. Joseph minister as a true story.—*Selected*

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

E. P. Tanner, of Neebing, Ont., says he has not only found B. B. B. a sure cure for Dyspepsia, but he also found it to be the best medicine for regulating and invigorating the system that he has ever taken. B. B. B. is the great system regulator.

SANITARY EFFECT OF RAIN.—"We commonly abuse our climate," writes Mr. W. Mattieu Williams, "on account of its humidity. This is a great mistake. Frequent and moderate rain, such as constitutes the characteristic of British climate, is the most effective of all sanitary agencies. It cleanses the ground, and, what is far more important, it cleanses the air. The ammoniacal and other exhalations, continually rising from decomposing animal and vegetable matter, are all more or less soluble in water and are largely removed by gentle rain. Besides these it absorbs and carries down into the rivers and thence to the sea the excess of carbonic acid exhaled from our lungs, and produced by our fires and lights. De-Saussure found that a shower of rain removed about 25 per cent. of the carbonic acid from the air over Lake Geneva. Also that there was less over the lake than over the neighboring meadows and the great elevations of the Alps where there was no water. The atmosphere over the sea contains less than one-fourth of the quantity in that over the land. Far away at sea the quantity is inappreciable, and at a given place on the coast it varies with the wind, increasing as it blows from the land and vice versa. All these facts show that water in contact with the air absorbs its carbonic acid in a decidedly practical degree. In densely populated districts this is of considerable importance. The difference is perceptible to the senses after a long drought, as the common expression "refreshing showers" indicates."

AN UNDOUBTED OPINION.

'I was severely troubled with diarrhœa and having used some of the wonderful Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry, I was in a short time completely cured. I can recommend it as a splendid medicine.' Wm. A. Stafford, Shedden, Ont.