Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 20. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1893. NO. 46.

Professional Cards.

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

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

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

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
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. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

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, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

NOTICE!
LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49 tf

Executor's Notice.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN B. BROWN, of Torbrook, 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
STANLEY BROWN,
Executor.
Torbrook, Oct. 3rd, 1892. 27 26i

NOTICE!

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late GEORGE W. HUDSON, of Phinney Cove, in the Township of Granville, County of Annapolis, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to
EMMERETTA A. HUDSON,
Administratrix.
Phinney Cove, April 30th, 1892. 6 1y

Administrators Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN W. ACKER, late of Nictaux Falls, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to
WM. J. H. BALCOM,
Administrator.
Nictaux Falls, August 1st, 1892. 18 6m

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that JAMES S. McGIVERN, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, Farmer, has this day assigned to me all of his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors, without preference.

The said deed contains a provision for the payment of such creditors as shall sign the said deed within sixty days, and also for the payment of such creditors as shall not sign said deed.

A duplicate of the said deed may be inspected and executed at the office of the undersigned in Bridgetown, aforesaid.
GEORGE H. DIXON,
Assignee.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1892.—26 tf

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE
A COMBINATION OF
Cod Liver Oil Cream
WITH
HYPOPHOSPHITES
FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION,
PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,
Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

ECONOMICAL IN USE.
One teaspoonful of *Phospholeine* being equal in nutritive and blood-making value to ten times its bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the *Cheapest* preparation in use.
Phospholeine is THE ONLY PREPARATION that we know of which has effected actual cures in *bona fide* cases of Consumption, Scrofula and other Wasting Diseases.
IT IS SO PLEASANT that some mothers have to put it out of the reach of their children to prevent them from drinking a whole bottle.
See last and next issues for Certificate.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT 50C. PER BOTTLE OF 60 DOSES.

CAUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given the public that the "FISHER and KINNEY BELT-SHIFTING DEVICE," for the convenience of manufacturers and others using shafting, has been patented in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa for the Dominion of Canada, and any person or persons found infringing on the rights of said patent will be prosecuted according to law.

The subscribers are now manufacturing the above device, and have already disposed of quite a number. Persons wishing to curtail expense in the running of machinery will find it to their advantage to communicate with
FISHER & KINNEY.
Bridgetown, September 29th, 1892. 26tf

Potter's Liniment
IS SOLD AT
W. W. CHESLEY'S.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS AT THIS OFFICE.

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained and forms of application therefor and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Agent at Annapolis.
20 6m

FARMERS!
We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season
At Best Possible Advantage.
Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
HALIFAX, N. S. ja92

LONG LIFE
is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the simpler medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body. Restoration to perfect health and strength
Results from Using
AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kas., writes:
"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year with liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success."
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

1892. NEW STOVES. 1892.
I OFFER A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF
Ranges, Cook, Parlor and Hall Stoves,
All New in the Market.
Having Bought for Spot Cash, I am offering Stoves Lower than ever before.
R. ALLEN CROWE, - - BRIDGETOWN.
Sept. 28th, 1892.—26

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
HORSE LINIMENT
IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,
AND FOR
SPLINTS, CURBS, EGG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.
Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.
HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF
Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick,
which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and
ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.
Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE*, which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.
Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.
For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.
YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 1891.
The International Brick and Tile Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the surface. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,
J. B. KINNEY, *Architect.*
Correspondence solicited.
HECTOR MACLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

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

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
ARE A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION, in all its forms.
For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are
EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

Scientific American Agency for
PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS COPYRIGHTS, etc.
For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the
Scientific American
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

TO MY CUSTOMERS.
You have helped to sustain the NO CREDIT SYSTEM during the past year; and in token of my friendship and gratitude, and also to promote future trade on the same principle, I propose to make
Every Customer
A Christmas Present, who purchases goods at my store between now and Holidays,—the value of the present to be determined by the amount purchased.
My stock of CHRISTMAS GOODS is complete and comprises all kinds of
FANCY GOODS
in Crockery, Plush Goods, Books, etc., etc.
Please call and see for yourselves.
WANTED—Beans, Turkeys, Chicks, Geese, Eggs, Butter, Dried Apples, Oats.
MRS. WOODBURY,
KINGSTON VILLAGE.

IMPERIAL
Fire Insurance Company,
OF LONDON, ENGLAND,
ESTABLISHED 1803.
CAPITAL, - - - - £1,200,000.
ASSETS. - - - - £1,631,015.
AGENTS:
EDW. RUGGLES, at Bridgetown, N. S.
T. A. PEARSON, at South Farmington, N.S.
J. M. OWEN, at Annapolis, N. S.

BURDOCK
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.
BLOOD
CURES
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES
BITTERS

Xmas Goods
—AT—
MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK'S
suitable for young and old, comprising many of the latest novelties in
WOODEN, PLUSH, CHINA, AND GLASS WARE.
ALSO IN MY STOCK OF
Fancy Dry Goods
may be found just what is needed for the
HOLIDAY TRADE.
Lawrencetown, Dec. 6th, 1892.

Poetry.

A Good, Old-fashioned Winter.

My grandpa's always talkin' 'bout the winters long ago—
Never nothin like e'm now, the ones he used to know.
Many's a time we've heard him say, me and Bob and Billy,
When "bad colds" an' rain an' mud made our mothers silly,
"I'll tell you what it is, boys, 'd fill me full of joy,
To see a good old-fashioned winter, like we had when I's a boy.
Give me ice and give me snow,
Give me sleet an' give me blow;
Give me cold 'at goes clear through,
Give me sleddin'—sliding, too,
And them's the things, I tell you, 'at makes you glad you're livin',
An' a good old-fashioned winter, boys, I hope we may be given!"

Since New Year's eighteen-ninety-three my grandpa's changed his tune.
Funny how big folks, you know, can change their minds so soon!
Funny, too, how they'll forget all they've said to you,
An' say jes 'zactly different things, like they meant 'em, too!
For grandpa's growling every day, morning, noon an' night,
An' all the folks at our house 'll tell you I am right.
'Cause there's ice an 'cause there's snow,
'Cause the natural gas is low,
'Cause the cold jes goes clear through,
'Cause I say it's bully, too!
Do you 'spose he 'spects to see, though he calls it "beastly weather,"
A good old-fashioned winter an' August come together?

The only Way to Make Business Pay.

I used to wonder why
As smart a man as I
Could never make my business succeed, ceed, ceed:
In spite of toil and care
And always being there
It wouldn't pay and worried me indeed, deed, deed.

While others all around
The road to wealth had found
I poorer got aboard my skinning ship, ship, ship,
Until, alas, I knew
That in a month or two
The sheriff sure would have me in his grip, grip.

Each night with aching head
I tossed upon my bed
Endeavoring to think out my mistake take, take—
Why I with vim and health
And means of gaining wealth,
Could never, like my neighbors, money make, make, make.

At last I thought of it,
I noticed those about
Who advertised were getting lots of gold, gold, gold,
While those afraid to try
Were left the same as I,
Because our business methods were too old, old, old.

I kicked myself at once
For being such a dunce,
Then in the papers kept a glowing ad, ad., ad., ad.
My business right away
Of course began to pay—
Which makes my friend, the sheriff, very sad, sad, sad.

Select Literature.

The Burglar.

Ezra Timmins was a steady man of forty, who had been fifteen years bookkeeper for the prosperous grocery house of Ham, Bacon, Lard & Co. To guard against burglars he cultivated an acquaintance with the policemen who alternated on the beat and dropped many mysterious hints of munificent rewards in case they caught a burglar in the act. He had a burglar alarm in his bedroom and a shot gun, from which Mrs. Timmins was in the habit of withdrawing cartridges for fear he should shoot himself.

Many a sleepless night he spent in prowling about the house in the dark in quest of some intruder whose footsteps he thought he heard. He read every article in the newspapers about burglaries, and surprised his wife and neice by the extent of accuracy of his information touching the methods of the fraternity. He plunged them into the depths of despair by declaring it was his destiny to wake up some morning and find the house robbed and Constance's throat cut.

Constance was a lovely girl, the daughter of an elder brother of Timmins who had gone south after the war, bought a plantation, taken the yellow fever and died, leaving an estate of which the value was unknown. She was a coquette and had a host of admirers who seldom commanded the approval of her uncle or aunt. If they were young Uncle Ezra said they they were snips and ought to be in the nursery. If they were old, he said they should be in some old people's home. Constance laughed at his invectives, and when her uncle forbade this or that man the house she met him elsewhere, if he had taken her fancy.

Among the admirers who could not fairly be condemned to the nursery was Colonel Pitblado. He had met Constance at a small party and had been struck by her beauty and vivacity. With his usual circumspection he had instituted inquiries regarding her respective fortune. From the assiduity with which he pursued her afterwards it may be inferred that the result of the investigation had been satisfactory.

Much to his annoyance Constance not only did not ask him to the house, but begged as a favor that he would not come; at any rate for the present.

"You see, Colonel Pitblado," said she, I have rather taken a fancy to you and I don't want to lose you. Now, my uncle, who is the best man in the world, invariably takes a dislike to people who pay me attention. I have a presentiment that if you came to the house he would quarrel with you, and that would be the end of our acquaintance."

The colonel argued, but it was of no avail. The only concession which Constance would make was that now and then, say once a week, she would leave the door open after her uncle had gone to bed, and the colonel might slip in and spend a few minutes with her in the dark in the hall or in the drawing room.

"I know," she said, "that you are too much of a gentleman to make me regret my good nature; anyway I think I can take care of myself."

The colonel's behaviour was beautiful. His speech was eloquent on the subject of his love, but he rarely ventured even to press the fingers of his charmer as they sat side by side on the sofa.

There they sat one night, and Constance, in a subdued voice, was explaining her uncle's extraordinary terror of burglars.

"Has he ever seen a robber?" asked the colonel.

"I beleive that when he was a child a burglar broke into the house where he was living and killed one of the inmates. He was wakened out of his bed by the sound of the shot, and he has never got over the shock."

"I can understand it," replied the colonel. "There is something peculiarly terrifying in a midnight encounter with a man whom you cannot see, and who has everything to gain and little to lose by taking your life."

"Oh!" cried Constance, "the thought fills me at times with such horror that I am afraid of burglars as my uncle. I think that if I saw one in my room I would die of fright."

"I hope," said the colonel laughing, "that I would not show she white feather. But I must say I do not hanker to meet a burglar in the flesh."

At that moment a slight noise was heard outside the drawing room window. It was the faintest possible creak of a weak flooring plank under a tread. Both the tenants of the sofa looked up and held their breath, with ears on the full strain. Another board creaked and presently, after a wait which seemed to last for ages, the acute ears of the colonel detected a muffled tread on the carpet of the room in which they sat. There was a third party in the room. He was shod with wool and was moving noiselessly and occasionally stopping as if to listen whether he was detected. The long expected burglar had come.

Constance fainted silently on the sofa. The colonel, in whom the presence of danger had awakened his fighting instinct rose from his seat and groped his way noiselessly toward the intruder, whom he could not see. He could by this time hear the scoundrel's breath coming and going, and instinct prompted him to hold his own. He would have given worlds for a weapon but his cane was out of reach. He must give battle with his bare hands against one who probably had both pistol and knife. As he reflected the intruder's foot came into contact with a stool; with a sudden spring he was upon the invader. He had thrown his weight into the spring and felled the burglar to the ground face downward. Then, swiftly seizing his wrists he held them in a grip of iron, twisted the arms upward and sat down on his back.

The burglar struggled, evidently striving to free one hand to use his knife, but the colonel was now fighting for his life. His clutch of the wrists did not relax. When the struggle grew weaker and Pitblado had got back his breath he hissed:

"You villain! If you don't keep your hands still, I'll drive my knife through your vitals. One motion and you are a dead man."

The burglar made no reply. He panted, and sounds came from him which to Pitblado's ears sounded strangely like a sob. The colonel derived a qualified satisfaction from his stillness. If he had dare to lose his clutch of the fellow's wrists he would have tried to throttle him, but the danger of a stab in the side if he moved his hands to the burglar's throat was too obvious.

He thought of shouting for help. But that would have betrayed his presence in Constance's parlor after the light was out and when her uncle was in bed. He would rather risk the knife than compromise her. He supposed that she had fled upstairs, whereas in fact she was in a dead faint on the sofa.

What was he to do? Was he to stay sitting on that burglar all night?

While he ransacked his brain for an expedient, a deep groan came from the man under him. The burglar gasped and at last muttered:

"If you'll let me up, I'll show you."

"Yes, I dare say," said Pitblado, "you'll show us lots of things. That cock won't fight. It's I that am going to show you the door of the other world."

The colonel could feel a quiver go through the frame on which he sat. The burglar went on:

"I'll show you"—

"Haven't I told you that I am going to do all the showing in this menagerie?"

"If you'll only lift your weight off my lungs so I can breathe," said the burglar.

"You'd make use of your breath to drive a knife into me, wouldn't you. Not much. I'm just thinking how I shall kill you so as not to ruin the carpet."—

"Oh! oh! oh!" came from the prostrate body.

"What an unreasonable fellow you are!" said the colonel; "here I've let you live so many minutes while I have been studying how to put you to death."

"Spare my life," gurgled the burglar.

"Why should I?"

"I'll—I'll show you where the silver is."

"You'll show me," repeated the colonel, puzzled.

"I will. I'll give you my honor I will."

"Oh, I see," said Pitblado; "you want to divide. It won't do."

"What more do you want?"

"I don't intend," said the colonel, "that you shall have a single spoon."

"Take them all; take them all. Only let me keep Connie's christening cup.

"By George," muttered Pitblado, "you're a romatic sort of a chap to be a burglar."

It had by this time become manifest to the colonel that the situation could not be prolonged for ever. He could not sit on that burglar's back till morning—the tension of the muscles of his arms was weakening. He must somehow get him to the nearest police station. If he only had a ray of light!

At that moment a faint groan came from the sofa.

"By the Lord," muttered the colonel, "he's got an accomplice."

Another sound from the sofa and Pitblado saw that some one was up. The new comer might at any moment rush to the rescue of his accomplice. Pitblado had noticed a poker and shovel in front of the drawing room grate. With a sudden spring he regained his feet, let the burglar go, leaped to the grate and seized the poker. A wild shriek came from the sofa and simultaneously the colonel struck a match. By its flare he saw to his amazement Connie sitting upon the sofa and the burglar lying motionless on the floor. Had he killed the scoundrel?

Another match lit the gas and Connie sprang to the burglar, took his head in her arms and screamed to Pitblado:

"You have killed my uncle!"

"Your uncle? Why that's the burglar."

"It's my uncle, and you have choked him to death. He's insensible. Oh, help me to bring him to."

The prostrate man revived, and seeing Connie, muttered:

"Let him take all the silver, Connie, except your christening cup. If he will spare our lives, we'll not prosecute."

It did not take long to get Mr. Timmins upon the sofa, and, as he was not hurt, a glass of rum, administered by the tender hands of Connie, restored him to his senses. His mind was still confused. He murmured:

"I have had a narrow escape, my poor Constance. I seemed to hear a noise in this room and stepped in, when a man of gigantic strength leaped on me, and was about to kill me when you must have appeared and frightened him away."

"That is not quite exact, dear uncle. While you were struggling in the most heroic way with a burglar Colonel Pitblado happened to pass, entered the house by the front door, which the burglar had left open, drove the fellow away and rescued you. Allow me to introduce you—Mr. Timmins, Colonel Pitblado."—*John Bonner in Argonaut.*

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Cash vs. Credit.

A bad debt is the beginning of bankruptcy. Practically, any merchant who "fails" is certain to tell the enquirer that he sold his goods on credit, and, when pinch came, could not get in his money. He was ruined, in short, by debt. No man can conduct a credit business in this day of fallible humanity without incurring these inevitable consequences. Insurance companies, with all their careful machinery of agents and examining physicians, insure bad lives. It is hardly surprising then that the credit merchant, acting through his clerks and doing business with comparative strangers, about whose financial standing and honesty he can know little, frequently insures "poor pay" customers, whose "claim" falls due as surely as that of a defunct policy holder.

The credit system is a village idea; and frequently it brings disaster even there. In a quiet, home-staying village, the combination grocer, druggist, gent's clothing, and ladies' dress goods merchant, can know a good deal about the income and integrity of most of his patrons. He likely went to school with them, is fully conversant with every step they have taken in life, and has the advantage of spending many an evening in their society about his own store stove and upholstered cracker-boxes. Such a man can manage a credit business, if anyone can; but experience has shown that even he cannot. The small trade of a village, all transacted under his own eye, will empty his shelves without filling his till; and when he must meet his "paper" at the bank, the needful money cannot be collected. This is the story of many a business wreck in the city as well as the country, and the chances are much more heavily against the city man than his village competitor. Bad debts are always paid by somebody. This is a fact that is too commonly lost sight of. If the merchant fails, and can only pay seventy, fifty, thirty cents on the dollar; the wholesale man from whom he bought pays the bad debts of the customers whose ruinous patronage overthrew the retail house. If the merchant keeps above water and goes ahead, then the bad debts are paid either by himself or by the other customers who pay their way. Many merchants frankly make allowance for bad debts by charging credit customers more than those who buy for cash thus compelling credit patrons as a class to bear their own failures to pay. This is not a matter that merchants care to discuss in detail, but most of them will admit that they add a certain sum for "bad debts" to their annual expenses, as regularly as they reckon on rent and taxes. In such cases, these deficits are paid by the regular patrons of the establishment on every article they buy.

The cure of this evil is to adopt the cash system. When the money is paid across the counter for all goods purchased, there simply can be no bad debts. The merchant who demands cash down does not have to pay interest on his own investment, and should be able to sell goods at a cheaper rate than one who carries a large credit *clientele*. The advantages of the cash system are abundantly clear to all—so much so that it would smack of the kindergarten to dwell upon them. It is one of those things whose benefits are universally admitted and then all but universally ignored. Theoretically the man who proposes to do a cash business has the support of the whole community; but practically, we seem to have a superstition for running bills. In most cases, there is absolutely no reason for such a course. Very few men are so circumstanced that they cannot pay for what they want in ready money, but can pay at the end of certain periods. The delusion that one must run in debt until "pay day" whether that be weekly or monthly or what not, is obviously absurd, when it is remembered that the money received can be used for the expenses of the coming week as easily for that just past. The custom of getting credit for a certain period is fraught with danger; for, as is perfectly well known, frequently the money will not go round when pay day comes, and either the grocer or the tailor or the merchant must suffer. Then is it not the frankly told truth of many a family fireside that things will be bought on credit which would be done without if the actual cash had to be forthcoming?

How to Help a Boy to Get Along.

A boy at fifteen years of age is, in my opinion, at the most important period of his life. He is at the forks of the road. What he needs more than anything else is sympathy and advice. It would be strange, indeed, if boys did not build castles in Spain at that age, and what they need is the practical suggestion of some one to guide them. Most people think that boys do not need either sympathy or advice. It is a great mistake. They need it as much as girls. I have employed a great number of boys in various capacities during the past fifteen years; good, bad and indifferent, and I have never known one of them to refuse to take advice if it were tendered at the right time, in the right place, and in the right spirit. The mistake that most people make in talking to boys is that they lecture them in season and out, persecute them with all sorts of foolish suggestions, and expect more from them than they would from a man. If I had any word of counsel to give it would be: Don't lecture a boy. Don't nag him. Don't persecute him. Don't laugh at him if he has failed, perhaps in some over ambitious undertaking. Don't crush him. Don't break his spirit. Give him a chance. Show him his mistake, and then point out exactly what he should do. A wise father, or elder brother, will make a companion of a good boy, rather than act as a stern counsellor.

The Testimonials
Published on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are as reliable and as worthy your confidence, as if they came from your best and most trusted neighbor. They state only the simple facts in regard to what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, always within truth and reason.

Constipation, and all troubles with the digestive organs and liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

—The removal of the eminent pianist Hans von Billow to a private asylum in one of the suburbs of Berlin has caused profound sorrow in the musical world, and both his family and the director of the asylum at Pankow are in receipt of many letters of sympathy and touching notes of inquiry as to his condition. For a long time past Herr von Billow has shown signs that his mind was deranged, but until recently it was hoped that entire rest and quiet at his home would preclude the necessity of his removal to an asylum.

Not a Particle.
A feature worth noticing in regard to Burdock Blood Bitters is that it does not contain one particle of poisonous matter. It cures and cures quickly without the use of any injurious ingredients. B.B.B. is a purely vegetable specific for dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, headache, billiousness and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

—Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers can be applied when at home, and is uniformly successful in coloring a brown or black. Hence its great popularity.

Do Women Know.

That it is better to keep milk in earthen bowls than in tin pans?

That milk should not be left in the can in which it is delivered, but should be put into dishes at once?

That as milk is an absorbent, it should never be set in a closet or ice box, near fish or any other article of food that em its odors?

That dried fruits are best kept in bags, and hung upon a dry wall.

That tortoise shell combs and pins may be always kept bright by rubbing them with soft leather every time they have been worn, and when dim rubbing them with rotten stone and oil.

That woollens should not be dried out of doors in freezing weather, but in a room of about the same temperature as the water in which they were washed.

That eggs beaten in the cold will stiffen much more quickly than if in a warm room. It is a good plan to set them in the ice box a few minutes before beating.

That ashes very finely sifted are good for scouring knives and tinware.

That opening canned fruit an hour or two before using so that it may regain the excluded oxygen, improves the flavor. But, and this is very important, that it must not be left standing in the tin but must be turned into an earthen or glass dish at once as there is danger of poison if the air is allowed to work on the acid of the fruit and the tin.

That newspapers, wet thoroughly and crumbled up, are excellent to sweep a carpet with, making it look fresh and bright and removing the dust effectually.

That tar or paint may be removed by first applying oil of some kind, or lard; then, after scraping off the loosened substances, apply a mixture of turpentine and benzine, and at last use benzine alone.

That a lump of camphor in the clothes press or drawers will keep steel ornaments from tarnishing.

That weak spots in a black silk waist may be strengthened by sticking court plaster underneath.

That milk applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

That beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot rub them first with a wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

That black lace skirts can be well cleaned by taking apart, brushing thoroughly, and immersing in a deep new tin pan of gasoline, take care to have no fire anywhere near. It will take out every accumulation of dirt, cleanse it, and brighten it also. Press it immediately, very lightly with a hot iron, on the wrong side, first having a piece of thin silk over the lace.

That a sponge may be cleaned by soaking it a few hours in cold buttermilk.

That equal portions of alum and resin will keep paste from moulding.

That the thorough heating of the teapot is the first step toward making a nice cup of tea.

How to Boil Cabbage Without Filling the House with Odors.

Many persons refrain from cooking cabbages in their houses because of the permeating and lasting odors which fills the house whenever this wholesome and delicate vegetable is boiled. If, however, it be done quickly and properly it can be had every day in the year and the olfactory senses never be once offended. Let the vessel in which the cabbage is to be cooked be filled to a depth sufficient to cover the head of the cabbage with boiling water. Place it on the hottest part of the stove. Put in the cabbage and a desert spoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Cover the vessel and boil hard for fifteen minutes. The cabbage is now done and it is delicate and tender, and no one outside of the kitchen has learned of the operation which has just been performed.

—Now that the season of canned fruit is again upon us, housekeepers will do well to repeat the caution which forgetful maidneed periodically—to empty the provisions out of the can as soon as it is opened. Often a most dangerous acid is formed by the chemical action of the air upon the soldering of the cans. It is this acid, indeed, which is responsible for much of the prejudice against canned food. Many of the reported accidents would, if they could be thoroughly investigated be found to have resulted from kitchen carelessness. The thrifty cook who, wishing everything in ample time, opens her can of corn or peas an hour or more before it is put into the saucepan exposes to a danger which is none the less serious because usually avoided. Open the cans if necessary, but empty their contents at once, and never set a remnant away in them for use.

When in Despair.
When in despair of being cured of lung troubles, there is still a hope, and a strong hope of perfect cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This medicine cures even after all others have failed, and no one suffering from coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., need despair of cure while Norway Pine Syrup is obtainable.

A Seasonable Warning.
Do not allow yourself to feel "chilly." It may indicate a circumstance or physical condition either of which can be modified by prompt attention. If you are chilly from a draught, move away from it, stop it off or put on more clothes. If the coldness arises from a physical condition, you are probably taking cold. Heat a brick and sit with your feet upon it until you are heated through. This will do much to prevent a cold taking hold of you.

—There is no claim made for Ayer's Sarsaparilla which cannot be endorsed by scores of testimonials. This fact plainly proves that the blood is the source of most disorders and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of blood-purifiers. Try them this month.

—"No matter what we say or how we say it, our presence, our conduct, our unstudied demeanor, showing us as we are, will speak so much louder than our words that the latter will hardly be heard. 'Do as I say, but not as I do,' is a fertile piece of advice; for it is what we do, think, feel, wish for, that will constitute our influence, and if what we say is different from this, it will fall useless to the ground."

—Healthy digestion is one of the most important functions of the human economy. K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy action, and promotes healthy digestion. Try K. D. C. 46

—By placing two iron bars at seven or eight yards distant from each other and putting them in communication on one side by an insulated wire, and on the other side with a telephone, it is said that a storm can be predicted twelve hours through a certain dead sound heard in the receiver.

—Nursing Mothers and delicate children should make free use of *Puttner's Emulsion*, the best lung healer, strengthener, and flesh producer.

—Minard's Liniment cures Diptheria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia
Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Work of Months.

DRESS MADE OF FINE LINEN THREAD BY MISS WHITMAN.

Of all the notable Massachusetts exhibits at the World's Fair, that by one of her very youngest daughters is likely to attract, as it will surely deserve, marked attention.

Miss Annie Whitman of 36 Pinckney st., East Somerville, has just completed an entire dress for a full grown woman which she herself has made by hand from fine linen thread.

Thereby hangs a most interesting and unusual story and also a gown that is really a work of art and a thing of beauty.

Several months ago Miss Whitman who is a slender girlish young woman of 19 years, heard that a certain company manufacturing a fine grade of linen thread had offered several prizes for articles made from it that would serve to show its capabilities in fancy work, and a large sum for the leading one, all of those accepted to be place with the exhibit of their goods at the Chicago exposition.

Eschewing tidies and bedspreads and articles of their ilk, to which the feminine crocheter is apt to run, Miss Whitman conceived the idea of making an entire dress from the thread. It has been five months since she laid her plans and set to work, and since then she has worked steadily, consuming in the fruit of her labor 20 spools of thread, containing 500 yards each or 10,000 yards in all.

Equipping herself at the start with the latest Parisian fashion plates she designed in her mind an evening dress in the empire style, one that should be handsome enough for any occasion, and from the initial stitch until the final one she has not wavered in her seemingly mountainous task of making the result fit her ideal.

The dress, complete for a debutante to step into, as it stood yesterday upon a dress form, life size, drew out expressions of delighted wonder from every one of the 226 visitors who came to see it.

The lace itself is not a crocheting, but a veritable netted lace, that at a little distance resembles point d'espit. The demi-trained skirt, gored after the prevailing style, was shaped in the making and is all one piece with a bias seam at the back: it is bordered with a shell pattern, that also outlines the corsage and the frills below the elbow sleeves.

The bodice is of the short-waisted Josephine order, with a quilling of satin for a chemisette and rosettes of the same set upon the ceinture of ribbon and lace. The lining slip is of shell-pink satin, which sets off the lace with admirable effect, producing a robe at once extremely rich, yet of most refined taste.

From the back a watteau bow and long ends of satin ribbon of the tint of the lining fall to the foot of the train. The sleeves are after the reigning mode, very large, in elbow puffs, the satin here again underlaying the lace.

Paris designs have been consulted from month to month so that the dress is not only up to date in point of style and beauty, but is made in such wise that it is bound to continue à la mode for a long time to come.

On Tuesday it is to be shipped to the prize offering manufacturers, where it will be entered in competition for the first prize, later to go to Chicago, where under its glass case it is designed to tempt some connoisseur in fine novelties for the wardrobe to become its owner.

It is interesting in connection with Miss Whitman's unique undertaking and artistic success as the designer and manufacturer of a beautiful ball gown and American lace, to know that she has not been working with any desultory aim.

For five years previous to the spring of '90 she was a helpless invalid, with a history of such moment to the medical profession that her ultimate recovery, which was looked upon as an impossibility, is counted little short of a miracle.

From a fall when she was but 13 years old, the result of a careless push of a school-mate, spinal meningitis and then paralysis resulted. Dozens of physicians and several hospitals treated her from time to time, and for months at a time her death was looked for hourly. The elastic nerve being dead it was declared impossible that she could ever walk