BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.,

(LIMITED).

ON AND AFTER THE 2nd OF JUNE

THE S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO.

ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

will leave the Company's wharf, Reed's Pt. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same day, due at St. John about 7 p.m.

HOWARD D. TROOP,
Manager, St. John.

J. S. CARDER,
Agent, Annapolis.

9 4m

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite and Freestone.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.

T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension OF TIME

Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an

Extension of Time.

Puttner's Emulsion OF COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases.

Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily, may have a long

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

BROWN BROS. & Co.,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS,
Halifax, N. S.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC and CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

CHEAP

—FOR:—

CASH !

FLOUR,
OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
CORMEAL,
GROCERIES,
STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,

Harnesses made to Order.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Nov. 19th, 1888.

They are light in touch.
Unrivalled in tone,
Handsome in appearance,
Unrivalled in durability,

AND NOT EXCELLED BY ANY PIANO MANUFACTURED in the DOMINION.

MILLER BROS.,
SOLE AGENTS,
MIDDLETON, N. S.

NOTICE.

The Fast Sailing Schooner

"Nancy Ann,"

owned and commanded by Captain ISAAC GOODWIN, will be placed on the route between Bridgetown and St. John, N. B., about April first, calling at different places along the Annapolis River.

Freight handled with care and at the smallest living rates.

LIME ALWAYS ON HAND.

Apply to Captain on board schooner, or to Capt. Hugh Fraser, Bridgetown.

Bridgetown, March 21th, 1890. 6m

CARD.

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - N. S.
Office in A. BEALS' STORE. 1 16

Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are Jewels

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1890. NO. 26.

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

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 20 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

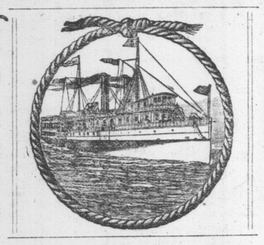
The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

International S.S. Co.

OPENING OF THE DIRECT LINE.

FOR BOSTON, DIRECT.



Commencing Monday, May 5th,

— THE FAVORITE SIDE-WHEEL STEAMER —

NEW BRUNSWICK

Having been thoroughly repaired, will leave ANNAPOLIS (calling at DIGBY every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, directly after the arrival of the Express Train from Halifax. Returning: Leave BOSTON MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings.

ST. JOHN LINE—CHANGE OF TIME.

Commencing MONDAY, May 5th, one of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN for BOSTON via EASTPORT and PORTLAND every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7.23 Eastern Standard Time.

August 16th and September 13th, inclusive, the "State of Maine" will leave St. John Saturdays at 6.25 p.m., for Boston, direct.

For further information apply to

F. Crosskill, Agent, W. & A. R., Bridgetown.

R. A. Carder, Agent, Annapolis.

OR ANY AGENT OF THE W. & A. RAILWAY.

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.

MIDDLETON'S AGRICULTURAL WAREROOMS

THE subscriber having lately purchased the old School House at Middleton wishes to inform the general public that it is his intention to conduct business in it for the future, and now offers at VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH the following articles:—

COSSETT RAKES AND COSSET BUCK-EYE MOWERS,
BRANTFORD BUGGIES AND ROAD CARTS,
GANONQUE BUGGIES AND BORLAND CARTS,

CREAMERS AND TINWARE.

Extra Fittings for Mowers, Rakes and Plows always in stock.

C. W. SAUNDERS,

Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 13 2m

FOSTER'S Carriage Emporium

Near Bridgetown, N. S.

AT the above establishment can always be found a superb stock of the very latest designs in

Top Buggies, Open Buggies, Road Carts, Second-hand Vehicles.

The subscriber having a most thorough and practical knowledge of the carriage and wheelright trade is prepared to furnish at the lowest price the above mentioned conveyances, and is prepared and fitted up to do all kinds of jobbing, repairing and painting in a thorough and artistic style.

R. D. FOSTER.

Bridgetown, August 12th, 1890. 6m

WANTED.

A smart, steady, and reliable young man in Miller Bros.' Office, Moncton, N. B., whose pay will be advanced as he learns the business. For further particulars apply to

MILLER BROS.,
19 tf Middleton, N. S.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1862—

CARD.

W. M. FORSYTH

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

Office in

LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.

Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.

April 2nd, 84. 51tf

Poetry.

Quiet Ways Are Best.

What's the use of worrying,
Of hurrying,
And scurrying,
Everybody flurrying,
And breaking up their rest?—
When every one is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best.
The rain that trickles down in showers
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers;
Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup
The gentle zephyrs gather up.
There's ruin in the tempest's path;
There's ruin in the voice of wrath;
And they alone are blest
Who early learn to dominate
Themselves, their violence abate,
And prove, by their serene estate,
That quiet ways are best.

Nothing's gained by worrying,
By hurrying,
And scurrying,
With fretting and with flurrying
The temper's often lost;
And in pursuit of some small prize
We rush ahead and are not wise
And find the unwonted exercise
A fearful price has cost.
'Tis better far to join the throng
That do their duty right along;
Reluctant they to raise a fuss,
Or make themselves ridiculous.
Calm and serene in heart and nerve,
Their strength is always in reserve
And nobly stands each test;
And every day and all about,
By scenes within and scenes without,
We can discern, with ne'er a doubt,
That quiet ways are best.

Select Literature.

Light and Shade.

BY RUTH ANN.

"'WANTED.—A lady competent to instruct an invalid child ten years old. Must be an experienced teacher, and able to devote five hours a day to the work. Bring references.' Oh, Arthur! May I try for that place?"

"What place?" was the way the reader's enthusiasm was answered.

"Oh, dear! I wish a man could ever hear anything when he was reading. Didn't you hear me read that advertisement? But no, of course you didn't. It isn't to be expected that you would. Will you do me the favor to listen now?"

"I'm all attention, so proceed before I forget and go to reading again."

She read the notice again and then waited for his answer.

"You couldn't get it," he said.

"I didn't ask if I could get it but if I might try for it," she replied.

"Isn't my little wife contented where she is?" he asked, putting his arm round her. For she had left her chair and taken her old place on his knee, knowing by experience that here she was most sure of getting her own way.

"Contented! Oh, Arthur!" with a sigh that was all content. "Think of that second-story room, freezing in winter and torrid in summer. Those two straight-back chairs, that cold straw matting, and worse than all, that lamp, which gives smoke instead of light, and then look around here. But this is not the point. We found your income enough to live on very comfortably, and if we could save what I could earn this way we would be getting along very nicely."

"You've not told me where this place is," he said. "I didn't notice only that it is in the city here, and says call from nine to twelve o'clock to-morrow morning. I may try?" she asked.

"Well, I suppose I might as well say yes or you'll never forgive me, but don't be disappointed if you are not wanted. I suppose I may read again now?" Arthur answered.

"You may do anything you please to pay for being so sensible. See, I'm back in my chair and won't disturb you again till—well next time." After saying this she gave her undivided—no, divided attention to her work.

While they are reading we will take a look at them. She used to be "that little black-haired black-eyed teacher up-stairs to most of her acquaintances, for she made but few friends and had no home ties. He was also dark, but large and manly looking. He was only a common laborer, but when he offered this lovely girl his love and a home, she thought herself rich indeed, and during the year they have been married, she has never wished to change her pretty home. It has only four rooms, and there is nothing costly about it, but good taste and common sense have done the work well as the result shows.

While we have been looking around morning has come again.

"I guess Arthur was right, I shan't get the place. What a big house it is. I wonder if I ought to go to the back, front, or side door. I'll take the nearest one for my courage won't take me much farther. I almost wish I hadn't tried."

Yes, it's our little woman of last evening on her way to answer the advertisement, and in that suit of grey she is charming enough to soothe any fractious invalid child.

At the door she sends in her card—Mrs. Arthur Harold. In the morning room she finds the child's mother, as she rightly imagines. While that lady is looking over the references, Mrs. Harold or Ruth has time to find out that the mother is a lovely middle-aged lady, with wavy grey hair and rather large but good form. "My little girl has a spinal trouble," she said, "and has not walked since she was five years old. We have taught her very little, as she has seemed too feeble, but now the doctor has consented to her having regular work."

Ruth is won at once and says, "I can sympathize with the little one, for an accident rendered me nearly helpless with a similar trouble, for years, and even now, I've reason to remember the fact occasionally.

After more talks about the little girl, and teaching in general, Ruth left with only the satisfaction of knowing that if her application was accepted, she would be sent for the next day.

Of course she had little to tell Arthur, and heard the expected—"If you hear to-morrow we'll be—well—surprised to say the least."

Arthur bid her good-bye the next morning, saying with a laugh, "Be sure and leave my dinner where I can get it in case you are sent for."

About eight o'clock, sure enough, she was sent for, and nine o'clock found her again in the morning room at Mrs. Heald's, who told her that she should expect Flossy to be in the school-room from nine o'clock in the morning till two o'clock in the afternoon, but Mrs. Harold was to use her own judgment as to how that time was to be occupied. She would like her to make learning as easy as possible, and on no account was the little one to be worried. Yes! She might teach her music and drawing, and in fact anything she chose. She would leave the matter entirely with her for the present, and now was she ready to begin? Flossy was all impatience to see her new teacher. In the school-room Ruth found a little bit of golden-haired humanity that was rightly named Flossy, looking (in her cushioned wheel chair) like a doll, waiting for her youthful mother.

Ruth began at once by talking with Flossy to find out what she already knew, and twelve o'clock came quickly enough. Then Ruth had a chance to think of Arthur's surprise when he went home and found dinner, and her note, in which she simply wrote that she had been "sent for."

Lunch was sent into a little room opening out of the school-room, and Mrs. Heald came in to see how they were getting along and say that she had forgotten to ask for a half hour's rest and lunch for them at noon. She yielded to Flossy's teasing and her own curiosity, and ate lunch with them. At the end of the half-hour Mrs. Heald drew the little girl into the school-room, which had been aired and re-warmed while they were away, feeling that Ruth's kindly common sense made her a fitting teacher for the little one.

In the afternoon Ruth gave her time to music, drawing, reading, and friendly talks about persons and things.

After a few weeks the five hours had come to be a matter of course. Arthur took his dinners with the family up-stairs the days Ruth was away, and at the end of every month Ruth was to add fifty dollars to their bank account.

Mrs. Heald met Ruth in the hall one day, as she was going home, and said, "Flossy's very anxious to see your home. May we call this afternoon as we are out driving." Ruth was only too glad of a chance to show her home, and gave them a very cordial permission.

Such lots of things as there were to be done after she got home, but at four o'clock she put Flossy in the big chair that was all cushioned with pillows ready for her.

She was hardly settled when she began, "Now Mrs. Ruth, I want to see Ted and Cherry." So the much talked of birds were brought in, and while she was watching those and looking at many pictures waiting for her, Ruth and Mrs. Heald had time for a chat, during which Mrs. Heald said, "What a pretty home. How nicely your plants are looking. I don't wonder you are in such a hurry to get away afternoons."

Ruth sees Flossy looking wistfully at the piano and in answer to a timid, "Will you play and sing to me, Mrs. Ruth?" spends the rest of the time at the piano.

Arthur comes and they suddenly remember to go home, having made what Flossy calls a very "unstylish" call.

"Isn't she a little pet?" Ruth asks, and Arthur is obliged to confess that for just this once she is right, "that is as far as looks go," he teasingly adds.

At the same time Flossy is saying, "Aren't they happy, mamma?" and Mrs. Heald says she thinks they ought to be. "Oh! They are," Flossy answers quickly, "For Mrs. Ruth tells me lots at lunch and when we are having resting talks. That's what we do when I'm too tired to study—about how good Mr. Arthur is, and her birds, and flowers. I knew most all her plants, she has told me so much about them."

After a few months Flossy begins to droop, and through Ruth's influence her old doctor comes to see the little girl, and orders a change for her. That night Arthur and Ruth do a good deal of talking and planning, and the next day Ruth goes to Mrs. Heald's morning room first and asks, "May we have Flossy for a few days. It will be a change, and yet not so far but what you can see her. I stopped on the way and had the doctor write you a note about it. We'll be very careful of her."

Mrs. Heald read the note, thought a minute and then said, "Are you sure it would not make you too much trouble? Flossy has been teasing to go ever since our call."

"Then I may have her," Ruth cries. "I'll have to ask you to lend your carriage for her rides, as we don't keep one, you know."

Flossy was not to be told till the next day and that was Saturday. Monday she was to go.

Arthur said Sunday, if Flossy was half as anxious to come as Ruth was to have her, they were having a hard time at Mrs. Heald's.

"I hope you don't mean to insinuate anything by that remark, young man. If you should cultivate a little sympathy, by way of diversion, the time might not seem so hard to one at least, whom I might mention," Ruth answered. "But never mind, when Flossy gets here she'll wind you round her finger in great shape."

Monday came and Flossy with it.

They were to have lessons, the ride, and the doctor, just the same as at home.

"You'll miss your school-room, Flossy," Ruth said.

"Not while I have the birds, Auntie Ruth," Flossy answered. Mrs. Harold changed to Mrs. Ruth and now that had given place to Auntie Ruth.

What times they had. Flossy was learning a new tune for papa and painting a spray of pansies for mamma. Then the change and new doctor were doing wonders. Every day he came with his "funny box" as Flossy called the electric battery, and new life was actually coming into those apparently little dead limbs. Yes, this was to be the greatest surprise of all. Flossy had taken first one, then two, and to-day three steps all alone. Ruth fluttered from Flossy to house-work, then to the flowers and birds, and back to Flossy, happy and contented. Sometimes she thought it was too good to last, for she knew life was not all sunshine, and was a little inclined to hunt future clouds.

The evenings Flossy thought the best of all, for then Uncle Arthur either read from "Alice of Wonderland," to them, or they played games till bed-time, when he carried her into the next room where Auntie Ruth undressed her, had a little bedtime talk and left her with a "kiss" and "pleasant dreams," the door just open, so she could not possibly be lonesome.

At last Flossy is to go home. She has managed to get an invitation for Ruth and Arthur to tea, and the doctor is to come soon after, when she is to walk for the first time at home. It seems a long time to wait, but it seemed best not to try till the doctor was there.

A pleasant time they had you can imagine. Flossy had been wheeled to the piano and papa was as delighted with the new piece as she could wish. The pansies are perfect to mamma's prejudiced eyes. Now if the doctor would only come. Yes, there he is, and after speaking to all the rest he turns to Flossy with—"Well, Miss, how does it seem to get home? Come, let me see how much you have gained?" Quick as thought Flossy has started from her chair. So has papa from his, but she is in the doctor's arms before her father can reach her.

It was only a few steps but some way no one feels like talking just then, till Flossy after looking wonderingly at first one and then another, finally her little lip quivering, sobs out, "You aren't glad one bit, You're everyone crying." "Look at papa," the doctor says, "and see what you think. He's trying to stand on his head I believe." And sure enough, over in one corner was Mr. Heald, acting in his joy, like an overgrown school-boy. Every one was merry enough after that till Flossy's bed-time, when Arthur and Ruth also said good-night and started for home.

On the way home Ruth could hardly walk, but went skipping along like "any other little girl" as Arthur might have said.

"Wasn't it lovely?" she said. "Aren't they happy to-night, but they can't be any happier than I am. What a lovely world. Oh Arthur! I don't believe I shall ever be blue again. Why don't you talk to me?" For she has just remembered that he has not spoken since they left Flossie's home.

"I haven't—" began Arthur.

"Don't say another word," she interrupted him with, "I've not talked so much you haven't had a chance and I won't hear you say so, but really are you sick?"

"Not a bit, and to prove it you won't have a chance to speak again till we get home," Arthur finally succeeded in saying.

They have been home half an hour when Ruth says from her usual place in his lap, "Well you either are sick or will be, Arthur, for you drew me down here and have kissed me five times, by actual count, without my so much as hinting such a thing would be agreeable, and a little while ago you actually called me dear." Then her tone changes to a frightened whisper as she says, "What's the matter, Arthur?" For she sees a mist over Arthur's eyes as he holds her closer to him.

"Nothing much and nothing bad, I guess. You remember our firm started a branch house in Australia two years ago? Well the man that had charge has tangled things up in a strange manner, and the firm have offered me the chance of going to untangle it. Now don't say anything yet, wait till I've finished please. They have offered to double my salary and I'm only to stay there a year but the double is to last indefinitely."

"You can't go and they are a horrid set of men to think of such a thing," she says. "Say quick you are not going! Oh Arthur! I'm afraid you are. It's a horrid world any way. I don't see why one can't have good things all the time."

"Hush dear," Arthur says, putting his hand over her lips. "Do you suppose God gives us bad things ever? Can't you see a little bit, yes a large bit of good in this?"

"Well perhaps it won't be quite as bad after all," she says, slowly, "I always wanted to travel and this will be a fine chance."

"But darling if I go it must be alone," he says in a whisper.

"Oh Arthur!" is all she can say.

Then he says, "Don't, Ruth," for she is sobbing as though he had already gone. "I'll not go unless you say so."

But it was finally decided that he was to go and that must be the following week.

The next day Flossy misses the happy content from her teacher's manner, and going to her climbs into her lap and says, "Where are your dimples, Auntie Ruth?"

That afternoon a note is brought to Ruth and with her permission we'll read it with her.

MY DEAR MRS. HAROLD:—Flossy has just told me of the change in your plans, and while I am deeply sorry for the necessary separation and home breaking, I am glad for the good parts. Mr. Harold deserves the position, and if he proves faithful there, the firm can't help giving him a similar place when he comes home.

I am afraid Flossy and I are selfishly glad too for it will give us a chance to have you all to ourselves. You will not refuse us, will you? Flossy is not more anxious than we all are to have you with us. Mr. Heald and I will call this evening to help complete arrangements. With much sympathy I am,

Your friend,
MRS. M. R. HEALD.

Mr. and Mrs. Heald did call that evening and after a little general talk, Mrs. Heald put her arms round Ruth as they sat together on the sofa, and said to Arthur, "You'll leave her with us, won't you? You don't know how badly we need her. We had a Ruth once and if she had lived she would have been about your Ruth's age." Mrs. Heald could not say more and Mr. Heald's voice was not very steady as he said, "You will not refuse us the chance of having another Ruth. It will be almost like having our own again."

Of course there was only one answer to give them and Arthur could not begin to tell them how relieved he was to be able to leave Ruth in such good hands.

So although losing Arthur for a time Ruth had found a home and the home ties she had missed ever since her babyhood.

It is Arthur's last Sunday with Ruth, in fact their last day together for a whole year. To-morrow he is to sail for Australia.

They are in Ruth's little sitting-room at Mrs. Heald's, for it was decided to have the breaking up and settling over before Arthur left.

Mrs. Heald gave Ruth two rooms to be furnished from the home things and Arthur's being with her would help her imagine that he was only away for the day and would be home soon.

They are sitting before the open fire and have been silent till Ruth can bear it no longer and says, "Why can't it be sunshine always? Why need there be any dark to frighten folks?"

"Do you remember," Arthur says, "that bunch of flowers you painted a little while ago? How commonplace it looked till you put in a dark background and darkened the shadows? Then the contrast made the lights more distinct, and each flower stood as if waiting to be picked, and the whole looked like a real bunch of real flowers? Don't you suppose God sees our lives as a whole and knows just where to put the shadows to bring out the lights? A life that is all sunshine would be as commonplace as a picture all lights. It takes light and shade both to bring a character to its greatest perfection, I think."

"But," she said, "if we could only have a little of both at the same time."

"Wouldn't you like it if it was possible for Mrs. Heald to be with you and with me too all the time I am gone.

"Oh! Arthur! it would be most like being with you myself," she answered.

Very softly and reverently he said, "It is possible for the one who said, 'Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"

After a little silent waiting she said, "I think we had better go down to the others. Yes," in answer to his questioning look, "it's lighter now."

Arthur has been gone some months though Ruth would have said years, still the time does not pass as slowly as she expected it would. Every night she has crossed off a day from the three hundred and sixty-five with which she began and now they are nearly half gone.

One day Flossy is unusually fretty and Ruth unusually lonesome. They worry through the morning, but after lunch Ruth asks Flossy to practice an exercise which does not happen to suit her mood and then the smouldering volcano explodes. "I won't do any such thing," storms Flossy, "and you are just as mean as you can be. You always pick out the homeliest pieces and make me practice them all the time. I wish you had never come here, and I'll ask mamma to send you away." Ruth was bewildered for a minute. She had always known that Flossy was by no means perfect but this—no! she had never dreamed it possible. She waited silently for a few minutes, then as Flossy still refused to play, said, "When you want to see me, Flossy, you'll find me in my sitting-room." Then turned and left the room.

Flossy's wrath had vanished at the end of fifteen minutes by herself, but she did not dare to go to Ruth yet. The "my sitting-room" had cut her badly, for since Arthur left she had shared those two rooms with Ruth and they had been "our rooms" till now. What if Ruth should go away, she thought. Finally she goes to the table and takes the morning paper.

Yes! she has found what she wants. A ship arrived from Australia last night. That means a letter in the office for Ruth, and she'll go and get it herself, so leaving the room she gets her hat and steals very carefully out doors. It is a long way for her to walk, but she manages by resting every little while.

Meanwhile where is Ruth. On the lounge in that little room sobbing as though her heart was broken and here Flossy finds her when she comes back.

She goes up to Ruth and putting the letter in her hand, says softly, "Will you forgive me and love me again now, Auntie Ruth? I didn't mean it. I got the letter from the office myself."

Then Ruth looks up and seeing the hat clasps the little girl in her arms and says, "You little darling, of course I will. Did you go away down to the office for this? You shall stay right here and we'll read it together." Once more the sun is shinning.

The year is over at last and once more Ruth and Arthur have a home together. Much larger than the first, for Mr. Heald increased their little bank account till they could buy this, and the rent they used to pay is fast paying the amount he lent them. Arthur has been a member of the firm since he came home.

Still these years have not been all sunshine for just outside the city, Ruth could show you a little mound and on the white stone at the head is simply "Our Baby." Simply did I say.

Only those who have a similar memory can realize what those two little words are to Ruth and Arthur.

But take a peep with me into their home this morning—yes its all theirs now—you will see Ruth still teaching Flossy, only now it is Flossy Harold. Flossy Heald is at Wellesley College and if you could see her in the gymnasium you would never recognize the Flossy we knew first.

Ruth has learned life's lesson well and means every word when she sing their old favorite,—

"Now don't be sorrowful, darling!
Now don't be sorry I pray!
For taking the years
Together my dears,
There isn't more night than day."

Women Physicians.

The movement on foot to insure the admission of women to the Johns Hopkins Medical School has brought to light some interesting facts in regard to the education of women as physicians. In this field of women's work the demand is greater than the supply, according to good authority. There are in this country twenty-five hundred women earning a generous living as members of the medical profession. Thirteen of our States have appointed women as doctors in insane asylums, State reformatories and other public institutions of which women are inmates, and other States are following their example. In spite of the well-known fact that each year more women are taking up the study of medicine, and making a success of their practice, a physician says in an article on women physicians in the New England Medical Journal, "the fad among women for this profession has had its day," and that there are not a score of medical women who are making a living in all New England, and of these, one-half at least are either non-graduates or from irregular schools. And further, that "this matter of female physicians has been given a fair trial and found wanting." The Philadelphia Press, however, says, "Another and very pleasing fact has been developed of late, and that is that the best and broadest-minded members of the medical profession offer no opposition to this innovation, and on the list of the committees of our different large cities formed to raise the asked-for fund of one hundred thousand dollars will be found the names of the wives of their most prominent physicians."

Death of Dion Boucicault.

New York, Sept. 19.—Dion Boucicault, dramatist, died last night. He caught a cold which developed into pneumonia Tuesday afternoon and he rapidly became worse, although he was conscious up to the time of his death. The deceased was well-known through the medium of his plays, of which he wrote more than fifty. He was born in Dublin 26 Dec., 1822, and was educated in London university under his guardian, Dr. Lardner. His career as a dramatist began early, and in March, 1841, he produced "London Assurance" at the Covent Garden theatre. He went to the United States in 1853 and returned to England in 1860, when the "Colleen Bawn" was produced at the Adelphi theatre. "The Octoroon" followed in 1861. He also wrote a number of adaptations from the French. He was twice married.

—"I feel," said the young man to her father, "that existence without your daughter would be only a dreary task, whose completion could not come too soon." "Very well," said the old gentleman, "take her, and presently you'll feel the same way, only more so."

The Benwell Murder Trial.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCES FOR AND AGAINST BIRCHALL.

WOODSTOCK, Ont., September 22.—The trial was resumed at 10 o'clock this morning in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. The prisoner, who had rested well during the night, rose early and dressed with great care. In the dock he appeared calm and pleasant, and without bravado or affectation to take a keen interest in all that passed. The firt thing on proceeding to business was the presentation of the grand jury's finding in the case of Mrs. Birchall, accused of being accessory to the murder of Benwell. In this case the jury returned no bill. Douglass R. Pelley, who gave evidence up to the time of adjournment yesterday, was the first to be called this morning. He spoke as if he desired to tell all about his relations with Birchall and Benwell. Pelley, as many will remember, believes he narrowly escaped sharing Benwell's sad fate, and his evidence will have a strong bearing on the case. In the course of his cross-examination by the counsel for the defence, Pelley was made to state that Birchall wore overshoes, which will tend to contradict the evidence of some of the witnesses who say his boots were muddy, and throw doubt upon the identity of the man who was seen in Benwell's company near Blenheim swamp shortly before the tragedy took place. Pelley said, too, that Benwell was short, thick set, and dark complexioned. These points he was made to emphasize, indicating the defence intend producing evidence to show neither of the men seen near the swamp answered this description. Pelley admitted he had never seen Benwell in the clothes in which the corpse was found, that is, he could not identify them; what he did identify was mainly the hat and necktie. Chas. Benwell, brother of the deceased, was the next witness called. He identified the outfit found on the deceased. He identified also a gold pencil and pen case found on Birchall when arrested, and marked, "Conny, 15th Sept., 1869," as having belonged to his brother. As the witness handled the pencil he was much affected by the memories of his brother, which it called up, and he could with difficulty control his voice, so as to proceed intelligibly.

Following Charles Benwell's evidence yesterday in the great trial of Birchall for murder, came that of W. M. Davis, town engineer. He was examined as to plans which he had preparedof the swamp and road leading from Eastwood to it. Patrick McGuire lives at the scene of the tragedy and swore he was in the swamp on the 17th February last, and was within twelve or fourteen feet of the spot where Benwell was found. He must have seen the body if it had been there then. Joseph Eldridge was next called. He was one of two brothers who found the body of Benwell on February 22nd last. He detailed the circumstances minutely. Under cross examination he said he saw no tracks. If there had been recent tracks they could have been seen. The body looked as if it had been deposited there by some person. Constable Watson testified that Birchell seemed much affected, and wiped away tears from his eyes when he identified Benwell's body. He declared that he would give a good deal of money to have the murderer traced and placed the matter then and there in the hands of the witness to be investigated. When the constable and the prisoner had returned to Paris, Detective Murray wanted the prisoner to talk over the case, but the prisoner declined to talk about the matter.

THE THIRD DAY OF THE TRIAL.

Woodstock, Ont., September 24.—Third day of the Birchell trial opened with increased interest. So far the evidence has been of nearly a preliminary character. Nearly the whole audience is composed of ladies, who take an interest in the prisoner as if he were a freak at a circus. It now begins to look as if the trial would drag over into next week. The crown still has many witnesses to put into box and one or two are turning out daily. When Birchell took his seat in the dock this morning he looked about the same as usual. At the opening of the court he made an attempt at reading a newspaper but it was not much of a success and he soon gave it up and watched proceedings. To day Drs. Taylor and Weldford testified that Benwell could not have shot himself. John A. Orchard, of Stamford township, near Niagara Falls, where Birchell said his farm was, said he lived there 25 years and never heard of Birchell having a farm or of any farm being lighted by electricity. Henry Thompson, assessor in the township of Stamford, swore that he never came across the name of Somerset or Birchell. Jos. Pierce, teller of the Imperial Bank of Niagara Falls, U. S., said he opened an account of J. R. Birchall on February 24th, Birchell depositing 11 English sovereigns, $80 in Canadian money and $20 in American. This evidence is considered important, as Pelly, who crossed the ocean with Benwell and Birchell, has sworn that he saw Benwell with a handful of sovereigns while on the voyage.

Arrested for Fraud.

St. John, N. B., Sept. 21.—Saturday afternoon a high constable of Montreal arrived from Montreal, went to the police magistrate and produced a warrant for the arrest of George Stewart, lately of that city and father of the editor of the Quebec *Chronicle*, charging him with doing away with property for the purpose of defrauding his creditors. The magistrate endorsed the warrant and Stewart was taken into custody. The arrest was kept very quiet and but few are yet aware of it. Stewart will be taken back to Montreal.

Emily Dillman to be Married.

St. John, Sept. 20.—Emily Dillman, celebrated in the famous Preeper case, has been sojourning here for some time past, having been brought to St. John by amateur Detective Slater in order to find out from her particulars of the somewhat mysterious trial. Nothing, however, could be drawn out, and Emily, instead of going back to Halifax, remained here. She lived up the river during the summer, and has been successful in winning the affections of a wealthy farmer, to whom she will be married in a few days. She was in town yesterday buying her wedding trousseau.

Imperial Federation

Will present an opportunity to extend the fame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all summer complaints, to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

The People's Mistake.

People make a sad mistake often with serious results when they neglect a constipated condition of the bowels. Knowing that Burdock Blood Bitters is an effectual cure at any stage of constipation, does not warrant us in neglecting to use it at the right time. Use it now.

PUNCTUALITY.—Punctuality is the soul of business, and yet it is astonishing to see how many people are unpunctual. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but the fruitful parent of many other vices, so that he whom becomes its victim is soon involved in it toils, from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time, saps the business reputation of the lawyer, and injures the business prospects or the mechanic who might otherwise rise to a fortune; in a word, there is not a profession or station in life which is not liable to the destructive habit.

—A specific remeny for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form is found in King's Dyspepsia Cure, the only preparation of kind in the market. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. One dollar a package. Sample package to any address on receipt of three cent stamp. Sole proprietors, King's Dyspepsia Cure Co., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. 26 3i