Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - - WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1894. NO. 20.

Professional Cards

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

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 therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.
GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.
Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
Members of the United States Law Association.
Real Estate Agents.
OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

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

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. Visits Annapolis Valley twice a year. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.
MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38tf

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

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

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

A. B. PARKER,
SOUTH FARMINGTON,
CAN SUPPLY
PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE,
ALEXANDRA CREAM SEPARATOR,
AND
THE STEEL HARNESS,
For Farmers and Lumbermen. No Whiffletree.
ALSO
THE POPULAR DOOR CATCHER.
☞All the above will be delivered at manufacturers prices. 48 26

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

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

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown. Oct. 22nd. 1890. 291y

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

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

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

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

"Once a King." "Always a King."
STEP BY STEP **The "WHITE"** Triumphantly Progresses!
The Pride of its Friends!
The Enemy of its Competitors!
CINCINNATI, 1886. PARIS, 1889.
World's Columbian Exposition. 1893.
Awarded the HIGHEST HONORS covering the essential and vital points claimed.
IT'S THE BEST—first, last, and all the time.
JAS. A. GATES & CO., SOLE AGENTS, MIDDLETON, N. S.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Teachers' and Students' Special Course!
OUR annual summer feature, which has been taken advantage of by so many Teachers and College Students, during the summer vacation, will be continued this year as usual.
This is an excellent opportunity to become familiar with the principles of Shorthand, to improve in writing, or to study any or all of the commercial branches. A discount of 20 per cent. is allowed from the usual rates.
For further particulars address
KERR & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

Only the Scars Remain.
"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

1893. "A." No. 289.

IN THE SUPREME COURT,
—BETWEEN—
WILLIAM S. PINEO and ROBERT V. JONES, Executors of John O. Pineo, deceased, - - - *Plaintiff.*
—AND—
ELLEN S. E. HARDING, - *Defendant.*

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, in front of the Middleton Hotel, in Middleton, in the said County, on

SATURDAY, 25th day of August,

A.D. 1894, AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein, dated the 13th day of July, A.D. 1894, unless before the day of sale the said defendant shall pay to the said plaintiffs or their solicitor the sum due herein with costs and interest:
All the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above named defendant at the date of the deed or mortgage herein foreclosed, or at any time since, of, in, and to the lands in said deed or mortgage, as rectified by order of the court herein, described as follows:
All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land in Middleton in the said Ellen S. E. Harding now resides, in the County of Annapolis, and bounded as follows:
"Commencing at the south-west angle of land owned by Isaac Young, on the north side of the Post road, thence west along said road to the Port George road, thence northwardly along the east side of said Port George road twenty-eight rods and three-fourths of a rod, thence eastwardly parallel with the said Post road twenty-eight rods, thence southwardly on a line parallel with the Port George road until it comes to the aforesaid land of Isaac Young, thence westwardly to said Young's north-west angle, thence southwardly along Young's west line to the place of beginning, containing four acres and one-half, more or less.
Excepting therefrom, however, a certain portion of said lands, being one-quarter of an acre thereof, conveyed by the said John O. Pineo to Harriet A. Tait by deed dated the 11th day of August, 1890, and recorded in libro 93, folio 9, of the Registry of Deeds for the County of Annapolis.
Terms of Sale: Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, remainder upon delivery of deed.
Bridgetown, July 24th, A.D. 1894.
J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff.
E. S. CRAWLEY, *Plaintiff's Solicitor,*
Wolfville, Kings Co., N. S. 17 5i

FRUIT JARS
Cheaper than ever offered.
SEE THE DRIVES ON
TWEEDS
—AND—
CLOTHING
in exchange for Good Wool.
H. H. WHITMAN.
Lawrencetown, June 29th, 1894.

His Dyspepsia Cured.

MR. GEO. READ.

DEAR SIRS,—
I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my general business. I thereupon decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking two bottles I found I was quite another man, for
B. B. B. CURED ME.
I have also used it for my wife and family, and have found it the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B. B. B. to all my friends.
I write you because I think that it should be generally known what B.B.B. can accomplish in cases of indigestion.
GEORGE READ, Sherbrooke, Que.

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

NOTICE!
MISS ELLA M. BAITZER wishes to inform her patrons and the public generally that she is now ready to do first-class Dressmaking, at Port George, in Capt. Woodworth's Hall. Call and get your summer suits made.
Port George, June 4th, 1894. 10 tf

Poetry.

(For the Monitor.)

Life's Mysteries.

How often through the uncertain mists of life
We plan some joy, yet never realize
Our heart's desire.
How oft forget that through the noisy din and strife
God hears the tiny sparrow when it cries;
Then surely we, for whom Christ gave His life,
May look up higher.

There will we find a guiding hand
Steering our course thro' dangers all unseen,
By human eyes.
And tho' we're often at the border of a sunny land,
Brilliant with flowers and lovely herbage green,
We grasp the visionary. Alas! behold our hand
Still empty lies.

Thus should we learn God's ways are not our own,
E'en tho' we pass through grief, yet cannot see
The reason why
He oft permits His children here to moan,
Allows earth's seeming pleasures all to flee,
Buries our loved ones from our sight. We groan
And doubt, and cry.

God does it all! He doeth all things well!
What if His kindly hand some joy withhold?
Some wish denies?
When we have reached the eternal happy dell,
Found sure protection in the heavenly fold,
We then shall understand God's leading hand
When clouds arise.

—MRS. WM. M. GRANT.

Port Lorne, N. S.

"Never Soars So High Again."

I walked through the woodland meadow,
Where the thrushes sweetly sing,
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing;
I healed its wounds, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Ne'er soared so high again.

I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And, touched with the Christ-like spirit,
I took him to my heart;
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared so high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion
Kept another from the snare,
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair;
Each loss has its compensation;
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soars so high again.

Just Do Our Part.

If we bravely resolve to do our part,
And bear our griefs with a patient heart
And free from all repining,
We shall be led to a higher way—
To a better work than we do to-day,
And find love's sunlight shining;
For truth of spirit and strength of soul
Will make the darkest cloud unroll
And show its silver lining.

Helen Keith.

Select Literature.

Jesse.

(HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, IN 'HARPER'S BAZAR.')

The old room was full of brown shadows, traversed in one broad lane from the high window by a beam of sunlight and transmuted into airy gold—gold that fell in a warm flood over a young child there till the fuzz on his little head was gilded to a halo, and all the pearly lustre of his lovely flesh was brought out in intense values against the thin hands, hard worked and ridged with purple veins, and the dark and withered face of the woman that held him between the two older women who bent towards him with outstretched arms, faces that would never know the bloom of youth again, but with a higher sunshine overlaid with something lovelier than youth—the glow of delighted love, love almost compensating sorrow. "I told you," the little dark creature who held the baby cried—"I always told you, sister—I told you forty years ago, w'en we took Jesse in, that the room was full uv angels!"

Angels—the little cherub in the sunshine there, the three old women! Well, at any rate, ministering spirits all. For even the sunbeam that burned away the shadows and brought out the sparkle and the glow, and made the baby reach for it and laugh in it as Asenath held him up—is it not written, "He maketh his ministers a flaming fire?"

But forty years ago Asenath was not an old woman. She was just turned of twenty-five, and full of health and strength. And Ann and Drusilla were scarcely ten years her seniors. They had none of them any beauty; but Asenath's eyes had the tender and pathetic look that you find in the eyes of dumb creatures, and with the precision of her features and the clearness of her dark skin they gave her a certain quality that in her elder sister's eyes was akin to beauty. Uncouth and ungainly, they asked no favors for themselves, but they were always marvelling why Asenath had no lovers. And they felt as if the reproach had been removed from them as a family when Jesse Miner began to come home with her from evening meeting. And as Asenath ran in, after a brief lingering at the gate, with a light in her eyes and a quick color in her dark cheek, it seemed to them the young men must be blind.

"I do'no' 's we need ter be so tickled becos, Jesse Miner hez a pair uv eyes in his head," said Ann, in the confidential darkness when Drusilla had blown out the the lamp. "All the world knows he don't amount to a row o' pins—the gawm! I guess Asenath ain't no call to take the first thet stands up to her. A crooked stick's crooked, end o' the woods or beginnin'. An' thet's wut I say to her."

"He's the likeliest uv all thet's kep' company 'ith Asenath, Drusilla!"

"Now, Ann Eliza! You forgot Silas Burns!"

"Brought her 'crost the mounting oncet w'en he happened ter be comin' her way."

"He come to the door nex' day, you know."

"Ter bring her mitting she'd dropped in the chaise," said Ann, tucking the side of her pillow into the back of her neck, "Dear knows, Drusilla, I'd be glad ter have Asenath take her place in the world along uv the other married folks. But I don't b'lieve she'd better herself none 'ith Jesse Miner. An' I shell say so. He hain's no gumption. He ain't the leastest grain forehanded." And she yawned, as though a burden were off her mind.

"I don't see w'at makes you so sleepy," complained Drusilla. "Fur my part, my eyes are jest pinned back. I've got all stirred up thinking uv Asenath. The moonshine on the wall there's set me thinkin' how she'd look in a w'ite Swiss—I s'pose we could manage a w'ite Swiss for one't, sister?"

"Fur one't? I sh'd think you wuz 'lottin' on Asenath merryin' more'n oncet!"

"An' then ef 'twuz June, an' the w'ite rose wuz blowed out—"

"There! You go ter sleep, Drusy!"

"It's the moon or suthin'. I ain't sleepy one mite, Ann Eliza."

"Waal, I be, then."

"I can't go ter sleep 'ith them whipperwills a-whoopin' out there in the wood."

"Fiddlestick's end! Ef you ain't got anything more'n whipperwills ter keep you awake you'd better lay low. There, now; good-night."

But the moon sifted all her silver slowly across the dark old room; and in the middle of the night came a whisper: "Ann Eliza—sister—be you awake?"

"Of course I be—now!"

"You ain't goin' ter say anything hen-d'rin' ter Asenath?"

"Oh, say your prayers, Drusilla, an' go ter sleep!"

"I said 'em hours ago. I guess I hed a cat-nap. But she does seem so happy now—"

"How'll she seem a year from now ef she merries thet poke o' moonshine? Sho! It seems ter mek me scringe to think on it. I sha'n't be act'lly forrerd about it, Drusy—there's many a hole in the skimmer—but I sha'n't mek no promises. You git ter sleep now, or you'll be down sick; you know you will, Drusilla Parker! You can't stan' this sort o' thing. Now you speak agin to-night, an' I'll get up and fetch you a bowl o' thoroughwort tea!" And under that threat Drusilla subsided into silence and slumber.

The poor little women! They had grown up and passed their prime with no love but each other's; and, like tides in narrow channels, their affections had intensified. It was just as hard to Ann Eliza as to Drusilla to say a word that might wound Asenath, who was their sole treasure. They never caressed her; they never called her love-names; they simply adored her. All that they were not they fancied that she was. They nourished a smouldering indignation that she did not seem to others as she did to them; and they had an infinite tenderness for her in their hearts, which was all the more tenderness because they were so powerless to create any vivid happiness for her. Poor Drusilla's anxiety only made her the more helpless. "She sort o' hovers Asenath, the way a hen hovers her chicken," said Ann Eliza.

Ann Eliza herself did nothing of the kind. Her heart might be bursting with love or sorrow, she did not know how to give a sign. And Asenath could never have told from Ann Eliza's grim countenance whether she approved of Jesse Miner and his intentions or otherwise.

"Intentions!" said Ann Eliza. "Intentions o' what?"

"Merrying Asenath," said Drusilla, primly, and with a world of satisfaction.

"Merrying! He darsn't. Hez he got anything to merry with? Don't he live from hand ter mouth? Hez he got a home ter put her in?"

"He—he could live here," said Drusilla, in an eager whisper, and with an imploring gleam of her large pale watery eyes.

"Drusilla! W'en you know it's more'n we kin du ter live ourselves!"

"You wouldn't spile Asenath's chance fur thet, now, would you, Ann Eliza?" said Drusilla. "I'm sure I'd be willin' ter give him half my sheer uv w'at there is. An' we might fix up her room a little—"

"Drusilla—I'm supprised at ye! You—you ain't w'at I call modest."

Drusilla's ready eyes overflowed. But her heart remained undaunted. "An' 'twould be good ter hev a man in the house. You can't deny it, Ann Eliza, whether its modest or not. Folks thinks jest twicet ez much of yer'ith a man in the house."

"I don't care w't folks thinks," said Ann Eliza. "An' a man's one thing, an' a rag baby's another!"

Possibly it cost Ann Eliza something to maintain this mood of mind towards Jesse when she really felt a pang of gratitude that he saw Asenath with a lover's eyes. She could not help a certain liking for the dreamy, kindly, shiftless fellow. Her eyes followed Asenath tripping with a light foot about the house, and a mist would swim across them as she said to herself: "It wouldn't be so light arter a leetle. It would be ez heavy ez her heart." But whether she could not bring herself to destroy Asenath's pleasure, or was letting things drift to a positive obstacle, the affair was taken out of her hands by Providence, when Jesse, as light and vacillating as a piece of paper in the air, was attracted by the pink-and-white prettiness of a new-comer, and fluttered away from Asenath and attached himself to Lureny Weaver.

If it hurt Asenath, she made no murmur. It is true the smile was gone, but there was neither sigh nor droop nor wistful melancholy; there was perhaps a trifle more erectness as she went about the few duties of the old rooms, that had never been finished, and whose sides, once sheathed in spruce, had taken on with the years the brown tints that gave them an air of warmth in wintry days and of shadowy coolness in summer ones, and that in dark and rainy weather were hardly less dismal than the inside of a tomb. Many a draught did those shrunken boards let in, making necessary all the fire that could be kept in the chimney-place, for which they gathered and brought in themselves the sticks from the wood-lot adjoining their little garden, where now and again a good neighbor gave them a day's cutting, or where Asenath went out and swung her sturdy young arms to good purpose on the slender stems and saplings. She had plenty of time to rest afterwards while sitting at the knitting with which they kept body and soul together; for all that they had in the world to depend upon was their half-dozen hens and the hive of bees, the wood-lot, and the little garden where Drusilla pottered in the early mornings, and part of which Ann Eliza spaded up for a few vegetables. "It's good for me," she said to young Mrs. Morse. "The old brown earth that brought us forth ain't goin' back on us. She gives us moren' her increase w'en we ain't afraid uv handlin' her. I hope the time won't never come that I can't raise my row o' sarse. Though I'm free to confess the 'tater-bugs this year 'd take the patience outen Job. Drusy she likes ma'am's old damask-rose, an' her pinks an' balsams; an' Asenath's a real yarb-doctor with her bed's o' mint an' balm an' sage an' 'isop an' the catnip, leastways so much uv it ez the cat leaves her. It's real heartcenin', the good hilling bowl o' yarb tea she'll make afore bedtime some nights w'en we feel ez ef we must bust out an' do sunthin'."

"Anybody 'd think, ter hear you talk, Ann Eliza," said Drusilla, when Mrs. Morse had gone, "thet we didn't hev a good hop drink w'enever we want it."

"Waal, du we?" asked Ann Eliza. "How many dabs o' honey kin we spare fum the take in the course o' the year? I ain't makin' no bones about w'at the hull township knows."

"Mebbe they don't," pleaded Drusilla, as if with a dim idea that they couldn't, if only Ann Eliza said so.

"P'r'aps they don't say, "Them girls don't hev much uv anything but porritch, 'xcep' they kill an old hen, or take an egg w'en there ain't no sale for eggs." But I calk'late they sense it. Ain't the seel'ot men let us off fum taxes allus? There ain't no disgrace in bein' pore. I do'no' but it's a disgrace ter be anything else."

"I should like ter hev one plastered room in the house," still pleaded Drusilla.

"I feel ter be thankful we've got a room at all. It isn't everybuddy, Drusy, hez a house an' lot, anyway."

"Jesse Miner hain't!" said Drusilla, with something like a triumph at last. "He must be feelin' rich ter throw away a good home an' a house an' lot, for Lureny Weaver's face."

"He never hed the chance ter throw 'em away, Drusy. You ain't forgot Mis' Morse? "W'y didn't you take Jesse Miner, Asenath?" sez she. "He ain't never sat me," sez Asenath. Mis' Morse ain't much fur mindin' her own business. "Wall," sez she "you're well shet uv him, Asenath." An' Asenath looked her square in the face—it done me good—"I don't like ter hev you talk so, Mis' Morse," sez she. "Jesse an' me's jest ez good frien's ez we ever wuz an' I'm glad he's got such a smart little wife," sez she. "She's real clever," sez she.

"An' I hope they'll be happy," sez she.

"I don't" said Drusilla.

"Wall, I'm so glad he's outen our cup! I'd as lieves he'd be happy ez not," admitted Ann Eliza, as she snapped her knitting-needles. "There! I must hyper ef I want ter git this sock done. I guess thet's long enough."

"They most gener'lly allus like 'em long," murmured Drusilla.

"I wish 't they'd pay us money, 'stid uv kind—"

"Waal, Drusy, I've heered say poor folks must be glad uv a whippin," said Ann Eliza.

Notwithstanding Ann Eliza's brave assurance, she kept an eye on Asenath. And if Asenath was not aware of that, she was aware, and half-resentful, of Drusilla's pitying tones and fluttering hands and agitated apprehensiveness. But she stepped about with a song when anyone was within hearing, had her usual light word for the chance comer, went to evening meeting, and came home with her face shining.

One night she didn't come home. Mr. Morse stopped to say that Jesse Miner had had a fall from a ladder and been killed, and Asenath was staying with his wife.

It was the next morning that, with a face very pale and set, Asenath came into the house with a bundle in her arms. She sat down on a low seat by the fire, and carefully opened the shawls that wrapped a tiny scrap of a baby.

"It's mine," she said. And there was a look of infinite rapture in her eyes.

"Asenath Parker!" cried Drusilla.

"Its mother died this mornin'," said Asenath. "There ain't nobody ter say yes, high, or no about it. Mis' Square Brown hez promised a quart o' milk a day fur him 'tel he kin eat wut we du. An' he's goin' ter call you Aunt Ann an' me jest Asenath. An' that's all there is about it."

"But, Asenath," murmured Drusilla, "w'en we ain't got enough ourselves—"

"The birds o' the air 'll pervide. I guess he's ez much consequence as a sparrer. "Tany rate, here he is, Drusy," said Asenath, with gentle decision.

With which Drusy began to cry. "I declar'," she said, "it don't seem exac'ly—respectable. Three single women—an' a baby in the house—"

"Lureny made the nighties—he's got three," said Asenath, taking no notice of the tears—"an' two pin-blankets. An' there's one o' my flannel petticoats w'en he's bigger. An' Mis' Square Brown 'll save her boy's things to make over fur him, an' glad ter do it, w'en Billy's growed out uv 'em."

"I s'pose he'd a' hed ter go on the town, said Ann Eliza.

"There ain't ben no talk of Jesse's a-goin' on the town," said Asenath, with dignity. "His mother giv' him to me afore she died. No talk at all. You hold him, Aunt Ann, w'ile I warm some milk He sucks it down like a little pig a'ready."

And as the diviner's rod finds the hidden water streams, so the touch of that little morsel of humanity stirred the fountains of Ann Eliza's heart.

"Folks 'll talk so," whispered Drusilla.

"What in the land 'll they say?" asked Ann Eliza. "This child was Lureny Miner's. An' now it's mine. I've tuk and adopted it. An' ef they git anything ter say outen that they may. Its mother was a pleasant little creature. I didn't bear her any grudge thet she got Jesse away from Asenath. She did a good day's work for Asenath."

"Waal—w'en he's growed there'll be a man in the house," said Drusilla, reaching a hand to catch the "far-off interest of tears," with a wistful light on her face. "I du hope he'll live to grow up. Does he favor Jesse any? Lemme look. W'y, Ann Eliza, he's jest ez perfec' ez a doll! Thet his foot? Jest see—that toe—an' the little pink nail—this little pig goes to market—it wa'n't no harm my doin' thet, Ann Eliza? My' ain't he pink! An' them eyelids—they're like wax-work—how long afore they open 'em? Oh, Ann Eliza! he's openin' 'em now! They're like little blue beads—oh, see him wink! W'y, Ann Eliza, I seem ter love him a'ready!"

"I thought you would," said Ann Eliza, grimly, and making haste to cover him up.

"But he's the livin' image o' Lureny."

"Lureny's an angel in heaven," said Asenath, coming back with the milk. "An' ef he's the image uv an angel in heaven, he's all right!" And when alone in bed, with the baby on her arm, in the middle of the night, Asenath felt that even in this world there is a balm for every hurt.

(Concluded in our next.)

—For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for over 40 years.

—Our life is but the childhood of our eternity, the school days preparatory for the immortal years beyond.

—Pimples, boils and other humors of the blood are liable to break out in the warm weather. Prevent it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—Don't say the world is growing worse when you are doing nothing to make it better.

—Headache, costiveness, and piles are thoroughly cured by a judicious use of Ayer's Pills.

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(WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR.)

The Study of Law.

The simple mention of this name alone scares many who in every respect are made, who in every detail are cut out to be lawyers. Some say it is too hard, others complain of its dryness. They all are mistaken. The finest novel, the most romantic development of facts in the best written books are far less poetical than the reading and understanding of the evolution of common law from olden times, when society, manners, customs and inclinations were different, until the firmly founded records have proved that the progress of law has been grand and worthy of the attention, be it but momentary, of the highest and well able to be comprehended by the least educated.

Law should be a pleasure, not a task. If it is a task, a hardship to you, I advise you to give it up, you will never succeed. Like musicians, lawyers are born, not made. I mean of course by this, good honest lawyers, who are the honor of the profession and who by their actions, by their legal steps in cases show that they do not belong to the class of lawyers termed "shyster lawyers," but to those whose majesty of character are capacity and integrity.

Law is of utility to all. Who do not need its aid? Merchants have always needed the protection of it to such an extent that a special department of the study of law is devoted to them. Every business man needs its help and gladly goes to it for counsel. Real estate owners, corporations, agents and every business firm honors its name. Would it not be wise to make the study of law one of the parts of a liberal education? It certainly is just as good a mind-trainer as the study of dead languages.

It would be easier to all those interested in law to get a clearly-written text-book and after reading the essential steps in the growth of law, and after getting the idea of the whole important study, then to [illegible] sion with an earnest step, [illegible] not a lazy one—but a fi[illegible] meaning to conquer. High[illegible] well and noble. Study for [illegible] come one. But do not stop [illegible] and become a renowned law[illegible] all will look up and respect. [illegible] read before going into a two y[illegible] College would be: "Williams [illegible] perty" and "Blackstone." W[illegible] lege, Mechanics' Liens, Lunacy P[illegible] Obtaining of Patents, Foreclosures [illegible] gages, Ejectment Partition and man[illegible] books would be very valuable to all.

Sir Fredrick Pollock says: "The stu[illegible] the law is not in itself more difficul[illegible] the study of anything else that is wo[illegible] ing seriously; and there is no reas[illegible] ever why it should be dull."

Before concluding this very short [illegible] on the study of law, I would remark [illegible] once heard of a foolish person asking, "Can a lawyer be honest?" I thought at the time how silly that person must have been. To-day I see in "The Law Students' Helper" an article to the same effect and such a person is spoken of as follows:—

"No man of sense who has read the biographies of Hale, of Marshall, of Choate, and thousands of other legal luminaries, can ask such a foolish question."

There are dishonest lawyers. Dishonest men exist everywhere. The studies of medicine, ecclesiastical sciences and all orders are filled with dishonest pursuants, but these are only exceptions.

The young lawyer must never lose hope. He must protect the innocent, protect those accused without justification; he must protect all women, he must uphold the right and shame the wrong; he must love honesty and finally be the terror and hater of deceit.

LOUIS V. EBERT.

Nova Scotia Carpenters.

At Boston Wednesday evening the commissioners on the unemployed met to collect information for their report. The Newton men who opened the inquiry were A. S. Little and F. H. Jordan. The former complained of Nova Scotia carpenters who went to Newton and stayed there as long as they could get decent wages. Then, Mr. Little said, they went home. Newton carpenters had also suffered through machinery.

The testimony of Mr. Jordan was of the same character. Newton usually had about two hundred and twenty five carpenters. Now she has from 75 to 100, and of these he said seven-tenths were from the provinces.

The Bluenose carpenters received another raking from a Bostonian, G. G. Childs, who used to be a delegate from the Carpenters' district council. Mr. Childs said that on every boat from the provinces there were in his time from seven to twenty-one Bluenose carpenters. They were non consumers, but great producers, he thought, and to this fact he attributed the detriment from which the carpenters were suffering. He pictured the case in language of more or less poetic tendencies. "They came in the spring," said he; "and just as soon as the woodcock takes its flight they take theirs." The Nova Scotians got into the sub contract business, also, to the detriment of native carpenters. There were instances in which they were known to have cut wages. He said that from two-thirds to three-forths of the carpenters were out of work last winter. He thought that in the coming winter they would all be idle.

Daniel Lynch, president of the House Painters' assembly, stated that his trade was in fairly good condition. He knew of bosses who had refused to cut wages. As to the Nova Scotians, he thought that they were needed.

Jeremiah J. Donovan, metal worker, thought there should be some restriction placed on the immigration of Nova Scotians.

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Earnest Prayer.

An old Covenanter who ruled his household with a rod of iron is said to have prayed in all sincerity at family worship: "O Lord, hae a care o' Rob for he is on the great deep, an' thou holdest it in the hollow o' thy hand. And hae a care o' Jamie, for he has gone to fight the enemies o' his country, an' the outcome of the battle is wi' thee. But ye needna fash yersel' wi' wee Willie, for I hae him here, an' I'm cawpable o' lookin' after him myself."

—Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil still retains and justifies the good opinion of the best medical practitioners. Its virtues are attested by thousands of its patrons everywhere.

—Heaven smiles with love and admiration on those who seek to cheer the desponding heart, or lighten by act, or word, or look, the burden borne by the weary soul.

—Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sores or Ulcers. Skin Diseases, Boils, Blotches and all Blood Humors cannot resist its healing powers.

—Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.

—Scrofula cannot resist the purifying powers of Ay