Salesmen Wanted!

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

465 Acres. the largest in Canada. 465 Acres.

Head Office, Toronto, Ont.; Branch, Montreal.

Hardy Canadian We want agents to sell our **NURSERY STOCK**

Steady employment at fixed salaries. MEN and WOMEN can have pleasant and profitable WORK THE YEAR ROUND. Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month, and expenses.

Send photo with application. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,

J. W. BEALL, Manager. Montreal, Canada.

Aug. 8th, '86 1y.

SCHOONER

Temple Bar,

Capt. Longmire.

THIS well known packet schooner will ply regularly between St. John and Bridgetown during the season.

The first trip will be made, if possible, either the 30th or 31st of this month. Freight rates reasonable. Apply on board to

CAPT. J. LONGMIRE.

LIME! LIME! Always in Stock. When vessel is not in port apply to Capt. Peter Nicholson.

Bridgetown, March 25th, 1888. tf

THE M. K. ELLIOTT

ELECTRIC BATTERY

IN A BOTTLE,

is not a Snuff, Liquid or Salve,

But a perfect Electric Battery, which forms a

Speedy Cure

—FOR—

Catarrh, Headache, Neuralgia, Asthma, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, etc.

A perfect Electric Battery in a Bottle. A cure guaranteed. Send for circulars.

Price, $1.00 per Bottle.

AGENTS WANTED. Apply to H. FRASER, Bridgetown, N. S.

Several marvelous cures already made in this town. Write for particulars. tf

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

New Goods,

—AT—

R. D. BEALS!

—Comprising—

DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY,

Ready Made Clothing,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS and SHOES,

Crockery ware,

SHELF HARDWARE,

Best Groceries.

TIN WARE, ETC.

EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.

Eggs for Goods or Cash.

Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange

Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

John Ervin,

Barrister and Attorney at Law,

OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING,

p3mpd BRIDGETOWN

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored!

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 4 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,

41 Ann St., New York.

Post Office Box, 450.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1888. NO. 28.

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. The information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it;

Make New Rich Blood!

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

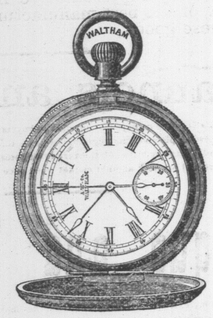
with Hose attached if required.

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.

Watches for the Million!

FROM

$7 to $500.



Waltham, Elgin, Columbus, & Springfield Watches,

In Gold, Gold Filled, Silver. and Nickel Cases.

ALL WARRANTED TO BE GOOD TIME KEEPERS.

J. E. Sancton.

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Bowlby, J. Haddon Balcom, and Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has, by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said deed lies at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Lawrencetown, this 31st day of August, 1888.

L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
Assignees.

NOTICE.—The above mills of Bowlby, Balcom & Co., will be run as usual until further notice.

L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
Assignees.

22tf

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of INGRAHAM C. BANKS, late of Meadowvale, in the County of Annapolis, yeoman, deceased, are 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

JANETTA S. BANKS,
Administratrix,
or HENRY MUNRO,
Administrator.

Meadowvale, Aug. 10th, 1888. 3m

To Loan!

Money on Real Estate Security.

J. G. H. PARKER,
Solicitor.

Bridgetown, Oct. 27th, '87. tf

RUBBER STAMP with your name in Fancy Type, 25 Visiting Cards, and INDIAN INK to mark Linen, only 25 cts. (stamps.) Book of 2000 styles free with each order. Agents Wanted. Big Pay. THALMAN MF'G CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.

Prove all things—Hold fast to the Best.

We have a full line of *The Best Groceries* to be found in the market.

Remember the Finest Goods hold the best trade.

A trial is requested of our

Teas and Coffees,

which are recognized to be the best in town.

SPICES!

We do not handle compounds — all our spices are ABSOLUTELY PURE. We warrant them in package or bulk.

CANNED GOODS.

Of all descriptions, viz:—Corned Beef, Peas, Tomatoes, Peaches, Pears, Pineapples, Salmon, Finnen Haddie, Corn, Lunch Tongue, Lobsters, and Oysters, all from the best packers. Remember we are determined to lead in the above goods.

Keiller's Marmalade, Jams, and Jellies, of all descriptions, and all other brands.

PICNIC PARTIES will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Sauces and *Ketchups* of all kinds.

In *PICKLES*, we have constantly on hand Capt. White's, Batty's, Nabob, E. Lazenby & Sons, and Morton's. Also pickles in bulk.

SYRUPS of all kinds from the best makers. Also the celebrated Monserrat Lime Fruit Juice.

FLOUR!

We have constantly on hand the "Crown of Gold," admitted to be the best family flour in the market, also other and cheaper grades. Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Feeding Flour and Shorts.

SUGARS!

Both Granulated and Refined, and best grades of MOLASSES constantly on hand.

A full line of

CROCKERYWARE

on hand and constantly arriving, which will be sold Low for Cash.

All our goods are first-class and are being sold as low as inferior grades. We strive not to match but to excel. NO FLIES.

OUR MOTTO:—

"Small Profits and Quick Returns."

SHAFNER & DIXON.

F. LAZARUS' IMPROVED SPECTACLES

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT

BY WEARING THE ONLY

FRANK LAZARUS

[Late of the Firm of Lazarus & Morris.]

Renowned Spectacles & Eye-Glasses

THESE Spectacles and Eye-Glasses have been used for the past 35 years and given in every instance unbounded satisfaction. They are *the best in the world*. They never tire, and last many years without change.

For sale by SAMUEL LEGG, Watch Maker and Jeweler, Bridgetown.

Frank Lazarus, manufacturer, 28 Maryland Road, Harrow Road, London, England, (Late Lazarus & Morris, Hartford, Conn.)

No connection with any other firm in the Dominion of Canada.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON REAL ESTATE.

Apply to the undersigned,

L. S. MORSE.

Bridgetown, August 7th, 1888. tf

—The Bangor *Commercial* tells this: A girl about 12 years old, visiting J. B. Chase in Dover, previous to retiring on Saturday night, stood in front of a dressing case to arrange her hair. Sunday morning it was discovered that a perfect picture, side view, of the lady was visible in the glass. The outlines were very distinct, and any one knowing her would recognize the picture. A large number of our citizens have visited the house, your correspondent among the rest. No explanation has thus far been given.

New Home Treatment for the Cure of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Ritcey's Cove, Nova Scotia, June 22, 1885.

GENTLEMEN—I am happy to say that the treatment which you sent me last February has effectually cured me of Catarrh. Mine was a case of long standing, and up to the present time I have been watching for dislodging remains of Catarrh, but none are manifest. You may use my name as a proof that your remedy cures Catharrin. I feel grateful for the removal of such a trouble.

Yours etc., (REV.) G. O. HUESTIS.

TWO YEARS LATER.

Mill Village, Queen's Co., N.S. Dec. 22, 1887.

GENTLEMEN—Allow me to say that after three years' trial I find no unpleasant odor in the nose or, fetid breath, which used to affect others in my company. No symptons of Catarrh remained after the second application of your remedy.

Wishing you success in doing good, I remain,

Yours sincerely (REV.) G. O. HUESTIS.

We send a pamphlet describing this new treatment on receipt of postage stamp.

A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King St. W. Toronto, Can

Poetry.

Song for Music.

Count the flashes in the surf,
Count the crystals in the snow,
Or the blades across the turf,
Or the dead that sleep below!
These ye may count—yet not know—
While I sleep or while I slumber—
Where my thoughts and wishes go,
What her name, and what their number.

Ask the cold and midnight sea,
Ask the silent-falling frost,
Ask the grasses on the lea,
Or the mad maid, passion crost!
They may tell of posies lost
To the waves where blossoms blow not,
Tell of hearts that staked and lost,
But of me and mine they know not.

—*Edmund Gosse.*

A Child's Time Table.

Sixty Seconds in a Minute;
Here's your task, so now begin it.

Sixty Minutes in an Hour;
Do your work with all your power.

Twelve good Hours in every Day;
Time for work and time for play.

Twenty-four for Day and Night;
Some for darkness, some for light.

Every Week of Days has Seven;
All are good, since all from Heaven.

Yet the First, the Day of Rest,
Ever must we count the best.

Lunar Months of Weeks have Four;
Calendar, a few days more.

Twelve new Months in every Year;
Each in turn is coming near.

Winter, Summer, Autumn, Spring,
All their pleasant changes ring.

Century!—a Hundred Years;
Leave with Heaven its hopes and fears.

While in Time our acts are wrought,
Be Eternity our thought.

—*E. B. Rickards.*

Select Literature.

Returned Fourfold.

BY CARL BRICKETT.

'Be off, you little scoundrel! Do you think I've nothing else to do than to attend to the likes of you?' Such were the angry words that came to me as I opened the door of Mr. Beyer's music store.

Before the counter clasping a battered violin in his arms, was the handsomest boy I ever laid my eyes upon, although just now his face was flushed and his black eyes flamed with indignation.

'I'm no scoundrel, or beggar either! I have money to pay you,'

Suddenly the angry tone faltered, and turning away, with a childish gesture the little fellow drew the back of his brown hand over his eyes to hide the rising tears.

My interest and pity were aroused, and stepping forward, I laid my hand on his shoulder.

'What is it, my lad? Can I help you in any way? What did he want in here?' I asked, turning to Mr. Beyer.

'He wanted me to mend his old fiddle there, as if I had time to waste on such trash.'

I took the instrument from the boy and laid it on the counter.

'Here, Mr. Beyer, be so kind as to put a new string in this, and while you are doing it let us see what music the lad can bring out of that violin there.'

The irascible little German forgot his wrath in his surprise.

'That violin! that! that's worth a year's rent of the store, together with all that's in it.'

The lad's face fairly glowed with excitement.

'That is a Straduarius. Oh, sir, I will not harm it. I have played on one before.'

Mr. Beyer's eyes opened wide, and I must say my own did too. He lifted the violin from its case and gave it to the boy without further opposition. Gently and hesitatingly at first, the bow vibrated over the strings, then gathering courage and lifting his eyes as though in ecstacy, the boy played like one inspired.

It was marvellous to see such skill in one so young—he could have been but ten years old at the most. And what he told me of the cruel 'padre' for whom he now worked, as, the string mended, and the store left, we walked along together, and I asked him if the padre taught him to play, he said:

'Oh, no, it was my father in my own home. It was he who had the Straduarius; he taught me to know one by its shape.'

I had a clew to the enigma now. It was another case of that most dastardly—of all crimes—child-kidnapping.

'Where was your own home?' I asked.

A frightened look sprang into the boy's face.

'I dare not tell you, sir. Oh, if the padre knew what I have already said, he would kill me—he has told me so. I must go, sir;' and he darted away before I could endeavor to detain him.

When I reached home I related the occurrence to my sister. Late that afternoon, as we sat at dinner, I heard a strain of sweet music without. I recognized at once the same Italian air I had heard played in Mr. Beyer's store.

Going to the window and drawing aside the curtain, I looked out, and there saw upon the pavement before the house the little foreign lad. Calling James, I told him to ask the boy in.

'Indeed, sir, that's what he's been trying to get this last ten minutes. He's rung the bell twice and been to the kitchen door besides.'

The boy presently appeared. The reason of his coming was soon explained. There was a plot formed to enter and rob my sister's house at twelve o'clock that night. The boy had overheard it all, and having been sent upon an errand, had taken the opportunity to bring me the warning.

'I knew you lived here, for I have seen you go in and out,' he said, in his rapid broken English; and even if I knew they would find me out and kill me, I should do just the same. Antoine never forgets kindness.'

'Go back with all haste,' I said to him. 'As they think you know nothing of their plans, you will be safe from suspicion. Only be sure and hasten. When morning dawns come at once to me.'

A few hours later found my sister safe for the night at a friend's house, and a band of three policemen, with myself awaited the hour of twelve. It came and with it the arrivals. We fell upon them, and almost ere they could realize what was happening, they found themselves bound and secured—our prisoners.

The elder of the two, from Antoine's description, I knew must be the one he called 'the padre.'

My business was with him.

'Tell me all you know about the boy called Antoine,' I said, 'and I will promise not to appear against you.'

Thus adjured, he gave me the desired information. He had stolen the boy, attracted by his beauty, four years before from his home in Rome—so he said, describing the house and street minutely at my request.

Early the following morning little Antoine came, as I had told him, and from that moment until the ensuing week when he embarked with me upon an out-going steamer, I did not allow him out of my sight. I had resolved to seek without delay and relieve the anguish of the parents, who, four long years before, had been so cruelly bereft of the child of their affections.

But to my chagrin and dismay, and Antoine's keen disappointment on reaching the place whither the Italian had directed me as Antoine's former home, I found that I had been deceived. No such family had ever lived there.

With the approach of warm weather we left Italy for Paris.

There my fate came to me.

I had been there about a fortnight when I received from one of my country-women a former intimate acquaintance who had married a French gentleman of rank, an invitation to an entertainment which was to be held at her house for the benefit of a noted charity.

It was couched in these complimentary terms:

'I have a lively recollection of your ability as a pianist, and hearing of your arrival in the city I have ventured to write and ask you if you will help us with your skill as well as favor us with your desirable society. There will be no professionals, only a few personal friends who have generously proffered their services for 'sweet charity's sake.''

I consented, of course, and took little Antoine with me, delighted at having a grand opportunity of displaying his beloved Straduarius which I had purchased of Mr. Beyer and presented to him before our departure from New York.

My name came early upon the programme, and after rendering to the best of my powers one of List's melodious rhapsodies, I took my seat among the audience and disposed myself to enjoy what followed. Then it was that a face near me attracted my fascinated attention, and, without the least warning, Cupid discharged, with disastrous effect, one of the keenest arrows within the heart I had rashly deemed impregnable to such assaults. Such hair! Such a complexion! such eyes! and above all, such an expression of angelic purity and sweetness!

At length, fearing lest my prolonged gaze should attract attention and cause annoyance, I forced my eyes to turn in another direction, with the resolve, however, strong in my mind not to let the evening pass without an introduction.

Antoine's violin solo was now announced and I smiled to myself at the perfect ease and unconsciousness with which the little fellow stood before the elegant throng that greeted his appearance with plaudits that would have abashed an older person.

Suddenly a thrilling cry rang through the room. 'Antoine! It is my boy! Older, taller, but it is he! I would know that face anywhere! It is he—it must be!'

The bow just raised trembled in the air; then—

'Ma madre! Corinne!' Antoine exclaimed, as, dropping his violin—the beloved instrument he was wont to handle only with the tenderest care—he sprang from the low, extemporized stage to where, in her daughter's arms, the lady was weeping hysterically.

For a few moments all was intense excitement, for most present knew the story—which I myself learned a short while later of the sad-faced lady and her beautiful daughter.

It was indeed Antoine's widowed mother, the Countess de Riverie. Her husband had died a couple of years before; and the lovely being whose claims had inspired at first sight an undying passion within my breast, was the dear sister Corinne, whose namely I had frequently heard upon Antoine's lips.

Thus strangely, in that unforseen manner, did Fate re-unite the ties that cruel hands had so ruthlessly sundered.

All this which I have related occurred ten years ago, and Corinne has been my bride nine years.

Her mother and brother live with us and share our happiness. Antoine has amply fulfilled the promise of his boyhood, and besides that beauty of person and charm of manner that, wherever he goes win him friends, his wounderful talent has already caused him to be admired in the highest circles of the musical world.

And all this—the re-union of parent and son, of brother and sister, and last, if not to me least, my own present bliss—came from one simple act of kindness.

Truly, the recompense has been fourfold.

—The editor of the Summerside, P. E. I., Journal ought to make an impression if avoirdupois counts for anything on the island. He tips the scales at 300 lbs., and is only 36 years of age, and 5 ft. 7 in. in height. A gentleman who has just returned from Summerside says the editorial giant outweighed himself, wife and heir-apparent by two pounds.

A Severe Trial

Frances S. Smith, of Emedale, Muskoka, writes:—'I was troubled with vomiting for two years and I have vomited as often as five times a day. One bottle of Burdock Bitters completely cured me.'

(For the Monitor.)

From Liverpool to Valparaiso.

DEAR MR EDITOR:—Six months have passed away since bidding good-bye to friends and native land, and the appearance in the Casilla of this far away city of a MONITOR has reminded me that perhaps a letter might fulfil a promise made to you, Mr. Editor, so long ago as the 1st of the present year. Little is known of this country at home, because little is written on it, and little is done in a business way with the Southern Hemisphere by the North Americans. This letter, however, will be more on the voyage out than of Chili.

The writer had the privilege, if it could be so-called, of crossing the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool, Eng., in the S. S. "Etruria," one of the finest boats afloat, magnificent in proportions, in accommodations, and in speed, equalled only by her sister ship the "Umbria." These two "ocean couriers" have made the distance from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 6 days and 2 hours, faster than the average of W. & A. R. trains. The "Etruria" is 560 feet length, I was told, and burns from 450 to 500 tons of coal a day.

Passing over any remarks I could make on steamer, on Atlantic voyage, on Liverpool, London or Edinburgh, let me proceed at once to a short description of voyage out to the west coast of S. A.

On the afternoon of a dull and cold day, about the 25th of January last, the writer, with thoughts in harmony with the weather, was standing on the deck of the S. S. Magellan, of the P. S. N. Co., gloomily watching the embarkation of passengers, preparatory to weighing anchor and starting on our long voyage. Soon we are off and passing down the Mersey with others steamers bound for different parts of the world—over the bar in a short time we find ourselves experiencing the delightful motion of a long Atlantic roll. Two days sail brought us to the river Gironne, in France, and up this river we went for passengers and mail, as far as Pauillac, to connect with the company's boat from Bordeaux. The German, Russian and French mails for South America are taken on at Bordeaux. Here we had a glance at France, about as one could see the Annapolis Valley at home by sailing up our winding river, and leaving out the mountains not unlike it, low and fertile country, a swift and muddy river, instead of apple trees, vineyards of low grape vines. The French workmen with their jaunty red caps and many colored coats were a novelty, as they carried the large packages of Bordeaux wine on board and laid it down in the saloon previous to its being put in the ship's stores. With the addition of several first class passengers we weighed anchor once more and steamed away down the river, leaving so-called sunny France after just a peek at its country life.

Our next call was at Corunna, in Spain, a dreary, bleak looking town, built in the form of a half moon, surrounded by rugged, rocky hills, boasting of a railroad, and of an old-fashioned stone fortress. Here, under an old stone rampart or wall near the sea, rest the remains of Sir John Moore, and at this spot we passengers of British sympathies looked with interest. Here we took on board over 250 steerage passengers, and to our list of nationalities which already comprised German, French, Brazilian and Oniieno, we added Spanish and Italian. We also visited Vigo, in Spain, a most picturesque town, having a magnificent bay, almost circular, with a very narrow entrance, surrounded by vine-clad hills. The bright blue of the sky and water here, attract a northerner's attention, and the bay smooth as a pond, covered with crowds of boats with their triangular sails was very pretty. From Vigo we go on to Lisbon on the river Tagus, and spending a whole day here, gave the passengers a good opportunity of exploring the city, if you can so speak. We passengers went in company—walked the streets—visited the public buildings of note—went into the shops to buy things we did not want, expecting the shop-keepers to understand English—rode on the mule-drawn horse-cars—laughed at the Portuguese dude with his curled mustache, and long-pointed shoes, similar to the one history says the gallants of the middle age wore—wondered at the strange sights and sounds, all so different from our well-known English city. Standing in a shop door while one of our stalwart band was in his attempt to make the shopkeeper understand dumb signs, (he was illustrating the art of fishing, wishing fish-hooks) becoming hot and exasperated, I had a chance to watch the traffic of a busy thoroughfare in the heart of the capital of Portugal. The streets were narrow and paved with stone, crowded with pedestrians and with vehicles of all descriptions, with people poor and rich, black and white, and every shade between these two extremes, tall and short, jostling one another in their attempts to keep to the narrow side walk. How damaging to one's conceit; here were a people who cared nothing about English, and stared at one, plainly signifying by look, "You are a foreigner." Our tongue here was plainly at a discount. The fish-girl, with her bright colored dress, the heavy basket of fish balanced so nicely on her head, was an interesting figure, as in bare feet and short dress she walked along calling out in musical voice her goods for sale.

From Lisbon we sail for St. Vincent, passing on the way through the Canary Isles, bearing a splendid view of the far-famed peak of Teneriffe, which can be seen out at sea 190 miles on a clear day, its snowy top rising a lonely sentinel in the midst of the wide waste of waters. Every available spot of the island seemed to be covered with grape vines, even for some distance up the steep mountain side.

We coaled at St. Vincent, a great rock with a good harbor and a terrible hot climate, with hardly a vestige of vegetation even though the officers of the ship told us we must take umbrellas on shore with us to prevent the monkeys firing cocoanuts at us from the tall palm trees. The island belongs to Portugal and only Portuguese is spoken. The town is nothing more than a collection of great coal sheds and the houses of the workmen, with a few shops. Even here the English family of the place had brought their game of "tennis" and had a nice lawn. The inhabitants are nearly all descendants of the old slaves, and from what one has read of Africa, this town, though partially civilized as evidenced by the *beer shops*, could not be unlike coast towns of the neighboring continent. Children are at a discount here, for one woman offered us her child, a bright little boy, for one penny, simply anxious to get rid of him. One thing we cannot forget, that is the wonderful swimming and diving powers of the boys who flocked around the steamer waiting for sixpenny pieces to be thrown overboard when the water would be lashed into foam by a dozen dusky forms struggling to secure the same piece of glittering coin. They would dive under the bottom of the ship for a shilling, and go to the bottom and bring up a large shell for two. The water being very clear we could see them fight for the coins, and it was a game of football under water, there being two sides, each side sharing the profits among the members of that side. The profits must have been considerable, judging from the amount that was thrown overboard.

(To be continued.)

—Owing to the cost of construction, transportation and breaking up, together with other expenses incidental thereto, Mr. Leary has instructed his agent to dispose of all materials on hand, as he does not intend to prosecute the rail business any further.

DENTISTRY!

A. J. McKenna, D.D.S.,

will be at

Annapolis from 1st to 9th, Middleton from 17th to 24th,

IN EACH AND EVERY MONTH.

All work guaranteed to be satisfactory. Teeth made, repaired and filled.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Fat Women, Attend.

WHAT YOU SHOULD WEAR AND WHAT IS TO BE AVOIDED.

Fleshy women are dressmakers' terrors, writes a female correspondent of the Denver *Republican*. Nearly all fashions are devised with slender women in view, and when applied to fat women, without the discrimination, make of them nightmares. One can drape a thin woman to give her the curves and dimpled lines of a developed form. But rare is the woman whoonce overcome the ponderosity of flesh. With broad-busked corsets and 16-boned waists, the same bodice which the slender woman wears, strained till it fits like episkin, is buttoned over the fat woman and makes her look fatter than she is. Not one woman of 200 pounds in four dozen knows how to bring out the dignity which is possible to such a figure. A fat woman in the usual plain, long habit bodice is always less well clothed than she ought to be; sometimes, if she draws her corset lacings too tight, an object which in plain English is disgusting.

Half the troubles of flesh arise from treating it in a way diametrically opposed to the right one. The fleshy woman, when she observes that her waist measure is growing larger, sets her foot down commonly as resolutely as she may against an undesirable progression. She buys the stiffest stays, warranted "unbreakable," in the market and when the modiste fits her, two attendants lay their hands on the rebellious flesh, and push and squeeze it together, until it makes great protuberances above and below, and a groaning, squeaking, machine-confined area between.

Now the fat woman makes a mistake when she discloses to a non-sympathetic world just how stout she has become. That is a little matter which is her own secret, and one which she should guard assiduously. The woman of perfect form is the only one who can afford, for esthetic reasons, to display her figure in the close-fitting polonaise or tasque. The woman whose figure is too full should treat it exactly as does she whose slenderness is too fragile—disguise it with long, rather loose, lines.

To come to details, the stout woman should shun the short waist or Josephine bodice as she would the plague. She should never yield to the seductions of a belt or girdle. She should never wear a basque or any garment which makes a break at the waist all the way round. The gown which gives her repose, dignity and almost grace is the gown which gives you her figure at one sweep, adding to her apparent height and taking the eye off her girth, making the proportions better. She wants the longest lines she can get and the most graceful curves. She should avoid anything which breaks up her attire into parts, leading the eye to study her in detail. She wants to be an imposing whole with a presence as attractive in its way as that of the smaller woman. The tea-gown is the first gown in years which showed her her opportunity. The tea-gown itself does not suit her, but it is very generally built on the model of a loose-fronted princess robe, and some modification of the princess gown is the stout woman's fit attire.

Are Your Pullets Laying?

This question is often asked at this season by persons keeping hens; and the answer is too often, "No!" and suppose they wont lay until eggs get cheap next spring, just my luck." It ought not to be your luck. Pullets hatched in April last should have commenced laying a month ago; while May and June hatches should be laying this month. It is not too late even now, to force the early pullets to laying in a few weeks. The late ones, even as late as July and August can be brought forward, so as to pay well, while eggs bring good prices. Strictly fresh, pullets eggs will probably retail as high as 50 to 60 cents per doz-n, in Boston and New York markets, before March 1st, 1889. Mrs. L. J. Wilson of Northboro, Mass., says:—"In past years, I have noticed when my pullets laid at all, they would lay a litter, and then, either want to set, or mope around for ten days, often for weeks doing no laying. Last fall and winter, there was no interruption of their laying The results were the best I ever saw in an experience of eighteen years. My thirty pullets were all just six months old, when they commenced laying. I never saw such return of eggs. In just eight weeks after they commenced to lay, the thirty pullets laid 1437 eggs; which I ascribed to the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder, to make hens lay." The new and enlarged edition of the Farmers' Poultry Guide contains much information upon the above subject. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., (the only manufacturers of Sheridan's Powder, to make hens lay) will send a Guide postpaid, to any address for 25 cents in stamps; or two 25 cent packs of Sheridan's Powder and the book for 60 cents, five packs $1. A large 2½ pound can of the Powder for $1.20 postpaid and the Guide free; six cans $5, express pre-paid. They will send a testimonial circular free to any one.

—Wichita, Kansas, possesses one of two evils—a lying newspaper correspondent or an unusually vigorous woman. When the husband Mrs. Mary Elmer failed to go home Wednesday night she surmised that he had been in a leading illegal liquor saloon. Arming herself with an axe she went to the place yesterday morning. She had told the dealer that if he sold her husband any more liquor she would break up his place. Finding the door locked she broke it down with the axe, broke open an inner door and drove the barkeeper from the house. In one of the rooms Mrs. Elmer found her husband drunk. This infuriated her still more, and she broke the glass in the barroom, all the windows and the furniture. When she had completely wrecked the place she gave the drunken husband a few sound cuffs, marched him home and administered a first-class flogging with a buggy whip.

THE TARIFF BILL.—*Washington*, Oct. 3.—The finance committee's substitute for the Mills tariff bill embodies an entire revision of the tariff schedules, and the administrative features, in the opinion of the majority of the committee ought not to be changed. According to the estimate made by the committee the bill provides for a total reduction of about $75,000,000 made up approximately as follows: Sugar, $27,759,000; free list, $6,500,000, tobacco, (internal revenue), $24,500,000; alcohol, in the arts, $7,000,000; other reductions in the customs, $8,000,000. The majority and minority reports will be submitted formally to-morrow, and will be then made public.

—I have been sick with liver and kidney disease which brought on night sweats and general debility for over two years, most of the time was confined to my bed. A doctor attended me, but failed to cure me. After a while I tried many patent medicines that are recommended for the above diseases which failed also. By advice I procured and took three bottles of Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier and it cured me. I now enjoy the best health I have enjoyed for twenty years.

MRS. S. D. MACOMBER.

Avondale, Hants Co., N. S.

—The grand master of the grand lodge of Freemasons of Canada, has ordered a donation from the grand lodge, of the sum of $200, to be forwaided to the grand lodge of Florida for the Masonic relief, and which is gotten up to assist those of the brethren suffering from the yellow fever scourge in that state.