Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1894. NO. 19.

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. Melanson'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.
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Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
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O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
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Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

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

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
esigns, 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.
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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. 42 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. 29ly

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 Liniment 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 EMULSION
...IS·THE·BEST· TAKE·NO·OTHER·

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, 1888. 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 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 printed 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.

A FRIEND
Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) *Register*, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."
For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take
AYER'S PILLS
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Every Dose Effective

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 which 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 Book 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

SPOTS AND BLEMISHES, CAUSED BY BAD BLOOD, CURED BY **B.B.B.**
DEAR SIRS,—I am thankful to B.B.B. because I am to-day a rong and well through its wonderful blood cleansing powers. I was troubled with scrofulous spots and blemishes all over my body and was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I took one bottle, with great benefit, and can positively say that before I had taken half of the second bottle I was
PERFECTLY CURED.
I am so pleased to be strong and healthy again by the use of B.B.B. and I can strongly recommend it to everybody. LORENZO PULISTON,
Sydney Mines, C.B.

ROOM PAPER!
CALL AND SEE THE FINE ASSORTMENT AT THE
CENTRAL BOOK STORE
TO BE SOLD VERY LOW.
SOME LINES AT COST.
Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

New Post Office Regulations.

Under the amendments to the post office act passed at the session of parliament just closed, postage will hereafter be imposed at the rate of one cent per pound on almanacs in sheets, chromos, lithographs, prints, or engravings issued by any newspaper specially and not as part of its regular engravings issued by any known office of publication in a regular series at intervals of not more than ten a month. This latter section refers specially to art engravings issued by different Canadian newspapers. Our government has to carry publications of this kind coming from the United States, it having been represented to the department that if the lowest rate of postage were imposed when mailed in Canada, the several classes of publications mentioned would probably be printed in the Dominion. Sir A. P. Caron promptly acceded to the representations of the different publishers and has fixed the lowest possible rates on their behalf. Another amendment of an important character made in the post office act, will allow newspaper publishers to enclose in their newspapers, not only accounts and receipts, which is permitted at present, but also printed circulars inviting subscriptions and printed envelopes addressed to such publishers. The concession is, of course, confined strictly to the documents mentioned.

—Skin Diseases are more or less occasioned by bad blood. B. B. B. cures the following Skin Diseases: Shingles, Erysipelas, Itching Rashes, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eruptions, Pimples and Blotches, by removing all impurities from the blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

—It is impossible to read without profiting by it.

—A happy fireside is better than a big bank account.

—No other medicine has equalled Hood's Sarsaparilla in the relief it gives in severe cases of dyspepsia, sick headache, etc.

—A heart full of love will make a life full of joy.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Poetry.

Baby Hands.

Fair beacon lights at dusky eve,
In cottage door and palace hall;
They beckon man from busy marts,
Those dimpled hands outstretched and small.

Herculean powers within them lie,
Wee finger tips with rosy palm;
One magic touch on cheek or brow
Will quell an angry rising storm.

Oftimes they vanish from our sight,
These darling hands more prized than gold;
Passive in death's chill hand they lie
Like frozen lilies pure and cold.

God says: "A little child shall lead,"
And clear-eyed faith discerns afar
Those gleaming hands at close of day
Are beckoning home through gates ajar.
—*Ellen Graham, in N. Y. Observer.*

A Song of Summer.

Happy fields of summer, all your airy grasses
Whispering and bowing when the west wind passes,—
Happy lark and nestling, hid beneath the mowing,
Root-sweet music in you to the white clouds growing!
Happy little children, skies are bright above you,
Trees bend down to kiss you, breeze and blossom love you;
And we bless you, playing in the field-paths mazy,
Swinging with the harebell, dancing with the daisy!
Happy fields of summer, touched with deeper beauty
As your tall grain ripens, tell the children duty
Is as sweet as pleasure;—tell them both are blended
In the best life-story, well begun and ended.

Select Literature.

Go-to-Meeting Bonnet.

BY ANGELINA W. WRAY.

The sewing society had met at 'Lizy Hancock's. The weather was a trifle chilly for September, so 'Lizy had made a fire in her new, shining black stove, and the older women gathered around it, putting their feet on the broad fender and rocking contentedly as they sewed. The younger members sat in groups of three or four, giggling and chattering or whispering now and then as some great secret occurred to them, while old Mrs. See, Liddy Ann Bagge and Mrs. Stebbins were cutting out work for the others.

"Well! I must say you *air* a worker, Mis' See, "Liddy Ann said, admiringly. "Law me! I kinder thought I was spry at cuttin' out an' plannin', but massy knows I ain't as spry as you be. Me an' Mis' Stebbins ain't nowheres 'long side of *you*.

"That's so," assented Mrs. Stebbins.

"Why, I ain't no great shakes at it," the old lady replied, though she evidently agreed with them after all. "Now, you orter hev seen Hitty Henderson when she worked. I tell you, her hands jest fairly flew. Why, Deacon Nahum Tucker, he that was grandfather to *our* Nahum Tucker, he came a-courtin' of her then, hevin' buried his first wife, an' he sez, sez he, "Hitty Henderson, I never see sich quick hands in all my life." I guess likely that's why he wanted to marry him."

"Did she?" asked Mrs. Stebbins, with interest.

"Law sakes, yes. It was afore your time, come to think of it but I kin remember how she worked an' worked *an'* worked, but never could work fast enough to suit him arter he once got her."

"Oh, just hear that, Mis' Stebbins," one of the girls cried mischievously. "Mebbe *our* deacon takes after his grand-daddy."

The brisk little widow smiled good-naturedly. She was round and dimpled, with snapping black eyes, rosy cheeks and pretty laughing ways that were at once the admiration and despair of the good deacon whose love affairs furnished amusement for all the village. The young men never tired of teasing him about his many rebuffs, and their elders wagged their heads wisely and refused to hazard any prediction in the matter.

The short afternoon soon darkened into night, and 'Lizy spread the table for tea, the others putting away their work, while a little murmur of excitement manifested itself as someone knocked at the door. It was the custom for the men to come to supper and escort their wives or sweethearts home afterwards, so the girls blushed and smiled till 'Lizy opened the door and ushered in the deacon and Mr. White, the country minister. A ripple of laughter rang through the air as the gallant deacon's eyes turned toward Mrs. Stebbins, who seemed unconscious of his presence. Others came in at intervals and the rooms were soon filled. After the meal was over, the busy farmers rose to go and the women hurried up-stairs to put on their hats and wraps. Ketury Holman had a new bonnet of which she was very proud. Caroline Cool, a plump, rosy girl of eighteen, saw it first and exclaimed:

"Oh, girls, just see Mis' Holman's new hat! Now, ain't it just lovely?"

"Well, I *do* think it's kinder purty," Mrs. Holman answered, holding hor head on one side so they could see its effect better.

"Amos, he wanted I should get it, seein' I'd wore my old one three years an' better, so I got cousin Mari' Thompson to get it in New York fur me."

Her listeners looked at their own hats with sudden distaste. All their glory paled before this glowing creation of gray with its stiff bunch of scarlet cherries in front. Even Widow Stebbin's best bonnet had not such a sprightly air, though the face that looked out from under it was far prettier than the prim visage of the older woman.

The deacon had but a silent companion on the way home. He was used to the widow's many moods, but silence had never before been one of them. His heart beat faster as the thought occurred to him that she might at last have been touched by his affection and was too much overcome by emotion to speak. Alas for his hopes! as he lingered at the gate, thinking of the best way to broach the subject, she said sharply:

"How'd you like Mis' Holman's new bunnit, Nahum?"

"Well, now, I vum, Hitty, I didn't look at Mis' Holman enough to see she *had* one. Good land! she ain't the one I'm a-thinking about."

"That's queer," said Hitty, with a twinkle in her eye. "Seems to me as ef—now, I wouldn't be sure—but seems as ef I remember your sayin' once that it was so strange that we allers think o' the same things. I guess likely we've quit that, ain't we? Well, good-night, Deacon Tucker, an' thanks for the pleasure of your company home," she added, flitting up the garden path and leaving the unhappy deacon to meditate sadly on the uncertainties of women.

"You're home middlin' airly," Hitty's sister-in-law said to her as she entered. "I s'pose likely that was the deacon with you?"

"Um, yes. He came along with me. Say, Mirandy, Mis' Holman's got a New York hat!"

"Good land! you don't say!"

"Yes, I do. An' it's jes as fine as a fiddle, an' Mis' Holman, she's prouder'n a peacock over it. I've been thinkin' of it all the way home, an' I've about made up my mind that I'll be extravygant too, for once. You know my best black bumbazine go-to-meetin' bunnit that I wore last to Melindy Reed's weddin'? Well, I'm a-goin' to send that to New York to-morry an' git it all pressed out an' made over and trimmed up kinder light an' stylish-like. I kalkilate at the rate Susan Jane Witters works that I kin hev it done for fifty cents or so, or mebbe as high as *two dollars*, ef it should be anything extry."

Mirandy stared with wide-open indignant eyes.

"Why, Mehitabel Stebbins! You don't mean to tell me you'd spend all that money on a bunnit that's all right now, only tain't quite as sinful fine as you'd like it?"

"Yes, I do mean it."

"Well! I only wish Ebenezer was alive to see it," said Ebenezer's sister righteously. "You allers did think too much of dress and sich. It was a dretful cross to him, poor man!"

But her words made no impression on the gay widow, who wrote a long letter of instructions the next morning to a fashionable milliner in New York, whose fame had reached even that country place, and consigned the beloved bonnet with many misgivings to the hands of the nearest expressman, while Mirandy, who had accompanied her, took occasion to point out the sinfulness of pride in all its details.

Then ensued a few days of pleasurable anticipation, followed by three weeks of gloomy despair. Nothing was heard from the milliner. Mirandy openly pronounced it a judgment on her sister-in-law and prophesied that the treasure would never return, and Hitty, though she stoutly asserted that nobody was likely to steal her "old black bumbazine," had nightly visions of thieves with the lost bonnet on their heads.

At last a type-written letter arrived and Hitty read it aloud:

"DEAR MADAME: We are in receipt of your letter of the 25th of September, containing a two-dollar bill and instructions in regard to a certain bonnet, which latter article has not been received. We return the money herewith, as we do not alter hats for small sums. Yours truly,
MADAME——, Per M. C."

"It's a jedgment," Mirandy said solemnly. "That Madame what's her name has kept your bunnit fur her own use. You've led her into temptation as well as yourself, Mehitabel Stebbins."

"Nonsense!" Mehitabel answered, feebly. "She says she ain't got it. But she's a wicked, wasteful critter, too, fur she says, 'small sums!' Small sums! Mirandy, that's what she calls two dollars."

A change came over the merry widow after her loss. Her rosy face grew paler and she seldom laughed. Deacon Tucker felt his hopes rise as he watched her.

One evening as they sat together in her stiff little parlor, he hitched his chair close to hers and asked, boldly:

"Air you feelin' happy, Hitty?"

"What's that to you?" asked the widow, mildly.

"It's a great deal, dear. Ef you'd only hev me fur your husband, I'd make you jest as chipper and happy as a bird, you poor, pretty little critter."

"Some birds ain't over happy," pouted Hitty.

"Well, we'd be. Now, don't you think you'd like it?"

"I don't know."

"Will you, Hitty?" dolefully.

"Will I what?"

"Will you hev me!"

"No."

"Well, that's plain enough, Hitty. You couldn't hev made it much plainer now, could you? They ain't many hes sich downright faculty with words. Now, down to meetin', I'd a heap sight ruther hear you git up and discourse than the domonie hisself, and he's got an amazin' flow of words, too."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"It's true. An' oh, Hitty, I believe we're jest cut out fur each other. We allers think alike, now don't we!"

"Not allers. Don't you remember Mis' Holman's new hat?"

Unlucky allusion! It brought the memory of her woes too near. Hitty buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud, while the puzzled deacon gazed at her in amazed distress.

"Why! whatever ails you dear?"

"Oh, nothin'."

"Somethin' does," said Nahum, soberly. "You air changed dretful in the last few weeks. I believe, Hitty, I do truly believe that you *do* keer fur me, an' air a-tryin' to keep it to yourself."

Silence reigned for a moment.

"You air lonesome, ain't you, Hitty?"

"Yes, I am l-l-lonesome."

"I knowed it. You see, you ain't got nobody livin' with you except Mirandy——"

Hitty sobbed wrathfully. "Mirandy! a *saint* couldn't live with her, an' massy knows *I* ain't no saint an' never wanted to be."

The deacon sighed.

"Will you marry me, then, Mis' Stebbins!"

"I—I'd be afraid to."

"Why, Hitty!"

"I *would*. Somebody was a-tellin' me t'other day jest how your grandfather treated your grandmother an' wore her all out airly a-workin' for him. An' you know you favor your grandfather in *looks*——"

"It's that meddlesome old Mis' See's been a-talkin' to you," Nahum cried, indignantly. "She allers tells all she knows and more, too. I wisht' she'd mind her own affairs an' let me boss mine. Well, I dunno how grandpop used her, but the old lady lived to be ninety-five an' they was plenty o' power in her hands when she useter spank me an' Jo, so I don't kalkilate she was wore out very airly. I guess I'd treat you square, Hitty. I've seen you lookin' lonesome fur a good long while now, an' I thinks to myself, thinks I, ef I ask her now, mabbe she'll take me."

"'Twa'n' t-t-that."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"It's—it's my best black bumbazine go-to-meetin' bunnit," sobbed Hitty, gloomily.

"Fur massy's sake! Whatever do you mean?"

And then the little widow, fairly won by his good-natured sympathy, told him the whole story, and Nahum listened, not daring to laugh.

"See here, Hitty," he said, at last, "how'd you like for me to go down to New York to this here milliner's an' talk to her myself. Mebbe she's got the bunnit by this time."

"Oh, Nahum, if you only would," exclaimed Hitty, gratefully.

"Ef I did an' brung back your bunnit, would you marry me?"

His listener hesitated and bent her head coquettishly. "I don't know, Nahum. Ef I was sure—— Well, ef I *hev* got to get married ag'in, which massy knows, I don't keer about, I'd a little ruther hev you than *some*. I don't know but I'll say yes, Nahum, of you bring that bunnit back all safe."

So it happened that the next day at noon, Deacon Tucker, who had often talked eloquently in meeting of the dangers of New York and the vanities of the female heart, found himself in the fashionable parlors of the famous milliner. Poor Nahum! he felt his courage falter as the lady in charge of one of the rooms turned towards him, and it was with difficulty that he managed to falter out:

"My name is Tucker—Deacon Tucker from Tuckerton, an' I come down to see about Mehitabel Stebbin's best bunnit, which she sent here."

"Can you describe it?"

"It was black—black bumbazine," Nahum said, nervously. "She's feelin' so dretful low about it, bein' as it was her go-to-meetin' hat, you know."

"Can this be what you mean?" asked one of the girls who stood near, producing a battered bonnet in a crushed bandbox. "This came yesterday in the condition in which you see it, having been sent to the wrong place first."

Nahum surveyed it dubiously, glancing at the brilliant hats in the cases and windows near him. It was certainly Mehitabel's bonnet, though it looked, as he told himself, "as if it had gone through the war with Flanders." The good man was not a coward, but he did not exactly fancy the task of telling Hitty what had happened. An inspiration came into his mind. Why not buy one of the hats he saw and let her think it was own altered?

"What's the price of that little hat with the green feathers?" he inquired.

"Sixty dollars, sir."

The deacon nearly fainted.

"Sixty dollars fur that bit of cloth and feathers!" he gasped. "Ain't you got none cheaper?"

"Oh, certainly, though I assure you that is not at all dear. How do you like this for forty-five?"

She smiled as she spoke and tried it on. It was a bewitching combination of black lace and dark crimson poppies, under which her black hair and red cheeks looked prettier than ever.

The deacon groaned, but Hitty's face rose up before him and made him reckless.

"It seems downright wicked to buy it," he said slowly, "but you kin do it up for me. I reckon likely Mehitabel will like it. An' you kin keep t'other old hat."

"Will you have it sent?" the girl asked.

"No, I'll take it with me," he answered, and accordingly, as old Mrs. See sat at her sitting-room window that evening, she saw something that made her call to her daughter:

"Jerushy! Jerushy See! you come here an' look out! Ef there ain't Deacon Tucker a-goin' up the road with a ban'box under his arm! Fur the land sakes, where's he a-goin'?"

"He's a-goin' inter Widder Stebbins's," said Jerushy, in great excitement. "I'll bet they've got engaged arter all an' that's the weddin' hat. I'm a-goin' over the first thing to-morry to see."

The deacon knocked at the widow's door, and stood wondering at himself as he waited.

"I didn't know myself I keered such a powerful sight fur Hitty," he thought. "Forty-five dollars for a bunnit! Land alive! I believe I'm a-gettin' crazy! I'd never darst tell Hitty what it cost. She'd never believe it, nor nobody else. I vum, she ortn't to throw me over now, arter all this."

The next moment the door opened and Mrs. Stebbins, who had peeped from the window and assured herself of the safety of her bonnet, appeared, saying primly:

"Good evening, Deacon Tucker. Why! wherever did you come from? Oh, you've bought yourself a new hat?"

"Why, Hitty, it's your bunnit."

"My what! Oh, law me, you didn't really go to New York arter that poor old thing, now did you?"

The deacon grew scarlet with mortification.

"Tvum, Hitty, you'd pervoke a saint. Dumb it all then! ain't you glad I got it? Nobody'd think it was you a-settin' here a cryin' because you'd lost it."

"I was cryin' 'cause I was lonesome. Well, ef you *did* git it, let's see how she fixed it up."

Nahum solemnly unwrapped the treasure and held it up by one string in a manner that convulsed his hostess. But even Hitty could not repress an exclamation of delight as she tied the ribbons under her dimpled chin and smiled at Nahum.

"Massy sakes! it's finer than Mis' Holman's enough sight, ain't it? It don't look much like my old black bumbazine, does it? Law me, it beats all how they kin change 'em so. Do I look good in it, Deacon?"

"Oh, land sakes!" cried poor Nahum, divided between admiration and resentment. "You're as purty as a pictur' in it, Hitty, an' you know you air."

"How much did she ask?" Mehitabel said, her thrifty instincts asserting themselves.

"Oh, never mind," said Nahum. "Now, you needn't look at me that way, Hitty. She asked a plenty, but I paid fur it, seein' as I hed so much bother; an' you needn't worry none, fur I want it to be your weddin' present."

"Good land! why, Nahum Tucker, who be *I* a-goin' to marry.

"Why, *me*, you said," stammered the deacon, wildly.

"You?"

"Yes, you did, Mis' Stebbins, you know you did. You said ef I brought the bunnit back safe you'd marry me. But you needn't ef you don't want to, Mehitabel Stebbens. I've asked you an' asked you an' you, allers said, no' till last time. You won't never git nobody else as'll keer as much for you as me, but ef you don't want me, I'll do without you."

This was a surprise indeed. The worm had turned at last. Nahum stood with his hat in one hand and the other on the door knob, looking back angrily.

Hitty flushed prettily and smiled at him, while her dark eyes grew brighter and her cheeks rosier.

"Who said I didn't want you, Deacon Nahum Tucker? *I* didn't, I'm sure. They say they named this town Tuckerton 'cause they was so many Tuckers in it, an, I was a-thinkin' this mornin' as *mebbe* I'd make another.

"They ain't a-goin' to be no more mebbes," said tho deacon, decidedly.

"No, sir. They's a-goin' to be another Tucker." Hitty demurely. "An' *she's* a-goin' to wear this same bunnit to her weddin', ef so as you'd like that, Nahum."

—K. D. C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla never before equaled its present daily record of marvelous cures.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER
—AND—
SOLICITOR!
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
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A REMARKABLE CASE.
THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF WM. R. HALL, OF ALDERSHOT.
HE WAS THOUGHT TO BE AT DEATH'S DOOR, AND THE MEDICINES OF A CONTINENT HAD FAILED—A FINAL EFFORT TO REGAIN HEALTH WAS MADE, AND HE IS TO-DAY ALIVE, STRONG AND IN GOOD HEALTH.
(From the Hamilton Herald.)

One of the most attractive places in the county of Wentworth is the little village of Aldershot, situated on what is known as the Plains road, about five miles from the city of Hamilton. One of the best known residents of the village and surrounding country is Capt. Hall, who has represented the Township of East Flamboro in the Municipal Council for a number of years, and who, with his family, is held in the highest esteem by all who know them. Recently a reporter of the *Herald* visited the home of Captain Hall for the purpose of investigating a story to the effect that one of the captain's sons had been restored to health in a wonderful manner after having suffered since boyhood from apoplectic fits. On arriving at his destination, the reporter found the genial captain, his wife, daughter and three sons constituted the family. Of the three stalwart young men it was impossible to pick out the one who had for so many years been such a sufferer, but the captain settled all doubts by referring me to "Will." William R. Hall, more familiarly known as Will, presented the appearance of a hearty young man about 30 years of age. His story is briefly related as follows: He had been a sufferer from fits from his sixth birthday, a childish fright being supposed to have been the original cause. For years he would fall down anywhere without being in the least able to help himself, the doctors from Hamilton and various distant points were in vain called in attendance. Medicines were procured from numerous sources in Canada, the United States and even from England, without avail. The boy became so utterly helpless that seven years ago he was compelled to keep his bed, and until a year ago was completely helpless. The fits sometimes came on him so severely that he would suffer from as many as fifteen in one day, and at such times it was so difficult for him to get his breath, that his nurses had to wash him with liquor. At this time he was so low that the neighbors who dropped in to see him expected to hear of his death almost any moment. This continued until about a year ago, when the newspaper articles relating the wonderful cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills induced Mr. Hall to give them a trial, and to the great satisfaction of himself and his friends he began to mend not long after beginning their use, and in three or four months was sufficiently recovered to be able to go out of doors. He continued taking the pills, and for the past six months has been as strong and about as well as either of his brothers, and has attended to the stock and done his share of the work on his father's farm and fruit garden. Before Mr. Hall began taking the Pink Pills he was so thin and light that one of his brothers could carry him upstairs without the least difficulty, but he has since gained fifty pounds in weight. He has not taken any other medicine since he began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although a fit of a very mild nature occasionally comes on him now, he is so nearly cured that his father took great pleasure in giving the information here recorded. "It is over a month since I had a spell," said William as the reporter was leaving, "and even when I do have one now it is not nearly so hard as before I began to take the Pink Pills. The neighbors look surprised to see me drive over to Hamilton as I frequently do, for they all thought I would die long ago. I am pleased at the wonderful progress I have made, and am very glad my experience is to be published, as it may be of value to some one else."

Every statement in this article may be verified by a visit to the home of Captain Hall, ex-councillor of East Flamboro, who has resided on the Plains road for the past eighteen years and whose word is as good as his bond among those who knew him. The reporter also had a conversation with several of Captain Hall's neighbors and the story of William Hall's recovery was verified to his full satisfaction.

Such well verified cases as the above prove the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the treatment of all diseases of the nervous system, and stamp the remedy as unique in the annals of medicine. St. Vitus' dance, locomoter ataxia, partial paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, chronic erysipelas, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a depraved condition of the blood, speedily yielding to a treatment with the great medicine. By restoring the blood to a healthy condition, and rebuilding the nerves they speedily drive out disease and leave the patient in the enjoyment of vigorous health. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to women, and soon bring the rosy glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in troubles arising from overwork, mental worry or excesses of any nature.

The public are cautioned against imitations and substitutes said to be "just as good." These are only offered by some unscrupulous dealers because there is a larger profit for them in the imitation. There is no other remedy can successfully take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who are in need of a medicine should insist upon getting the genuine, which are always put up in boxes bearing the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, they will be sent post-paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or $2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

—I have not forgotton that there are those who, in their struggle for mere existance, never really lived at all. God pity them! What compensations are in store for them in the eternal life I know not; I believe they will have them. I am writing of the great middle class, who if they would, might be much happier than they are, and gather more of culture and brightness into their lives if they would take it as seasoning no daily bread, as a daily good.

How can I get rid
Of my tormenting corns; get rid of them without pain; get rid of them quickly and effectually, without possibility of return? The answer is, use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Cure, the great corn cure. Always sure, safe, and painless. Putnam's Extractor. Use it and no other. Frauds are in the market. Don't run the risk of ruining your feet with such caustic applications.

—A stingy soul is to be pitied for its littleness.

—Let the sinless throw! And the sinners went out, and she followed—to sin no more.

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