BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

SIRS,—I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. I a-sure you that it gives perfect satisfaction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1891. NO. 51.

Professional Cards.

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

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

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

CARD
W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDD ETON, - - N. S.
Office in A. BEALS' STORE.

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Dentistry a Specialty.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, . . N. S.

G. E. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.
House Residence for the present: MRS. AARON CHUTE'S.
Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 1y

THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

EXCELSIOR
8 Cents PACKAGE 8 Cents
DYES
ARE UNEQALLED
—FOR—
SIMPLICITY OF USE, BEAUTY OF COLORS, AND THE LARGE AMOUNT OF GOODS EACH DYE WILL COLOR.
EXCELSIOR PACKAGE DYES.
They are the best Dyes on the market, and give universal satisfaction. All who use them prefer them to any other Dyes, because they are cheaper and produce better results. PRICE 8 CENTS PER PACKAGE. Sold by all Dealers and Druggists throughout the Province, and wholesale by the firm.
Samples sent on application.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
C. HARRISON & Co.,
Cambridge, Kings Co., N. S.
N. B.—Correspondence solicited.
March 12th, 1890. 7m & tf

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.,
(LIMITED).
Commencing Monday, Oct. 6th,
THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO,"
R. H. FLEMING, Commander.
will sail from the Company's dock, Reed's Pt. St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same days, due at St. John about 7 p. m.
HOWARD D. TROOP,
Manager, St. John.
J. S. CARDER,
Agent, Annapolis. 9 4m

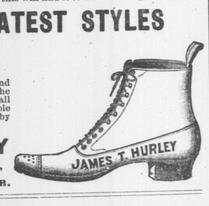
EXHAUSTED VITALITY.
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative 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.

Executor's Notice!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late GEO. REDGATE, of Margaretville, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render all accounts, duly attested to, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment within said time to
WILLIAM ROY,
Sole Executor.
Margaretville, Feb. 3rd, 1891. 44 13i.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
Established 1810.
—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—
Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.
AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.
It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure, its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.
ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.00. Express and duty prepaid to any port of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.
JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

BUY MY MAKE OF
Boots & Shoes
And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my
LATEST STYLES

which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.
JAMES T. HURLEY
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,
23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

W. H. BANNISTER,
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

A Beautiful Line of
SILVERWARE!
JUST RECEIVED.
J. E. SANCTON.

NOW IN STOCK!
At Wholesale or Retail,
the following choice brands of FLOUR:
50 bbls. "PEARL,"
25 bbls. "ACADIA,"
75 bbls. "WHITE DOVE,"
50 bbls. "FIVE ROSES,"
75 bbls. "ANCHOR,"
25 bbls. "MYRTLE,"
25 bbls. "FUSCHIA,"
30 bbls. "CLOVER,"
25 bbls. "A. B. C."
CORNMEAL:
200 bbls. KILN-DRIED CORNMEAL.
OATMEAL:
20 bbls SUPERIOR OATMEAL, Tilson's Standard Brand.
A few bags MIDDLINGS left in Stock.
Grocery and Provision Supplies constantly on hand.
Stock the best. Prices low as the lowest.
P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, Oct. 21st, 1890. 29 1y

Frank E. Vidito,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

Snug little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bunn, Toledo, Ohio. Nice cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. Address E. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!
As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda
is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures
CONSUMPTION,
SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

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. 29 1y

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of the late WILLIAM H. NIXON, deceased, of Nictaux Falls, transacted since September 1889, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within three months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make payment to
SAMUEL NIXON.
Nictaux Falls, Dec. 16th, 1890. 373m

Poetry.

The Cheerful Heart.

"The world is ever as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."

Thus spoke a grandma bent with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But Mabel took no heed that day
Of what she heard her grandma say.

Years after, when no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild.

Back to her heart the memory came
Of the quaint utterance of the dame:

"The world, dear child, is as we take it,
And life, be sure, is what we make it."

She cleared her brow, and smiling thought,
'Tis even as the good soul taught.

And half my woes, thus quickly cured,
The other half may be endured.

No more her heart its shadow wore;
She grew a little child once more.

A little child in love and trust,
She took the world (as we, too, must)

In happy mood; and lo, it grew
Bright and brighter to her view.

She made of life (as we, too, should)
A joy; and lo! all things were good

And fair to her, as in God's sight,
When first he said, "Let there be light."

Aspire.

Never cerse aspiring—
Long for something higher!
Greater good desiring,
Fill your heart ne'er tiring,
With a holy fire.

Cast off every fetter—
Keep each hope alive!
Make success your debtor!
Failure e'en is better
Than to never strive.

Though your great aim never
Here you may attain,
Constant be endeavor!
To aspire is ever
In itself a gain.

How Dick Held the Pass.

BY F. Y. BLACK.

Dick had been in mischief, and of course was now in trouble. He was staying with his father's sister at Fort W——, and had taken his little cousin on a fishing expedition. She had fallen in, and of course Dick was blamed. But his aunt was unusually harsh. The little girl was delicate, anyway, and a pet.

"Don't tell me, Dick," said her mother; "you could have saved her. She might have drowned. You must have behaved like a coward."

In all his life Dick had never before been called a coward. His whole face tingled now, as if a whip-lash had been sharply drawn across it. His father was a soldier and his uncle a soldier. He had been born in the army, and lived all his short life out West in a military Post. He had mingled alway with men, whose tales of "dare-and-do" had been sweet music to him. No little word in all the vocabulary of shame could have affected him so much as that his aunt had unheedingly spoken. "Coward?"

"Phwat's de matter wid you, Masther Dick?" the soldier on watch in the corral asked. Dick was friend with all the soldiers, and they had taught him many tricks with pistol and gun, but just now he did not feel fit to answer cheerfully. He said "nothin," and fed Poncho some bread from his pocket.

The Irish cavalryman had sometimes "felt mean himself, and knew just how it was."

"There's a murtherin' power of sage-hens down by the river," he said, as if to himself, and watched Dick prick up his ears eagerly.

"Fat as pigs they be, an' eatin' their heads off in the sunflower patches. Them sunflower seeds is pork and beans to a sage hen. Was you thinkin' of takin' a gun along, Masther Dick?"

Dick had not said anything about going anywhere, gun or no gun, but he was an eager young hunter, and the mention of sage-hens roused his sporting instinct.

He was too angry to go home, even for dinner, and the sage-hens would make him forget his wrongs for the time. And then the paymaster, his father, was to be in to pay the men off next morning. Why shouldn't Dick go and meet him, and come back with him?

So he didn't object when the soldier saddled Poncho, but took his gun from the sergeant's room, where he always kept it, and rode off.

Dick could ride—not merely sit astride a horse, and Poncho and he were so thoroughly in the confidence of each other that the boy's sturdy figure seemed the upper and controlling part of one creature.

The wind sang merrily past his ears, and the trail vanished like a flying ribbon beneath the pony's feet. Dick's eyes began to brighten and his face to glow. Soon he neared the bed of sunflowers, and he slackened his pace, dismounted, and drove his picket pin into the earth. Then, while Poncho grazed at ease, Dick crept up cautiously to the sunflowers.

"Whir-r-r!" Up rose the birds, and "crack! crack!" went both the boy's barrels. "Whir-r-r!" To the right of him this time. Quickly the cartridges were slipped in the chamber. "Crack! crack!" once more. It was pretty good sport, and three plump sage-hens were the result.

No wonder that Dick jumped eagerly on Poncho and rode farther down the river. No wonder that he forgot all about his dinner, and rode off the trail in search of further sport. And the father he went the more fun Poncho and he seemed to find, till the autumn day was dying and evening closed in, and the qualms of his inner man warned him he could not do without eating altogether.

Somehow, to get back is never as easy as to go away. For a mile or so Dick cantered gayly along, thinking only of the good game bag he had secured, and never doubting his course. But night came on before he knew it was so late, and the telegraph posts disappeared in the darkness, and all around was a black, lonely wilderness.

Then he stood still, and felt almost afraid. Without doubt he had got lost—and that, on the lonely prairie, is an unpleasant experience for any one.

He did not lose his presence of mind, though. He rode along carefuly, trying to judge his way by the stars, just appearing in the sky. And then he fired off his gun and shouted, and Poncho stood quite still, with his ears pricked up, and listened for the result. There was no result in the shape of any answering call. Dick heard nothing but the moan of the wind among the grasses of the prairie and the far-away cry of a flying coyote. Then he got desperate and dug his spurs into Poncho and rode off at a great pace in one direction, for, as he said, "it is bound to take me somewhere."

It did, for it led him to the course of a creek, and he followed its banks down in the direction of a river. But there were many ravines along the edges of the creek on both sides, and their depth of shadow and mysterious darkness had an overpowering attraction for Dick. He could not help peering up into their dismal width, and all at once, as he passed the mouth of a very deep and dark gulch, he halted Poncho sharply. Far up in the ravine he saw a light.

Now, Dick was used to the prairie. He had been born on it, and knew something of the manner of life of all the dwellers thereon. He was "partner" with the soldiers, and quite "chummy" with lots of cowboys, so he plunged straightway into the ravine, feeling glad at heart, and made for what he knew must be a camp-fire. And so it was.

They were cowboys, or said they were, but Dick was a little suprised that they should appear so alarmed at his sudden appearance. They were all stretched out at ease beside a big fire smoking their pipes, and their horses were picketed close at hand. But when Dick's pony clattered up they all jumped to their feet, and Dick's blood all turned to ice when he realized that about six revolver were pointed at his own innocent and bewildered head.

I suppose Dick's astonished face, as he halted in the light, made the men ashamed of their fear, for the six revolvers were lowered immediately, and one of the men, quite a young fellow, came up to Poncho with a laugh, and asked Dick to dismount.

They were a very wild-looking lot of men and Dick, though he prided himself on knowing everybody about, did not recognize one of them. Still there was a very nice smell of prairie chicken grilling over the fire, and Dick was hungry, and the fire looked warm and comfortable. It was but two or three minutes when he was beside the fire, and a tin plate full of chicken and fried potatoes and some jolly hot coffee were beside him. In a very short time the boy was chattering away in the most friendly manner, and telling them all about himself and his father. They listened very carefully. They even asked him questions, and made him talk more. Dick thought they were very nice fellows indeed, and asked them all to come up and see him at the post.

They gave him a very nice warm blanket when he had eaten so much chicken and drunk so much coffee he felt like going to sleep, and they promised to set him on his road home in the morning. Dick lay down with a sigh of content, not taking off his trousers, but just opening the top button, so as to allow the chicken a chance to digest, but he couldn't sleep. Mingling with the wind among the grasses and the murmur of the creek, the cowboys' voices, a few feet off, sounded in his ears, while the dying fire, glimmered and glowed, and cast all kinds of queer shadows on the rocks and bluffs about the ravine. And, after Dick had listened to their whispering talk for a few minutes, all idea of sleeping he abruptly threw out of horror stricken mind. The man who had been kindest to him, the one who had given him all the best parts of the chicken and shared his blankets, was calmly sayin:

"The kid, there, has given us it straight. He said his father, the paymaster, would pass through to-morrow to pay off the men. We can't do no better, boys. Are you all on it? It's three thousand, at least."

"But the soldiers are well armed," said another man.

"If there was an army of them, it couldn't keep us from doing it at Cottonwood bend. A sudden jump, and the money's ours. There's only room for the team to pass at the bend. If we take them sudden—"

Dick's horror was too great for him. He sat up in the blankets and stared at the cowboys. The kind man saw him at once.

"Well, I'm blowed," he said with a laugh; "I thought he was asleep, an' here's the kid a-listening to us."

"He's got to stay with us till the thing's over," said another man. "He's a smart kid, and we don't want to hurt him. We'll send him back to his folks when we're clear away."

Some time after that the man who had lent him the blanket came over and slipped in beside him. Dick shrunk from him in horror, but the man only laughed and told him not to be afraid.

"You see, my little gentleman," he said, "me and my parents is dead broke, and we're bound to have this money. It'll do us more good than the soldiers, and if your father, the paymaster, is wise he won't show fight. How many men will he have with him."

"Four, I think," said poor Dick.

"It wouldn't matter if he had twenty. If we catch him at the Bend they couldn't do anything much. But you won't come to any hurt, my boy, so cheer up."

Dick couldn't sleep, and he was astonished that those thieves could, with robbery and murder in their thoughts. One of the men sat up smoking beside the fire and seemed to be keeping watch, but Dick saw his head nod, and then the pipe tumbled out of his mouth, and he rolled over on his back and slept, too.

It was nearly midnight, and he knew his father was expected in the post early in the morning. He would probably pass through Cottonwood Bend shortly after daybreak. And the robbers knew that, too, for Dick had told them. He blamed himself severely now for chattering so much.

Poncho was grazing by himself. Dick saw him dimly by the red glow of the dying fire. As the boy watched him a big resolve was formed in his mind. He could not allow his father to be waylaid and robbed, and perhaps killed, and do nothing to prevent it. He looked round, and the six big, fierce-looking ruffians all seemed asleep. Their revolvers and guns were beside them, If one awoke and fired! Dick turned pale at the thought, but he bit his lips and crept as quietly as he could from under the blankets.

As he crawled out, his companion underneath the blankets turned over and muttered in his sleep. Dick paused in a cold perspiration, but the man did not awake. Inch by inch the boy crawled through the grass and past the fire, and past the sentry sleeping soundly on his post. Every foot of ground he made seemed a mile to him—every flickering shadow he thought must be a move by the robbers.

At last he reached Poncho, and the faithful pony pricked up his ears and whinnied. The dozing sentinel's head jumped up with a sudden jerk, and his sleepy eyes looked quickly into the shadows. Dick almost gave up hope, but the man seemed satisfied with one glance, and again his head dropped on his breast and he fell asleep.

He had learned from the men whereabouts the post lay, but he did not think of going back there now. He had something else to do. He knew very well that Cottonwood Bend was such a spot that a few men lying in ambush there could easily overpower the paymaster's escort coming unsuspectingly along the trail. Once a few Indians had massacred a troop of soldiers in that very place. Dick knew he must ride as hard as he could to meet his father and warn him before he got to the pass.

But riding at night over the prairie is not a good way to find the shortest road, and Dick had not gone far when he realized that once more he had lost his way. In great trouble of mind he wandered here and there for what seemed to him ages, until at last the grim gray light of dawn shed its ray in the east, and he looked round and saw the trail close beside him. Cottonwood Bend was about four miles away. He could just distinguish the glimmer of the river and the rocks and trees of the pass.

But something else he also got a glimpse of.

Figures on the trail behind him, perhaps half a mile off—figures of men, figures of horses, just emerging from the night. The boy's heart sank, for he felt, rather than saw, that it was the band of robbers, or "road agents." There was no chance to hide. The plain was too open. Dick dug his spurs into the startled Poncho's sides, and galloped down the trail toward the pass. His only chance was to get through it first, and meet the paymaster and set him on his guard.

As he galloped off a shout behind him told him he was seen and recognized, and one of the men tried a long shot at him to warn him to halt. But there was no halt for Dick now. He only urged Poncho the more. One or two shots more were fired at him, and then the firing ceased, but the boy thought that, even at that distance, he could hear the sound of the galloping hoofs above the rapid clatter of Poncho's strides.

Four miles away! The paymaster must be even now approaching the pass. He should be there soon after daybreak, and it was daybreak now.

Four miles away! And his pursuers were gaining on him. He felt that, for he knew poor Poncho could not begin to run against their fleet horses. The pony was doing his best, true—but four miles, three—two miles now! Would he ever—could he ever gain that pass? Another shot and a shout! How near they were getting. That bullet just shaved his head. Nearer, nearer still. The pass cannot be a mile away now. He had had a good start, but their horses were so much quicker than poor Poncho. He could hear and understand their cries now. They were shouting to stop as they were near enough to kill him. Dick never looked round. He only dug his spurs into the pony and flew. Now comes the pass at last. He is gaining a little on the ascent. "Crack! crack!" Two shots as he gains the summit. Poncho stumbled. Dick felt something sting his right leg. A step or two more and Poncho fell dead in a heap, and Dick rolled in the road. When he tried to stand his right leg gave way beneath him.

And the road agents only a few hundred yards away!

"One man could hold the place against an army!" the general had said, and the words sang in Dick's ears now. Poncho was killed. It was too late to warn his father. If the robbers once got into ambush here the paymaster and his money were lost. They must be getting near the pass. The sun was now well up in the sky.

"One man could hold the place against an army!"

Well, could a boy hold that narrow path till the escort came? At least he would try. Dick lay on his face, raised himself on his elbows, and aimed at the advancing gang.

When the smoke cleared away, in a moment, he saw that they had halted; and one of them lay on the ground, while his horse galloped off over the plain.

Dick's hand trembled as he slipped in another cartridge, took aim and fired. He felt sure he had missed, but no—one horse lay kicking on the ground, and his rider was as good as out of the fight.

The men paused. It was a narrow pass, and they could carry it with a rush, certainly. But in the rush, if that boy kept on firing, one or two of them must drop. For full ten minutes they drew back and talked it over. Ten minutes gained! Dick strained his ears for some sound of the escort approaching. A bullet whizzed by and flattened on a stone beside him. Dick crept behind the dead pony, and rested the barrel of his gun on the bulwark thus made.

Evidently the robbers were debating amongst themselves whether to charge him or not. Another five minutes gained, and every minute made the paymaster's safety more assured.

But suddenly one man left the rest, and came galloping along at a charge, waving a revolver, and shouting to scare the boy.

Dick fired at him and missed, and with a triumphant shout the robber came on, followed by the rest.

The boy gave up all for lost, but at that moment he heard distinctly behind him something that brought the blood back to his cheeks with a rush. From round the bend—the place of ambush—came the ringing command!

Right by twos! March! Gallop march!

The cavalry escort had heard the firing in the distance and were galloping up to see what it all meant.

The foremost robber was on him now. Dick staggered to his knees, and with all his strength threw his gun full at the man just as he levelled his revolver at him.

The gun struck the horse in the face and it shied. The bullet missed its mark and the road agent was thrown to the ground.

In another moment a few calvary men galloped up. There was a rush of horses' feet all about Dick's body, now lying motionless; a few shots from revolvers, and struggling and swearing, but Dick heard nothing. There was a stream of red blood running from his leg, and he had fainted.

When he came to himself again, he was lying in his own cot in his aunt's house, and his father and aunt and the doctor were beside him. His father, the paymaster, held his hand tight, and his voice shook a good deal as he said to the boy:

"Thank you, Dick. If they had caught us in that pass we would have had a poor show."

But Dick's aunt whispered in his ear as she knelt by his bed and her tears fell on his cheek:

"Will you forgive me, Dick, for calling you a coward?"—*Boston Globe.*

Cold Air On Tap.

HOT WEATHER TO LOSE ITS TERRORS AND REFRIGERATORS TO BE RELEGATED TO INNOCUOUS DESUETUDE.

The Philadelphia *Record* is authority for the statement that capitalists in that city are about preparing to serve cold air about the city as gas or water is served. It states that chilled air is now furnished from a certain manufactory to customers within a few blocks, and it is intended to nurse this little nucleus until a large and profitable system is hatched. It is proposed by laying the pipes deep and coating them with a non-conducting substance, to force cold air from the central factory into abbattoirs, market-houses, stores, and even private residences. In market-houses and stores it is expected that the proposed convenience will be particularly welcome, and in private residences it will be cordially received if, as is claimed, it will do away with refrigerators.

A gentleman, who, as the *Record* says, is perhaps a leader in the new enterprise, states that the cold air would be distributed just as gas is; that he had been securing patents and getting capital for the last few months, and that the company he is organizing will immediately put its plans into effect in Philadelphia, the home company reserving the rights for Pennsylvania and New Jersey. "People may laugh at us," this gentleman further remarked, "but before we are done they will be thanking us, and no house will have all modern conveniences without cold air. No more hot work-rooms, no more hot offices and sweltering toilers underground. Next summer it will be possible to advise: "Go turn the spigot and cool off." Customers will not be charged by metres, but the cost of using a cold-air spigot will be so much a month or quarter.

Samuel P. Sadtler, professor of industrial chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania, who has been considering the idea of manufacturing and distributing cold air in cities, thinks the scheme is not only feasible but also desirable. "The mechanical difficulties," remarked the professor when interviewed on the subject, "may seem great but they are not unsurmountable. Very nearly perfect non-conducting covers for pipes are now made near Philadelphia, and the manufacture of the cold air is unquestionably possible. Many refrigerators now used in private houses are a nuisance, and cold air would be a big improvement over them. It ought to be much less expensive, too, especially when ice is $10 a ton.

The expansion process, cooling air by rarefying it, is used exclusively on ocean steamships, and the machinery for this process has been brought to a very high degree of perfection. All chilled meats which are shipped from Australia and America to England are kept during the voyage in chambers cooled by expanded air. But I think the ammonia process is the best on land, where no danger arises of causing leaks at air-tight joints by the rocking of a ship."

Death in March Winds.

Poets and novelists go into ecstacies over what they romantically call "beautiful spring," and "gentle spring," and while, no doubt, every one is glad to see winter release its icy grasp, "beautiful spring" is after all, one of the most deadly seasons of the year. Sudden transitions from warmth to extreme cold, with piercing, chilling winds; from dry to sloppy, "muggy" weather, all combine to make the season a most trying one, even to the hardiest constitution, while to those with weak constitutions the season is one of positive danger. Undoubtedly the greatest danger at this season of the year is from cold in the head, which very few escape, and which if not promptly and thoroughly treated, developes into catarrh, with all its disagreeable and loathsome effects. Catarrh, neglected, almost as certainly developes into consumption, annually destroying thousands of lives. At this trying season no household should be without a bottle of Nasal Balm. In cases of cold in the head it gives almost instant relief and effects a speedy cure, thus preventing the development of catarrh. Where the latter disease has already secured a hold it is equally efficacious, and with persistent use will cure the worst case. From the outset it sweetens the breath, stops the nauseous droppings into the throat and lungs, dispels those dull headaches that afflict the sufferer from catarrh. Nasal Balm is not advertised as a cure-all—it is an honest remedy which never fails to cure cold in the head or catarrh when the directions are faithfully followed, and thousands throughout the country have reason to bless its discovery. Nasal Balm may be had from all dealers or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents, small, or $1, large size bottle) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

—Electricity having been used with success in India as an aid to the capture of elephants, a movement is on foot in that country to introduce "live wires" as a means of destroying snakes and predatory lions and tigers, which reptiles and beasts have been responsible for the death, on an average, of forty thousand Hindoos per annum. If this also proves successful, the chances are that Edison will be deified with a rank not much below Buddha.

—No douche or instrument is required to apply Nasal Balm. It is easy to use, pleasant and agreeable in its effects. Use nothing else for catarrh and cold in head. Sold by deBlois & Primrose.

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

A Lost Dog.

There are many touching sights in a great city, but none much more so than to watch a lost dog. At first there is a look of startled surprise on his face when he loses the scent, quickly followed by a grim sort of humor, as though pretending his bewilderment is but a joke. He circles round and round, and his face grows thin and his eyes almost human in their anxious pleading. He starts off in one direction, sure that he has found the trail. He is baffled, and turns back. He looks in the face of all who pass, as if questioning to know his way. He thinks he recognizes his master, and is off like a flash, only to return more anxious and eager than before. He gives himself no rest, but doubles and pursues and turns back until all hope is dead in his faithful canine breast, and he starts off with a long lope down the street. Then it is that some demoniac boy or some detestable man flings a stone at him or kicks him as he flies by, and the cry is raised: "Mad dog! Kill him!" So the great host of idlers in ambush, who wait the opportunity for mischief as bees await the blossom of the buckwheat, are turned loose upon his track and his doom is sealed. From a lost dog to a hunted and dead cur is an easy transition.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A prominent horse breeder speaking of the care and feed of horses says: The main thing is the cost of the food and the way in which it is fed. The stomach of a horse is small, with a capacity of four to six quarts. It cannot, then, contain a great amount of hay and grain and water at the same time. My plan is to offer my horses water the first thing. Then I give some hay and next the grain. I want the grain to follow the hay, so it will not be crowded out of the stomach. Horses often become very thirsty during the night, and the water is a good thing first. I go to the barn always about nine o'clock and see to my horses. This is a good plan, as often they may be found to be sick. The blankets and stable should be looked after. I feed wheat bran with oats, as it is better. More horses die from the effects of colic than otherwise, and this comes from irregular feeding and over-feeding. I have fed a team weighing 2,500 lbs. cut feed, rye straw, and the ration cost 30 cents a day. I feed now as a ration for one day, 14 lbs. of hay, 3 lbs. of oats, and 5 lbs. of wheat bran. This is given in three feeds, equally divided. It is a loss to feed an unbalanced ration. Do not give the horse too much water at a time, and only a swallow when warm. Use a horse where you can. He is made to work, and if well used it does not injure him.—*Massey's Illustrated.*

Everybody Knows

That at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months of close confinement in poorly ventilated stores workshops and tenements. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier ever produced. It is the only medicine of which "100 doses one dollar" is true.

—"I want you now to be very frank with me, and tell me my faults, and if you see anything adverse to my work, or myself, I am especially anxious to know about it." How often is such a remark made by one who is just beginning his career. It is a curious remark to make, and is received by him to whom it is made also cautiously; but how seldom is it that one avails himself of the right that is thus given, and also, how seldom it is that one who makes the remark would receive with grace and gratitude the suggestion of any criticism! A man said to me, "My old friend coming to work near me asked me to be free in telling him his faults and mistakes. After six months I had reason to believe he was drifting in a wrong direction. I ventured to indicate to him this tendency. The result was the same that occurred to the man who lent a friend money. He lost his money and his friend. I lost my friend and my advice was wasted."—*Chicago Advance.*

Consider This Fact.

The fact that rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood points to the remedy Burdock Blood Bitters, which removes *all* impurities from the blood, not only poisonous rheumatic humors, but even obstinate scrofulous and cancerous taints.

ONE HUMANE DRIVER.—One day during the winter a fine looking horse attached to a grocer's wagon fell down in the middle of a slippery pavement. The driver did not jump down and belabor the animal with a club, as most drivers would have done. He did alight from his wagon and loosen the harness upon the horse. Then he took from the wagon a lap robe and spread it upon the slippery pavement near the fallen horse's feet. The intelligent animal did not mistake the mute suggestion. He eyed the robe for a moment, then he edged around until his feet were upon it. With an effort he struggled to an upright position and then lifted his feet while the driver picked up the robe.

—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest specific of the age for the cure of blood diseases, suppressions, irregularities, female weakness, etc. Give them a trial. Never fail. Sold by deBlois & Primrose.

—One of the most celebrated restaurateurs in Germany has just passed through the bankruptcy court, and it was discovered that among the creditors was a knacker, to whom nearly $1,000 was owing for carcasses of horses and asses. The debtor was sharply interrogated respecting this item, and he ultimately confessed that his customers had unconsciously devoured all these thousands of carcasses, being there and then under the delusion that they were eating venison.

—A recent issue of the London *Times* contains Dr. Dawson Burns' usual annual statement of the national drink bill. According to it, the people of the United Kingdom spent for intoxicating liquors in 1890 the enormous sum of £139,495,470. In the period 1881-90 the expenditure on strong drink was £90,726,087 less than in the the previous decade, but the figures for last year are larger by £7,282,194 than those for 1889, larger than the annual average in 1871-80, and larger than those of any year since 1878. The average expenditure per family of five persons was £18 5s. Next month the House of Commons will be called upon to pass a local option bill.

"A stitch in time saves nine," and if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of future possible sickness.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.