BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.,
(LIMITED).

ON AND AFTER THE 2nd OF JUNE
THE S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO,
ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.
will leave the Company's wharf, Reed's Pt. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same day, due at St. John about 7 p.m.
HOWARD D. TROOP,
Manager, St. John.
J. S. CARDER,
9 4m Agent, Annapolis.

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS
THOMAS DEARNESS
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets,
Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite,
Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.
N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension
OF TIME
Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an
Extension of Time.
Puttner's Emulsion
OF COD LIVER OIL
WITH
Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda
may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases.
Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily, may have a long
EXTENSION OF TIME.
Try Puttner's Emulsion
BROWN BROS. & Co.,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS,
Halifax, N. S.

DR. FOWLER'S
EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC and CRAMPS
DIARRHŒA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

CHEAP
—: FOR :—
CASH !
FLOUR,
OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
CORMEAL,
GROCERIES,
STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,
Harnesses made to Order.
REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
N. H. PHINNEY.
Nov. 19th, 1888.

LOOK HERE FRIEND!
DO you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes a faint all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing?
If you suffer from any of these symptoms
USE SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS.
Prepared only by
FRANK SMITH,
Apothecary,
St, Stephen, N. B.
Price, 25 cents; five boxes, $1. If not kept by your local dealers, we will send a box by mail on receipt of price. 1y

THE BEST SEEDS are those put up by D. M. FERRY & CO. Who are the largest Seedsmen in the world.
D. M. Ferry & Co's Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced
SEED ANNUAL
for 1890 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every person using *Garden, Flower or Field Seeds* should send for it. Address
D. M. FERRY & CO.
WINDSOR, ONT.

Farm for Sale
THE subscriber offers for sale that very nicely situated property in MIDDLETON, County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, on the Post Road and in the immediate neighborhood of Railway Station, Telegraph Office, Post Office and Churches, consisting of about forty-five acres superior soil, a thriving young orchard of about one hundred and fifty Apple Trees of choice selected fruit, and conveniently divided into hay, tillage and pasture lands. Is well watered, has a commodious and thoroughly finished house, woodhouse, barn, stables, etc., in good repair. Terms easy.
JONATHAN WOODBURY.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

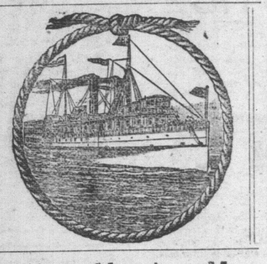
VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1890. NO. 20.

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

Parsons' Pills
These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.
One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 20 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 25 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."
Make New Rich Blood!

International S.S. Co.
OPENING OF THE DIRECT LINE.
FOR BOSTON,



DIRECT.
Commencing Monday, May 5th,
—THE FAVORITE SIDE-WHEEL STEAMER—
NEW BRUNSWICK
Having been thoroughly repaired, will leave ANNAPOLIS (calling at DIGBY every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, directly after the arrival of the Express Train from Halifax. Returning: Leave BOSTON MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings.
ST. JOHN LINE—CHANGE OF TIME.
Commencing MONDAY, May 5th, one of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN for BOSTON via EASTPORT and PORTLAND every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7.25 Eastern Standard Time.
August 16th and September 13th, inclusive, the "State of Maine" will leave St. John Saturdays at 6.25 p.m., for Boston, direct.
For further information apply to
F. Crosskill, Agent, W. & A. R., Bridgetown.
R. A. Carder, Agent, Annapolis.
OR ANY AGENT OF THE W. & A. RAILWAY.

LAWRENCETOWN
PUMP COMPANY,
(ESTABLISHED 1880.)
N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
THE CELEBRATED
Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,
—ALSO:—
FORCE PUMP,
with Hose attached if required.
We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

GINGER
ALE,
—MANUFACTURED FROM—
WILMOT SPA WATER
The Best and Most Wholesome Beverage that you can get.
July 2nd, 1890. 13 3m

They are light in touch.
Unrivalled in tone,
Handsome in appearance,
Unrivalled in durability,
AND NOT EXCELLED BY ANY PIANO MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION.
MILLER BROS.,
SOLE AGENTS,
MIDDLETON, N. S.

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

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

NEW
SPRING GOODS!
50 PIECES PRINT AND AMERICAN CAMBRIC;
FANCY DRESS GOODS IN ALL NEW STYLES;
BLACK HENRIETTA CLOTH;
LACE CURTAINS, CURTAIN POLES, CRETONS, MUSLIN, TABLE LINEN, SHEETING, ETC.;
HOSIERY, GLOVES, SILK, LINEN AND FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS, GENTS' SCARFS, COLLARS AND CUFFS;
TWEEDS IN OXFORD, CANADIAN AND ENGLISH;
CORSETS IN 25 DIFFERENT STYLES;
GLASS, CROCKERYWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES;
ROOM PAPERS IN CANADIAN AND AMERICAN PATTERNS.
Also a fine assortment of the
Best GROCERIES.
Please note that our Goods are new, and have been most carefully selected, and will be sold at a slight advance on cost. Give us a call and see that what we say is true.
To arrive this week, one car of Black P. E. ISLAND SEED OATS, double screened. Please leave your orders early.
C. H. SHAFFNER.
South Farmington, April 21st, 1890.

Halifax, June 9th, 1890.
LOOK AT THIS!
WATSON EATON & SON,
Our own Country Produce Agents.
WE are the oldest firm in the business in this City, and the only firm who confine themselves strictly to the handling and selling of our own country's production. All others are large importers of foreign productions. Being so, who are the most likely to give general satisfaction?
ASK YOURSELVES THE QUESTION.
Whenever you want to know prices current drop card of enquiry, naming articles, and we will answer at once. Consignments solicited. We will use our best endeavors to please. Eggs from 14 to 15 cents.
All particulars answered by letter, on application; and by handbills, posted at public places and R. R. stations. Try us and be convinced. 10tf

Property for Sale.
The subscriber offers for sale the
Very Desirable Dwelling House
pleasantly situated on the corner of
Granville and Park Sts.,
opposite the Baptist Church, Bridgetown.
For further information apply to
Mrs. Ansley.
June 30th, 1890. 13 2m

Poetry.

Across the Years.

A hand of love at length appears,
A hand reached out across the years,
To bring me youthful treasure green
Unmindful of the graves between.
Alas! it cannot be. The past
Its wrecks around our feet has cast.

Of those whose paths together led,
Ere youthful hopes and dreams were dead,
Some wander far in lands unknown,
Where they have learned to live alone;
Some lie at rest, with cold hands pressed
Above the quiet of their breast.

Is life the same? Can we forget?
Will youth's sun rise when it has set?
Life's lesson then can we unlearn,
And to the Eastern glory turn?
Will buried love arise at length,
Again rejoicing in his strength?

Ah, no, my friend. Yet thee I greet,
With pleasant memories and sweet;
We clasp our hands in peace at last
Across the gulf of sorrows past,
And, looking upward through our tears,
We gain a glimpse of heavenly years.
—*Boston True Flag.*

Immortal.

Here is Joaquin Miller's idea of what is immortal, well put in verse:

He walked the world with bended head;
"There is no thing," he moaning said,
"That must not some day join the dead."

He sat where rolled a river deep;
A woman sat her down to weep;
A child lay in her lap asleep.

The waters touched the mother's hand,
His heart was touched. He passed from land,
But left it laughing in the sand.

That one kind work, that one good deed
Was as if you should plant a seed
In sand along death's sable brede.

And looking from the farther shore,
He saw, where he had sat before,
A light that grew; grew more and more.

He saw a growing, glowing throng
Of happy people, white and strong
With faith, and jubilant with song.

It grew and grew, this little seed
Of good sown in that day of need,
Until it touched the stars indeed!

And then the old man smiling said,
With youthful heart and lifted head,
"No good deed ever joins the dead."

Select Literature.

God's Messenger.

BY JENNIE PORTER ARNOLD.

"O Annie don't give up—do try just once more," Artie cried, frightened at the deathly pallor of her face.

"I cannot move," she whispered faintly, leaning still more heavily against the friendly support, and dropping her head upon the rail.

"Do try—O please try just once more. Put your arm over my shoulder, I can hold you and drag the sled too," he said sturdily.

Annie shook her head, and made a desperate effort to start. She took one or two steps and fell back again. After a few moments rest she made another attempt and by holding on to the fence made slow progress homeward.

With stopping frequently to rest, at last they came in sight of home.

"See, Annie, there are Charlie and Mary, and Ruth at the window watching for us."

Annie's heart sank at thought of the disappointment in store for them.

"How can I meet them?" she said huskily. "O Artie, please don't say one word how hungry you are, and try and keep the little ones from crying. It will break her heart—poor, poor mother, how can I tell her?"

She was spared the painful necessity, for as the door was opened to admit her, she fell fainting into her mother's arms. Hunger, and cold, and weariness had done their work at last.

Everything else was forgotten in anxiety for Annie. It was only after half an hour's vigorous rubbing of her half frozen limbs, and the administering of such stimulants as the poor home afforded, that consciousness was at last restored, and the mother found time to listen to Artie's story of their bitter disappointment.

Mrs. Miller had been a woman of undaunted courage. Naturally hopeful, she had always looked upon the bright side of life, notwithstanding her severe trials.

She hoped and believed that in some way they would get through the winter, and with the coming of spring some better prospect might open to them. But in this disappointment, her courage failed. She had relied confidently on receiving the money, and had hushed her children's cries for food by promise of plenty when Annie returned. Now she had nothing to give them, no way to procure anything, what could she do? Which way could she turn for help?

There were the select men, it was their duty to relieve her wants if she applied to them for aid. A shudder ran through her frame as she thought of it. Could she do it? Her children taunted, perhaps by their schoolmates with being town paupers?

No! It could not be! She could die if necessary, but apply to the town for aid—never! She might go to Deacon Andrews—he would, she felt sure, most willingly give sufficient to help them over the Sabbath; and on Monday she could go herself to the city with the forgotten garment, and get the money.

But it was not simply for a few days they needed help, it must be for weeks to come. Their affairs had come to a crisis. It was evident there could be no more long walks and hard work for Annie for a long time to come, even if she escaped serious illness now. And Mrs. Miller knew she could never alone earn enough at sewing to keep the family from suffering. And how long before overwork and insufficient food might prostrate her? Then the interest of the debt on the house had not been paid the first of January; if they failed to meet it in July, the mortgage would be foreclosed and their home lost. Her darkest hour in life had come. The lowering clouds, the fierce beating of the storm without, seemed a fitting accompaniment to the barren hopelessness within.

Turning away, heartsick and discouraged, Mrs. Miller passed into her bedroom, and closing the door behind her, dropped on her knees beside the bed.

What wonder that there welled up from her almost broken heart the old cry of bitter agony which fell from pallid lips on Calvary's cross eighteen hundred years ago, "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?"

How long she knelt there she knew not; but she was roused at last by the plaintive voice of her little Ruth crying through the closed door, "P'eas, mamma, dest er ittle piece of b'ed, I'se so hungry!"—and Artie's vain efforts to quiet her. Mother love conquered pride. Rising, with white, set face, and burning, tearless eyes, she resolutely put on bonnet and shawl and passed out of the room. She had decided to go to the nearest selectman—a half mile away—and ask for help from the town.

She paused for a moment by the side of the lounge where Annie was lying.

"I am going out to see about something to eat," she said calmly. "I will be back in half an hour."

Annie raised her eyes wonderingly to her mother's face, but asked no questions.

Mrs. Miller stopped on the porch and looked out over the paths, deep with snow. The wind had died down and the storm was nearly over. A strong-limbed, shaggy farm horse attached to a box sleigh at that moment turned up toward the house and stopped. Beneath the fur cap of the driver beamed the mild gray eyes and kindly, wrinkled face of Deacon Andrews. Her heart gave a joyous bound. Had the Lord sent him to save her from a step she dreaded more than death?

The Deacon nodded with a pleasant "How d'y do?" as he threw the buffalo robe over his horse and lifted out of the sleigh a huge basket full of something well covered with a large towel. Stopping a moment on the porch to shake the snow from cap and overcoat he followed Mrs. Miller into the house.

"We killed, yesterday," he said—depositing the basket in the middle of the kitchen—"and as I had a little business over here, I thought I'd bring you over a fry! And Mis' Andrews she put in a little something for the children. Well, how be ye all?" looking around with a smile upon the little ones. "What, Annie sick?" as he caught sight of her bundled up on the lounge.

Mrs. Miller explained that she had walked to and from the city, and was suffering from cold and exhaustion.

"Too bad! too bad!" he said, going over to the lounge, and laying his hand tenderly on Annie's head, "too long a walk; we mustn't let ye go again. Here, Artie, run out to the sleigh and get the jug of milk Mis' Andrews put in there. Have some of it warmed, Sarah, and give Annie plenty of it to drink. Nothing like warm milk for children and lambs when they're cold," with a humorous twinkle of his gray eyes and another kindly pat of Annie's head.

The children came thronging around him—for Grandpa Andrews, as he taught them to call him—was a great favorite, and never came there empty-handed. They knew his capacious pockets always held something good for them.

"Well, you little rogues," he said, catching up one after another, and giving them a shake and kiss—"let's see what Grandpa Andrews has stowed away in that basket for you."

He whisked off the towel and took out, first a fine spare rib, which looked as if cut out by a generous hand. Then followed a plentiful supply of liver, sweet bread, and the accompaniments of a farmer's "fry."

A sack of flour—25 pounds at least—came next.

"Ye see, Sarah," he explained, half apologetically, "Mis' Andrews she thinks the rye from that upland paster makes about the nicest bread she ever eat, and she sent ye over a bakin' just to try it. And here," unrolling a three pound ball of butter, "she thought this might come handy, seein' ye didn't keep no cow." Kind hearted old soul, as if everybody did not know that all he attributed to "Mis' Andrews" was only the promptings of his own generous heart, and that his prudent spouse rather restrained than encouraged his liberality.

"Ah, here we come at last," lifting out a six quart pail crowded full of huge doughnuts. "Grandma sent one to each of you," distributing them around among the eager little ones. "And here," unloading about a peck of apples, which were disposed of in like manner.

"I put in a few pertatoes," he said before Mrs. Miller could thank him. "I thought mebbe as you had only what ye raised in the garden ye might be out by this time," and going out to the sleigh he returned with a sack of potatoes on his shoulders which he carried to the cellar. If those "few pertatoes" ever went into a bushel basket it must have been scripture measure—"full, pressed down, shaken together and running over."

Mrs. Miller tried to thank him, but he would not listen to it.

"Had to come over on business," he said, "and Mis' Andrews thought I might as well bring along a little something to the children. Jim was one of my boys, you know,"—his voice took on a softer tone at mention of the dead, and a tear glistened in his kindly gray eyes—"and we allus think of his children. Arthur, my lad," laying his hand on the boy's head, "I hope you'll make as good a man as your father was."

"I mean to try to be," Arthur answered, raising his clear, honest brown eyes to the Deacon's face. "I want to grow faster, so to be a man like him and work and help mother."

"That's your father's boy all over," the deacon said approvingly. "You jest keep on at school two years more, and learn all you can, then if your mother's willing I'll take ye jest as I did your father."

"O thank you! I'd like that so much!" and Artie's dark eyes brightened at the prospect.

By this time the milk was warm and Annie was drinking slowly the nourishing liquid, which seemed to send new life through all her frame.

The deacon had seated himself with Mary and Ruth on either knee. Each had an apple in one hand and a doughnut in the other, taking mouthfuls from them alternately, with an eager satisfaction which greatly amused the deacon, who did not dream how great a luxury they were to three hungry little ones. Ruth's doughnut was half as large as her head, and required both hands to manage it successfully, so she placed the apple in her lap when she wanted to bite the doughnut, reversing the order every minute or two.

"Why, Ruthie, you look like a little mouse nibbling a big cheese," the deacon said, laughing as he watched her.

She turned her head sideways like a bird, looking up into his face with sparkling eyes. "It's dood tookey," she said, with an amusingly emphatic shake of her head sideways.

The deacon joined in the laugh which her words caused among the children.

"It's 'dood tookey,' is it?" he said, giving her a hug and kiss. "I shall have to tell Grandma that."

"I suppose ye know Mary Jane Simmons, Mis' Andrew's cousin, don't ye?" he said, turning to Mrs. Miller. "She's crippled, or paralyzed, or something of the sort; can't use her limbs at all. When her father died he left all his property in my hands to take care of Mary Jane. It brings in about four hundred a year, and I've been paying it all to Mis' Parsons over in Mossup to take care of her. Well this mornin' Mis' Parsons got word that her daughter had died and left two children, and her husband wanted her to come right on and live with 'em. So she come to me in a great hurry and wanted I should git Mary Jane a place right off. And it come to me all at once that mebbe you'd take her. She needs considerable waitin' on, but the children could help ye ever so much about that. She can help herself from the bed to the rolling chair, by her hands, so ye don't have to lift her. She don't eat more'n a baby, and her clothes don't cost much. I don't believe she cost Mis' Parsons a hundred dollars a year, so there'd be about six dollars a week for the work. I reckon that'd be as much as ye make on shirts, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, twice as much."

"Well now, ye don't say so!" the deacon exclaimed in surprise. "Three dollars a week an' six mouths to feed. I don't see how you get along."

"It has been hard at times," the widow answered,—how hard the good old man never dreamed—"and I shall be so glad to take Mary Jane. I believe the Lord sent you, for we could work no longer at sewing; it was too hard for Annie."

"That's so; jest what I was tellin' Mis' Andrews—Annie was jest killin' herself. Somehow this mornin'," he continued, with childlike simplicity, "when I was at family prayers, and prayed for the widow and the fatherless, you came right up before me. It seemed as if I must come over here at once and see if you didn't need something. It was about nine o'clock, and I'd a come right away, only Mis' Parsons came and it hindered me."

"Nine o'clock," Annie thought. "Just the moment the man refused me the money! Surely 'while you are calling I will answer' saith the Lord.

"It does seem as if the Lord had ordered it, and I'm so glad if Mary Jane's board will help ye any. Will ye have to keep Annie out of school now?"

"O no! I can get along nicely without her," Mrs. Miller answered cheerfully.

"Well, I'm powerful glad on't, for I was talkin' to the schoolmaster yesterday, and he said it was such a pity Annie could not get the eddication she needed to make a teacher of her, and that if you could manage to spare her she could go to the 'Cademy, free, next season. You know Mr. Reeves left a thousand dollars to the trustees to be used to eddicate one child free, every year. The one the committee thought most deservin' was to git it, and they decided it belonged to Annie now. So if you can spare her she can have it all right."

Either the warm milk or the new hope had quite restored Annie, for she raised herself to a sitting posture on the lounge, and her eyes sparkled and cheeks flushed with a look of perfect happiness.

"And I can go to the Academy! O, I shall be the happiest girl in all the world!" she exclaimed in delight.

"You see the Lord opens the way for the little ones, after all, Annie," and the deacon's hand was laid with fatherly tenderness on the head of the happy child.

"Well now, Sarah," turning to Mrs. Miller, "I'll pay ye Mary Jane's board for a month. I allus paid Mis' Parsons in advance." And he deliberately counted out $33.34, counting it slowly twice to make sure it was right.

What a fortune it looked to Mrs. Miller after the pinching poverty of the last six months.

"Now I'm going to the store," he said, before Mrs. Miller could thank him, "and if ye need any groceries for over Sunday, I'll order 'em sent right out to ye."

Mrs. Miller's hand trembled as she made out the list. This time for a more generous supply than in the early morning. Among the articles was the long coveted tea, not one ounce this time, but half a pound. She enclosed a five dollar bill from the pile on the table, and handed the list to the deacon.

Ruth had been tugging at the deacon's coat skirts for several minutes.

"Well, what is it, Ruthie?" he asked, lifting her up to a level with his face.

"Did Dod send you wiv dood tookies?" she asked earnestly, looking with wide open solemn eyes into his face.

"Yes, I think he did, dear," giving her close pressure and a kiss. "But what makes Ruthie ask?"

"'Cause Annie said if I wouldn't kwy when I was hungey Dod would send me sumfin to eat."

"What does she mean, Sarah?" the deacon asked, turning in surprise to the mother. "Surely my little lambs haven't been suffering from hunger."

The pent up floods burst forth. "I didn't mean to tell you, deacon," she said, —the tears flowed freely—"but we hadn't a mouthful in the house to eat, and I couldn't get any money and was in despair when you came. Surely God did send you!"

"And you never let me know it! O Sarah! Never let these little ones want for food again while there's a bushel of grain in my barn. Thank God, I heeded his call and came in time! Dear little lamb!" pressing Ruthie closer in his arms, "you shall never know want again while grandpa lives."

"I know I might have come to you," Mrs. Miller said, trying to check her tears, "but I had no claims on your kindness, and I could not beg."

"We have all claims on each other," the deacon said kindly, "and I shall keep a close watch over ye now until these little ones are old enough to help you. Remember the Lord will always find a way to help his children if they will only trust in him," adding reverently as he took her hand in parting, "I was young, but now am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread."

Methods of Swimming.

I have devoted my life to the problem of swimming, and I am egotistical enough to think that I can give some points as to the best methods of swimming. One of the most important strokes either in fancy swimming or racing is the American overhand side stroke, which I invented. It is really the fastest stroke that can be used. It is quite different from the English overhand stroke, and in the difference lies the secret of the additional speed that is obtained. English swimmers bury themselves deeply in the water, and sink from one to two yards under the surface in bringing the hand over, which retards their progress through the water.

To use my stroke, lie in the water on the right side at an angle of about 30 degs. The water covers the right eye, while the left eye, the nose and the mouth are out of the water. The body is propelled through the water by the legs and feet, and in this stroke the ankles are strongly brought into use.

The force is obtained from the instep of the right foot and the sole of the left. The legs are brought up and placed in position like the letter V, and when the kick is made they are brought quickly together, the right foot being twisted to bring the instep against the water. After the kick is made, and while the legs are being brought up again, the right hand, which is extended beyond the head like a cut-water, is brought down to the hip. When this hand is going up again the left hand is carried over the head and right shoulder, dipped into the water and used as a paddle. The right arm is used to steady the body, and force is attained by the left arm and the legs. When the left arm is coming down the kick is made. In learning this stroke first of all learn the motions; speed can be worked up afterward. From thirty-eight to forty-five strokes a minute is a high rate of speed to be attained.—*Gus Sundstrom in New York Mail and Express.*

—Many people who are at sea when it comes to the pronunciation of English proper names will be glad of the following list:—

Thames is pronounced Tems.
Bulwer is pronounced Buller.
Cowper is pronounced Cooper.
Holburn is pronounced Hobun.
Wemyss is pronounced Weems.
Knollys is pronounced Knowles.
Cockburn is pronounced Coburn.
Brougham is pronounced Broom.
Norwich is pronounced Norridge.
St. Leger is pronounced Sillinger.
Hawarden is pronounced Harden.
Colquhoun is pronounced Colhoon.
Cirencester is pronounced Sissister.
Grosvenor is pronounced Grovenor.
Salisbury is pronounced Sawlsbury.
Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham.
Cholmondely is pronounced Chumly.
Marylebone is pronounced Marribun.
Abergavenny is pronounced Abergenny.
Majoribanks is pronounced Marchbanks.
Bolingbroke is pronounced Bullingbrook.

—"Madam," said the grateful census enumerator, "you have replied courteously and kindly to all my questions. Unlike nearly every person I have met since I began this work, you have not treated me as if I were an enemy and an intruder. You have answered satisfactorily all the questions as to age, physical condition and ownership of property. Your conduct meets my hearty approval, not only as a Government officer but as a citizen, and with your permission I will ask you a question not down in my list. Are you engaged to be married to anybody?" "I am sir," replied the handsome widow, blushing and smiling. "I feared so," said the census taker, with a sigh. And he put on his hat and went out into the cold world again, his faith in human nature restored, but his heart broken.

—It is the boast of Mrs. Gladstone that she can keep her temper under any vexation, and keep cool under every circumstance. She is a great lover of flowers and bare floors, keeps her house and every room in it in livable order by means of books, sunlight, color, a few plants, a fire and easy chairs, but when the family can be together without the presence of visitors she prefers the hall to any other apartment. She is described as a woman of great mental and moral strength whom a stranger would worship, but never presume to love save at a distance.

My Toothache
Is an exclamation heard every hour in the day. Toothache is the most common ailment of young and old, and in the aggregate inflicts more suffering than perhaps any other single complaint. A one minute cure is just what every person desires to possess. Nerviline—nerve pain cure—acts almost instantly in relieving the agony, and as a sample bottle affords a quantity sufficient for 100 applications, 10 cents fills the bill. Polson's Nerviline is the only positive remedy for toothache and all nerve pains. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

CANADA AND THE STATES.—The population of Canada is estimated at 5,000,000, an increase of nearly 700,000 in ten years. A hundred years ago the population of the United States was 3,929,000, of Canada 156,000. In 1861 British Columbia had 6,000 people, in 1881 the population numbered 49,459. These figures show that Canada had grown proportionately at a faster rate than the United States. She has increased thirty-two fold, while the United States has increased sixteen.

—A well-known Irish judge is reported to have said of a personage who had an apparently congenital indisposition to deviate into veracity, "I only once knew him to speak the truth, and then I could tell it by the natural embarrassment of his manner."

It Saved His Life.
GENTLEMEN,—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months olds. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age. Francis Walsh, Dalkeith, Ont.

Make an Agreement.

It is a difficult matter to deal with that class of men who will neither give nor receive a definite proposition looking toward compensation. If on one hand, you meet a man who says, "That will be all right; I guess we won't have any trouble about that part of it," set it down that there will be trouble on just "that part of it." If, on the other hand, you find a man who is always declaring, "You'll not lose anything by this; I'll see that it's all right," you may be sure it will be all wrong in the end. When two men of this sort get together, and the services are of such a nature that to determine their exact value at the time of their inception is impossible, the end will be a misunderstanding, mutual dissatisfaction, possibly an estrangement. Yet there is no case in which a probable value cannot be got at. If you consider matters as a complete affair, and estimate the value of results as you plan them to happen, you can never be far wrong. If one cannot do that, he has no business to undertake to make contracts at all. It may be that there are times when a man may go into a business engagement without a definite idea of what his pay is to be, and there may be men who will always settle satisfactorily. But one is never safe to make engagements in such a lax way. False modesty always stands in the way of sensible business arrangements. But it has no place in business. As an old merchant said once to a writer: "We are friends, and I trust will always remain so. Perhaps it is against my interest to tell you so, but when you are making an agreement for the purchase and delivery of goods don't think of your feelings toward each other at all. Buy of me as you would of a stranger; consider your own needs and profits, and don't hesitate to buy when you can do best." It should be exactly this way in making arrangements for employment. Treat the matter simply as business, pure and simple. You can't afford to do business without making arrangements for all points. These sensible suggestions from the *National Grocer* have more than a money value. "Business is business" seems sometimes like a heartless proverb, but it is a fact that no business is likely to prove so satisfactory as that which is done strictly on business principles. Here is where the great value of business education comes in. It impresses upon the mind at every stage of its course that "business is business."

She Stared Calmly Ahead.

A young girl, tall, with wide blue eyes, still innocent of evil, got into a Madison avenue car at Eighty-fifth street Sunday morning. She carried in her lap a prayer book and in her hand a novel—one of those paper bound novels with the title standing out in bold relief. Her expression was so demure that the three men in the car would have sworn she cared more for the prayer book than the novel. At Eightieth street a severe looking man and his wife, both gray haired, took the car. The older woman looked across at the young girl, at her novel and prayer book, frowned a little and turned and whispered something to her husband. He was a little deaf, the car made a good deal of noise, so he put his hand to his ear and said, "What?" His wife repeated her remark a little louder, and still he could not hear. Finally she shouted in a thin treble so that all the car could hear: "I think it is a shame to see a young woman with a Bible and a novel. Her thoughts are all on the novel, and she would better have left the Bible at home." Everybody looked at the girl with the novel, but she stared calmly ahead and pretended to have heard nothing.—*New York Press.*

—Prince Albert Victor, second son of the Prince of Wales, commonly known as "Collars and Cuffs," was a roystering blade at school. When he was short of money, as was often the case, he would write to his august grandmother to help him out of his dilemma. The queen always answered his appeals for aid with a kind letter of advice but no money. On such occasions, Albert Victor would go out into the campus and sell the queen's autograph letter to the highest bidder. A large number of English families have such letters in their possession.

The Sleep of the Just.
For sleepless nights depending on worry, vexation, indigestion, etc., Burdock Blood Bitters is a remarkably efficient cure. "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for sleepless nights and now sleep well all night. I recommend it to all suffering from imperfect rest. Geo. H. Shiel, Stony Creek, Ont.

—Will Carleton is reported as having recently said: "Other writers of verse have laid great stress on the artistic faculty which many of them have possessed in an eminent degree, but with me the aim has always been first and last to reach the heart of the people, and to say those things which should entertain and make better. I hope I have not altogether failed in my efforts. I would rather appeal to the heart of a man than to his intellect."

—An army officer who had his arm amputated while perfectly conscious, says it doesn't hurt except when the first cut around the limb is made, cutting the skin. That's because the nerves are situated just under the skin, and after they are cut there is nothing to convey the sensation of pain.

—The Great Short Line to health is found in King's Dyspepsia Cure. This great remedy has proved itself a positive cure for all forms of indigestion and dyspepsia. One dose brings relief. Six packages are guaranteed to cure this dreadful disease in its worst form or money refunded. King's Dyspepsia Cure Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

—See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now.—*Ruskin.*

—The path of life is beset with thorns, and they who are not afraid to encounter them may gather the rare flowers that grow between.

—He that cannot forgive another breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

—When a girl elopes with her coachman some other man is saved from getting a mighty poor wife.