Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1894. NO. 15.

Professional Cards

VAL E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.

GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.

Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
Members of the United States Law Association.
Real Estate Agents.

OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

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

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

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

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
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.
MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38tf

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

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

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

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

NOTICE!
LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49tf

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.

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.*

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

WEDDING STATIONERY NEATLY DONE 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.

PUTTNERS 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.

SPRING GOODS
—ARRIVING AT—
H. E. REED'S.
GROCERIES, FRESH AND NICE,
at H. E. REED'S.
A Few Nice Lamps will be sold Low, to clear, at
H. E. REED'S, Middleton, N. S.
PRODUCE HANDLED.

Carriages
—AND—
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!
As the season for Carriages, Road Carts, and other appliances for the spring and summer travel is again approaching, I take the liberty of informing past patrons and intending purchasers that I am in a position to supply them with anything in that line they may desire, and that I am also interested in the sale of all kinds of
Agricultural Implements
from the well-known firm of
BLIGH & PRINCE.
Mowers (single or double), Rakes, Ploughs, Harrows, Forks, &c.
Call and inspect. Prices as low as any or all dealers.
W. C. FEINDEL.
Middleton, March 6th, 1894. 48 13i

Special Inducements in Cloths for Suitings.
Having decided to dispose of the balance of my stock of
Cloths and Gents Furnishings,
I now offer to anyone wishing a suit for the Spring and summer wear, their choice at the invoice prices. No such bargain has been placed before the public for years, and those who wish to save from $6 to $8 on a suit of clothing, should give me a call.
WM. C. BATH.
Bridgetown, April 3rd, 1894 1 tf

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

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

WANTED TO HIRE!
A man, with wife, to take charge of large farm on salary. Man to manage farm and, wife to do usual indoor work. Satisfactory wages to right parties. Permanent employment for a man. Apply at this office.

A Gentleman
Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used **Ayer's Hair Vigor**, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of **Ayer's Hair Vigor**—nothing else.'"

"In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use **Ayer's Hair Vigor**, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

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

LORENZO PULISTON.

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 strong 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.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Officer Collins of the I. C. R. Police makes an Important Arrest.

St. John, N. B., April 6, 1894.—Few men are better known to the travelling public in the province than officer John Collins, the corteous and obliging giant who with officer Stevens preserves order and gives information to puzzled travellers at the I. C. R. depot in St. John. His friends will be interested to learn that officer Collins some time since effected an arrest which had baffled him for twelve years. The story is best told in a letter which he wrote to the Hawker Medicine Co., and which is as follows:—

"Dear Sirs:—I take much pleasure in strongly recommending your Hawker nerve and stomach tonic and liver pills. For twelve years I have suffered with a weak stomach. My food would not lie on my stomach, and I was generally run down with chronic dyspepsia, when I was advised to try Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills. They were the first medicine that has ever given me relief, and they effectually cured me, when all others failed, Yours etc.,
JOHN COLLINS."

Fellow sufferer here is encouragement for you. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh-builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure condition of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hysteria and the prostrating effects of la grippe or any nerve weakness of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body or excesses of any nature. Hawker's tonic is especially adapted to the diseases peculiar to women, giving tone to the nerves and stomach, vigor to the mind and body, and strength to the blood, restoring the bloom of health to pale and delicate. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills can be obtained from all druggists and dealers. Tonic fifty cents a bottle or six bottles for $2.50; Pills 25 cents a box.

—London, July 1.—The anarchist scare which has become intense and widespread since the murder of President Carnot, seriously marred the splendor of the royal pageant on the occasion of the opening of Tower bridge to-day. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other royal personages were driven through the city by the most direct route and in the quickest time possible, and were guarded by unusual numbers of troops, which completely surrounded them. Their return up the river was also stripped of much dignity and splendor by the hurry which characterized it. So much precaution was taken by the authorities they refused to divulge to members of the press the point at which the Prince and Princess of Wales would land from the steamer.

—Bad Blood causes Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Abscesses, Ulcers, Scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Bad Blood in any form from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

—It is stated that M. Casimir-Perier, the new president of France, bears a high reputation for honor, decision of character and political sagacity. There is every reason to believe that he will make a good president for France. As president of the French republic, M. Casimir-Perier, will receive $240,000 a year—$120,000 as salary, $60,000 for maintaining his official state and $60,000 for travelling expenses.

—For cramps in the stomach take a few drops of Dr. Manning's German remedy, diluted in either warm or cold water. The effect is instantaneous. Sold by all druggists.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Poetry.

Plaint of a Pessimist.

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from getting nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone,
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to alight but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got,
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait,
Everything moves that goes,
Nothing at all but common sense,
Can ever withstand these woes.

Beyond.

Never a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like the flashing sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait—
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

—*Henry Burton.*

Select Literature.

A Glad First.

The first of July comes in midwinter south of the equator, which explains why the passengers on the deck of the big ship Canada from Montreal to Melbourne, drew their wraps closely about them on the evening of the day they would have at home celebrated with firecrackers and feasting.

Among these passengers was the Thurston family, late of Toronto—father, mother and four children. A girl baby was the youngest of them; then came 7-year-old Tom and after him a sister and brother almost grown up. Mr. Thurston owned real estate at Melbourne, and he had decided to live there in the future.

Just after the brilliant stars came out Tom saw several muffled up men with big bundles under their arms hurry stealthily to the bow of the vessel. This mystery was almost instantly explained by a hissing roar and the upward rush of a skyrocket's streak of light. Then 20 sturdy sailors' voices started that song dearest to every Canadian patriot's heart, "The Maple Leaf Forever." By the time they had finished the first grand verse every Canadian on board was at the bow of the ship singing with them. Though home was 14,000 miles behind, it was still the glorious First.

After this first song the captain mounted to the bridge with a rolled paper in his hands. All sounds were hushed. The burly bo'swain held the lantern for his commander, the paper was raised aloft, and the captain then read the proclamation which brought the Dominion into the actual status of a nation.

The cheers that came after he had finished had not begun to die away when high and clear above them rose a clear soprano. The cheers stopped, and all listened as Mrs. Thurston sang "O Canada, Fair Canada." Tom stood at her side, and her soft hand passed caressingly over his hair as she sang.

When she ended the first verse, she looked down at him and said:

"Sing with me, Tom."

After that his sweet, childish piping joined her magnificent notes.

But the last words of the song were scarcely finished, when tears that glistened in loving memory of home and country were frozen on pallid cheeks by the hoarse and awful cry of "Fire!" "The ship's on fire!"

Brave men worked with the energy of despair, but the carelessness of a sailor had done its work too well. Before dawn eight boats were pulling away from the blazing hulk of the Canada.

In vain Tom called for his mother. With the first alarm she had told him to stay exactly where he was while she ran below to get his little sister, and he had tried to obey her injunctions, but despite his protests he was taken away before she returned and put in the first boat to leave the ship.

When morning came, but three of the boats were in sight, and in none of these could any member of the Thurston family but Tom be found. A few days later rough weather parted these consorts, and the boat in which Tom was as tenderly cared for as possible was alone on the Pacific.

The horrors of thirst and starvation that followed quickly found victims, but Tom, wan, pale and most of the time quietly weeping, lived on, though in his sorrowful little heart he really wanted to die. All the boat's crew loved him, and as long as there was any to divide, divided the food and water with him. Worse and worse waxed the hours for the little company. At the end of three weeks only Tom and two others were left.

When morning broke on the twenty-second day after the desertion of the burning ship, land was sighted. As they neared the shore long canoes manned by brown skinned natives came out to meet them. The savages lifted Tom's comrades from the bottom of the boat. He never saw them again. One great, strapping fellow threw Tom over his shoulder, and overcome with thirst and exposure the little fellow fainted. When he revived, a kindly black face was bending over him as he lay on the grass beneath a spreading tree. The words the native woman spoke Tom had never heard before, but he eagerly seized the gourd of milk she held to his lips and understood the language of her tender actions.

He was soon dressed in the rude skins worn by his savage rescuers and before many weeks had passed began to comprehend much of their talk. The woman who had been so kind still watched over him with jealous care. She had lost her own little black son the day Tom had been brought into camp, and in spite of angry protests and fierce looks she had claimed this white boy for herself, declaring that their God had sent him to her in answer to her prayer. As she was the wife of one of the big chiefs the child was given to her.

Months passed, and Tom became almost as one of the tribe. Then came a famine such as the oldest chiefs had never known before. Many were the envious glances cast at Tom's plump, sturdy little figure, and his foster mother became more watchful than ever.

One night as he lay asleep she touched him on the shoulder. "Come," she whispered, and as Tom sprang lightly up she placed a finger to his lips. Then taking him by the hand she led the way through the bush.

Finally, when they were almost exhausted by hunger and fatigue, the slender wire of one of the telegraph lines that stretch across the Australian wilderness was seen on strong poles reaching high above the stunted trees.

The woman gave a cry of delight. In an instinctive way she knew what the wire was. She had seen one once before and had been told by her superstitious chief that through it the white man talked with their God.

She determined to try to talk with the white man's God herself—to try to get him to send after this little one whom she loved so well and for whose safety from her hungry tribe she had worked so hard.

She prostrated herself before the pole and prayed for the boy's deliverance all that day and most of the night. Then it occurred to her that if she placed her lips close to the wire itself the white man's God would surely hear and answer.

Before she began the climb up the pole, she fashioned a rude sling out of her skirt to hold her at the top while she talked to God.

With this in her teeth she started. Higher and higher up the bare pole she crawled, clutching it desperately with arms and legs, stopping every foot to rest, praying all the time. Great splinters tore her skin, and a little stream of blood from her wounds ran down the pole. She did not mind. Her only thought was of the boy who had absorbed all her wealth of mother love. At last almost fainting, she reached the top. With one trembling hand she put the sling over it so that the bar holding the wire would keep it from slipping. Then, with head drooping and relaxed muscles, she hung there for awhile, too weak even to pray. When her strength had partly returned, she began, and no prayer from the finest carved pulpit ever was more fervent.

Noon came without any sign of rescue from heaven or earth. Still she clung there. The shadows began to lengthen. Her limbs had stiffened from her cramped position, and her mind was crazed by exhaustion and disappointment. Her prayers changed to curses. The white man's God scorned her and scorned her boy. She grew frantic with wrath and pounded the pole and wire with her fists as she hurled anathemas at them and their God. Hanging by a string about her neck was a boomerang of hardened wood. With it she struck and shattered the glass insulator. Then she pounded the swaying wire. She twisted it and bent it in her fingers. She bit it with her teeth. Finally she broke it. Then she slid to the ground and groveled on the grass in an ecstacy of grief and anger at God and man.

She was recalled to her senses by a piercing cry from Tom. His weariness had changed to the delirium of hunger and fever. She gathered him, struggling and screaming in her arms, and held him until the paroxysm passed. Then she made a soft bed of dry leaves for him and searched for food. She only found a few berries until noon the next day, when greatly to her delight she discovered the nest of some wild fowl with eggs in it. These she forced Tom to suck. She ate nothing herself. What Tom rejected went untouched. She thought only of him.

For three days this went on. She was getting constantly weaker. When the morning of the fourth day broke, she could only crawl on hands and knees in her search for berries. That day linemen, sent from the nearest telegraph station, many miles away, to find and repair the break in the wire found them—black woman and white child—lying at the foot of the pole.

They gave them food and heard the woman's story. Touched by it, they offered to take them both back with them, but the woman would not go.

"Take him," she said pointing to Tom, "take him to his people. He will be better there without me. Give me a little food to keep breath in my body, and I will go back to my tribe. I have saved him. My life is full of joy."

As they bore the boy away she gazed after them wistfully until the bush hid them. Then turning and parting the thick undergrowth she plunged into the wilderness.

For a long time Tom tended sheep for the linemen who had rescued him. The old life was almost forgotten. He ceased to think it strange that he should tend sheep and swelter beneath the shade of a tree on Christmas when in his old home there had been cold and snow and ice. Then another change came. His master died, the sheep were sold, and he was turned away from the station by the newcomers.

A month later, ragged, worn and hungry, he was wandering about the streets of Melbourne. For weeks he kept body and soul together by begging and doing what work he could find. Winter was coming, June merged into July, and the southern cold set in. Barefooted and clothed in rags, Tom was trying to sell papers. As night approached the air grew sharp and biting.

The stars came out clear and beautiful. Suddenly through the cold, crisp air a rocket shot upward. Tom rubbed his eyes. A flood of recollections overpowered him. He sprang forward in the direction of the great trail of light, but soon he stopped. "I guess it must have been a dream," he said to himself as the jumbled memories of the past confused him.

Again the sky was lightened, and some passerby remarked to a friend:

"Those crazy Canadians celebrating the first of July."

"The First of July," murmured Tom and started eagerly up again.

Swiftly now his bare feet bore him toward the light of the fireworks. By and by he stood before a great brown building with marble steps and heard the sound of music. A woman's voice floated out on the night air, a voice that thrilled Tom to his soul—he could not tell why. It seemed to the little wanderer as if an angel were singing. With trembling steps he crawled up the great stairway and sat on the doorstep listening.

Again the voice broke the stillness, this time with the glorious notes of "O Canada, Fair Canada." Tom drew his hand over his eyes. It all came back to him—that First of July night on the ship so long ago.

The verse ended, but the piano played on as though some one were to go on with the second verse. Then a strange thing happened. A sweet, piercing boyish voice swelled on the night air, and floating through an open window reached the ears of the happy gathering within. Never, they thought in their astonishment, had they heard so sweet a boyish tenor. The butler, after the unexpected voice had stopped, opened the door to ask the silver voiced chorister in and almost stumbled over a bundle of rags crouched up in the corner, sobbing. It was Tom.

"Come in, little chap," said he. "P'raps you'd like to 'ave somthin' to eat."

Bashfully, Tom walked into the great lighted hall and into the great dining room, where a table was laden down with good things, but his gaze roved over these and rested on the face of a beautiful woman, who with others of the party were crowding eagerly forward to see the boy who had sung so wonderfully. For a moment Tom looked into her eyes, but there was no sign of recognition in them—only interest. He said again:—

"I guess I must 'a' dreamed it all," and turned wearily away.

"Dreamed what, little boy?" asked the beautiful woman, bending over him.

"I don't know—quite—but when I heard the music a-comin' through the winder," Tom's voice was low and thoughtful, "it seemed to me that sometime I'd been on a big ship off on the ocean; that while they wuz a-sendin' up fireworks I had stood longside of a beautiful lady and"—

The stooping woman dropped to her knees and grasped Tom by the shoulders. Her eyes were fastened eagerly on his face; her bosom was heaving. The others stood around in wonder.

"You stood by a beautiful lady," said the woman, "and—what? Go on!" There were tears in her eyes.

Tom was frightened. "Tain't nothin', ma'am—I didn't mean nothin'—I guess I must a' dreamed it—I didn't mean to make you feel bad."

"Go on! Go on! You haven't made me feel bad. Go on!"

"Well, I stood by a beautiful lady, and she looked like you, only her hair wasn't gray, and—and I sang"—Tom's voice trembled now, and his eyes shifted from the woman's face and looked off over into memory—"and I sang that song with her. I can see it all so plain! She had 'er hand on my head. I think she wuz my mother. I—I think so."

In an instant the woman's arms were about the ragged little boy. The woman's sweet lips were covering his dirty face with kisses.

Tom's First of July had ended very gloriously.

A Plain Talk with the Boys.

Do you want to know where a boy usually begins to be fast? With a cigarette. It is the lad's first step to bravado, resistance of sober morality, and a bold step in disobedience. Just now take the matter on the scientific side. Tobacco blights a boy's finest powers, wit, muscle, conscience. Nations are legislating against it. Germany, with all her smoke, says: "No tobacco in the schools." It spoils their brains and makes them too small for soldiers. Knock at the great military institutions of France; "No tobacco" is the response. Try West End and Annapolis—"Drop that cigarette," is the word. Indeed, smoking boys are not likely to get so far as that.

Major Huston, of the marine corps, who is in charge of the Washington navy barracks, says that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected for heart disease, of which ninety-nine cases in one hundred come from cigarettes. His first question is: "Do you smoke?" "No sir," is the invariable reply. But the record is stamped on the very body of the lad, and out he goes. Apply for a position in a bank. If you use beer, tobacco or cards the bank has no use for you.

Business life demands fine brain, steady nerve, firm conscience. Watch the boys. See one sixteen years in age, twelve in sin, twenty in sin, and he smokes, probably chews and drinks. Babes of seven and eight are at it. The vice increases. I could pile up statistics by the hour, testimony from the highest medical authority, of the misery preparing and already come.

Unqualified Commendation.

Rev. T. Watson, Colborne, Ontario, writes:—"K. D. C. has produced in me a wonderful change, almost from the first time of using. My indigestion is all gone, and my general health is much better than it has been for years. K. D. C. has my heartiest and unqualified commendation. I believe it to be all its makers claim it to be."

Free sample of this wonder-working remedy, mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., Canada and 127 State St., Boston Mass.

God Not Responsible.

There is a great deal of cowardice under the words. "It was the Lord's doing." Without meaning to be irreverent, would any one dare blame everything on his fellow-man as the majority of people do on God? If, for instance, I go out in the rain, catch cold, am ill, lose my business, and am a care and expense to my friends, have I any right to say to those who sympathize with me that I am submitting patiently to God's will? Had I not better say, "I was imprudent and am taking the consequences!" God makes certain rules and leaves it to ourselves to decide whether we will keep them. If He were here, ready to contradict us, we would not make so many statements about His will.

The Spring Medicine.

"All run down" from the weakening effects of warm weather, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not put off taking it. Numerous little ailments, if neglected, will soon break up the system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, to expel disease and give you strength and appetite.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

—A careful record kept at Yale for eight years shows that non-smokers are 20 per cent taller, 25 per cent heavier, and have 60 per cent more lung capacity than smokers.

One Minute Cure for Toothache.

Toothache, the most common and one of the most painful affections, is instantly cured by the application of Polson's Nerviline. This is a combination of powerful anodynes, and it strikes at once to the nerves, soothing them and affording in one minute total relief from pain. Mothers, try it for your children's toothache. Nerviline is sold in 10 and 25 cent bottles by all druggists.

—Dip fish in boiling water for a minute and the scales will come off more easily.

—Nerve Exhaustion is quickly cured by Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic.

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER
—AND—
SOLICITOR!
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies
Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Oriental War Clouds.

Victoria, B. C., June 27.—It looks as though Corea were going to involve the two empires of the Orient in a bloody war. From Japanese and Chinese papers just to hand a correspondent learns that both China and Japan are sending troops into the little kingdom, over which the Emperor of China claims sovereignty. His highness, however, disclaims any responsibility for any acts of violence that his alleged Corean subjects may commit upon the persons of foreign residents, especially the Japanese, of whom there are a large number in Corea. To protect his subjects the Mikado of Japan has sent to Corea a large body of troops. This he is entitled to do under treaties with both China and Corea in times of trouble.

The recent insurrection in Corea, to quell which Chinese troops were sent to Seoul, is is claimed by China, has been quelled, and, therefore, the Mikado's troops should get back to their own flowery land. Japan claims more trouble is brewing and that the troops are still useful; and besides, questions the right of the Chinese government to dictate just at what period the Japanese soldiers should leave the country. Besides, Japan thinks the present is a good time to settle the Corean question once and for all. China rejects this proposal. Both governments stick to their respective proposals and are backing them up by fresh troops, which are now pouring into Corea.

Hotel Aberdeen.

(From the Kentville Advertiser.)

The announcement that the Hotel Aberdeen is now opened for the entertainment of the public will be hailed with great satisfaction. Tourists can no longer complain they cannot get good accommodation in that part of the Province. Hotel Aberdeen is sufficiently large and well appointed to satisfy the demands of the rapidly increasing summer travel. It is a three story building 85x100, fronting the railway esplanade. Besides the corridor, parlors, smoking room and dining hall, there are commodious rooms for one hundred guests. It is lighted throughout by electricity, is heated by the hot water system, provided with hot and cold baths, and the furnishings throughout are new, modern and in excellent taste. In short there seems to be nothing lacking in the general appointments that a first-class hotel in a rural town should provide for the convenience and comfort of its patrons.

The enterprising proprietor, Mr. Daniel McLeod, has laid both the travelling and resident public under immeasurable obligations in thus contributing so amply to the removal of the only defect in the otherwise excellent facilities the Land of Evangeline route offers for tourist travel, namely, the lack of a first-class hostelry.

Success to Hotel Aberdeen!

Local vs. City Trade.

(From the Dry Goods (Montreal) Review.)

Many merchants in towns and villages feel very much chagrined and disappointed when they see their fellow townsmen sending daily to "the city" for dry goods, books, etc., instead of patronizing the men who are the mainstay of their town. It is exceedingly lamentable to see a conscientious, upright merchant in a small town doing his best to give the people in his vicinity a chance to inspect a full range of the season's novelties, and then when they have fully inspected his stock, get a general idea of what they ought to buy, they send for samples from "the city," and finally order from there.

We do not proclaim that "to the local victor belong the spoils," but we do maintain that the people of a town are following their own best interests when they patronize their home trade. Every store in a town pays a certain amount of rent, taxes, gas bills, etc., and the wages of employer and employee will amount to a snug sum every year. Another store occupied increases the price of real estate. Another store and one or two houses occupied means less taxes on other property. Another store occupied and competing for trade means an increased number of visitors, rural and civic, and an increased circulation of money in this and a dozen different ways.

How to Give a Fomentation.

Only those who have not tried the remedial effects of water, both hot and cold doubt its efficacy in many forms of disease. It is perfectly safe to apply a fomentation in case of severe pain before a physician is summoned, and very often it relieves the sufferer before he arrives. This is the way to do it: Take half a dozen thicknesses of flannel large enough to more than cover the seat of the pain, fasten them together, for convenience in handling, wring them out of very hot water (use a clothes wringer to save the hands) and apply as hot as the patient can bear it. A dry flannel may be put between the skin and the wet cloth, if preferred, and over all a large flannel should be placed to keep the heat in. When the cloth begins to feel cold, it should be wrung again. Three or four applications will generally relieve stiff neck or an attack of rheumatism in a joint.

A fomentation may be needed when there is no hot water in the house. It may be quickly prepared by wringing out the flannel compress in cold water, laying it between the folds of newspapers and putting it on a hot stove or holding it around a stove pipe until hot. The paper protects the cloth, and when steam begins to come out can easily be removed.

Bad Manners.

A man's disposition is in some degree responsible for his manners, but an abrupt or fretful and generally disagreeable manner is often the result of a disordered digestion, which Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills will permanently cure. Try them and be happy.

—Chamois skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh side of a sheepskin. The skins are soaked in lime water and in a solution of sulphuric acid. Fish oil is poured over them, and they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

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

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier. Each of us is bound to see that our influence in this small circle the widest good may flow. Each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.

—Whiskers that are prematurely gray or faded should be colored to prevent the look of age, and Buckingham's Dye excels all others in coloring brown or black.

—Five children died recently from the effects of eating the root of the plant known to botanists as *Cicuta maculata*. This is a very dangerous member of the parsley family found in wet meadows, and teachers would do well to point it out to their pupils and warn them of the danger.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla is absolutely unequalled as a blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It is the ideal spring medicine. Try it.

—She (during the spat)—You hate me, you know you do; and why won't you say so? He (calmly)—Because it isn't true. She (sobbing)—There! There you go again—charging me with falsehood.

—Ayer's Ague Cure is a warranted specific for all malarial diseases and biliary derangements.

—Sadirons will not scorch if they are first wiped on a cloth saturated with kerosene.

—Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.