BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

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.

New Stoves!

R. ALLEN CROWE

Having purchased the retail business of the BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY COMPANY offers the largest stock in that line ever offered before in Bridgetown.

RANGES & COOK STOVES, Parlor and Hall Stoves,

STOVE PIPE, SHEET ZINC, LEAD PIPING, SINKS, OVEN MOUTHS, ASH PITS, PUMPS, MASLIN KETTLES

LANTERNS, GRANITE IRON WARE, STOVE BOARDS, COAL HODS, FIRE SETTS, TIN WARE,

and all articles usually kept in a

FIRST-CLASS TIN SHOP.

☞ Jobbing a specialty.

R. ALLEN CROWE.

Bridgetown, Sept. 16th, 1890. 24 6m.

BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

CURES

DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE. SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH. DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES

BITTERS

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.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1891. NO. 49.

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 part 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

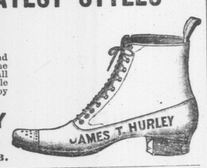
LATEST STYLES

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.



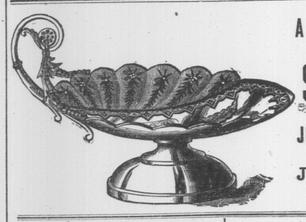
W. H. BANNISTER,

Optician,

—GRADUATE—

New York Optical College,

136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.



A Beautiful Line of

SILVRWARE!

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

I took Cold, I took Sick, I TOOK

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:

I take My Meals. I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON;

getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK."

Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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 1888, 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. 37 3m

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

The Unseen Battle Field.

There is an unseen battle field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And where they seldom rest.

The field is veiled from mortal sight
'Tis only seen by One
Who knows alone where victory lies
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band,
Yet there with an unyielding front,
These warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is a god-like form,
Of countenance serene;
And, glowing on his naked breast,
A simple cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope and Love,
Point to the wondrous sign,
And, gazing at it, all receive
Strength from a power divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,—
A truth as great as sure,—
That, to the victors, they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife
Imparts a holy calm;
In every deadly blow, a shield,
For every wound, a balm!

And, when they win that battle field
Past toil is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had reigned,
Becomes a hallowed spot—

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze—to God.

Select Literature.

Ned's Sister.

The old toll gate seemed to be a place for restful dreaming rather than of restless living. Even the rumble of a wagon served to mark more than to disturb the silence that prevailed. At such sounds Aunt Narsy would look up from her easy-chair and knitting and say:

"That's a team a-coming, Milly Jane."

Then Milly would go out to the lever bar in the piazza and appear to watch the waggon. But though she moved lightly her steps and gestures seemed uncertain. In her mild gray eyes was a helpless wavering look that is only seen when those "windows of the soul" are forever closed.

For Milly Jane was blind. It must not be thought that she was idle or fretful, or helpless or sad. Her slender fingers alive with the keenest sense of touch, were very busy. There was knitting, sewing and general housework.

The kitchen garden behind the house was also a part of her care. Had her eyes really feasted upon the rich green of the growing plants she would not have handled them with greater nicety. It looked as if between the sharp hoe and the young shoots a mutual trust and care were exchanged, yet the source was in Milly's heart that was tender toward every living thing.

Aunt Narsy was fat and sluggish; Uncle Solon hardly ever stayed at the house. Thus it fell upon Milly to attend to the gate. But since the building of the railroad travel had decreased until the task was easy even for her.

The sound of the great wagons was to the blind girl a never failing source of interest. They came from the great world's strange far off life, and they crept down into it again, bringing noise and bustle for a moment and leaving silence behind. She never tired of listening to the stamping horses, the rattling wheels, the strange voices that marked each slow passage.

Even the long white road had its unseen attraction. It stretched from town to town—a great vein of the world's life, sweeping by, yet barely touching her own.

When the teams would halt for a rest, Milly Jane took great interest in the tired wayfarers, the more so if families of "moves" were along. She would nurse the babies, bring sweet cakes for the children and water for the mothers, and listen eagerly to their talk.

She always felt as if she knew these people and it was pleasant to see how they seemed to like her gentle interest in their behalf. When they were leaving she would look after them and listen as if old friends were going out of her life.

One night, two men came in a buggy and stopped for supper. One—a mere youth—sat on the porch wrapped in a cloak with his hat pulled over his eyes. The other talked to Uncle Solon in the dining room but kept an eye upon the first, saying that he himself was a constable, and had the lad under arrest on quite a serious charge.

He do declare, though, as he ain't guilty; but—bless ye!—they usually all does that.

He'll eat a bite, I reckon? asked Aunt Narsy, not wanting to see anyone go hungry.

Says he don't want nothing. I ast him to come in, but he seemed backward and I allowed I'd humor him.

Milly Jane was listening. She did not say anything but she stole out with a cup of coffee and a biscuit. As she drew near feeling before her, the lad on the porch turned his head away.

Mebbe if you'd eat something, she said, you'd feel better.

No, he returned, coldly, I'm obliged to ye, but—I don't want anything.

There was a lantern over the gate, and its rays shone fully upon her sightless eyes. As she turned to go back, the lad said interestedly:

Are you blind?

Something in his voice startled her; she seemed to listen closely. Then she smiled.

Yes—but I don't mind it. Everybody is so kind.

Did you always live here? he asked.

I was raised up in the Blue Ridge—under old Snow Bird Mountain. But after mother died, brother Ned went off. Then Uncle Solon come and took me away.

The boy uttered a groan.

I'm afraid you ain't well, she said. Do try and eat something.

No, I can't eat, he replied in a low tone. So you had a brother named Ned?

Yes—I was little then. Ned was older, but he was such a good brother.

She had turned her face, but he saw tears in the gentle unseeing eyes. He muttered something and strove to rise, but sank back again.

What's that? cried Milly Jane. I ask your pardon but I thought—I thought—

How—what do you mean?

I don't know. Talking of Ned set me to fancying things, I reckon. I'm always a looking for him back.

And yet you can't see, said the lad in a broken voice.

There's some things I can look for 'thout being able to see, she returned in a gently reproving tone.

Do you reckon he'll ever come?

I'm most sure on it. Uncle Solon says not; but ever since I was big enough to know, I've asked God to send him, and—some time—he'll be obliged to come.

The young man's face sank still lower. At last he said:

Suppose—when he does come—he—comes like me?

He won't be that way, she replied, quietly. Ned won't be wild but he wouldn't do in no such way. Then she laid her hand upon his cloak. Mebbe you didn't really—do—anything?

No—no! he cried. I've been reckless but I never did what they think I did. There was a pause, then he asked: If your brother should ever come back, what would you want him to do?

I'm quite happy here, she said softly, but—I think—I'd like for me and Ned to be together again always, just as we used to be. He's been gone a master while. Sometimes I wonder how old he'll be when I see him again.

The prisoner sighed so deeply as to again draw her attention.

You're very poorly. If you'd only eat—

Milly—Milly Jane, called Aunt Narsy, from the kitchen. What's gone with the child?

I must go, she said; but as she put out her hands to return, he moved suddenly, then restrained himself.

Milly Jane, he whispered, don't you forget your brother Ned. Don't ye stop looking for him! One of these days he'll come back—he may need you worse'n you do him.

The constable and Uncle Solon bustled into the piazza, and Milly with these words ringing in her ears, went into the house.

Better stay all night, said the gatekeeper.

No, I must keep on to Danville to-night. I always feel safer when I've got a man under lock and key.

The buggy rolled away. The blind girl wondered at herself that she had spoken so freely of her brother to a stranger.

But somehow that poor boy made me think of Ned, she reflected. God ain't hard-hearted. He will fetch my brother back—sometime.

II.

At the little town Scooby, in North Carolina, a young man lay in jail waiting for his trial. He denied his guilt, though he owned he had led a wild unsettled life. He told a straight story about the horse he was charged with taking, but was not believed as the animal itself could not be found.

One day a stranger rode up to the court house, went in and asked for the sheriff. Taking that officer aside, he said:

This boy you have in jail here is not guilty. He hired that horse for me; but you haven't got the nag back yet, I guess?

No, we haven't, but—

Look outside, and see if that is not the animal.

That certainly is Jim Forster's horse or its shadder, said the sheriff somewhat perplexed. The lad told the straight tale, but he didn't know how true it was.

Just so; but he is clear. If anyone is to blame, it's I. I'm ready to pay all costs and charges.

Well—but who are you?

Here are papers that will prove just who and what I am. You see there has been some oil boring going on down in these hills, and I was sent down from the North by a rival company to watch things. I lay around quiet for a month when they made a strike. I was thirty miles from rail and telegraph and had to get there at once to send the news. So I got this lad, whom none of you know, to hire the best horse to be had for love or money. Then I took the horse, paid him off and we parted. When I got to Knock Bridge, the nearest station, I found I would have to keep on to Richmond. I left the horse, wrote back to Forster and went on by rail.

Next I read in the papers that the horse was missing and the poor boy in jail under a charge of taking it, so back I came to Knock Bridge, found the horse and here I am. I guess my letter must have gone wrong, and no one had been to get the nag.

These facts being proved, and all charges paid, the youth was at once released. Then the stranger, whose name was Derrick, took the boy aside and said:

My lad, I'm sorry I was the means of getting you into this scrape, for you did me a favor. If you care to go North with me and buckle down to steady work, I'll put you in the way of making a man of yourself.

I'll go, said the lad, on one condition.

I hope it is a good one.

So do I, sir. I've been going down hill and I know it, but the other day I met some one who has always believed in me through thick and thin. If I go with you it is only to come back by-and-by, when I've done something to show her—God bless her!—that she was right.

The shrewd Northern man looked puzzled, but soon smiled and held out his hand.

I see no harm in that. Only stick to this resolve and you'll come out all solid yet.

III.

It was winter at the toll gate.

With bad weather and worse roads the tolls decreased and times grew harder. Aunt Narsy, fleshy and quite helpless, did little less than worry. Uncle Solon's view of things was now more gloomy than ever. If Milly did not despond it was because of a hope time failed to banish and a faith reason could not destroy. Had she been as the wise are, she might have learned to despair; but being in many things like a babe she worked and waited and was not unhappy.

But it chanced that one blustery night, another buggy drew up at the gate, and as Milly Jane came out, a well dressed lad jumped down and clasped her in his arms. At the first sound of his voice she shrank back, saying:

It—it's the—prisoner—

No, Milly—no prisoner now—thank God! It's brother Ned—come back—never to leave you again if you'll let him stay.

Milly put up her hands and felt his face, his head, his arms, while a mute questioning shone in her sightless eyes. Then as the welcome truth at last made itself felt, her face rippled into smiles.

Ned—Ned! she cried, pulling him into the room where Aunt Narsy was making coffee and Uncle Solon lay propped up with pillows. I knew he'd come—the good Lord wan't going to keep him from me—always.

The Moon.

TWO THINGS ABOUT HER WHICH MOST EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW.

There are one or two things about the moon which every one should know. Let me mention them, writes Prof. E. S. Holden of Lick Observatory to the *Youth's Companion*. How bright is the full moon, do you think? Suppose you look up at the moon the next clear night. The sky is a pure, pale blue and the moon is almost dazzlingly bright against it. If the whole canopy of the sky were made up of full moons, and if one were in the centre of such a shining shell, one might think that the glare would be intolerable.

But let us see. This very same moon you have often seen in the daytime as a pale white disc just barely visible against the background of the sky. In fact, unless you know exactly where to look, you may require a minute or two to find it.

That means that the daylight sky is not so very different in brilliancy from the nearly full moon; or it means that you could very well live under a sky whose every part was just as bright as the moon itself.

We may say, then, that the brightness of the moon is not so very much greater than the brightness of the same area of sky. The total light of the full moon can be compared with the total light of the sun, though it is a very difficult problem, and the result will be that the sun is as bright as 680,000 full moons.

Once again, you ought to know and remember how large the moon is. Its diameter is about 2,000 miles—one-fourth of the earth—and its angular diameter is about a half a degree. As there are 180 degrees from the east point to the west point of the horizon measured through the zenith, there is room for 360 full moons in an arch spanning the heavens from east to west, each one touching the rims of those next it.

Another thing, too, you should notice and understand. The moon looks larger near the horizon than it does when it is overhead. The common explanation of this fact is essentially the true one; that is, the low moon is near enough to the horizon to be compared with hills, or trees or houses, and consequently it looks large; while the high moon is isolated, and one has no term of comparison.

In both cases the angular diameter is about half a degree, as you can prove for yourself with a little ingenuity.

The Prospector.

Few have any idea of the difficulty of finding a mine. A man who follows it for a living must thoroughly understand the nature of the district in which he is. Different sorts of mines are found in different ways. If you are in a placer district, of course, you have nothing to do except to walk along a stream with a pan in your hand and test the soil by washing till you come to pay dirt. But if you know nothing about it you will waste a deal of time testing dirt that an experienced prospector could tell at a glance contained no gold. In a true fissure or contact district the experienced prospector will walk along the bottom of the gulches looking for "float," although he expects to find the mine far up the mountain side. The float is vein matter which breaks off with the settlement of the mountain and rolls down its sides. The prospector who is acquainted with the district knows it at once, and when he finds it climbs the mountain till he ascertains where it came from. A tenderfoot would never know what it was. But sometimes he strikes it richer than anybody. The Silent Friend Mine, Pitkin, which showed a nine foot vein of solid galena at the grass roots, was found by two Swede railway hands, who didn't know what the mineral was, and gave away three-fourths of their interest before they discovered its value. Experienced prospectors had been over the ground thousands of times, but there was no external evidences of the lead. The Swedes found it by rolling a boulder down the mountain. The mineral cropped out from the place where the boulder had been. The great carbonate fields of Leadville were found by a man who was thought insane for sinking a shaft where there were no external evidences of mineral. He found the carbonate in a "blanket vein" lying level as a sheet of water, a great distance below the ground. A regular prospector would never have sunk a shaft there. But where one tenderfoot strikes it in that way a hundred thousand get broke and go home disgusted.—*Mining Exchange Journal.*

—A leak occured in the natural gas-pipes in the Hotel Marvin, at Findlay, Ohio, and workmen went under the floor of the dining-room to fix it. Finding the space filled with gas they cut a hole through the floor to let in air sufficient to enable them to work. Just as the hole was finished a waitress lit a match to start a fire in the dining room, and instantly the escaping gas took fire and a frightful explosion followed which blew the entire side of the building into the street, killing two waitresses, fatally injuring the proprietor, the clerk and another waitress, and seriously injuring five workmen. The explosion was so great that the fire itself was blown out and the wrecked building escaped conflagration.

—D. Cooper, the Australian millionaire, who is now in England, recently purchased the mare Mosquito, the grand-dam of Dreadnaught, for $15,000.

Upside Down.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN OUR CUSTOMS AND THOSE OF JAPAN.

It is not necessary to put absolute faith in the legend that when the waiters of Dai Nippon first made the acquaintance of bottles and corkscrews they were wont to twist the bottle on the corkscrew instead of screwing the corkscrew into the cork. Nevertheless, you may see to this day, at almost any out-of-the-way country inn, a tendency in that direction which seems to lend some truth to the story. The little handmaid who puzzles over the problem of uncorking your claret or whiskey has an evident leaning, until corrected, to solve it with the bottle. When your cook bakes a cake in an ordinary cake-tin it is as certain that, if left to himself, he will serve it bottom upward and bottom sugared withal, as it is that the butler will open your tins of jam or pate at the bottom instead of at the top. Japanese books begin at what we call the end. The lines are vertical instead of horizontal, the first being on the right-hand edge of the page, and are read downward from the top. The place for "foot-notes" is at the top of the page, and that for the reader's marker at the bottom. Letter-writing, like book printing, advances by vertical lines from right to left, and is always on one side of the strip of paper, which is unwound from a roll as the writer proceeds, and cut off where he finishes. To fold the letter it is doubled over and over from one end of the strip to the other. The postage stamp is affixed on the closed seal-flap of the envelope, instead of on its face. As for the mode of address, it is the exact reverse of ours. Thus, "England, London, Printing House Square, *The Times* Office, the Editor," would be the Japanese way of directing this letter. People in Japan are called by the family name first, the individual or what we call Christian name next, and then the honorific. "Mr. Peter Smith," is in this country "Smith Peter Mr." The carpenter planes and saws toward instead of from him—the wrong way as we should say—yet his feats of planing are extraordinary. Japanese screws are left-handed, and Japanese locks work "the wrong way."

When travelling you fee the hotel servant soon after your arrival, instead of at departure. Arrows are launched from the left side of the bow. Babies are carried on the back instead of in the arms. Candles are blown out with the hand or a fan, instead of by the breath. The book-keeper enters his money figures first, his items below them. In place of the hot food and cold drinks in which we indulge at our dinners and luncheons the Japanese lean to cold food and hot drinks. Sweets make their appearence early in the repast. Your host takes the lowest place. Crests are worn on the clothing, instead of being graven or painted on the household goods. Horses are mounted from the right side, where also are all the harness fastenings. The mane is trained over the left side. In the stable the horse looks outward from his stall, and is fed from a bucket instead of a manger. In house-building the roof is the first part constructed, only to be taken to pieces again until the substructure is ready for it; and the best room, as well as the garden, is commonly at the back instead of at the front.—Tokio Correspondence London *Times.*

Tricks in all Trades but Ours.

"Yes, I know the taste of the stuff, but I have not touched a glass of liquor for five years."

I looked in astonishment at the speaker, who was proprietor of two large saloons in the city and making money hand over fist, as the saying is.

I could have sworn that I had seen him drink many times with customers—more than once, I am ashamed to say, with myself. If you ask him to drink—for he was one of those men who are not above standing behind his own bar—he would smile and reach for a bottle and pour himself out a generous portion. I could not understand what he meant, but it was late at night, he was in a genial mood, and I felt sure he would elucidate the mystery.

"When I was in Ireland—God bless her," said Mr. Flinch, "I used to drink my drop along with the rest of the boys. But when I come to this country and went to keepin' bar I looked about me a bit. And says I to myself, says I, 'Pat, if you're going to succeed at this business, and indade at any other, you must let your own poison alone.' And I made a pledge which I have steadily kept to, and I think you will say that I have not altogether failed.

"But I have seen you drink lots of times," said I.

"Oh, you have, have you?" said Mr. Flinch, laughing softly. "Well, have a drop with me."

He pulled out a bottle which looked as if it contained any ordinary liquor. It was the one he always drank from.

I poured out a finger or so and drank it down. Whew! Molasses and water! Nothing else. Regular stage liquor. As harmless as milk.

I though Mr. Flinch would die of laughter, and I laughed with him.

"Don't give me away," he said.

"No," said I. But after I left his place that night it occurred to me that this liquor dealer had been preaching a pretty powerful temperance sermon.

And yet there are hundreds of men in the same business who "never drink their own poison," as he pleasantly put it.—*New York Herald.*

Remember.

That the sunniest lives have seasons of shadow.

That the more you say the less people remember.

That a mother's tears are the same in all languages.

That a man cannot go where temptation cannot find him.

That good is slow; it climbs. That evil is swift; it descends.

That there is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.

That the noblest and most exalted character is also the tenderest and most helpful.

That the promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than most people possess.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—As the days grow longer the sun grows stronger, and the wet and slush that follows are the sure forerunners of cold in the head. Nasal Balm instantly relieves and permanently cures. 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.

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Somebody's Husband.

The magazines and newspapers nowadays are so clogged up with "advice to women," that expert readers learn to skip all such paragraphs with the same agility developed in skipping the advertisements of patent medicines. In taking note of the needs of humanity, however, I have discovered one little plot of ground hitherto uncultivated by the moral adviser. We hear enough about the training that ought to be given our girls so that they may be prepared for wifehood and motherhood. I would like to suggest to those having charge of children that they train up the boys for husbandhood and fatherhood.

I have heard parents without number talk over the future of their boys as doctors, lawyers and merchants, but I have heard very few devote much time or thought to the question of what kind of a husband or father their boy would be likely to make.

It is certainly strange that there are so many bad husbands when the mother is supposed to have the training of the children, at least during their young and impressive years. It is strange that women, who know often by sad experience just how many and great trials come to every home circle, and know, also, how the patient forbearance and gentle loving sympathy of the head of the household would tide over the difficulty, should not teach their sons, as a very first lesson, the principles of good husbandship.

Some people seem to think that good husbands, like blackberries down South, grow wild and "thout any raisin," but I tell you, it takes a good deal of "rasin'" to bring up a husband in the way he should go, and too often the bloom and sweetness of married life is lost in the process.

Some people, again, consider that all that is necessary to the making of a good husband is that he shall be sober and industrious. But there are a good many little things besides which go to the making of a good husband, and the woman who gets hold of a bad one soon discovers this fact.

The greater part of domestic unhappiness hinges on the small things of life. This is not a new thought by any means, but it is more common to suppose that these little things are the small omissions and commissions of the wife. Women are advised not to scold, not to fret, not to sulk, not to forget to put on a clean collar in the morning, not to forget to bang their hair, not to forget the buttons, and to be sure that the coffee is not muddy; but how about the do's and don'ts on the other side? Wouldn't it be just as well to say to the husband, "Don't go home with your brow twisted in a Gordian knot and your voice like a rasping saw; don't forget that a woman, even though she be your wife, does not want an unkempt sloven hanging around the house at odd hours; don't forget that a woman, even though she be a wife, does not like to have her ears polluted by language, which the dictates of polite society forbid a man to use in public; don't forget that a woman, even though she be a wife, does not admire stinginess, gluttony, or vulgarity in the man whom she has promised to honor and obey."

Too often men forget that the mere assumption of wifely duties does not destroy a single womanly trait. Wifehood and motherhood develop all that is sweet and womanly, they destroy nothing. How many white-souled women, do you suppose, hide in their hearts the dead ideals which they loved, while day after day the empty semblance of those ideals mock their sight?

If a girl needs to be well trained that she may fulfill her duty as somebody's wife some day, does not a boy need yet more to be trained and disciplined that he may worthily fulfill the responsible duties which shall one day devolve upon him as somebody's husband?—*Union Signal.*

Simply Monstrous.

"Jimminy Cricket h'int that a big 'un" was the exclamation heard from some youngsters on Boylston St. a few afternoons since, as the writer stood conversing with a gentleman near the Albany railroad bridge not far from the junction of West Chester Park and Boylston street. The cause for the boys surprise was found to be an announcement upon the long bill-board lately erected for a famous theatrical company opposite from where we were standing. A few minutes observation convinced us that the boys were not the only persons attracted to this enormous spread of matter. The board is the very largest in the world and the amount of paper used to cover it would make the fortune of every Italian Count rag-picker upon the streets of Boston. Laborers stopped work, horse cars stopped, pedestrians halted in wonderment, as Mr. J. W. Black, Boston's old, well known photographer focused his famous thousand dollar, wide angled lens upon the great bill-board, to obtain by the sun's mysterious chemical touch an enduring photograph of the statements and familiar legends thereon. Among the chief of which was the following. "It holds the fort while Old Jed Prouty is away!" "Every mother should have it in the house for Autumn colds, soreness, lameness in body or limb;" Think of it, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment unlike any other was originated by an old family physician in 1810;" without real merit, could it have survived for eighty years?" These in bold letters some of which were nearly six feet tall, proved to be what astonished the boys. This big sign demonstrates one point clearly; the courage and persistence requisite to be successful advertisers, like I. S. Johnson & Co., the proprietors of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; nothing daunts them. But after all, it is their forcible, persistent, courageous style of advertising which has made them successful, until they are now classed among the foremost advertisers of the day.—*Boston Sunday Globe.*

A Source of Joy.

DEAR SIRS,—My young sisters were attacked by croup so badly that we almost despaired and had little hope of curing them. At last we applied Hagyard's Yellow Oil and to our great joy it cured them perfectly, and they now enjoy the blessing of perfect health. Annie Johnston, Dalhousie, N. B.

—A Protestant minister in the extreme west in bidding adieu to his congregation whom he was about to leave, said, "I believe that our separation does not cause you much pain. In the first place I think that you do not love me; in the second there is no great love among yourselves; in the third place the Lord does not love you." He explains himself thus:—"If you had loved me, you would pay me my last two years' salary; if you loved yourselves, more of you would marry and I would have the fees; if the Lord loved you he would take more of you to himself and I would have more funerals to attend.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend