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BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

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Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums.

PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, and whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs *free*. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway N. Y. 17y

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Importer of Marble

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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.

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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

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Puttner's Emulsion

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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

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CASH!

FLOUR,

OATMEAL,

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STOVES, PLOWS,

HORSE CLOTHING,

Harnesses made to Order.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

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Nov. 19th, 1888.

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C CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC and CRAMPS

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AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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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?

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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

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has removed from Carleton's Corner, and is now located at the head of Queen Street, in the rooms over the store of Mr. Geo. H. Dixon.

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Jobbing and repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to. 7 13i

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Weekly Monitor.

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VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1890. NO. 18.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

Barrister and Solicitor.

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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

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One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 30 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., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

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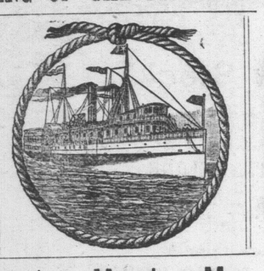

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NEW BRUNSWICK

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.

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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.

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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.

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION,

Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine.

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MORE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES.

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(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, Agent, Annapolis.

9 4m

Poetry.

A Song.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
There is ever a something sings always;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray;
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree,
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruits may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song, somewhere, my dear.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

What Does It Matter?

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Wealth and glory, place and power,
What are they worth to me or you?
For the lease of life runs out in an hour,
And death stands ready to claim his due.
Sounding honors or heaps of gold,
What are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear—
What does it matter what we claim?
For we step from the cradle into the bier,
And a careless world goes on the same,
Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow,
What does it matter to us to-morrow?

Truth of love or vow of friend—
Tender caresses or cruel sneers—
What do they matter to us in the end?
For the brief day dies and the long night nears;
Passionate kisses or tears of gall,
The grave will open and cover them all.

Homeless vagrant, or honored guest,
Poor and humble, or rich and great—
All are racked with the world's unrest,
All must meet with the common fate,
Life from childhood till we are old,
What is it all when all is told?

Select Literature.

An Unloved Wife.

Pansy Garland was the most heartless little flirt in the world. I have it on good authority—a dozen good authorities, for the matter of that, each one of which had sought for the missing organ of Miss Garland's anatomy, but all in vain. Either they were right and no such member had entered her composition, or, not relishing their method of vivisection, Miss Garland had carefully placed the said member beyond the reach of the instruments that had threatened it.

Whichever the case, it was certain that the young lady had herself performed this same operation of vivisection many times, and she might have been an embodiment of that fabled and horrible monster who feasted on the hearts of his victims, so mightily did she thrive on these dainty tid-bits.

But one or two circumstances put an end to Miss Garland's innocent pastime. The first was the sudden death of her mother, followed soon after by that of her father, leaving the girl alone in the world—for there were no lateral branches of either family—and absolutely unprovided for. Her father died insolvent, having got his affairs in such a tangle, not to say snarl, that there had been only one way to cut the Gordian knot, which he did by breathing out his life in his daughter's arms, commending his soul to the clemency of Heaven, his debts to his creditors, and Pansy Garland to the guardianship of his executor and heaviest loser by his death, Donald Howard Marshall.

Mr. Marshall knew far more about the necessities of the brute dependents on his bounty than the requirements of a woman's heart, yet his own nature was so pure, so deep, so tender, as almost to touch on the womanly; so strong and noble that the very helplessness of the small hazel-eyed child appealed to it irresistably, as weakness must always appeal to its opposite.

He had had his romance. Outside the city limits yonder, under a green mound, his heart lay in the coffin of a woman he had once thought to make his wife. For ten years it had lain their "in solemn salvatory," sealed forever, as he believed, with the inviolable seal of death; but Winfield Garland's daughter must be provided for, protected and cared for, and it was for Donald Marshall to do it; there was no one else. If she had been rich and surrounded by friends, there would have been no trouble; a thousand solutions to a perplexing problem presented themselves where now there was but one. That one he accepted.

He went to her, offered her his hand, his name, and she, from the moment she looked up into his grave, quiet eyes, knew that she had found her master; and the various authorities, unlike the common run, were correct; her heart had long ago been given all unconsciously into the keeping of Donald Marshall. She never questioned his love, although she knew of the green mound where Mary Bains slept her long sweet sleep.

Petted and spoiled, with the wealth of many a noble heart poured out at her feet, she could not have understood, perhaps, that the treasures of this one were withheld from her, and he did not tell her. The grief that brooded over his life had grown to seem like something real—tangible; he could not tear away the silence of ten sorrowful years, and reveal it even to this woman. Yet he knew that he could be loyal, true to her; that nothing but Mary Bains's green grave could ever come between them. His wealth, home, social position, his protection, and his name, all were hers, but not his love. He was making a dangerous experiment, but she did not realize it.

And they were married. One bleak, cold day they turned from the altar and passed out of church, man and wife. The stray handful of snow that had been falling at intervals since dawn suddenly ceased; the gray clouds rent themselves from zenith to horizon, a glory of crystal sunshine poured down upon the head of an unloved wife, and it snowed no more that day; the rift never closed, but widened and broadened until it took in the whole blue shining dome of heaven; the sun went down in a pure, mellowed sky. She called him to see it, and he, bending from his grand height, gently kissed her brow.

"Thus shall your life be as bright and cloudless to the setting, heaven willing."

She smiled, well content, without fear for the future she had given him to keep, while the twilight fell and softly shut them in.

Yes, they were married, he with a woman's heart in his possession, she—ah! pity is a sad exchange for the rich, living love a woman craves. For a time the strength of her affection mesmerized into artificial vitality the dead body of his, and she was happy. But it could not be so always; the truth came crushing down upon her at last.

It does not matter how she found it out, it does not matter how the heart comes into its bitterness, how the soul claims its heritage of woe. The greatest question is how to learn to accept it, endure it, and live.

Live! That had to be. She would have died of mortification, grief and pain, but pain, grief and mortification rarely kill. She must live and bear her trouble. This was the hardest of all.

What was to be done? He was an every-day, prosaic sort of a man, with little romance about him. He saw but one remedy.

"We must accept it and live it down together," he said, sadly.

"But you will go away and let me learn to bear it alone?"

"My dear, that is impossible. I cannot give up my business, drop everything, and set out in vain wanderings after happiness which could not be obtained in any such fashion," said this curious young man, opening his eyes.

His creed held that the obligations of life imposed a higher duty than to follow the erratic guidance of an imperfect emotional nature.

"Then let me go; this is killing me."

"You wish to get a divorce?"

He had a fierce internal struggle before he could bring himself to utter that word. He had failed, signally, then, in the effort to make her happy, since she could submit to the disgrace—yes, he was old-fashioned enough to call it a disgrace—of a divorce suit, and the uncertain position she must occupy in society afterwards, in preference to an honorable place at the head of his house.

"A divorce? Yes, anything—anything!"

"Poor child! Poor, miserable child!" he said, compasionately. "Forgive me—I cannot grant your request. You do not understand what it involves. No, dear, we can never rectify one mistake by plunging into another. No court in the land can break, in the sight of Heaven, the ties which bind us until death to each other. Space itself cannot absolve us from the marriage vows which we took upon ourselves in the sight of all Heaven. There is but one, as I have said; we must live it down together, not apart. A woman's rightful place is by her husband's side, under his protection; nowhere else can she live out her full life. Anything so unnatural as a separation cannot be attended with blessings."

"But I may at least find peace," said the girl, wearily.

"Peace comes from the honest discharge of duty. Pansy, if we deliberately shirk the one, how can we hope to obtain the other. Neither peace nor even contentment can be founded on wilfully broken laws. It is only here—here, where our lots have been cast, our lives united, that we can ever hope to obtain either."

His words were tenderly spoken, but their hard philosophy fired her. It was all duty, with him; what cared he that all her happiness was changed by the tide of bitterness that flowed through her little world?

But she must save the shattered remnants of her life; away from him somewhere, she might put them together and piece out an existence that might not be wholly despised. She would go away; it would be better for them both. But he had always been kind to her—yes, very kind; she could not think of the tender, compassionate way in which he had sought to help her after she had made her cruel discovery, without tears. Perhaps, after all, they could learn to bear it, to live it down, better together, as he had said. He was strong, and so very, very patient and tender; close at his side, her weakness hidden in his strength, she might grow contented. But, no, his heart was dead, and she loved him; there was no contentment in the thought; she must go.

She waited feverishly until night, then stole into the empty library, and laid her little good-by note on his desk. There was the book he had been reading yonder, not far off her own desk, her sewing-chair, and her work-basket. She did not touch anything; she had forfeited the right; she would go now, the room was too much for her. He had preached duty, not love, and her heart cried out for love; and yet he was kind—she would always remember his kindness.

So she stole away out of the house. On the terrace she paused one moment to take her courage more firmly in hand, and then, to her dismay, it suddenly evaporated, wholly and without warning. She could not go—she dared not! She was—afraid. It was a humiliating confession to make, but it was true. The sight of the big, silent world, although it shimmered like an opal in the moonlight, struck terror to her soul. What might not lurk yonder in those gray, sinister-looking shadows? No, no, no! She could not go alone, not alone!

She crept into the house, a miserable little coward, for whom there could be no apology; it was cool and sweet there, and safe. Long feathers of silver light were strewn over the carpet; the fragrance of honeysuckle, her favorite flower, came sweeping in at the window on the fresh night air.

There was the faint, far-off odor of a cigar somewhere, too.

He was coming, her husband! She could hear him whistling softly as he came up the path. He was not wholly miserable then. She hurriedly found the note and destroyed it, and was ready to face Donald when he entered, though trembling in every limb.

"Pansy, is it you, dear, and in the dark?"

He always called her dear; he was very tender with his little wife; his one desire was to repair the wrong he had unwittingly done her.

"Where are the matches? I will light the gas," said he.

"No, not yet, Donald, please. I—I do not wish any light, it hurts my eyes, I think."

"Are you ill? Does your head ache?"

"I am well; but I have something to tell you, I would rather say it in the dark. Donald"—with a perceptible effort—"I tried to leave your house just now—desert you, they call it, don't they?"

"But you did not go," he said, slowly—very slowly. "Why, dear?"

"I—I was afraid. The world was so big—so solitary."

"Poor little coward—poor little unhappy Pansy! I want you to promise me never to try to desert me again."

He had not spoken immediately. When he did his voice had been steady; but there was something under its very quiet that made her shiver.

No covert threat, only that great gentleness without which he never addressed her; and yet it seemed throbbing with pity and regret that was almost passionate in its still intensity.

"I will promise, if you wish it, Donald; but if a time should ever come when I cannot endure my life, you will let me go away somewhere?"

"I will let you come and tell me all about it, dear, and we will devise a better remedy," he answered, drawing her into his arms. As her head drooped against his shoulder he felt an odd thrill of pleasure. It could not be that his heart had awakened, for that was lying dead in Mary Bains's grave. "We must bear our trouble bravely, Pansy; the world is full of grief, you know."

Then he kissed her and sent her away; but he sat up late that night, thinking.

After that Pansy spoke of her sorrow no more, but fell into the way of entertaining much company, as she had done when a girl. Donald looked on quietly, glad that she was happy, he told himself; yet he missed the quiet hours they had spent together, and winced at the sound of her gay laughter when other men paid her homage.

He had never observed how pretty she was until she blushed and dimpled at the compliments showered upon her. And how well she talked—with what wit and vivacity. Mary Bains had been sweet and gentle, but Pansy was more—a charming and amiable woman of the world.

Donald Marshall for years had been true to an ideal. Now he awoke to the real, and discovered that he loved his wife as he had never loved that other woman. And she, he bitterly told self, had learned to do without him.

For Pansy was unfeignedly happy in these brighter and gayer days, and seemed well content to take up her girlhood's pastime just where she had dropped it. To Donald she was sweet and gracious, and nothing more; her eyes were no longer raised to his in mute beseeching for the love he withheld; indeed, they sparkled with happiness and health, and looked at all the world except him.

It was one soft, sweet June day Pansy had been walking, and came home through the dewy meadows. The twilight had fallen, and Donald went out to meet her.

"I thought you might be afraid," he said, as a sort of apology for the intrusion.

"O no!" she returned, smiling. "People whose lives are full have no room for cowardice, I think."

"Then your life is full?"

"Yes."

"And you have no room for my love? You have discovered it to be quite useless—it has come too late?"

She looked at him, and the sweet face brightened as she put her hand in his.

"No, Donald, it has not come too late. Dear, did you think me blind. I knew you loved me before you knew it yourself. That is why my life is full—why I am so happy. Not value your love? Did you think I could live without it?"

And Donald was satisfied.

WHAT LED TO THIS DREAM?—One night a lawyer sat in his office, troubled over a case, the keystone of which was a bit of testimony locked in the breast of a certain witness, whose present place of residence was unknown. The lawyer had been doing a good deal of work and was worn out. He folded his arms on the table, laid his head upon them and went to sleep. It was only for a moment, but in that moment he saw his witness standing at the shaft of a lead mine and asking for work. That was all, and the lawyer awoke and went on with his preparations for trial. But that trivial dream, which he had at first forgotten, came back again with a curious persistency, and he at last gave it attention. That man at a lead mine—where? Somehow Joplim, Mo., suggested itself to him. He concluded to waste a dollar in telegraphing, and found in five hours' time that his much-wanted witness was there, working in a lead mine. Now, what led to that dream?—*Chicago Herald.*

Corn Sowing

Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore producing substitutes.

—A Berlin restaurant and cafe is cooled in summer and heated in winter by electricity, and the flood of light from the electric lamps is tinted a delicate pink, which is so becoming to the complexions of the lady visitors that the place is simply thronged. In the centre of the room there are several glass jars through which passes a spiral platinum wire. The electricity, on heating the wires, speedily raises the temperature of the water in the jars to boiling point, and prepares the coffee, which a small electric railway transmits to the various tables, so that the guests may help themselves at their pleasure.

Only a Sister.

"My sister and I each tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters with great success for bilious headache. We recommend it to all as a specific for headache." Miss Carrie Scherer, Baden, Ont.

Rich Without Money.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs and a pretty good headpiece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develope good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition, who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man—those are all born deformed on the outside. They do not limp, but their thoughts sometimes do.—*Clay Manufacturers' Engineer.*

A Child Saved.

My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhœa, he was very delicate and got so low we had no hope of his life, but a lady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and although he could only bear a few drops at a time he got well. It saved my child. Mrs. Wm. Stewart, Campbellville, Ont.

WONDERFUL MECHANISM.—The Bank of England doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing this famous institution. The bullion departments of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping-rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near that person's head. If a dishonest official, during either day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, letting every person in the establishment know of the theft. —*Exchange.*

—A rich deposit of gold has been discovered at Gay's River, Nova Scotia, and said to be bonded over to an American Company for $60,000. This is a valuable find, but King's Dyspepsia Cure says John A. Dawson, Esq., ex-M. P. of Pictou, N.S., is worth its weight in this precious metal to all afflicted with indigestion or Dyspepsia in any form.

Truthfulness.

To children as to us all, but to children especially, is example better than precept. What a good thing for both ourselves and them if we could aways bear this in mind, and order our actions and our lives as we would have them order theirs! Their eyes are ever on their parents, not to criticise, not to censure or blame, but to try to imitate. To a child whatever is, is right, if a father or mother does it; and he will grow up, not acting as you have told him to act, but in a very great measure, the same as he has seen you act. What a beautiful trait in a child's character, for instance, is candor and truthfulness! How poor a figure a sneaky child, who has made some excuse, or even told a lie, to hide a fault, looks beside the bold little fellow who at once admits a wrong action! And yet the child is just what the mother makes him. Can she expect her child to be truthful if she herself be not so—if she is heard to lie before him, even in little matters, or to force into a breach a lame excuse, where the truth would have acted better and more boldly? Women themselves do not nor cannot be expected to know the amount of misery and wretchedness that untruthfulness and want of candor causes in this world. But men could tell them. Among the poorer classes, I am sorry to say, truth does not shine as a virtue; but in middle-class life, that life with which we have the most to do, it ought to and does, and a man who has been found untruthful cannot, if he possesses a spark of feeling, hold his face up before the sun of society. Untruthfulness has blighted many a life, and broken many a friendship 'twixt man and man. Now, we should not only be most truthful in our conversation before children, but we should be truthful towards them. We should never, on any account, deceive them, nor make promises to them which we do not mean sacredly to fulfil—even if it be the promise of punishment. This latter is some times necessary, though but seldom; yet the habit of threatening a child with no intention of fulfilling such threat is greatly to be deprecated.

Something About Eggs.

Did you ever think that an egg is an ounce and a half of concentrated energy. It is made up of lime, soda, sulphur, phosphorus, iron, magnesia, oil and nitrogen. The hen is only the constructor and she can not build an egg unless she has the proper material to work with; and if this is not furnished her in about the right proportions, she must discard the surplus and throw it off making her egg according to the percentage of the various elements which have been furnished her, and if her allowance of any one of these component parts is too small, the product will be correspondingly short in it—or as a whole. Every particle of the yolk, albumen and shell must be taken from the food or the system of the fowl.

If we feed fat and heat forming foods we cannot expect the largest egg production because in the feed we do not give the fowls egg forming material.

The value of any feeding stuff is not its cost per hundred pounds, but its power to bring about a given purpose, also the quantity taken into the system is not a criterion to judge by, but rather the amount that can be digested, assimilated and turned into merchantable produce. This shows us that we must not allow our fowls to gorge themselves, for if they do, a portion of the force which we have already to make into eggs will be expended in throwing off the surplus, thus lowering this year's egg production, but it is dangerous, as we are apt to weaken the kidneys and reproductive organs, and shatter the constitution of the fowl.

In my own experience, I find that I obtain the best results in the spring by feeding a combination of oats, wheat, buckwheat and wheat bran, chopped clover and vegetables, sometimes boiled, sometimes only wet up, and sometimes dry, varying the rations constantly and feeding as little whole grain as possible, and relying mainly on clover. I am firmly convinced that I can keep a hundred hens a full year by the use of hay, as the principal food, for $100,00.

How Fast the Sea Swallows Land.

There is a broad lowland stretching from Sandy Hook to Cape Henry and another washed by Mississippi sound upon which the sea is encroaching; they are wave fashioned plains, but recently wrested from the ocean, and ocean reclaims its own. Already its octopus arms have seized the lowlands in horrid embrace, and day by day, month by month, year by year, generation by generation, the grasp is tightening, the monster creeping further and further inland. Each average year the water mark advances a rod. The seaside cottage with a broad lawn before it has an "expectation of life" of a decade or a generation; but the cottage at the verge of the cliff may go in a year and must go in a lustrum, unless human devices outwit and overpower the waves for an exceptional period. On most other eastern and southern coasts the waves are also encroaching, but their progress is slower. And the ocean's power is too great for puny man to oppose successfully; he can only provide against and slowly retreat before the invasion.—*Professor W. J. McGee in Forum.*

—To cure chicken cholera, take four ounces of sulphate of iron, half ounce of sulphuric acid and one pound of old nails, and put whole in one gallon of water. Let stand twelve hours, then shake well and give one tablespoonful to each fowl in warm dough. If fowls have chorela do not allow them to drink any water unless it contains above medicine, and be certain that each one affected gets one tablespoonful of medicine once a day. Give fowls affected with cholera plenty of fat meat well seasoned with pepper. The medicine is a sure preventive of cholera if given in drinking water twice a week.

Party Politics.

When party politics run high bad feeling and bad blood are often caused, but all parties agree that when bad blood arises from ordinary causes the only satisfactory cure is Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's blood purifier. Recommended by the medical profession.

—When whitewashing your cellar add an ounce of carbolic acid to each gallon of wash before applying.

A Remarkable Beacon.

The most extraordinary of all lighthouses is to be found on Arnish Rock, Stornoway bay—a rock which is separated from the island of Lewis by a channel over 500 feet wide. It is in the Hebrides, Scotland. On this rock a conical beacon is erected and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which, night after night, shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. Yet there is no burning lamp in the lantern and no attendant ever goes to it, for the simple reason that th re is no lamp to attend to, no wick to trim and no oil well to replenish.

The way in which this peculiar lighthouse is illuminated is this: On the island of Lewis, 500 feet or so away, is a lighthouse, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Arnish Rock. These rays are reflected on to an arrangement of prisms, and by their action are converged to a focus outside the lantern, from where they diverge in the necessary direction.

The consequence is that to all intents and purposes a lighthouse exists which has neither lamp nor lighthouse keeper, and yet which gives as serviceable a light—taking into account the requirements of this locality—as if an elaborate and costly lighthouse, with lamp, service room, bedroom, living room, store room, oil room and water tanks were erected on the summit of the rock.—*New York Telegram.*

Philanthropy or Advertising.

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame" may have been excellent advice when Mr. Pope wrote, but it would require reshaping to bring it into harmony with modern requirements. A Yorkshire coal dealer who has been doing good by stealth on quite an extensive scale, now has cause to blush at finding himself fined by a police magistrate. This philanthropic trader owns a weighing machine which gives his customers twenty-one pounds overweight on every hundred weight. Some time ago his attention was officially drawn to the fact, and he received solemn warning that if he continued his sinful benevolence he would be summoned. A weighing machine that gives overweight is as illegal as one that does the other thing, the law demanding a perfect adjustment of balance. This coally Samaritan refused to believe, however, that his stealthy benefactions were punishable, and so persisted in adding the little bonus to every hundred weight of black diamonds that left his shop. A fine of 5s. and costs is the result, the bench expressing the opinion that it looked a little hard to punish a man for cheating himself to benefit his customers. It does look hard, no doubt, but what a splendid advertisement!—*London Globe.*

Worth Thinking Of.

The Toledo *Blade* is an able and influential journal, and its utterance in regard to the terrible Cincinnati riots were copied very extensively. They are worth reproducing here. They were as follows:—It was a beer-inspired mob that committed the excesses in Cincinnati. Sober men would never have become so senseless in their conduct. There was absolutely no reason for the continuance of the mob after Berner was found to be gone, yet the beer-maddened mob kept up the disturbance, apparently with no other motive than drunken men's rage for destroying something, no matter what. The prime movers in the riot were chronic hangers on and habitues of saloons, and they relied wholly on beer to work their followers up to the depredation point. "Just wait until night, and we get those boys full of beer," they said over and over again to the officers who were exerting themselves to restore order. Could there be stronger proof that the beer vat is a volcano underneath the foundations of society, and liable at any moment to burst into an eruption in which lives and property will be licked up like the vineyards and cottages over which Vesuvius pours her consuming lava?

HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY A MONKEY.—Have you ever heard of our blue-faced Guzerat monkeys committing highway robbery? Well, I have, and much to my surprise, I confess. I was walking one morning when I heard screams behind me, and on turning around to see what it was, I saw a huge male monkey trying to dispossess a lad, who must have been about 12 years old, of brinjals which he was carrying in both hands to his house for breakfast. Before I could be of any assistance to the lad a policeman close by ran with his baton to drive away the intruder, but the monkey was far too clever for the bobby. He succeeded in getting two brinjals out of the boy's hand and commenced eating them in right earnest on top of the bobby's roof. I have never known monkeys to be so daring before. Had the policeman not run up in time I fancy the poor lad would have lost all his brinjals.—*Ahmenabad Letter.*

A CURIOUS CLOCK.—Something new and unique in the way of a clock has just been patented by an electrician.

Aside from being a regular timepiece and daily calendar, it is also provided with a system of keys making a double circuit around the outside of the clock, the first one to denote the hour and minute and the other the day of the month. The object is to furnish thereby a regulator for business appointments. For instance, if a man had an appointment at 9:30 in the morning he would turn the indicator to that time, as well as another to the desired day. At the minute exactly in the morning an alarm would be turned on and continue to ring until stopped. The clock is the first of its kind in America, and has been viewed with considerable interest by the jewelry trade.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Drs. deBlois & Primrose, Bridgetown, and Dr. Morse, Lawrencetown.