Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1895. NO. 44.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store)
Every Thursday.
Consular Agent of the United States.
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—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

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NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
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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.*

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GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.
ommissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
ommissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co, St. John and Halifax.
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BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.
Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 ly

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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.

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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

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.
MIDDLETON.
'elephone 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, he last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

P. C. MELANSON,
—DEALER IN—
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY SILVERWARE, SPECTACLES, Etc.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.
NOTICE.—Any goods sold by me which do not prove to be as I represent them, the purchaser upon returning the article will receive the sum of $20.00.
Middleton, N. S., September, 1893.

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

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. 29ly

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of SINCLAIR ROLSOR, late of Havelock, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
WILLIAM WORTHYLAKE,
Administrator.
Lighton, Digby Co., N.S., June 27th, 1894. 1y

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of ELIAS BEALS, late of Williamston, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
JAMES R. CURRELL,
of Bridgetown, or
ROBERT FITZRANDOLPH,
Lawrencetown.
September 12th, 1894. 6m *Executors.*

NOT SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
—BUT—
SIMPLY THAT WE DEFY COMPETITION
—IN THE—
TAILORING LINE

Besides having a First-Class Stock of CLOTHS and TRIMMINGS I have the

Celebrated "Tyke" Serge.

It is a cloth of the highest character and especially sound colors. The Black is a *direct* Black, and the Blue is the *best Indigo.*

REMEMBER I guarantee my stock to be of the highest order, and the prices are as low as can be put for first-class stock, and the work turned out of this establishment is **second to none.**

FRANK SCOTT.
MEDICAL HALL BLOCK. - - - GRANVILLE STREET.

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.

R. ALLEN CROWE
—Has in Stock, a Full and Complete Line of—
Parlor, Hall, and Kitchen Stoves!
CALL AND INSPECT.

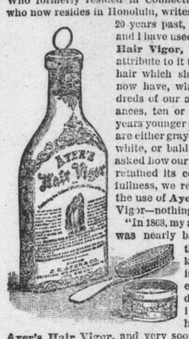
PIANOS!
GREAT INDUCEMENTS
Offered during the Holidays and until the middle of January, to sell stock befor moving to our New and most Commodious Building,
101 to 103 Barrington Street,
(Formerly A. Stephen & Son's Furniture Warerooms.)
PIANOS BY THE BEST MAKERS.
NEW PIANOS from $250 to $650.
SEVERAL PIANOS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE (ONLY LITTLE USED AND WILL BE SOLD LOW.)
SECOND-HAND PIANOS, IN GOOD ORDER, from $75 to $200.
ORGANS
BY THE BEST MAKERS, AND IN PRICE FROM $75 to $250.
LARGE NUMBER OF SECOND-HAND ORGANS (SOME ONLY SLIGHTLY USED) from $50 to $100.
Repairing and Tuning attended to by competent staff of workmen.
MILLER BROTHERS,
116 AND 118 GRANVILLE ST.
H. R. PIERCE, Agent, Wilmot.

BLACKSMITHS' NOTICE!
We have just added a Complete Line of
REFINED BAR IRON,
and offer at a VERY LOW PRICE. Also in stock
Iron and Steel Shoe Nails and Rasps
AT OUR USUAL LOW PRICES.
Get our Quotations before buying.
WALKER, HANSON & CO.
Middleton, October 10th, 1894.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

—THE—
INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO'Y,
LIMITED.
Works: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
Correspondence solicited.

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 1863, 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

IF YOU WANT
ANYTHING IN THE
BOOT
—AND—
SHOE
LINE, STEP INTO
G. W. ANDREWS'
Boot and Shoe Room, and see his new stock
—IN—
Buff, Oil Pebble,
Oil Goat, Calf,
Dongola, French Kid,
Kangaroo, etc., etc.
LARGEST ASSORTMENT
—AND—
LOWEST PRICES
Ever shown in Middleton.
$1 buys a nice pair of Men's Boots!
Middleton, Aug. 21st, 1894.

HEART FAILURE, FAINTNESS, ACUTE DYSPEPSIA,
with
Complete Nervous Prostration,
Cured by Using
HAWKER'S NERVE & STOMACH TONIC.
A LADY'S EXPERIENCE.
Mr. Wm. Thompson of Musquash, N. B., says: "For 2 years past my wife has suffered with *Acute Dyspepsia* accompanied with complete *nervous prostration* and a *smothering sensation about the heart* which frequently produced an attack of faintness. She became weak and nervous, lost all energy, and had a constant *feeling of dread.* She suffered with *intense pain in the stomach* after eating, which was usually followed by the smothering sensation about the heart and *fainting spells.* She tried a great many remedies and was treated by the doctors for some time, but obtained no relief. She became so *discouraged* that she gave up all hope of ever getting better, when *our pastor suggested* that she try HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC and LIVER PILLS, *which had produced remarkable cures in several cases he knew of.* We did so and she obtained immediate relief from the distress after taking the second dose, and has continued to improve ever since until today she is as well as ever, and can enjoy her food without fear of suffering. I cannot speak too highly of these valuable medicines which have restored my wife to health and strength and saved much suffering and expense."
Rev. Henry M. Spike, Rector of Musquash, N. B., says: "I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Tompson's case, and am greatly pleased that the medicine which I recommended to her produced such remarkable results."
Sold by all druggists and general dealers.
TONIC 50 cts.; PILLS 25 cts.
Manufactured by the
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.
St. John, N. B.

What Every Household Wants
—IS A—
BABY FOOD WARMER
It will warm the baby food or heat the bachelor's shaving water. And it is indispensible in a sick room, and useful in a dozen other ways.
The baby food warmer is a lot of wires woven together so as to fit the top of any sized lamp chimney. It will warm a pint of water in three or four minutes.
It will not brake nor smoke the chimney.
To introduce this we will sell them for the next 15 days at 10c. each.
For sale at the New Store and
Kitchen Furnishing Depot!
HARRIS & HATFIELD,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.
ALSO A FULL LINE OF
Iron and Lead Pipe, Pumps, Sinks, and Bath Tubs.

WM. RAND,
CANNING, N. S.
—REPRESENTING—
FRANK RAND & CO.,
FRUIT BROKERS,
SPITALFIELDS MARKET, LONDON,
—AND—
BERRY & HOWARD,
WHOLESALE PRODUCE AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
86 Commercial St., Boston.
Consigners to either of our houses may depend upon prompt returns at highest market rates, and drafts made against consignments if forwarded with Bill of Lading attached will be accepted to any reasonable amount.
Shippers to our Boston house will be furnished free with blank invoices, shipping cards, and stencils with register number.
Cable address of London house "Rand, Spitalfields, London."
☞Telephone at Canning. 22 6m.

Poetry.

Beyond.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the beyond;
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think but for our veiled eyes,
We should find that heaven right 'round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world; yet I shall love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,
But that I think, "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there,
One more to make the strange land beyond seem fair."

And so to me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with abated breath
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Select Literature.

Misplaced Sympathy.

"It is one of the hardest things I have ever seen. I can't understand how you can be so heartless, Jack," said Mrs. Van Mater, in tones of rebuke.

She knelt closer to the crumbling stones and tried with her dainty handkerchief to brush away some of the moss which clung to them.

"They were so young," she went on. "And they lived just at that time when the whole country was at strife, and there was bitterness in every heart. Their love for each other must have been the one bright spot in their lives. Poor things! It is such a sad story."

"Story!" interrupted Van Mater, sitting upright in the long grass with a great display of interest. "Did you say story?"

"Yes, story," she returned, rather sharply for a bride of two weeks. "Any one with the slightest intuition or imagination could see the romance."

"But I have no imagination," said her husband, meekly," "and you know, Molly, your sex has a corner on intuition, so I shall have to depend upon you for the tale you have gleaned from those two interesting, though somewhat illiterate, gray stones."

Pretty little Mrs. Van Mater settled herself comfortably against her husband's shoulder, and reflected.

These two happy, gaily dressed young people looked strangely out of place in the dreary old graveyard, whose sleeping inhabitants had been laid there, most of them, nearly a century before.

The Van Maters were taking their honeymoon in the latest approved fashion; driving through the country in a very neat cart, with two well-trained servants and several large trunks following in a trap behind.

The bride was very pretty, very spoiled, and had a strong taste for romance of every description. Her husband was a fine specimen of *jeunesse dore* of New York—handsome, light-hearted and good-natured. It seemed a strange mockery of fortune to have led these frivolous, highly-favored young people into the sombre old New England village.

Mrs. Van Mater was charmed with everything, as a bride should be, and great was her joy, when in the course of their rambles they had come upon the tiny graveyard, hidden away on the side of the hill.

They had wandered in and had sat down to rest in front of the two stones which had particularly aroused her sympathies.

"Well," she began after a thoughtful silence, "in the first place, they were so young when they died; she was only 18 and he 25. That alone is pathetic enough, even without knowing how they loved each other and how she died of a broken heart—"

"Not so fast, madam; how do you know they loved each other."

"You have eyes, Jack, if you haven't intuition; don't you see that she died three days after he was shot? "John Barrows departed this life June 20, 1775." "Mary Harris departed this life June 23, 1775." Isn't that enough?"

"O, John was shot, was he? How did we find that out?"

"Why—er—why, of course he was shot. All the men were shot in those war times. I've no doubt he was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and did something awfully brave for his country."

"To be sure. How stupid of me. Go on."

"And then they were so good. Just see how it praises them."

"Most extraordinary," murmured Van Mater, "for an epitaph to be complimentary."

"And the same verse on both the stones." continued his wife without heeding the interruption. "Such a pretty idea, too: "This stone is designed by its durability to perpetuate the memory, and by its color to signify the character of—'"

"A striking illustration of 'praise that damns.' John's character must have been rather shady, I take it, if it is represented by that very dingy, gray stone; and if Mary's memory is to be perpetuated by the durability of the same—well I should say her memory must have been on the decline for some 50 years or more.

"I prefer a good honest sentiment, myself, like the lady's on the tombstone at your right, who, after living with her husband for upward of 60 years, 'departed in the hope of a better life.' There is candor for you. Multum in parvo. A story in three lines."

"Jack," said Molly softly, after a pause, "have you noticed their names, 'John' and 'Mary?' Just like ours. Isn't that remarkable?"

"Did you ever go into a New England graveyard, where at least half the inhabitants were not reposing under the names of John and Mary?" returned her husband unfeelingly. "Well, this is a sleepy old place, and if you can content yourself with the society of those two exemplary young people for 15 or 20 minutes, I believe I will take a nap."

"Wait a minute," said Molly, "I wanted to ask you—no, I think I won't, after all. Jack," very softly, raising her face to his, "will you always let me do precisely as I choose and ask no questions?"

"Probably," returned Jack, with a little prudent reservation.

"Probably!" echoed his wife, sitting upright and looking at him with indignant violet eyes. "Probably! Well, anyway, I have enough money of my own, and no one can interfere much with me. Papa always let me do just what I wanted to, and I shouldn't have thought, Jack, that—you—"

Jack succumbed at once.

"I was only joking, dearest," he said hastily. "Of course you will never want to do anything but what is exactly right."

But Molly was not so easily appeased.

"To think that you could speak to me like that, Jack," she said with a little catch in her voice. "And just when I was thinking of a surprise for you, too."

"Well," relenting and smiling into his anxious face, "no matter; I'll try and forget it this time. Give me a leaf from your notebook and your pencil, and go to sleep, poor dear, if you want to."

"Don't put it in your mouth," murmured Van Mater, as he closed his eyes.

There was no sound on the peaceful hillside for some moments, excepting the faint scratch of Molly's pencil.

At last she rose with a satisfied air, folded her paper, put it carefully in her pocket and then gave Jack a relentless little shake.

"Jack, dear, you needn't wake up yet," she said. "I'm not ready to go down. I only want to know the address of your family stonecutter."

"It's gone to her head," muttered Van Mater, regarding her with sleepy eyes. "She has actually been designing my future headstone after the pattern of yonder chaste monument."

"Might I suggest, my dear, that the quaint device at the top of John's stone, of a grinning cherub eating its wings, be omitted from mine. You can have it on yours, if you like."

"Don't be horrid, Jack," said Mrs. Van Mater, with dignity. "I want you to promise me something. We leave here to-morrow, and we have had such a fine time, and I shall always connect you with this lovely old spot—"

"Thank you," interrupted Van Mater, glancing about him.

"And so I can't bear to think that we may never see it again, for it is out of the way. Now, won't you please promise to stop here on our way back, in September perhaps, just for a few days."

"Why, of course, dear, if you wish: but I should really like to know if this morbid taste for death has been developed since our marriage," laughed Van Mater, as he helped her down the hill.

* * * * * * *

The grass in the sloping burying ground was sere and yellow, and the somber graves were made gay by the fluttering autumn leaves, when Mr. and Mrs. Van Mater returned to the quiet little village.

The sharp featured New England woman who had charge of the tiny inn met them at the door with a smile of friendly interest.

"I knew you'd be comin' 'long soon, Mis' Van Mater," she said, "when them two big boxes marked 'Handle with keer' was left for yer by the express. They was so big an' heavy I couldn't have 'em took upstairs, an they're out in the woodshed. Been there two weeks."

Van Mater looked at his wife inquringly. She changed color.

"O," she cried hastily, "I didn't mean to have them sent up here yet. I—I—its a surprise, Jack."

"So I should judge," said her husband. "Am I coming into it?"

"O, of course," recovering herself. "I am going to tell you all about it later—after tea, perhaps. I know you will be as pleased as I am with the idea, but just now—"

"Come, I want you to go to the little grave yard with me before it gets dark. I will tell you all about it there."

They climbed the steep hill slowly.

"I suppose our Mecca is John and Mary's resting place," remarked Van Mater, inquiringly.

But he received no answer. Molly's eyes were fixed on the goal beyond. Kneeling before the two graves was the bent figure of an old man; and a long scythe lying on the grass near by, showed the purpose of his visit.

"A descendant, by Jove," said Van Mater under his breath. "Young Mr. Barrows, I have no doubt."

The old man turned his head, as the dry grass rustled under their feet, and nodded pleasantly.

"Good arternoon, friends," he said. "Set, won't yer? Strangers aluz finds their way up here, sooner or later. It's a cur'us old spot, and folks likes ter larf at the ol' mottoes. Do set."

"Like to laugh," cried Mrs Van Mater indignantly. "I don't see anything to laugh at. It is all too sad."

"I want ter know," said the old man, eyeing her with wonder. "Don't yer now? Most generally, young folks sees the larfin' side more'n we old uns."

"Look at that now" he continued, pointing disrespectfully to Mary's stone. "Course them folks didn't mean it fer a larfin' stock in them days, but they didn't make no 'lowance fer time an storms crumblin' and discolorin' it; an' jest see the sense it makes now."

"Can you tell us their story?" asked Van Mater. "We have felt a great interest in those stones from the first."

"Wall, I guess I kin," returned the old man, biting a piece of grass meditatively. "Guess I know the stories 'bout most of them stones. Aint much ter tell 'bout these two though.

"John, he b'longed to the family o' Barrers, all Tories—every durned one of 'em—an' ef he hadn't dropped off jest when he did of a sun stroke, he'd a got a coat of tar, an' some feathers a leetle premater I guess. Sneakin' business ter go back on yer neighbors an' take up with the king at sech a time, but they was a mean lot, I've heard my gran'ther say, them Barrers was."

"And Mary?" said Mrs. Van Mater, faintly. "Did the shock kill her?"

"The shock?"

"Yes, John's death, you know."

The old man slapped his knee, and gave a short, dry laugh.

"Bless you child, they didn't even know each other, I guess. Mary Harris warn't no resident o' this place. Her folks hed jest landed, and was travelin' through the States. She was took down with the fever, an' died in this village."

"But how does it happen that the stones are alike?" asked Van Mater, stifling a laugh.

"Wall, 'taint strange that they should be. There was a fashion in headstones then, as there is now. An' folks took a shine to a motto, they didn't makes no bones borrowin' it.

"Look at my gran'ther's stone, down yonder. It's jest like the one that marks the relick o' Mr. Ebenezer Brooks, an' gran'ther's told ter' "rise and soar," jest as he was, an' yet they warn't no relation."

"Jack, I want to go down," said Molly, in a low voice. "O, Jack!"

Van Mater forbore to question her till they had reached the grassy road.

"Now, then, Molly, what is it?" he said, drawing her down beside him on a low wall. "I feel sure that we are connected in some unfortunate way with those two antiquities on the hill.

"We are," said Molly, the tears standing in her eyes. "That is, I am, and I will never go back to that inn again with those new tombstones waiting for me in the woodshed."

"New tombstones?"

"Yes, I had new white marble ones made for them. It seemed so hard to have people laughing at those old ones—and—and—they were so fond of each other—at least—I thought so—"

It was some moments before Van Mater spoke, and when he did there was a perceptible quiver in his voice.

"We can have them put up just the same, dear, if their descendants don't object. It will make no difference, and that was a very kind thought of yours."

"O, no, we can't," she cried, burying her face in her hands. "I—I—haven't told you all. I thought it would be nice to put on a little more, so I told them to add: 'Even in death, they were not di—vi—ded.'"—*Marjorie Richardson in Boston Globe.*

[From the Presbyterian Record.]

A Picture of Life in the West.

THE MANSE, KETTLE RIVER, B. C.
OCTOBER 8th, 1894.

Dear Record,—I send you a few lines from this secluded corner. I have not much to tell of success, but rather the other way.

The thought is continually with me; how can I interest this dead valley?

Last Sabbath day, I was at Boundary Creek, one of my stations; I travelled all day on Saturday over the mountains, calling at the miners' camps where over 30 men are scattered on their claims. I made arrangements to hold service next day on my return, somewhere amongst them.

Arriving late on Saturday, I called on several of the Boundary folks to let them know of service on the coming day.

Sabbath came, I went in search of a place to preach in.

Tried the house where the school is held.

"Can I have the school-room for service today?" I asked.

"No sir, I have no use for church, nor will I have it in my house. What is the use of churches or ministers any way?" he added.

Tried the public hall next. No use having it there, no stove, no seats in it, was answer.

Next the only hotel was tried. "I would rather not, was the answer, why not go to such and such a place." I said that I had tried every place and now came to him as forlorn hope.

Nothing now left but to tell the people we must try the open air, as we did the last time I was there, cold as it was.

At the last minute we got the hotel parlour, but only six persons appeared, three of them children.

Outside, were over twenty men watching the blacksmith shoeing a horse. No Sabbath, or religion of any kind, laugh when you speak to them of God; "Oh, you mean the Old Man!!" says one. "I guess I'll get a good show when my time comes," says another. "I say, preacher, what's the use of you talking such bosh, there's neither God, nor a future world for likes of us."

The saloon keeper told me, he does not care to have anyone come to his place who runs down his business. Why, it is Sabbath he has the best show, and must take it. "Last year he was doing well, when along comes the preacher, and spoils his trade for quite a while," referring to Mr. Mc Vicar, who was here for two months last summer. I was glad to hear that testimony, given with some feeling.

After service, off to the mountains. Rain came on and darkness overtook me. I could not see my trail, stumbled on for two hours, and at last struck an empty cabin. It was locked, so nothing for it but to sit down and wait day-light. Chilled through and wet, I tried my pockets for a match. With difficulty gathered a few dry twigs, I set my solitary half-match to it. "Hallo!! hallo!! who's there?" cry two voices from thick bush. I told who I was. They received me nicely, and conducted me to the cabin. Half a mile off, there were several men expecting me, but I was glad to tumble into a corner and lie down.

Next morning, they all looked on the preacher's mishap as a good joke, but invited me back.

In the Grand Prairie head-quarters, my wife takes Sabbath-school, making it as like church as possible, while I am somewhere else. I am cheered to know she has a full house.

There is not one who will take a hand at Sabbath-school or any kind of christian work. So utterly indifferent are they, they seem to care for nothing, yet they like their children to go to church and school.

All my other stations are sometimes like Boundary Creek.

During the week I am working as hard as I can at the church building; for three months I have been at it all alone; and now it is being plastered. It is 33 by 22ft. in size, ceiling 18 ft high; vestry, 13 by 16ft; also a 8 by 8 ft. tower for porch. The tower itself is over 40 ft. in height. Nearly every nail was driven by myself, every stick put through my own hands. I got $150 from Church and Manse Board, $5 from a young man in the valley, and $99 from friends in Scotland. All the funds I received from the field since June last year, and half of my H. M. grant hypothecated to pay the lumber of the building. Two dollars came from a poor family in Nova Scotia, and one dollar from two little girls, 6 and 9 years, "half of their saving," with a touching letter. Twenty dollars came from my predecessor in field, with encouraging words.

This is a sample of home mission work out here. As for going to Presbytery, that is out of the question. It costs ten days travelling and expense.

I have no funds to furnish the church. I traded off a horse for shingles for the vestry, and so the children must walk to school for some time.

The church will be opened for services in about 3 weeks. I must use chairs, etc. from the manse meantime, also a stove.

I am doing this work in order to create a building which will be a protest against Sabbath desecration. Oh, for a Sabbath bell to bring back their early recollections, for nearly all at some time or other have been more or less acquainted with House of God but have gone back, and still farther back, for lack of ordinances. Four of the ranchers are ministers' son.

We can number around us, 53 children of school age at Grand Prairie, and there are settlers around the church in a 4 mile radius, enough to fill the church.

I am open for some help in funds or a stove, or church furniture. I would be very glad to have a set of lamps. If some church out east has an old chandelier thrown aside which I fancy there may be, send it along.

Next year if is possible, I will raise a second church at Boundary Creek in the new townsite of Midway.

Sites for a church and manse have been given me at that point, but it can't be done unless I have help.

Notwithstanding all the calls, there is money enough, and to spare, for such as we, who are out here isolated and trying to bring back English, Scotch and Canadian heathen to something of their first condition.

Is foreign work to absorb the attention of the church, to the loss of those in our own field, surely not!

I beg to acknowledge numerous packets of reading matter from N. S. and Toronto. The most of it has found its way into homes, ranches, camps and to passers by.

The only literature read here, seems to be the newspapers, so there is a work for good magazines, etc.

This field is fast becoming an important one. The gold fields are attracting attention to our mountains, and an even increasing number are finding their way to this district from the American side.

As our trade is all American, I am almost feeling myself as an American would; we seem to have so little contact with Canada. This we hope will be remedied, as by end of November we will have a trunk road connecting with far off Vernon.

I am toiling on, as in honour bound to do, and hope the East will not forget the West in their prayers public and private.

Dear Editor, I sat down to this letter to escape the dull routine of duties here. It is rambling, so just pick out of it what you see suitable for your purpose.

It serves to give an idea of how I am placed. I am thankful to state, we (family of six) have never had better health in our lives. We have all we can eat, also a good school, but no money for anything. The valley is the same.

We need not be pitied, for we have the best mission field, as it is one of most needy, but we want help, and you in the east can give it, and why may it not be done. We do all we can, *first*, and then ask the rest; and those who are able lose a grand blessing if they do not lay a hand to the ropes.

I hope to send you a notice of our church opening soon.

Yours truly, THOMAS PATON

[Rev. R. S. Whidden, of the Gordon Memorial (Presbyterian) church, of this town, was Mr. Patton's predecessor, and was the first missionary on the field to which the above refers.—ED. MON].

Independent Order of Foresters.

Dr. Oronhyatekha is in Montreal in his capacity of supreme chief ranger independent order of Foresters, to arrange for transportation of representatives of the order from Canada and the United States to the biennial meeting of the supreme court of the order, which is to be held next July in London, England. It is expected that quite 800 delegates will go across the Atlantic. The proceedings will last a week or ten days, but the affairs of the order are so amicably arranged that no contentious business is anticipated.

High Chief Ranger Monroe, of Digby, is one of the two delegates appointed to represent the High Court of Nova Scotia at the London gathering.

Home and Abroad.

It is the duty of everyone, whether at home or travelling for pleasure or business, to equip himself with the remedy which will keep up strength and prevent illness, and cure such ills as are liable to come upon all in every day life. Hood's Sarsaparilla keeps the blood pure and less liable to absorb the germs of disease.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c. per box.

Resented a Beating.

Sing Sing, N. Y., January 18.—Joseph Jeborski, a farm hand, 42 years old, was kicked in the head last night by a horse on the farm of Charles Hoag, near this place. He was brought here and treated at the Sing Sing hospital. This morning he died. A few days ago he beat the horse. Since that time the horse made repeated attempts to bite him and several times kicked at him, although others could enter the stall without the animal showing any signs of viciousness.

The Income Tax.

By the U. S. income tax regulations every citizen of the United States whether at home or abroad, and every person resigning or doing business in the United States who has an annual income of more than $3,500 is required to make return before the first Monday in March, and all incomes of $4,000 and upwards are taxable at 2 per cent. The tax on incomes for 1894 must be paid by July 1, 1895.

Rev. George J. Lowe,
The Rectory, Almonte, Ont., writes: I must ask you to send me another bottle of your invaluable medicine. I think your last bottle has cured me entirely, but some members of my family, whose cases are worse than mine, insist on my getting some more. Indeed we all think it an indispensible article in the household.
Free sample of K. D. C. mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

Canada and Newfoundland.

London, January 21.—The *Times* says editorially to-day: "Canada is not likely to welcome Newfoundland while the latter is a bankrupt colony with a French shore difficulty. If Newfoundland becomes a crown colony possibly an English bank will be willing to open a branch there. In view of the hardy maritime population we would suggest also a naval recruiting station.

—"Thou shall not kiss," is the new commandment laid down by the health convention as a means of preventing consumption. In spite of this people will kiss, and will neglect a cough which a few doses of Hawker's balsam of toul and wild cherry would speedily cure.

—Varnier, the strong man of France, sailed for America January 22nd. He stands 5 feet 6½ inches; weight 15 stone. On his arrival in America he will deposit £100 with *Police Gazette* and challenge Sandow, Sampson and Cyr, the American champion, and sign a contract with Prof. Otto Kohler who will be his manager.

—In cases where dandruff, scalp diseases falling and grayness of the hair appear, do not neglect them, but apply a proper remedy and tonic like Hall's Hair Renewer.

—Starfish are found at almost every depth in the sea. Some have been drawn up from 2,000 fathoms.

—For Spasmodic Coughs—MINARDS HONEY BALSAM.

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$200 till spent on other car ss, $25 well spent for K. D. C.