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

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23. 1891. NO. 25.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

☞Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Professional Cards.

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

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

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

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
☞Office,—"Dr. Gunter" building.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, - - N. S.

G. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence in the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. L. G. deBlois.

Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 1y

THE
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

$1,000.00 GIVEN AWAY
:BY:
THE WILMOT CORSET O.,
South Farmington, N. S.
For particulars apply to:
Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, Mrs. L. C. Wheelock,
C. H. Schaffner, R. D. Beals,
S. Harris & Son, Mrs. Ansley,
G. L. Letteney & Bro.
Feb. 11th, 1891. 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.

FOR SALE!
THE property now owned and occupied by the subscriber, at Granville Ferry, consisting of a House of ten rooms, a Grocery-store and Barn, a good Garden set with Fruit Trees, and two never-failing wells of water.
For terms apply to
ROBT. W. INGLIS,
On the Premises.
Granville Ferry, August 3rd, 1891. 18 tf

Halifax Commercial College
Opens September First,
in the commodious rooms over Le Bon Marche, 95 BARRINGTON STREET.
A Live School for the Training of Live Business Men.
Thorough instruction in Book-keeping, Banking, Commercial Law, Business Penmanship and Correspondence, Business Arithmetic, Stenography, Type Writing, etc.
Persons of both sexes taught to earn a living, and carefully prepared for good positions.
Business men supplied with competent assistants—GRADUATES OF THIS COLLEGE.
Terms reasonable. For information address
S. E. WHISTON, Principal,
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$6000.00 a year is being made by John Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, devoting all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay for industry every worker. We send out samples, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

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BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Painter, Grainer and Decorator.
Fresco Painting in all Branches.
Paper Hanging, Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewashing, Coloring, Etc., specialties.
☞Ceilings thoroughly whitened and cleaned without injury to Furniture or Carpets.
Estimates given. All jobbing punctually attended to.

Frank E. Vidito,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established a 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

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

$3000 A YEAR. I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, where they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I doubt but one worker from each district or county will have already taught and procured a good situation. It's NEW and STILL. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

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A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.
Feb. 11th. 1y

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

Executors' Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES G. CHARLTON, late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to
JOHN H. CHARLTON, } *Executors.*
HENRY S. CHARLTON, }
Lawrencetown, March31st, 1891. tf

UNDERTAKING.
Messrs. ROOP & SHAW
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Beg to announce to the public that they intend carrying on the Undertaking Business at Middleton, and have now in stock a varied and comprehensive line of
Caskets, Coffins, Trimmings,
AND ALL OTHER FURNISHINGS.
Parties requiring their services can rest assured of prompt and satisfactory attention, at most reasonable charges.
ROOP & SHAW.
Middleton, June 16th, 1891. 11 tf

TIRED—
How often we hear people say, "I'm tired," and when they have really not done any thing to make them feel so. It is not that they have been working hard, but that
TIRED
feeling that they experience is caused by the system being run down, and they require a good bracing medicine to build them up—to bring about the desired result they should take Estey's Iron Tonic—then that
—TIRED
feeling will soon pass away. It builds up the system; strengthens the muscles; tones the appetite, and makes you feel like a new person. Sold by all dealers.

Established 1873.
THE WEEKLY MONITOR.
ISSUED ON WEDNESDAY,
At Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S.
M. K. PIPER, Proprietor and Publisher.
TERMS $1.50 per annum, if paid within three months; if not, $2.00.
ADVERTISING RATES.
One square, (1½ inches), one insertion.....$1.00
Twenty-five cents each continuation.
One square, one year.....$10.00
Two squares, one year.....15.00
A liberal discount to regular advertisers, and full information given on application.
Advertisers are respectfully requested to hand in their matter as early in the week as possible.
Copy for changes, to secure insertion, must be in our hands not later than TUESDAY NOON.
JOB PRINTING
of all kinds, plain and fancy, executed at short notice. Neat work, good paper, and reasonable prices. Pamphlets for lodges, societies, and catalogues, put up in any style required.
News items from all parts of the County respectfully solicited.
Births, deaths and marriages inserted free of charge.
Address all business letters or correspondence to "MONITOR" Office, or
R. S. McCORMICK, Manager.

Poetry.

The Child's Face.

There's nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is all divine,
Than the smile of a little child.

So sweet it is, so simple,
And yet so angel wise,
With the peace of God on the dear, smooth brow,
And the love of Christ in the eyes.

The sinless lips, half parted
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O little one, smile and bless me!
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul, when children smile,
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light and the hope of that sweeter world,
Like the dawn, are breaking through.
—*Ernest W. Shurtleff.*

"The E'en Brings a' Home."

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints—oh! rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts,
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for thy coming—when the light departs
At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without thy lamp we know not where we are—
At evening, bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken.
O thou dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night—our tardy footsteps quicken:
At evening, bring us home.
—*Dr. John Shelton.*

NOTICE.
☞The packet schooner TEMPLE BAR will ply as usual between this port and St. John, N. B.

LIME and SALT
constantly kept for sale.
J. H. LONGMIRE, Master.
ALSO—Schooner NANCY ANNA, W. R. LONGMIRE, Master, will run on same route.
When schooners are not in port, apply to
Capt. P. NICHOLSON,
50 tf Bridgetown, N. S.

Dr. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
are not offered to the public as a remedy for all diseases, but for every form of
INDIGESTION,
and the innumerable train of sadly distressing symptoms arising therefrom, these Pills are absolutely the most infallible remedy ever offered to the public.
For the removal of DYSPEPSIA in all its forms, CHRONIC DISEASES OF THE LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE, IRREGULAR ACTION OF THE HEART, etc., these Pills are emphatically
THE REMEDY.
Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.
PREPARED ONLY BY
F. L. SHAFFNER, Middleton, Annapolis Co., N.S.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO
JOB WORK
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
We have increased facilities for turning out
FINE WORK
—such as—
NOTE HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
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ENVELOPES,
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Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
always on hand.
Estimates Furnished, Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.
Address,
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PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.
I am devoting my time to tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs, and any orders sent to me at Truro will receive my attention in my annual turn through the province. Intending purchasers will do well to communicate with me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am willing to order for small commission.
4 tf G. O. GATES, Truro, N. S.

A Large Stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S HAND-MADE LONG BOOTS.
CLOTHING IN GREAT VARIETY
TWEEDS AND FLANNELS.
—A Fine Line of—
HORSE BLANKETS, SURCINGLES, HALTERS, ROBES, &c.
All of which will be sold way down Low.
B. STARRATT.
Paradise, Oct. 29th, 1890. 30 tf

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.

Select Literature.

'Zeki'l.

(Concluded.)

Winter passed. The frost-bound earth sent up faint scents and sounds of spring in fresh-plowed fields and swelling buds. 'Zeki'l wandered about his fields in idleness, striving to make up his mind to go away. It would be best, yet the sacrifice seemed cruel.

"It is more than I can bear," he cried aloud one night, and strained one of the violin-strings until it snapped asunder. He laid the instrument across his knees and leaned his head upon it. The candle burned dimly, and a bat flew in through the open door, circled around the room, at last extinguishing the feeble light with one of its outspread wings. But the unhappy man did not heed the gloom. Why should he care to have a light for his eyes when his soul was in such darkness? He groped his way to the bed, and fell down upon it. Rover came back from a nightly prowl, barked to let his master know of his presence, then lay down on the doorstep.

The sound of music vibrated through the air, and 'Zeki'l remembered that the young people of the settlement were to have a "singing" at his brother's that evening. He raised his head and listened. They were singing hymns, and many of them were associated with recollections of his own youth. A line of Tom Moore's "Come, ye disconsolate," once a special favorite when sorrow seemed far from him, was borne to his ears:

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

He lay down and slept.

At dusk the next evening, as he was heating a piece of iron in the blacksmith shop, a man stopped at the wide, open door.

"Will you give me a night's lodging? I have walked far to-day, and I'm a stranger in this part of the country."

'Zeki'l wheeled, the light from the forge shining across his face. It brought out the stranger's face and form in bold relief also.

"Why, it's 'Zeke Morgan," he cried, walking into the shop.

"Yes; I thought I recognized your voice, Miller," said 'Zeki'l, slowly, and without much pleasure at the recognition.

They had been in prison together, and 'Zeki'l had left Miller there. He had never felt any liking for the man, and less now than ever, as he looked at his ragged clothes and dissipated face. He had evidently been steadily sinking in vice, and its repulsiveness was impressed upon his outward being. But a certain pity stirred 'Zeki'l's heart. He remembered his own friendlessness when he entered that settlement. Could he show less mercy than had been shown to him?

"Sit down, won't you?" he said kindly, blowing up the coals in the forge to a glowing heat.

"That I will. I'm footsore, and hungry as a bear. I'm in luck to meet with you, comrade," chuckling.

'Zeki'l winced. The man's familiarity grated upon him.

"Where are you goin'?" he inquired.

"Oh, nowhere in particular. I'm just out."

"Why, I thought your time would be up in two years after I left."

Miller shrugged his shoulders. "Yes; but I made so many attempts to escape that they kept adding extra time to my term."

He sat down while 'Zeki'l finished his work.

"You seem to be getting on pretty well," he continued, his restless eyes scanning the surroundings.

"Only tolerable."

Two or three neighbors dropped in, one to leave a broken plow, another to tell a bit of gossip. They stared curiously at 'Zeki'l's disreputable companion, who jocosely informed them that Morgan had once been his chum.

'Zeki'l felt annoyed, and, closing up the shop, invited his guest into the house. They had supper, then sat down and smoked. Miller talked a good deal, and asked many questions about the neighborhood and the store; but at last he fell asleep, huddled up on the bed, and 'Zeki'l lay down on a bench, recollections of his prison life keeping him awake far into the night. When he awoke the next morning his guest was gone. He was glad of it. The man's presence oppressed him, brought a sense of degradation. But what were his feelings when he heard that Mr. Davy Tanner's store had been robbed, the mail-box rifled, letters torn open, and various articles of wearing apparel taken!

He grew so pale, seemed so agitated and confused, that the man who had come up to tell the news stared wonderingly, half-suspiciously at him. He had brought the plow to the shop the evening before, and he now looked around for the stranger.

"Where is your friend?" he inquired.

"He is no friend of mine."

"But he 'lowed that he knew you."

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In prison," said 'Zeki'l quietly, though he flushed with shame.

"Aha! I 'lowed so, I just 'lowed so, last night."

'Zeki'l tingled all over. He had never felt the degradation of being a convict more heavily than at that moment. He suspected Miller of the theft, the man's tone implied that he suspected them both. It showed how slight a hold he had on the trust of his neighbors if they could so readily believe that he would rob the best friend he had in the settlement. He went into the house and sat down by the hearth, his head leaned between his hands.

News of the robbery spread, and men left their work to go over to the store, stirred up, pleasantly excited. It was not often that Zion Hill settlement could boast of having anything so important as this robbery take place within its limits, and it must be made the most of.

'Zeki'l held aloof from the store, where he knew a large crowd had collected, but later in the day a small delegation came up to interview him. He read suspicion in every face, indignation in every eye. His quiet, honest life among them had been forgotten; they remembered only that he had been a convict.

"Once a thief, always a thief, I say," one man cried loudly.

'Zeki'l clenched his hands, but what could he say in self-defence? He made a clear, straightforward statement of all he knew about Miller, earnestly denying all knowledge of the robbery, but he felt the slight impression it made on their doubtful minds. They did not openly accuse him, but they asked many questions, they exchanged knowing glances, and when they went away he felt that he had been tried and condemned. The sheriff had gone in search of Miller, and all day groups of men sat or stood about the store whittling sticks, chewing tobacco, and talking. It was a most enjoyable day to them. It afforded excitement, and gave an opportunity to air opinions, to bring forth old prejudices. There was almost universal condemnation of 'Zeki'l. He had entertained the thief, and had given him all the information necessary, and the more bitter ones wagged their heads and said that no doubt he had shared in the spoils. Even Mr. Davy Tanner looked sad and doubtful, though he defended the unfortunate man.

"We've no right ever to accuse a person without evidence o' guilt. We don't know even that this other man had anything to do with it—though circumstances do all p'int that way—let alone 'Zeki'l Morgan. It's best to hold our peace till we find out the truth."

"But it looks mighty suspicious ag'in 'Zeki'l."

"Because he's been in the penitentiary, an' we think he's got a bad name by it."

"Well, ain't that enough to set honest men ag'in him?"

"Yes; but it ain't best to always judge a man by his misdeeds in the past, but by his good deeds in the present, an' what they promise for the future."

"Why not, when it's accordin' to Scriptur'?"

So the talk went on, while 'Zeki'l sat by his fireless hearth or walked aimlessly up and down the yard. At dusk his brother called, looking almost as bad as he did.

"It's a bad thing, 'Zeki'l."

"Yes," said 'Zeki'l, listlessly.

"They are fools to think you had any thing to do with it, plumb fools."

"It's natural they should, 'Lijy."

"I can't stand it, 'Zeki'l. Lord! I can't stand it."

He fell into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Chut, man! What does it matter?" said 'Zeki'l, bracing himself up and forcing a smile. "Don't let 'Lizabeth believe it, that's all I ask."

"She'll never believe it."

"It's all right, then; I'll not care what the rest o' the world thinks."

"But I do," cried 'Lijy, starting up, "and I'll put an end to it by—"

"You'll not do anything rash, 'Lijy," said 'Zeki'l, firmly, quietly, and laid his hand on the other's shoulder; "Recollect your family."

He looked slight and insignificant by the side of his brother, but his face had a strength and calmness which seemed to give it a power the other lacked. 'Lijy groaned and turned trembling away.

A week passed, but Zion Hill settlement could not go back to its every day vocations until somebody had been arrested for the robbery. The man Miller seemed to be wary prey, eluding his pursuers with the crafty skill of an old offender. It was a solitary week to 'Zeki'l. He had been completely ostracised by his neighbors. They openly shunned him, and no more work came to his forge. He stood in the empty shop one day, wondering what he should do next, where he should go, when 'Lizabeth walked slowly, quietly in.

He flushed painfully.

"You see I'm idle," he said, pointing to the dead coals in the forge. "They don't think I'm worthy o' doin' their work any longer."

"I wouldn't mind," she said tenderly, laying her hand on his arm. "They'll see they are mistaken after a while, and be glad enough to come back to you."

"I don't know," with a heavy sigh. "It's the injustice that hurts me, an' the lack o' faith in my honesty. The years I've lived here count for nothin' with them."

"I have faith in you, 'Zeki'l."

He laid his hand over hers.

"If I had you, 'Lizabeth, if I only had you to help me bear it."

"That's what I've come for 'Zeki'l. I'm crippled. It may be that I'll turn out to be more of a burden than a comfort to you, but I can't sit down there any longer knowin' you are here slighted and sufferin' all alone. 'Zeki'l, have pity on me, if you've none on yourself, and let me bear this trouble with you."

He trembled before the future her words conjured up.

"Could you, would you, be willin' to bear my disgrace, share it, be shunned like a plague, have no company, no friend, but me."

"What are friends to the one we love, or company? I'd give up all the world, 'Zeki'l, willin'ly, willin'ly, for you."

He looked into her deep, earnest eyes, realized the full truth of her words, and drew her closer to him.

"It's a great sacrifice, 'Lizabeth, an' I'm wrong to let you make it; but—the Lord forgive me! I can't hold out any longer. My will an' my courage are all broke down. I need help, I need you."

After a momentary silence he dusted a bench, and they sat down to talk over their plans for the future. The shop, black with charcoal and iron dust, was a quicer place for such a conversation; but they paid little heed to their surroundings.

"Martha Ann will never get over your marryin' me," said 'Zeki'l.

"Then she can make the best of it."

The next day was Saturday, and regular "meetin'" day at Zion Hill church. Everybody in the settlement who could, attended services that day. The Morgans were all there, even 'Lizabeth, and 'Zeki'l sat in his accustomed place, apparently unmindful of the cold, hostile glances and whispers around him. Through open doors and windows shone golden sunlight, floated spicy odors from the woods surrounding all but the front of the church, which faced the public road; and vagrant bees mingled their lazy hum with the champing of bits and the stamping of iron-shod hoofs in the thickets, where the mules and the horses were tied.

It was a quiet but alert congregation. A kind of expectancy, of suspense, filled the air. No telling what might happen before the day was over. The preacher made the robbery the theme of his discourse, and there were nods and approving looks when he referred to the punishment laid up for those who persisted in doing evil. It was a fitting finale that just before the benediction was pronounced a small cavalcade rode up to the church door—the sheriff, two deputies, and Miller. A thrill ran through the church, a rustle, a whisper, and the preacher cried aloud to the sheriff:

"What do you want, Brother Mangum?"

"'Zeki'l Morgan."

"Here he is. Here he is," cried more than one voice, and men rose to their feet and laid eager hands on the unresisting 'Zeki'l.

"What do you want him for?" cried 'Lijy Morgan, rising from his seat in the deacons' corner. "What's he done?"

"Helped to rob the store."

"We've said so. We've said so, ever since it happened," a chorus of stern but triumphant voices exclaimed.

"Bring up the witnesses ag'in him, the man that says he did it," said 'Lijy, advancing to the open space before the pulpit.

"No man has said out an' out that he helped to do it, but Miller—"

"It's a lie," cried 'Lijy, loud enough to be heard beyond the church door.

'Zeki'l's eyes were fixed anxiously, warningly, on his brother, and once he tried to throw off the hands holding him.

"Prove it then," a taunting voice cried out.

"I will," said 'Lijy, though he grew pale, and trembled strangely. "A more honest man than 'Zeki'l Morgan never lived."

"What do you know of him?"

Again 'Zeki'l strove to free himself, but failed.

"'Lijy," he called imploringly, "'Lijy, 'Lijy, mind what you say!"

'Lijy looked across at him.

"I will mind the truth, 'Zeki'l." He turned to the congregation.

"I came here with good recommendations, brethren; I am a deacon o' the church; you have faith in my integrity, my honor." An approving murmur went up. "If a dozen thieves were to stop at my horse there'd be no suspicion against me." He paused, passed his hand over his face, then looked up again. "Years ago there were two brothers in this State who grew up together happy and contented. The elder one was always a little wild, and would get drunk sometimes, even after he'd married and had a family to look after, but the younger was the steadiest, best boy in the settlement.

"One night the elder brother, in a fit of drunken recklessness, stole a horse from the camp of a Kentucky drover, an' nobody found it out but his brother, who undertook to return the horse, an' was arrested. He took the guilt, he stood the trial, an' went to the penitentiary. He lost his good name, the girl he loved, his home, everything in the world an honest man values. He served his time, an' instead o' comin' home to be a reproach to his cowardly brother when free, he went away into a strange settlement to live. An' by an' by his brother moved there too, an' his conscience hurt him more an' more as he saw what a sad, lonesome life the convict lived. He was prosperous, he enjoyed the confidence of his fellowmen, while the other was shunned and regarded with distrust." Emotion checked his utterance for a moment; then he turned and pointed to 'Zeki'l. "Brethren, look at that man; look without prejudice or suspicion, an' you'll not see guilt in his face nor on his conscience. There never lived a truer hero than 'Zeki'l Morgan. Nobody should know it better than I for I am the brother whose crime he suffered for."

Then he walked across the floor to 'Zeki'l's side in the midst of the deepest silence which had ever fallen upon a congregation in Zion Hill church.—*Matt Crim in the Century.*

The St. John Exhibition.

All matters in connection with the St. John Exhibition seem to be moving along most successfully, while from day to day new and pleasing features are continually being added to the multitude of various attractions already announced in the programme.

The failure in the recent attempt to purchase horses in this country for the use of the English army, was attributed largely to the expenses of the agents in having to travel over so much ground to make their selections. This has been the means of showing our people the necessity for establishing a market where the animals can be collected together, for the convenience of buyers, and arrangements are now in progress for holding a mammoth "Horse Fair" in connection with "Canada's International Exhibition." For some months past the secretary, entirely at his own expense, has been carrying on correspondence and issuing circulars and other matter inviting horsemen to send their animals to the city with a view to making sales. Advertisements of this feature have been placed in all the leading stock and agricultural journals of Canada, the United States and Great Britain. The aid of the High Commissioner was invoked, and an officer of the British service will be directed by the general officer commanding Her Majesty's forces in Canada to attend at the exhibition and report on the quality of horses shown there and their general fitness for service in the event of ever being required for Her Majesty's service.

By Mr. James Manchester and Mr. E. J. Wetmore a special plan is being prepared for awarding prizes for competition among farmers, truckmen, cabmen and private team owners. The prizes are being generously contributed by private citizens and they will be awarded for general care of the horse, judged from appearances, ease and general comfort of harness, mode of draught, use of check-rein and everything contributing to the comfort of the animals. Besides these prizes the association will award diplomas throughout all classes.

Arrangements are being made for a mammoth parade of horses, and not to interfere with the excellent programme of races at Moosepath it will be held on the morning of the opening day. It is expected the racing horses will join in this turnout, and, if successful, a second parade will probably be arranged. The Street Railway Company are taking an interest in this feature and will make a fine parade of all their horses, which will shortly be offered for sale. Their turnout will be a very fine one. They will award prizes to their grooms, drivers, etc. After the Governor has opened the exhibition he will proceed to the barrack grounds, where the animals will be paraded before him and they will then be formed in a line for inspection by the judges. It is understood a number of horse fanciers will be here and some sales may be consummated. All of the railroad lines will give special rates for horses coming here for exhibition.

On the 20th of September and the day following, the Provincial Farmers' Association will hold an open meeting in the drill shed, to discuss the dairy interests of the province, and the means whereby they can be best promoted. All producers and consumers of dairy produce are cordially asked to attend, and the fullest discussion is invited. Addresses and papers from dairy specialists and gentlemen who have studied this branch of farming will be on the programme.

After Kidd's Treasures.

A party of fifteen men from Colchester County have leased the late Anthony Graves' property on Oak Island, Chester, and commenced about a week ago to dig for the great load of gold which tradition says is buried there. It is said that they have considerable capital behind them and that they are determined to pursue the work until they discover the treasure or have every shovelful of earth on the island overhauled. This is the same spot where several companies spent thousands of dollars several years ago in a fruitless search. There are now several wide pits dug, some of them as deep as 130 feet, and despite the failure of the old diggers the party who now have the work in hand are sanguine of success. They claim that they have in their possession certain maps locating the treasure, and if they succeed in unearthing it Nova Scotia will have more millionaires than it has at present.—*Bridgewater Enterprise.*

Hundreds Were Killed by the Earthquake in San Salvador.

The *Herald's* San Salvador despatch says about 40 persons were killed and sixty injured in that city by the earthquake on Wednesday morning. Reports from outside the city indicate a mortality list which will reach up into the hundreds. The panic is now about subsided, but earthquakes, by turns violent and feeble, continue at regular intervals. Everybody expects the climax on September 21st, on account of the equinox. Of 320 houses in Comasagua only eight are standing. The loss of life there is great.

—Boston is threatened with an invasion of black ants. State street, in the vicinity of the exchange building, is literally swarming with them. They are to be seen in the street, on the sidewalks, and crawling up the sides of the buildings. Many have made their way into the buildings, and prove very troublesome. They are more than a quarter of an inch in length, and many of them have wings half an inch long. Their bite is said to be much more troublesome than that of the mosquito. Where they came from seems to be a mystery.

"Don't Care to Eat."
It is with the greatest confidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and similar troubles. This medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one "real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish.
Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

The Ad. an Investment.

One hears very often nowadays the discontented business man give vent to the following complaint:

"O, well, I tried advertising for six months or so, but got no returns, and so I've stopped altogether."

The above remark would perhaps excite little comment among business men in general, so little as yet, does the community at large understand the proper treatment of advertising.

If, on the other hand, an unfortunate farmer who had a bad crop should talk of never planting again, what a fool everyone would think him. Yet the cases are the same. It is just as absurd to condemn all advertising because of poor results in any given instance as it would be for a business man to retire from business because he had made some misfortunes.

No. The trouble is that most men look upon advertising as an experiment, which is to be discarded unless immediate gain results, when really it should be treated as an investment, from which large returns are to be secured by good management. The *Roller Mill* makes the following happy statement in this connection:—

"Advertising is a tax on him who so regards it. Only when he has learned to look upon it as an investment, and treat it as such, giving it his time and thought, will it develop into a thing that pays. Newspaper advertising space, like most other kinds of property, has two values; to wit, what it costs the advertiser and what it is worth to him. Therefore, in buying it he should consider its character as well as its price."

REGULARITY OF HABIT.—One of the most difficult of all minor habits to acquire, says an able writer, is that of regularity. It ranks with that of order. The natural inclination of most persons is to defer until the last possible moment, or to put it off to another time, where this can possibly be done. Yet habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A person can multiply his efficiency by it. We know persons who have a multitude of duties, and who perform a vast deal of work daily, who set apart certain hours for given duties, and are there at the moment and attend rigidly to what is in hand. This done, and other engagements are met, each in order, and a vast deal accomplished, not by strained exertion, but by regularity. The mind can be so trained to this that at certain hours in the day it will turn to a particular line of duty, and at other hours to other and different labor. The very diversity is restful, when attended to in regular order. But let these run together, and the duties mixed, and what before was easy is now annoying and oppressive and the exact difference between many is at this point. There are those who confuse and rush and accomplish little, while another will quietly proceed from one duty to another, and easily accomplish a vast amount of work. The difference is not in the capacity of the two, but in the regular methods of the one as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other.

—"That paradise of Nature" was the strong expression used by Col. Howard Vincent, in his address before the Toronto Board of Trade, to characterize the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion. The phrase is, of course, hyperbolic, as we suppose it was intended to be, yet it fittingly and opportunely reminds us of the fact that in the Atlantic Provinces of the Dominion there are natural beauties of sky and landscape rivalling those of Italy, and natural resources of soil and mine, river and sea, which need only fuller development in order to make that section of Canada one of the richest and most progressive portions of this rich continent. Hence it is a wise policy of the Government which has brought it about that two farmer-delegates of high standing and reputation are just now visiting those Provinces on behalf of the agriculturists of England and Scotland. The report of these visitors, after full investigation, will supply the needed supplement to that of their predecessors, who embodied the results of their tour of observation over the Western Provinces of the Dominion in the excellent reports which appeared a few months since. The westward tendency of the populations of the older sections of both Canada and the United States is the result of natural laws and influences too strong to be counteracted by any forces which society or the state can bring to bear. Nor can there be any doubt that the tendency of the movement is, on the whole, beneficial.

What is needed to make it thoroughly salutary in building up the nation is that the places left vacant in the older Provinces by the many who obey the westward impulse, shall be promptly filled by incomers of the right stamp. Considering the great stream of immigration that is constantly flowing towards this continent from the Old World, there seems to be no good reason why two thrifty families from the United Kingdom should not be ready to take the place in the older provinces of every one that leaves for the West. Those who have had experience and training in the older provinces are, as a rule, the very best settlers for the great Northwest, while a large proportion of those who come to us across the ocean are much better fitted for life in the older provinces than in the younger. There are thousands of farmers and farm laborers in England, Scotland and Ireland who would gladly better their condition by coming to Canada if the way were open, who would dread going far inland, and would vastly and wisely prefer, for the sake of old associations and for other good reasons, to settle down not far from the shores of the "sounding sea." To such Messrs. Davey and McQueen will, we cannot doubt, be able to report, after full investigation, that in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island there are abounding opportunities for skilled farmers not only to reap as rich returns for the labor as in the Old World, but to become their own landlords and acquire broad and fruitful acres to be bequeathed to their children.—*The Week.*

Could Scarcely See.
Mrs. John Martin, of Montague Bridge, P. E. I., writes: "I was troubled last summer with very bad headaches and constipation and sometimes could scarcely see. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters made a complete cure of my case, and I wish you every success.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

—Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.