Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 15. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1887. NO. 35.

Pimples, Boils,

And Carbuncles result from a debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prevents and cures these eruptions and painful tumors, by removing their cause; the only effectual way of treating them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the usual course of Boils, which have pained and distressed me every season for several years.—Geo. Scales, Plainville, Mich.

I was badly troubled with Pimples on the face, also with a discoloration of the skin, which showed itself in ugly dark patches. No external treatment did more than temporary good. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected

A Perfect Cure,

and I have not been troubled since.—T. W. Boddy, River st., Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled with Boils, and my health was much impaired. I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in due time, the eruptions all disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—John R. Elkins, Editor *Stanley Observer*, Albemarle, N. C.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and do not be persuaded to take any other.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5.

PAINTS!

To Beautify & Preserve

THE subscriber has just received a large, fresh supply of Best PREPARED PAINTS for Outside and Inside Work or Use, WHITE LEAD, BLACK LEAD, ROOFING and MINERAL PAINTS, VARNISHES and PURE GRAINING COLORS, ALABASTINE and KALSOMINE, WHITING and

PORTLAND CEMENT,

RAW and BOILED LINSEED OILS, PAINT and WHITE WASH BRUSHES, GLASS and PUTTY, LIGHT and HEAVY

HARDWARE,

IRON and STEEL, Various styles.

For sale by

H. FRASER.

I would say to my customers that I shall endeavor to supply them as usual with the best quality of

Hard & Soft Coal

—In season.—

A Small Lot of BLACKSMITH COAL still on Hand.

NOTICE!

ALL persons having bills against the Municipality of the County of Annapolis, must render the same, duly attested, to the Clerk, stating the character of the service rendered, the number of days actually employed, travel and all other necessary data, at least thirty days previous to the annual meeting of Council on the second Tuesday of January, 1888, in accordance with By-Law No. 3, of said Municipality.

O. T. DANIELS,
Municipal Clerk.

Bridgetown, Oct. 10th, 1887.

Salesmen Wanted!

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

465 Acres. the largest in Canada. 465 Acres.

Head Office, Toronto, Ont.; Branch, Montreal.

Hardy Canadian We want agents to sell our NURSERY STOCK

Steady employment at fixed salaries. MEN and WOMEN can have pleasant and profitable WORK THE YEAR ROUND. Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month, and expenses.

Send photo with application. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Montreal, Canada.

J. W. BEALL, Manager. Aug. 8th, '86 1y.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Notice of Change of Partnership.

The Law Firm of

T. D. & E. RUGGLES,

Office on Queen Street, Bridgetown, N. S., will henceforth be known under the name and style of

T. D. RUGGLES & SONS,

consisting of T. D. Ruggles, Q. C., Edwin Ruggles, B. A., and Harry Ruggles, B. A.

Dated December 16th, A. D., 1884. tf

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION! We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

CURE for the DEAF!

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 whisper heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs *free*. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. 17y

Executrix's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late David Johnson, of Port Lorne, farmer deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested to, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to,

MRS. AVIS JOHNSTON,
Executrix.

Port Lorne, Nov. 7th, '87. 3m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late George Neily of Brooklyn, Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from date; and all persons indebted to the said estate are notified to make immediate payment to

FREEMAN FITCH.
Executor.

Clarence, Oct. 25th, '87. 3m

Executor's Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of late LEVOSE BENT of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

EDMUND BENT,
AMBROSE BENT,
Executors.

Bridgetown, Nov. 1st, 1887. 3m

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their address, an illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2116, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

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.

DRYSDALE & HOYT,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

MONUMENTS, TABLETS, HEADSTONES, Etc.

IN AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE. Also

Granite and Freestone Monuments in the most Graceful Designs.

Curbing and Fencing Lots in Cemeteries

A SPECIALTY.

MANTLES, TABLE TOPS,

SOAP STONE, FOR STOVE LININGS, TO ORDER.

WE respectfully beg to solicit a share of public patronage, and hope by strict attention to business, square dealing and promptness in filling all orders, to merit the same.

Our Mr. Drysdale achieved a reputation throughout this County during his connection with Mr. O. Whitman, as foreman of his marble works, for the excellence and perfection of his work, and all persons favoring us with their orders may rest assured that the same careful attention in all details will be exercised.

WE WILL BE FOUND FOR THE PRESENT,

Near the SKATING RINK,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

A. J. DRYSDALE. W. J. HOYT.

FARMERS ATTENTION!!

—WE HAVE OPENED A—

Warehouse at Bridgetown, in Charge of E. A. CRAIG,

and are prepared to give the Farmers in the Annapolis Valley

FARM MACHINERY

of the BEST KIND and at LOWEST PRICES Ever Offered.

A Full Stock of Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Seed Sowers, Drills, Mowers, and Rakes, Always on Hand.

TOP BUGGIES A SPECIALTY.

TIPPET, BURDETT & CO. - - E. A. CRAIG, MANAGER.

PIANOS! ORGANS! ORGANS!

ACADIA ORGAN CO.,

—:ARE STILL:—

MANUFACTURING THEIR FINE ORGANS

Which are Selling Fast and the Demand Steadily Increasing.

—THE PRICES ARE—

BELOW THE IMPORTED INSTRUMENTS,

Therefore the Intending Purchaser need not send his Money away for ORGANS when he can buy one of the Finest Instruments at Home.

PIANOS!

We have secured agency for several of the best makes of Pianos, such as STEINWAY & SONS., J. & C. FISHER, J. HERR, LANSDOWNE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICKERING & SONS, and many others.

—Those who have been—

WAITING TO BUY CHEAP

and have an opportunity of selecting for themselves, will please call and see our Stock

WE CAN SELL AT CITY PRICES.

—We have in connection with our Organ business a lot of—

Dining Extension Tables,

made by the well-known maker, MR. JOHN EMSLIE, now in stock, and shall continue to keep them. Call and inspect. Mr. Emslie will also

REPAIR FURNITURE AT REASONABLE RATES.

CALL AND SEE US.

N. H. PHINNEY,

Stipendiary Magistrate

—:AND:—

COMMISSION MERCHANT.

STOVES, PLOWS, HOLLOWWARE,

GROCERIES

FLOUR and MEAL,

AT BOTTOM PRICES

—:FOR:—

CASH.

Lawrencetown, Feb. 7th, '87.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

FOREMOST

In Life Insurance in the World.

The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY —OF— NEW YORK.

Established in 1843. - - Assets, Over $115,000,000.

THE subscriber is prepared to explain the different Forms of Policy issued and exhibit results attained in this Grand Old Company never equalled by any other.

All information promptly given or sent by mail upon application.

CALVIN RAYMOND,
Special Travelling Agent for Western Nova Scotia.

P. O. Address, Yarmouth, N. S.

RUBBER STAMP with your name in Fancy Type, 25 Visiting Cards, and INDIAN INK to mark Linen, only 25 cts. (stamps.) Book of 2000 styles free with each order. Agents Wanted. Big Pay. THALMAN MFG CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Poetry.

To a Seamew.

When I had wings, my brother,
Such wings were mine as thine;
Such wings my heart remembers
In all as wild Septembers
As this when life seems other,
Though sweet, than once was mine;
When I had wings, my brother,
Such wings were mine as thine.

Such life as thrills and quickens
The silence of thy flight,
Or fills thy note's elation
With lordlier exultation
Than man's, whose faint heart sickens
With hopes and fears that blight
Such life as thrills and quickens
The silence of thy flight.

The cry from windward clanging
Makes all thy cliffs rejoice;
Though storm clothe seas with sorrow,
Thy call salutes the morrow;
While shades of pain seem hanging
Round earth's most rapturous voice,
Thy cry from windward clanging
Makes all the hills rejoice.

* * * * * *

Our dreams have wings that falter;
Our hearts bear hopes that die;
For thee no dream could better
A life no fears may fetter,
A pride no care can alter,
That wots not whence or why
Our dreams have wings that falter,
Our hearts bear hopes that die.

With joys more fierce and sweeter
Than joys we deem divine
Their lives, by time untarnished,
Are girt about and garnished,
Who watch the wave's full metre
And drink the wind's wild wine
With joys more fierce and sweeter
Than joys we deem divine.

Ah, well were I for ever,
Wouldst thou change lives with me,
And take my song's wild honey
And give me back my sunny
Wide eyes that weary never,
And wings that search the sea;
Ah, well were I forever,
Wouldst thou change lives with me.

—*A. C. Swinburne, in English Illustrated.*

Select Literature.

A Close-Fisted Shylock.

BY GEORGE B. PERRY.

This morning two neighbors and acquaintances, standing on the corner of the street in which I live, conversing together, returned my salutation coldly, and then resumed the conversation, after one had, even in my hearing, denounced me as "a close-fisted old Shylock!"

I am old. Time has dealt harshly with me. My face, scarred and wrinkled, is not a prepossessing one. Time was,—but that time was. It is the present I am speaking of.

Here I am before the glass, and candor compels the admission that age has not added to my attractiveness, if I ever possessed the power of attraction. Let me, while in this mood, go further, and say that my face is a fair index of my character. I am not attractive either in feature or mind. I am unsociable, repellant, cold, and maybe, "a close-fisted old Shylock!"

I live alone. A single room is all I have or need in a house, which is my own, but is leased to a person who deems it an advantage to rent the house from me, even with my unattractive self as a tenant. It was part of the bargain, and, though I know I am not liked, I do know that the bargain was a good one for them, and they appreciate its commercial value.

Life has few pleasures for me; fewer duties. Men say that I am rich, and by comparison with some of my poorer neighbors my income justifies the remark. That I lend money at usury; I do. I also expect that agreements will be kept, and I enforce them, God knows, in no Shylock spirit, though the name has been thrust upon me.

And because I am rich, or deemed to be so—though my possessions would be laughed at in comparison with thousands in the city—I am the object of aversion from some of my neighbors, who do not seek to cultivate my acquaintance, and of absolute hate from hundreds, who would gladly toady to me if I allowed them the slightest opportunity.

For many years I have borne this uncomplainingly. I have marked the cringing servility of those who seek my money to help them out of a tight place, and the scarcely disguised resentment with which they barely discharge their legal obligation. Servility changing to sneering innuendo, and innuendo to open insult, has been borne so long, that I have come at last to half believe that I am, as my neighbor phrased it, 'a close-fisted old Shylock.'

At any rate I have carefully nurtured my store. The money which came into my hands—you shall know how when I feel able to write—has been judiciously invested; no doubtful security, no wildcat schemes of quick fortune have tempted me to waste a cent, and my living is frugal in the extreme. Yes, by all the standards of men, I am 'a close-fisted old brute.'

I was not born wealthy. I am 'a self-made man,' or should be so deemed by the obsequious world if I displayed myself for its special benefit, and it has all been honestly earned. I never wronged a man of a cent, and have never exercised my legal rights at the cost of human misery. I like my bond, but have never exacted the pound of flesh at the cost of a drop of an honest man's blood.

To what end, then, this piling up of wealth, this unceasing toil, this rigid and seemingly inflexible rule governing my business? Had this question been asked yesterday I should have passed it by, as I have hundreds of times before, when so-called friends have tried to induce me to change my mode of life. I will answer it now. The night cometh, and the end I know is near.

Men who know me have said that I come of a bad stock. I do. The commandment to honor my father and mother shall be obeyed so far as the fact of keeping their names secret is concerned. Mine is 'Shylock,' or the 'Miser at No. 211,' or 'the close-fisted old rascal,' as you heard just now. So let it be. I seek no excuse for my own faults, which are many, in thus suggesting hereditary taint. If sin is hereditary, I am a sinner, as well as by my own life. My father was a scoundrel; my mother was his faithful partner, and fidelity to him was her only virtue.

Whatever care or education I received in early childhood was due to an old nurse, who had been my father's nurse also. From her lips, and here alone, I heard the words of affection, and from her I received in full measure the love which my own parents denied me. 'Denied' is scarcely just to them. They could not give me that which they never possessed. I was a nuisance, and they relieved themselves of me as rapidly as possible. My nurse was pensioned off, gladly accepting me as an incumbrance.

My early life was spent on a New England farm belonging to a nephew of Mrs. Gill. There I had, as a boy, hard work and frugal living. But it was a home consecrated by love and affection. I have only tears to shed when I think how far, far away I have fallen from the standard of that meagre little farm in the Berkshire hills.

I may as well skip over intervening years. I was a young man when James Renfrew died, leaving the poor, sterile acres to his old aunt, or rather to me, for she was but one of the cares—a precious one to me—of the estate. I was perfectly capable of managing the little place, and was content with so doing, and life went on with me placid and dull and happy.

My poor old nurse died. I could not have loved my mother more, had she been all that a mother could be. I buried her in the lonely little lot by the side of her nephew, and seeking no companionship went on as before with the daily life of the farm.

And my parents! There was nothing in common between them and the little farm or the simple life of its inmates. I heard that my father was rich, but I was not a 'miser' then, and did not appreciate money as I do now. I knew then that if my father was rich some men had become poor, and that theft—open, undisguised theft—would have been a virtue compared to the deliberate, systematic cheating of the professional gambler.

'Plucking pigeons,' is the euphemism employed. My father was a pigeon 'fancier'—my mother, God help her,—the lure by which he drew his victims.

All this I learned from his own lips when he once came to me. I think it was the hope that I had wit enough to join him that prompted his visit. But I was too dull, awkward, unused to society, and the parting benediction of my father sounded very much like a curse.

How distinctly I remember the day my new life began. It was in the early fall and the foliage of the trees had just begun to put on the rich tints of the closing year. I have been buried in this great city for a quarter of a century, or more, but have always longed for the time when my eyes shall again again rejoice in watching the changes of the seasons, and my heart again know the freshness of those early years in my rural home.

The sun was sinking rapidly over the hills as I reached the little farm-house, where a messenger from the neighboring town awaited me with a telegram. It was from New York, and bore date of a hospital. My mother was dead; my father dying. He wished to see me.

I hurried away, of course. The hired man who lived with me was perfectly capable of running the farm. (He has been doing it ever since, and it is his if I die.) They will bury me there, I hope, by the side of my dear old nurse.

But I am wandering away from the story. As fast as steam could bear me I hurried to the great city eager to know what had caused the message, for I was certain that affection had little to do with it. There were two men in the seat next mine, and having been busy in the first part of the journey with the morning newspapers, they dropped them idly by and began to discuss the matter that had interested them. I was too full of my own thoughts; everything was too new and strange in this my first ride by rail to pay much attention till I heard my own name mentioned with the emphatic remark: 'It's a pity he should die; he ought to be hanged.'

'Ought to be hanged!'

Children of wise and good fathers and mothers, who honor your parents, try not to understand me when I say that I knew the remark applied to my father, and that I could scarcely resent it.

With a beating heart and a face that I knew was pale, I held my head down, fearing that some one would notice me. In a short time I recovered, and then, carelessly as I could, begged the loan of one of the idle newspapers and read the story.

It was only a gambling quarrel. The 'Pigeon' had discovered that he was being cheated, and my father had been clumsy. He was more dexterous with his revolver, but not until his opponent's pistol had severely wounded him and accidentally killed my mother, who was present, did he succeed in killing the unfortunate victim of his artifices.

I read the whole sickening story. A young fool of a South Carolinian, well educated, well-to-do, had fallen under his lures. He was married, but for some business reason was in the city and had a wife and young child at home. He had lost all he possessed by what was plainly believed to be deliberate cheating, and in an agony of desperation had attacked my father with the results mentioned. My parent was clearly in no danger from the law. The murder was his victim. He (my father) had but fired in self-defence after my mother had been killed and he wounded.

Yet in the face of these facts my fellow-travellers, who knew my father, repeated their remark and, brutal as it may seem, I endorsed it.

I reached the hospital. The end was very near; so near, indeed, that my father only had time to tell the whole disgraceful truth, and to beg me to take what money he had and do better with it than he would.'

I had only time to whisper, 'Was it his? Did you win it from him?' and the affirmative answer was the last word my father spoke.

Was he sorry? Yes, I think. In that supreme moment the scales fell from his eyes. I believe I am to-day trying to do as he would have desired if he had lived longer to express the wish.

The accursed money came into my hands—the largest sum I had ever seen or handled. But upon investigation it proved to be the proceeds of a reckless mortgage on the victim's estate, and he had died leaving his wife and child beggars.

The money was mine, and I had a right to do as I liked with it. The lawyers said so, with a shrug of the shoulders. They changed their attitude soon after. The family solicitor of the unfortunate gambler was drawn into a little plot. The larger portion of the money was set aside as income for the widow, and I took on my own shoulders the burden of the mortgaged estates.

And I have worked, God alone knows how hard, and I have denied myself all that makes life worth living, to undo the foul wrongs of my parents. The family solicitor of the widow and her son tells them occasionally that the estate, being well managed, has gradually redeemed itself. They have confidence in him, and their income has increased as the charges on the estate have diminished. They know he is a faithful steward; so do I. And I know where the money has come from to redeem the estate lost in a gambling debt.

I went down there once. I saw the boy—he is of age now, and his inheritance is clear of debt. He has been liberally educated, and has wanted for nothing. I have seen him grow up, the pride of his good mother; I have watched them together, and have wondered why I was denied such love and care. I have seen his mother,—I—the Shylock and 'Miser of No. 211,' and have sometimes become reconciled to the world, because I know it must be good if God permits such women to remain and bless it.

I could not give her back the life of him who foolishly flung away his sure happiness by a gambler's weakness, but I could save her from the poverty her husband had brought upon her. I could and I did spare his memory for her sake and for her son's, and I could also work out in some degree an explation for my father's awful sin.

And meekly at a distance, for she never knew me, I could worship her.

To the Giver of all good, who has given me strength to do this work, I am thankful, as the end draws near. I have suffered and sacrificed,—God knows I boast not—I have tried to do my best according to my light. For the wrong I may have done I crave forgiveness. He who knoweth all things knows my heart when I say that I do not deserve what men say of me.

How in recalling these things and placing them on paper my mind dwells on the far past. I hear the rustling of the pine grove behind the old farm house. I see my dear old nurse, her brave, hard-working, uncomplaining nephew, and my little self. I would like to see her once more—it's an old man's fancy—to feel her hands on my head, and her voice, tremulous more with affection than age, blessing me as I kneel at her side.

For I am again become but as a little child. Weak am I, and worn out. My hand fails. I long for rest—rest—rest—

'I am very tired, Granny. Let me say 'Our Father' and go—'

'Our Father'—I'm very tired. I want to ...'forgive us our debts as we forgive our....debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but de—liver us——'

* * * * * * *

They found him seated in his chair next day. The Southern lawyer had sought him out, and the people of the house at his instigation took the unusual trouble of inquiring about the uncomplaining old man. The 'old miser of No. 211' still held the pen in his rigid fingers; his head rested on the paper. He had been 'delivered' and had found the rest he longed for.

The folks in the house who profited by the old man's death have a stock mystery. They never learned why the big, brawny Southern lawyer, who had been a soldier in the Confederate service, and had seen death in all its horrid forms, should have been so affected by the old man's decease. They do know that the friendless old 'miser' is buried on his little Berkshire farm, and that the South Carolina lawyer was chief mourner.

—If one might judge of the merits of an article by its rapidly increasing sales and flattering testimonials in its favor, Seavey's East India Liniment is a wonderful remedy. It certainly is a wonderful remedy. It certainly is the best liniment offered to the public.

Perfume Culture.

HOW ESSENCES AND SCENTS ARE MANUFACTURED.

One essential principle in perfume culture, says a New York *Sun* writer, is that all fancy and improved varieties of flowers are discarded, and the natural, simple, old-fashioned kinds are exclusively grown. The roses on the slopes of Scillans are the common pink ones, and the single white violet is preferred to all the larger artificially developed varieties. Only the white jasmine is used, the yellow and less fragrant variety appearing to be either discarded or unknown. Jasmine plants are set in rows about 10 inches apart, and are closely pruned. Roses are grown on the lower terraces and are also cut low, and the ground between the plants heavily manured. After the roses have been gathered, the stem is cut to within a few inches of the ground, to preserve for the next season the entire vigor of the plant.

During the harvest season traders or middle men go through the country ever day with wagons, collecting flowers from the farms, for which they pay prices varying according to the extent of the crop and the demands of the market; their loads are hurried to the nearest manufacturer, and delivered while the flowers are still fresh and crisp. The flowers are gathered in the morning, as soon as possible after the dews of the night have disappeared.

The manufacture of perfumes includes the making of pomades and oils by the process of absorption, and of essences and essentials oils of distillation. Every complete establishment is provided with apparatus for all these processes. Pomades are the commercial vehicles for absorbing and transporting the perfumes of the jonquil, tuberose, jasmine and other species of flowers. A square frame or chassis of white wood, about 20 inches by 30 inches in size, is set with a pane of strong plate glass. On either side of the glass is set a thin even layer of grease—two parts lard to one of tallow—which has been purified and refined by previous boiling and straining. Thus prepared, the frames are piled up in ranks of six or seven feet high to await the season of each special flower. When the blossoms arrive, the petals are picked from the stems and laid so as to cover the grease in each frame. These being again piled so as to rest upon their wooden edges, which fit closely together, there is formed a species of tight chambers, the floors and ceilings of which are of grease exposed to the perfume of the flower leaves within; the grease absorbs the perfume, the spent flowers are removed daily, and fresh ones supplied, and this process goes on from two to four or five months, according to the desired strength of the pomade, which, when sufficiently charged with perfume, is taken from the glass with a wide thin spatula, and packed in tin cans or stagnons for export. By these methods the delicate odors of flowers are extracted and retained for transport to distant markets, where the grease, being treated with alcohol, yields the perfume to the stronger vehicle and produces the floral waters and extracts of commerce. Coarse pomades are made by boiling the flowers in the grease and subjecting the residue to pressure. The spent pomades are used for toilet purposes and in the manufacture of fine soaps. The process of preparing perfumed oils involves the same principle, except that, instead of solid grease, superfine olive oil is used. With this oil pieces of coarse cotton fabric are saturated, which are then spread upon wire netting framed in wire chassis about 3 feet by 4 in size. The flowers are spread upon the saturated cloths, and the frames piled one upon another, so that the perfume of the flowers is absorbed as in the previous process. Essences and scents are produced by ordinary distillation, in which the flowers are boiled with water in large alembics; the vapor carries off the perfume and is condensed in adjoining copper tanks. Some of the retorts used for this purpose are of sufficient size to receive at once half a ton of fresh flowers and the requisite water for their distillation. When scents are to be produced, alcohol is used in the distilling tank to receive the perfumes. By skilful combinations of the perfumes of different flowers, sometimes with the addition of chemicals, a large variety of scents, such as 'patchouli' and 'jockey club' are produced at the original laboratory.

Can Face the Music.

W. D. KING, Esq., Truro.—*Dear Sir*—I have just heard that you have purchased Potter's Liniment Receipt, and beg to say for your encouragement in introducing it through the country, that I have used it during the past winter in my family with the most gratifying results, internally and externally. It is easy to administer, but at the same time most powerful in relieving pains, bruises, sore shoulders and back, sore throat, &c. For worms in children it is splendid. In fact a splendid family medicine, acting like a charm in every way used. We have used Johnson's, Minard's and Simpson's, but I have no hesitation in saying Potter's has given most perfect satisfaction and I shall purchase it in preference every time. Others in this County have used it with the same gratifying results.

Yours truly,
A. E. SULIS,
Man. Acadia Organ Factory.

For sale at Palfrey's.

A HORSE TRADE.—'Stranger, I want to sell yer a horse.'

'Stranger,' was the reply, 'I don't want him.'

'Stranger, rejoined the wayfarer, 'yer really must buy him. Yer never seen a better horse for the price.'

'What is the price, stranger?' asked the contemplative man.

'A hundred and fifty dollars and dirt cheap at that.'

The inquirer meditated a few moments and then blandly remarked:

'Stranger, I'll give yer five.'

The equestrian dismounted, saying with earnestness:

'Stranger, I won't allow one hundred and forty five dollars to stand between you and me and a trade. The horse is yours.'

Cheyenne Journal.

A CLAIM VERIFIED.

B. B. B. claims to cure all curable diseases of the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and blood. That it actually performs all it claims, is proven by testimonials from parties which none can dispute. Send for testimonials of remarkable cures.

CURIOUS FATE OF A CASK OF WINE.—The following incident, says the Boston *Post*, is vouched for by scientific persons: An English gentleman was presented with a cask of Malmsey sweet wine, which he ordered to be placed in an inner room in the wine cellar. He was absent from home for a long time, and on his return directed his butler to open the wine to his guests. His astonishment may well be imagined when he was informed that the entrance to the room was closed by an enormous fungus growth. An entrance was effected with difficulty by chipping the fungus with an axe. The cask was found empty, pressed against the ceiling, supported upon and surrounded by this vegetable matter, which almost entirely filled up the remaining space in the apartment.

SUBSTITUTES FOR COAL.—The increase in the cost of coal, caused by the interstate commerce law regarding transportation, has led large consumers to test the relative merits of other kinds of fuel. A prominent manufacturing concern in Bellows Fall, Vt., formerly averaging 130 tons of coal per week, has purchased a train of cars for bringing sawdust there, and is thoroughly testing it as a fuel, mixing different quantities of soft coal with it. This concern is now using less than 25 tons of coal per week. Wm. Robertson & Sons, of Putney, are using crude petroleum. A three weeks' trial has shown satisfactory results as to expense, petroleum costing but a $1 37 per barrel, shipped in a car tank. Bellows Falls is the only place in New England where this fuel is used.

HURRAH!

Having purchased the staunch schooner

'TEMPLE BAR!'

I WILL sail her as a packet between Bridgetown and St. John for the remainder of the season.

Freight handled with care as usual.

Lime and Salt always on Hand; for Sale Low.

Apply to

J. H. LONGMIRE,

Bridgetown, June 21st, 1887. tf

SAM SMALL'S BROTHER.

Why Did God Make so Much Outdoors? Two Women's Experiences.

"Sam Small, Evangelist!"

The proverbial philosophy, of "Old Si," the venerable plantation darkey, who gave to the world through the medium of Small's pen maxims of worldly wisdom, clothed in a verbiage of irresistible humor, has found a permanent place in humorous literature.

Great surprise was shown when it was announced that he, having been converted under the ministrations of "Sam Jones," would become an evangelist.

At first thought, a humorist in the pulpit seems incongruous. Is it really so?

No doubt the mere buffoon attempting to turn men's hearts to solemn truths would meet with only contempt. But truth is not hidden in gloom. Genuine humor frequently illustrates and fastens in the mind bits of wisdom that would otherwise pass unheeded.

In his eulogy of Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Parker says: 'Whenever he came among men, he brought June sunshine and music, and made even desponding and surly men feel that a fuller and warmer summer, 'the Kingdom of Heaven,' itself was 'at hand.'" That is genial christianity.

Mr. Small belongs to a witty family. He has a brother connected with Armoy Knox's and "Fat Contributor's" *Texas Siftings*, a paper which has had phenomenal success in the field of humorous literature. Mr. Frank A. Small is the present representative of that popular paper in England, and, like his distinguished brother, he takes a deep interest in the welfare of other people.

Under date of 48 Porten Road, Kensington W., London, Eng., Sept. 27th, 1887, he writes "While at Yalding in Kent yesterday, I met Prof. S. Williams, Head Master of the Cleaves Endowed school. In the course of conversation about America, Professor Williams remarked that Warner's safe cure had been of great benefit to his wife, who had been much troubled with a disordered liver. Warner's safe cure (an American preparation) was all she had taken, and she had experienced none of her old trouble for some months past.

Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller, editor of New York *Dress*, and a very popular woman in the fashionable world, says in her own magazine for October: "Warner's safe cure is the only medicine I ever take or recommend. In every instance it gives new energy and vitality to all my powers." This distinguished woman also says that for ladies this great remedy is "peculiarly effective."

Sam Small is likely to succeed as a moral teacher. When we remember how near together in human nature lie the fountains of laughter and of tears, the deep effect his discourses must have on the masses can easily be imagined.

"Why did God make so much outdoors?" exclaimed a little girl. We know not. He has made it and we should grow in it, broad, charitable and genial, judging everything by merit, not by prejudice.

The Wrong Word.

A VERY PROVOKING, BUT NOT UNCOMMON HABIT OR MISFORTUNE.

The London *Spectator* tells the story of a hospital nurse who spoke of the victim of a terrible accident as being 'metbylated beyond all resignation,' (mutilated beyond all recognition), and who alluded to a person of arbitrary and imperious behavior as 'a regular tpradical.' So, too, we know of a lady who accounted for the sudden arrival of her son from Cambridge by explaining that 'he had ridden all the way on his encyclopedia,' which was approaching perilously near to *aphasia*. The mere addition of an extra syllable will sometimes produce an amazing result, as in the case of 'Immanuel labor,' where nothing was further from the mind of the speaker than any profanity.

Lastly, to end this digression upon malaprops, we hope to be forgiven by the fair author of a passing allusion to 'the Roman Teine' (i. e., arena), for recording a confusion too exquisite to be consigned to oblivion. The foregoing examples, however, illustrate a mental habit which had existed for centuries until Sheridan immortalized it in the person of Mrs. Malaprop, a character which there are good grounds for supposing to have been drawn from the life. The writer of the present article had the privilege of working as a boy under an eminent head-master who, if at all flurried, used to transpose his words freely. 'My dear boy,' he once asked of a Philistine member of his sixth form, 'do you mean to say that you have never heard of that magnificent statue of Michael Angelo, by Moses?'

Clergymen seem especially addicted to this habit, perhaps because their excessive anxiety to be correct renders them nervous and to those of their congregation who are gifted, fortunately or unfortunately, with a keen sense of the ridiculous, such slips are excessively trying from the impropriety of openly testifying appreciation. 'Sorrow may endure for a joy,' so an Irish clergyman is reported to have read with the utmost feeling, 'but night cometh in the morning!' With the transposition of initial letters, a new field of solecism is opened up, in which a living cleric, in other respects intelligent and accomplished, works with an involuntary assiduity that is most upsetting to its hearers.

'My brethren,' so ran one of the most startling announcements, 'we all know what it is to have a half-warmed fish (i.e., half-formed wish) in our hearts.' With him, however, the mischief goes further, extending to the mutual entanglement of words which is terrible to contemplate. He has been known to speak of 'Kiuquering congs,' and on one occasion, ever memorable to his interlocutor, addressing himself to a gentleman who had intruded upon his seat in church, he politely remarked, 'Pardon me, sir, but I think you are occupewing my pie.' Here we are next door to the carrying out of the Portmanteau principle, a proximity illustrated by the feats of two other clergymen, one of whom gave out his text from 'the Colostle to the Epissians,' while the other read 'knee of the idol' for 'eye of a needle.' The rector of an Irish country parish, whose church the writer has frequently attended, was also liable, out of nervousness, to contort and entangle his words in strange fashion. Thus we have heard him speak of the 'imyerfurities' of man when it was quite obvious that he could not make up his mind between 'imperfection' and 'impurities and ended by amalgamating the two words into one.

—Western towns which have a boom can appreciate the power of the press. The people of Tucson, Arizona, buy 8,000 copies of their local paper every month for the purpose of sending it abroad, and in addition pay it $200 a month for special 'write-ups.' The town of Lamar, Colorado, recently paid the local paper $150 for a write-up, and the citizens of Fort Scott, Kansas, have just spent $7,000 in advertising the town. Hutchinson, Kansas claims to give its local paper a bonus of $10,000 a year for remaining alive and kicking, while Newton, Kansas, pays its paper $15,000 a year. The money is paid for legitimate advertising.

Ill Temper

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. "Putnam's," sure, safe, painless.