BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension OF TIME

Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an

Extension of Time.

Puttner's Emulsion OF COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases.

Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily, may have a long

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

BROWN BROS. & Co., CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS, Halifax, N. S.

New Stoves!

R. ALLEN CROWE

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

RANGES & COOK STOVES, Parlor and Hall Stoves,

TOVE PIPE, SHEET ZINC, LEAD PIPING, SINKS, OVEN MOUTHS, ASH PITS, PUMPS, MASLIN KETTLES, LANTERNS, GRANITE IRON WARE, STOVE BOARDS, COAL HODS, FIRE SETTS, TIN WARE.

and all articles usually kept in a

FIRST-CLASS TIN SHOP.

Jobbing a specialty.

R. ALLEN CROWE.

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

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, NEURALGIA, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, HEADACHE, and every form of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

Proprietors, TORONTO.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., (LIMITED).

Commencing Monday, Oct. 6th, THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO," R. H. FLEMING, Commander, will sail from the Company's dock, Reed's Pt., St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same days, due at St. John about 7 p.m.

HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager, St. John.

J. S. CARDER, Agent, Annapolis. 9 4m

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late Moore C. Hoyt, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

GEORGE HOYT, W. J. HOYT, Administrators.

Bridgetown, Sept. 24th 1890. 6m.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

CARD.

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MIDDLETON, - - N. S.

Office in A. BEALS' STORE.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1891. NO. 44.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of 'Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 30 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free containing valuable information. Send for it. Dr. L. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

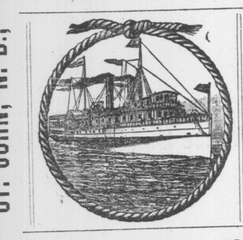
Make New Rich Blood!

International S.S. Co.

CHANCE OF TIME.

ONE TRIP PER WEEK.

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., FOR BOSTON.



After Monday, January 19th, 1891,

And until further notice one of the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every THURSDAY Morning at 7.25 Eastern Standard Time. Returning; leaves Boston every MONDAY Morning at 8.30.

Through First and Second-class Tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all booking stations of all Nova Scotia Railways, and on board Steamer "City of Monticello" between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Also FREIGHT billed through at extremely low rates.

E. A. WALDRON, G. F. & P. A., Commercial Wharf, Boston.

C. E. LAECHER, Agent St. John.

I. B. COYLE, Manager, - Portland, Maine.

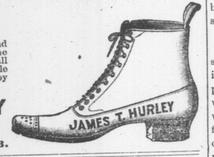
R. A. CARDER, Agent at Annapolis.

BUY MY MAKE OF

Boots & Shoes

And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my

LATEST STYLES



which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.

JAMES T. HURLEY

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,

23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

W. H. BANNISTER,

Optician,

—GRADUATE—

New York Optical College,

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

I took Cold, I took Sick, I TOOK

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:

I take My Meals, I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

FLESH ON MY BONES

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

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

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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

Song little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Ross, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can prove these facts or all the time money for workers. Strong, independent, Particulars free. Address at once, Address, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

NOW IN STOCK!

At Wholesale or Retail,

the following choice brands of FLOUR:

50 bbls. "PEARL,"
25 bbls. "ACADIA,"
75 bbls. "WHITE DOVE,"
50 bbls. "FIVE ROSES,"
75 bbls. "ANCHOR,"
25 bbls. "MYRTLE,"
25 bbls. "FUSCHIA,"
30 bbls. "CLOVER,"
25 bbls. "A. B. C."

CORNMEAL:

200 bbls. KILN-DRIED CORNMEAL.

OATMEAL:

20 bbls SUPERIOR OATMEAL, Tilson's Standard Brand.

A few bags MIDDLINGS left in Stock.

Grocery and Provision Supplies constantly on hand.

Stock the best. Prices low as the lowest.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, Oct. 21st, 1890. 29 1y

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of the late WILLIAM H. NIXON, deceased, of Nictaux Falls, transacted since September 1888, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within three months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make payment to

SAMUEL NIXON.

Nictaux Falls, Dec. 16th, 1890. 37 3m

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

Be Ye Reconciled.

Within a beautiful cradle,
Cushioned and curtained with lace,
Like, a pure, white rose of summer,
Lay a sweet little baby face.
The mother, in silken toilet
Knelt by the tiny bed,
Kissing the stiffened fingers,
And these are the words she said:

"God! you have taken my darling,
Away from my loving care,
While many a pauper's dwelling
Has half a dozen to spare.
I, who have money in plenty
To dress her in cloth of gold,
Must sit with my fond arms empty,
And aching my baby to hold!"

"Oh, hush! they are coming, coming!
They are bringing her strange little bed;
Who is it says that the woman
Is blessed who has one child dead?
Call Him a Father of Mercy?
Never! I need the child
More than the Lord need angels!"
And her words rang out piercingly wild.

To a humble little cottage,
Where the walls were bare and white,
Came a heavenly guest; came softly
In the solemn hush of night,
And the tiny, home-made cradle
Ceased its rocking to and fro;
For the little one, no longer
Needed songs, sung soft and low.

And the mother, pale with anguish,
Knelt beside the little bed,
Kissed the waxen fingers softly,
As she slowly, faintly, said:
"Never more again, my darling,
Will you suffer want or pain;
Human woes can never reach you,
Or the pain of death, again!

"God in loving mercy took her,
For He loved the little child.
Oh, my little snow-white blossom,
Sinless, pure and undefiled!
Love, 'tis well to bear it bravely
(Clasping close the father's hand);
Now, dear, there is some one waiting
For us, in the better land."

And the husband clasped her closely,
Kissed the little death-cold face,
Drew the faded patchwork blanket
Over it, with tender grace,
"She was all we had! God gave her!"
Whispering in his gentle way,
"God in tender mercy took her!
God knows best! Love, let us pray."

Select Literature.

Sidney Lester's Story of Circumstantial Evidence.

"What a terrible evening, Sidney! You had better stay here in the store with Robert to-night. Darkness will be upon you before you get half way home."

"Thank you, Mr. Lorton, I am compelled to return. Mother and Delia are alone, and they would not sleep a wink if I didn't get back."

"I hate to see you leave in such weather."

"Never mind, sir; I am well wrapped up, and here's my gun, if any tramps waylay me. But I don't fear that."

"Leave the gun, Sid; it will freeze your hand."

"Oh, no; I might want to shoot somebody. But I'm wasting the short daylight, so good-evening, Mr. Lorton."

"Good-bye, Sid; good luck to you."

Throwing my gun across my shoulder I stepped out into the gloomy January evening. A gust of wind staggered me. I paused irresolutely, half minded to remain with Robert, but I thought of mother at the window watching and I tramped on. A fine incessant mist, freezing as it fell, incased me in a thin sheet of ice. After walking a mile and a half I turned from the road into a lonely path across the mountain to my home. The way was very rough. Bulky rocks rose dark and repellant in the shifting glimmer of dull twilight, their oblique sides sleet-covered and pearly. Deep precipices on each side the narrow pathway gaped threateningly. A misstep meant a broken limb, perhaps a broken neck. The faint day gloams faded away, but the moon, at its full, shed through the low swung clouds a whitish glow. The wind raved like a demon loosed from his cavern to frolic on the mountain top and blow from his vast lungs the icy blasts which whirled rushingly down the hollows, lingering there to wail and die, only to be followed by others, each seemingly louder than the last. I did not suffer with cold as much as I anticipated. Exercise kept me warm.

I was glad when I reached a stream only a mile from home and found the end of my rough journey near. As I stepped on the bridge the wind lulled and I was greatly startled by the report of a gun, which echoed crashingly on the mountain side and was followed by a scream of agony. Both were immediately behind me, not a hundred yards distant. I stood for a moment listening, but the wind rose to an angry roar. I dashed across the bridge, and on opposite bank caught my foot in a snare of vines and fell face downward in a mass of briars. I held my gun, and springing up ran on until I reached our back gate. After rapid thinking I decided not to mention what I had heard. Perhaps I was mistaken. A rock had probably been dislodged from the mountain side by the furious wind, and the scream might have come from a startled owl. Mother opened the door for me and the light from the kitchen fell like a crimson banner on the sleety ground.

"It is you, Sidney? Let me take off your wet things. You are a perfect icicle, and, Sidney, your face is bleeding."

"I fell in the briars at Black's branch, mother. Please let me have some hot coffee; I feel faint."

"Our supper is over; yours is at the fire in my room."

I followed mother there.

"So glad to see you back, Sid," said Delia; "the weather is dreadful."

"Indeed it is, Dell. I came near staying with Robert Lorton,"

I ate a small supper, and being much fatigued soon retired. Next morning the sun streamed through the shattered clouds. High up the mountain the trees rose tier after tier, their branches curved earthward under the weight of silvery, flashing pendants. Sunlit and sparkling the irridescent jewels of no earthly crown could compare with their heaven-given splendor. My adventure of the night before had faded into nothingness. Three days after, as I was at the wood-pile cutting busily, Mr. Hicks and Mr. Phelps rode up.

"Good-morning, gentlemen; won't you get down?"

"No, Sid; we haven't time. Can you tell us anything of Jim Waynewright? He left home three days ago and went to Lorton's store. He hasn't returned, and his wife is almost crazy. She came to Hick's yesterday morning and begged him to try and find Jim. We went to Lorton's first. Jim was there the day of the sleet, and we heard you were, too. Did you see him on your way home? Your path is the same as his."

"No, sir," I replied; "I can't tell you anything of him; I did not see him at Lorton's. There were so many in the store I reckon I overlooked him. I did not see him on my return. Maybe he kept the road. It is farther, but better walking."

"We went to the houses on the public road, but heard nothing of him," said Mr. Phelps. "I think we had better go home and leave our horses and walk over the mountain. There is no time to spare."

"Goodby, Sid."

No sooner were they gone than I suddenly thought of the shot I heard that night. I dropped my axe and started to run after them; but, no, Waynewright wrs not my friend. I had not spoken to him for months. We had a quarrel about stock. He let his hogs depredate on us until I lost patience and threatened to thrash him. He was a unpopular man, and though only twenty-five in years was much older in meanness. If harm had befallen him it would be found out. I did not want to be mixed up in it, nor called on as a witness.

About two o'clock the same day Hicks rode up to the lot fence and called me. He said excitedly:

"We have found Waynewright lying just out of the mountain path to the other side of Black's branch; not a hundred yards off, killed stone dead, with a gun-shot wound in his side."

"Is it possible?" said I, startled out of all self-possession. "Then the shot I heard that night as I came home killed him, and that scream was his."

"Why didn't you tell us this morning?" asked Mr. Hicks in astonishment.

"Upon my word I forgot it," I replied, blankly.

"Well, that is wonderful." He eyed me closely, then pointing to my face, asked, "What made those scratches on your cheek? Looks like you've been fighting."

His manner nettled me and my color rose. "I fell in a briar patch crossing Black's branch and tore it, and my hand, too, as you see." and I held it out for inspection.

"There will be an inquest over the body. He was murdered by some one, that is certain, and I hope the guilty person will be found," and again he threw upon me a searching glance.

"So do I, Mr. Hicks," I replied, steadily.

"He wasn't a popular man, but I'm sorry for him and his poor young wife. By the way, didn't you have some trouble with him last summer?"

"Yes, I told him he'd get a thrashing if he didn't keep his stock off my crop. I have not spoken to him since."

"Is that so? Well, I must be going. Good-evening."

I looked after him as he rode away and was sure he regarded me with suspicion, and that Waynewright's murder would in all probability be laid upon me. As I thought clearly and calmly I saw strong circumstantial evidence could be brought against me, to which, in my innocence, I had unconsciously added by not imparting to Phelps and Hicks my knowledge of what must have been the fatal shot. Unless Providence interfered in my behalf I would be arrested. I would spare mother and Delia the horror of what I feared, hoping I might escape the net which seemed enclosing me. The next morning mother called me from the field, as there were men at the gate wishing to see me. She asked:

"What do they want, Sidney? Why are they here?"

"Let me see, mother," I replied, putting her gently aside. The sheriff and his posse arrested me for the murder of James Waynewright. Mr. Hicks was with them. Poor mother came running out.

"Oh, Mr. Hicks, what does this mean? What are you going to do with my boy?" she cried.

"Mother, listen to me, will you? I am arrested for the murder of Jim Waynewright, who was killed on the mountain the night I came from Lorton's store. It is thought I did it, but I declare to you, mother, before the God you have taught me to reverence and trust, that I am innocent."

She threw her arms around me with a broken-hearted cry. "Oh, my boy, my boy," she sobbed, "what is it I hear? You accused of murder? Oh, sirs," she entreated, turning with clasped hands to the rough men around her, "don't think it. Don't believe it. Don't carry him away. Just listen to me, won't you? It isn't so. It can't be possible. Such a boy; such a merry, good-hearted boy. He wouldn't harm the meanest living thing. Why, he is only nineteen years old. Oh, for the sake of mercy don't put my child in jail."

The sheriff answered her, saying: "I am truly sorry, Mrs. Lester, but the evidence against him compels me. Try to be brave. I hope he will soon prove his innocence and return to you."

"Don't prolong this," he whispered to me. "Hurry off at once."

I joined the men and rode away, not daring to look back for fear my manhood of nineteen would dissolve in childish tears. I was taken before a magistrate, who consigned me to await my trial. There I remained six weeks, during which time I frequently saw mother and Delia, and it was a comfort to know that they believed in my innocence. My two lawyers visited me also. Mr. Kersey questioned me at greater length than did Mr. Waitman, but my confidence lay chiefly in the latter, who was almost affectionate in his manner to me.

Finally my trial day arrived fair and beautiful, with the blue mistiness of approaching spring enveloping the near hills. The soft sky, the balmy air, the tiny sparrows hopping around my feet as I walked from the jail to the crowded court room, pierced my heart with the sharpness of a knife as I thought I might soon be where none of these fair things could ever greet me more. I walked slowly on, unmindful of the stare of those who gazed impertinently upon me.

My trial consumed several days, but I shall condense it as much as possible. After the case was presented the stern-looking lawyer for the prosecution arose, and my heart sank as his cold, unsympathetic eye met my own. In most forcible language he brought the full strength of circumstantial evidence against me. No point was lost, no link dropped. As he wound me closely in the cruel chain, by some strange psychological influence he almost convinced me I was the wicked wretch he so vividly portrayed, and had I been called upon to speak then I verily believe I would have pleaded guilty, under the overwhelming power of his strong will. He spoke of my quarrel with Waynewright and my threat to thrash him. He proved that I was at Lorton's on the day of the murder, and though Waynewright was there also I denied seeing him. Our homes lay in the same direction. We left within a few minutes of each other, I going first. Waynewright had overtaken me, the old quarrel had doubtless been renewed, and I, having my gun, had settled it forever by shooting him like a dog. He pointed to my face and hands, torn and scratched. We had struggled together before I killed him. My silence to mother at home and to Hicks and Phelps when they first inquired of me about the missing man all bore against me, and when he concluded his speech and sat down I fancied I felt the sinking of the gallows' trap beneath my feet.

I thought my defense had no material to work upon, but, undaunted, they met the charges. Witness after witness was called, who bore certain evidence to my good character from childhood, and many who incontestably proved Waynewright's unpopularity, affirming that he had many enemies, men whom he had wronged and cheated. It was more reasonable to suppose his death came from one of these. It was admitted that I was on the path where he was found on the night of the murder, and also that the wound was made by a shotgun such as mine, but here the strong point in my favor was presented. The doctor in probing the wound in the dead man's side had taken therefrom both shot and wadding. The latter was a fragment of a letter in Waynewright's own hand to some person unknown at present. The scrap, though crumpled and bloody, could be read without difficulty, and the party to whom that letter was written was the murderer. As we did not speak he would not write to me—at least not a friendly letter, such as this scrap indicated. If I murdered him where did I get the wadding with which I packed home the deadly charge?

In conclusion I was allowed to speak. I arose from my seat and addressed the judge:

"I can add nothing to what you have heard regarding the dreadful crime of which I am accused. I left Lorton's late in the evening. I had my gun with me, but what I said about shooting somebody was only a joke, and I thought Mr. Lorton took it as such. Going on to the store that morning I shot at a rabbit, but missed it. I loaded my gun afterward and have not fired it since. I saw no living thing on my way home. The path is a lonely and unfrequented one. I walked as briskly as the darkness would allow. When I reached Black's branch, during a lull in the wind, I heard directly behind me and not more than a hundred yards off a shot, followed by a loud cry. It frightened me very much. I ran across the bridge and fell in a patch of briars, where I got the scratches on my cheek and hand. I said nothing to my mother and sister, because I did not wish to frighten them, and I thought I might be mistaken. I did not think to mention it to the gentlemen when they came to my home. It is true that I did not like Waynewright, but I never dreamed of taking his life."

As I sat down a sympathetic murmur ran through the attentive listeners, and I hoped my truthful words had some weight with the jurymen, who watched me closely during my recital. In a few moments they retired to decide my case. I waited with strange dullness of feeling. A solitary fly rested on the sleeve of my coat, and the way he twisted his dot of a head between his forelegs seemed so ridiculous I felt a mild desire to laugh. I was not far from insanity. In half an hour the men filed slowly in and I was pronounced guilty of murder.

Great heavens! I, who had splinted the legs of lame chickens, fed starving curs, nursed sick lambs, and many a time stepped out of my path to avoid crushing the tiny ants within it; I, who loved all living creatures, guilty of murder!

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up," said the judge.

Before I could rise the voice of Mr. Waitman called, "Stop! Do not pronounce sentence against him until I say a few words but first I wish to be sworn, and he placed his hand on the holy book. Intense surprise prevaled the court room. In even tones he said:

"On the day of the killing of Waynewright I was hurriedly called to the sick bed of Mr. Thornwell. He lived only three miles from my home, and I preferred walking the mountain path to riding around the sleety public road. Knowing it would be night before I returned I took my shot gun. I never like to be out after dark on a journey without a defensive weapon. I had no cartridges for my pistol. Soon after my interview with Mr. Thornwell, during which I altered his will, I left the house. The sun had set. Persons familiar with the paths across the mountain will bear in mind that the one leading from my house to Thornwell's merges into that leading from Waynewright's to Lorton's and is the same for about a mile. At Black's branch it diverges, turns to the right, and leads directly to my house, another mile farther on. Lester crosses the bridge and goes straight ahead and Waynewright lives on the left hand. Walking homeward, I was perhaps a hundred yards from the branch when out from the darkness sprung the figure of a man, and a voice I recognized as Waynewright's said angrily:

"So you didn't see fit to know me in Lorton's store to-day, Mr. Sidney Lester? Suppose you try to give me that thrashing you promised me last summer. Here is a good place if you dare. I could whip you and pitch your carcass into one of these gullies, where you'd never see daylight anymore."

"I smelt whisky and knew the man was drunk, so I replied quietly. You are mistaken in your man. I am not Sidney Lester."

"You lie, you know you do, you coward-ly pup. Don't you reckon I know your whining voice?" he exclaimed furiously. He aimed a blow at my head, but missed hit my shoulder. He then caught at me, and feeling my gun tried to wrench it from me. We struggled for the weapon. He was infuriated, and I knew if he got possession of it I would be a dead man. In the midst of the scuffle the gun fired, and to my horror he dropped at my side with a loud cry. God only knows how it happened. I cannot tell whether he pulled the trigger or the gun was accidentally discharged, but I swear my fingers never touched it."

Pausing, he wiped his white forehead and resumed with composure his recital: "Further proof of my words can be found by comparing the piece of wadding extracted from Waynewright's side with this note." He produced one and laid it before the judge.

"That I received from Waynewright on the morning of his death. I tore off the upper left-hand corner and loaded my gun just before starting to Thornwell's. The note is in these words:

"DEAR SIR,—Will you please let me know at what price I can hire your team to bring a load from Lorton's store on to-morrow? I will pay you cash and consider myself under obligations. Truly yours,

"JAMES WAYNEWRIGHT."

"The piece of wadding will fit perfectly. It was torn off through the words 'let,' 'can,' 'to-morrow,' and 'obligations.' You all wonder why I delayed so long making this statement and lifting terrible trouble from blameless shoulders. But though I knew I stood in no danger, as there was no evidence against me save my own, yet I shrank from it. Once I determined to be silent forever if we could honorably acquit this boy. Had we done this there would have been many to doubt and to mistrust his innocence, and my conscience would have upbraided me as one of God's baseat creatures had I suffered his future to be darkened by the shadow—not of my crime, but of my misfortune—hanging over it, for I am assuredly as guiltless of the death of that unfortunate man as is the noble lad who has borne his severe trial so bravely."

Mr. Waitman sat down. I covered my face, for the tears would come. From the excited crowd rose a roar of cheers for my self and Mr. Waitman. The cries of order were unheeded and the court adjourned in a most undignified hubbub.

I came out free, thankful and humble that providence had brought me through the time of awful danger. Nothing was done with Mr. Waitman and no stain rested on him. Everyone was convinced he killed Waynewright in self-defense. He settled on his poor widow a comfortable sum, and I shall bless him as long as I live. It is needless to speak of our joy at home when I returned to mother and Delia, nor of our united happiness.

Twenty years have elapsed since I figured in this bit of personal history.

My home is now far distant from the scenes in which it was enacted. I have sat on many juries, but have never been called upon to join in passing sentence upon the life of a fellowman. Should I ever be so unfortunate I shall never agree to convict on circumstantial evidence.

Electric Railways.

Mr. Theo. P. Bailey recently gave some interesting figures and facts in a lecture on electric railways. He stated that the possible speed of an electric car is measured only by a limit of safety. The regulation speed in the majority of places is 12 miles an hour, and the average mileage per car per day is about 116.

It is well known that upon well-regulated steam railroads the locomotives rarely make a continuous run of over 100 miles per day, and with much less care, and in every way better service, the electric locomotive has, therefore, a distinct advantage. The smallest town in the United States which has an electric street railway in operation is Southington, Ct., with a population of 5400. Two cars are in service over two miles of track, and the average daily receipts are $9 per car. The power for the operation of this road is furnished by the local lighting company, and costs $1.25 per day.

The largest electric railway is at Boston, Mass. This entire system comprises 284 miles of track, 50 of which are electrically equipped and there are 312 motor cars in operation. During the month of August they had 300 motor cars in service, making a total mileage of 284,800,000. As to the equipment of electrical railways, Mr. Bailey anticipates no radical change for some time to come. The development will be more in the line of details. Just now the tendency seems to be in the direction of longer cars, double tracks and heavier motors.—*Gloucester paper.*

—A movement is on foot to erect a simple memorial of some sort in honor of Miss Sewell, the author of "Black Beauty," in order that her work in behalf of the horse may not be speedily forgotten. "Black Beauty" is the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the equine genus, and teaches a lesson of kindness and humanity with wonderful skill. Its author did not enjoy the fame the book won, for her, as she died soon after it appeared. Its success has been rapid and surprising. One lady in Boston has given Mr. Angell, President of the American Humane Socity, money to supply every car-driver in Boston with a copy of it. Another lady in New York has done the same for the car-drivers of one of the principal avenues there, and Mrs. William Astor supplied all the drivers and stable men in Newport with the gentle gospel of this fascinating book. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in Boston and other cities, have used it as a missionary tract, distributing free copies.

Familiar Family Friends.

The family store of medicine should contain a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Mrs. Hannah Hutchins, of Rossway, N. S., says: "We have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family for six years, for coughs, colds, burns, sore throat, croup, etc., and find it so good we cannot do without it."

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

Dr. Koch's Secret.

The mystery of the Koch lymph is now disclosed to the world. The liquid which the German man of science injects under the skin of consumptive patients consists of a glycerine solution of the dread bacilli of tuberculosis, killed by freezing or boiling.

Despite the scorn with which the homeopathic system of medicine is regarded by German savants, the principle of this remedy is closely analagous to that which governs the physicians of the homeopathic school, which may be stated popularly and unscientifically as "like cures like." Some of its chemists have scoffed at it as the principle embodied in the saying that "the hair of the dog is good for his bite." At any rate, the principle of the Koch remedy is that a dead bacillus is the proper thing with which to kill live ones. There is a certain analogy between this method and Jenner's vaccination for small-pox, or Pasteur's inoculation for hydrophobia. But it should be said also that the analogy is by no means perfect, and there are radical differences between the three.

It is only within a comparatively short time that consumption has been known to be a contagious disease. Like small-pox, it appears to have originated with neat cattle and to have been conveyed by them to man. The bacilli, or minute organisms that breed and burrow in the lungs, feeding upon their substance and finally destroying it, are expectorated to some extent by the consumptive man and animal, and such expectorations are the chief vehicles of contagion. The bacilli are found, however, in the milk and meat of tuberculous cows, and it is probable that it is from such meat and milk that human beings usually take the disease. Contrary to the long accepted theory, it does not now seem probable that there is any such thing as hereditary consumption, unless the parents were actually diseased before the birth of the child. This improbability is in itself very reassuring to those who constantly dread consumption because some of their relations have died with it.

Now that the secret of the Koch lymph is given to the world the great danger is that it will be carelessly and unscientifically employed by ignorant practioners. Only physicians of known carefulness and established reputation should be trusted to make the injections, at least while the matter is in its present experimental stage. For it must be remembered that the Koch remedy is yet an experiment, and while thus far the results give grounds for high hopes, yet its efficacy and even its safety are as yet matters of some doubt.

Keep Your Boy in School.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a fine education unfits one for the common walks of life, or that a fine education demands necessarily a professional life. Any man can handle a hoe or shovel or axe better for a general knowledge of mechanics. Any girl can cook a better breakfast for having knowledge of chemistry or philosophy. The statistics of our late war showed us that delicately bred college boys stood the hardships of camp and hospital and battle far better than roughs, whether from wild woods or great cities.

A purely business education is always a narrow education. It develops particular powers; it narrows horizons; it limits abilities, limits to a single sphere of action. Your boy needs a broad education, such as our ward schools start and our high schools carry on. Then, if he can not go to college, and is planning mercantile life, let him enter a business college for a year and get a superior drill. Only a business education makes rut men; a liberal education makes broad men. A business education equips one for a single chance; if he misses that he has no reserve. A liberal education equips him for a hundred chances; failing to open the door, he has the keys to ninety-nine more. The money spent in giving your son or daughter a good education is money well spent. Well educated men never starve, and rarely go to the poorhouse. Our colleges and academies and high schools do not furnish the country with its beggars and paupers and its tramps. A well educated man is a man of many resources; he is therefore ready for many exigencies. There are safety and success in breadth.

A thousand dollars given to your boy is soon spent. A thousand dollars' worth of education given him can never be expended. The interest of $1,000 is $60 a year, but the difference in position which two or three years of schooling will give to boy is worth anywhere from $300 to $1,000 a year. Investments which pay from 33 to 100 per cent. interest are not common; education is such an investment. Your boy will thank you all his life long for giving him the opportunity for putting himself at his best in the years to come. Many a man is crippled to-day because father decided for business at fourteen.—*Albany Journal.*

ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH.—This condition is due to germs, and the cure lies in getting rid of the germs. Germs of fermentation in the stomach produce first alcohol, then carbonic acid, and then ascetic acid. A person troubled with this form of dyspepsia should be careful to take only such articles of food as do not favor the development of germs, and thus starve them out. Another thing to do is to wash the germs out of the stomach by drinking freely of hot water before meals. If food is put into a stomach already sour, of course fermentation will be set up immediately. Some persons notice that as soon as they eat, their stomachs become sour. The third important thing to do is to stimulate the stomach to make more gastric juice, which is a natural antiseptic, and prevents fermentation and also hastens absorption. The glands may be stimulated by applying hot fomentations to the stomach for half an hour immediately after the close of a meal, or, easier still, by wearing a rubber bag filled with hot water directly over the stomach for half an hour or an hour. Heat is a natural stimulant, and there are no possible ill effects from its use in this way.—*Good Health.*

No Shadow of Doubt.

No sane person doubts that what we say of B. B. B. is true. The evidence of its power and popularity is too overwhelming to confute, besides it is all home testimony making it *certain* that B. B. B. will cure dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, scrofula and all blood diseases.