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 ly

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1891. NO. 22.

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. 11ly

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 ly

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.

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
☞Dentistry a Specialty.

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

G. E. 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 ly

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 CO.,
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. I. Letteney & Bro.
Feb. 11th, 1891. ly

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.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89. T. D.

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,
16 3m 47 Brunswick St., Halifax, N. S.

A. W. MOORE,
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 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 ly

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

$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, wherever 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 desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

MUNN & CO SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS
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

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.

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, HENRY S. CHARLTON, } *Executors.*
Lawrencetown, March 31st, 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

PLEASANT AS MILK
Is the Expression Used by many when they take,
ESTEY'S EMULSION.
Children will take it and ask for more. Delicate people can take it when their stomach cannot retain the ordinary Emulsions. It is easily digested.
—WHEN BUYING AN EMULSION—
Ask for Estey's.
Sold Everywhere. Price 50c., Six bottles, $2.50.

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29ly

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.

This is Business!

The subscriber offers for sale a variety of
Single & Double-seated Carriages.
Also, the very popular
Unique Road Carts.
Phæton Carts, for one or two persons.
Second-hand Carriages, in good repair,
And two Express Waggons.
All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. An inspection invited.
JOHN HALL.
Lawrencetown, April 15th, 1891. 2 tf

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, BILL HEADS, MEMO. HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS.
POSTERS, DODGERS, PROGRAMMES, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, TICKETS, ENVELOPES, ETC., ETC.

Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
always on hand.

Estimates Furnished.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.

Address,
"MONITOR" OFFICE,
Bridgetown, N. S.

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.

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, muste 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.

Forgiveness.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

Weariness.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

Select Literature.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

BY SIN SAXON.

"Mary, if you will sew a button on this wristband, I'll be much obliged. What a woman finds to do in twelve hours, that she can't keep her husband's clothes in order, I don't see. I thought you were making me some shirts a month ago; suppose I'll get them in the course of events."

"Indeed, Charlie, I tried hard, but could not get them done. You know two weeks ago Bertie had the measles, and I could do nothing but tend him, and this week so much extra work had accumulated, that I had to lay sewing aside. They will be ready next week, I hope."

"Umph! seeing is believing. I've lost ten minutes now for want of a stitch in time. Enough to discourage any man!" And the door closed with a bang, and Charlie Edwards hurried townward, without a look or word of farewell.

Mary drew a long sigh, as the door closed upon her husband, and stood gazing at the fire in a dull, abstracted manner. Gone without a kind word, or a good morning kiss. Was her heart dead? she asked herself. Time had been when such a neglect would have caused her tears to flow for hours; and now she almost felt she did not care. Three years before, she had entered her present home, a bride, happy and envied; her husband one among many, upright and tender. What had made the change? Mary had discovered one little fault in her husband before their marriage, viz., an impatience in regard to little things; but love was strong, and her own patience enduring, and no fear of future unhappiness had troubled her heart. The years had passed on, and from an occasional display of impatience, fault-finding had come to be the general rule. The woman's heart was growing calloused and indifferent, when God sent their first born, a little boy, around whom the affections of both father and mother clung, and for a time the happiness of their earlier married life was restored, but not for long; the habit was too strongly fixed to be easily uprooted, and the once happy home was rapidly becoming a miserable and unhappy abiding place.

* * * * * * *

The cosy room was bright with its glowing fire, and the waiting tea table and its contents looked more than tempting. Little Bertie had fretted all day, and the mother love had been alert and anxious. If her darling should be sick, if he should be taken from her, the thought would not bear dwelling on. Life would not be worth the living without him. Charlie walked briskly home from business, and as the brightly lighted window met his view, he felt, as only a tired man can, the blessing of a well kept home. A little conscience stricken at his impatience of the morning, and with a half thought that he would make it all right, he opened the door, took off his overcoat, and entered the dining-room. The face of his wife was grave and cold, and angry at not being met more than half way, he sat down to the table with the accustomed frown upon his brow.

"This steak is tougher than shoe leather! Some women never can cook a steak fit to eat. Fit for nothing but pigs. A hearty supper this for a hungry man!"

Mary sat silent; there was no use in reminding him that he had ordered the meat himself. Baby Bertie looked from father to mother, as if trying to solve the mystery of the angry looks of one, and the extreme quietness of the other, and then holding up two little arms to his mother's neck, said in a wistful voice: "Me yoves mamma."

Blessed sympathy from a baby voice. A lump gathered in Mary's throat that seemed to choke her. She kissed the little upturned lips, that were feverish and dry, and resolved that for baby's sake, she must do her duty, whatever her reward. Trying to call a cordial tone to her voice, she said:

"There are nice fresh eggs. Could I not cook you one since the steak is so tough?"

"No, I am through now, I'd better have staid down town, for all the comfort I get at home," and shaking out his newspaper, he was soon to all appearance, deep in the interests of stocks and politics. But somehow as he read strangely mingled with the words, were a baby voice saying, "Me yoves mamma," and a pair of baby arms uplifted for a caress.

The young mother took little Bertie in her arms, and holding him up to Charlie, said, "Bid papa good night, darling," and as Charlie kissed his child, there was a strong impulse within him to leave a kiss on his wife's lips also; but the better feeling was quickly repressed, and he allowed her to leave the room without a word. It was sometime before she came back, and then with an anxious, troubled look.

"I am afraid, Charlie, that baby is ill. If you will call the doctor I should feel easier. I fear to let it wait till morning, he seems so feverish."

Bertie sick? Their baby? It did not take long to don overcoat and hat, and in a short time the doctor stood beside their child. His face was very grave, and both parents' heart fell as they watched him.

"I ought to tell you, Mrs. Edwards, that your little boy is very ill. I hope to pull him through, but—" and the unfinished sentence was more startling than words.

As the night wore on, and the dawn appeared the fever raged, and all impatient and ill feeling was forgotten in the common anxiety of the parents. Together they watched and tended, and each heart prayed for the baby's life. But God knew best. As the noon drew on a great change came; the angry fever subsided; the hot cheek grew paler and paler, and with a great throb of anguish the parents realized that their baby had been only loaned them, and that God was only taking back his own. At last Bertie's eyes opened with a look of intelligence, meeting the mother's tearful face bending over him. "Me yoves mamma." The stricken mother drew the baby's arms around her neck, and buried her face in the pillows. Charlie's heart was heavy with its sorrow. He longed for a look, a word of love from his darling, and taking the other little hand in his own, he said in a wistful voice, "And papa too, my darling?" "Es, papa too, but—me yoves—mamma."

Oh, true, true love of baby's heart. A great light burst on the man's soul. A man grown, and his love had been more fickle than this helpless babe. If he were lying there like baby, would his grief burst out from a breaking heart, as it was doing now? Could he expect it? He, who had expected all, and given nothing? A great love and compassion took possession of him. He longed to take her in his arms and comfort her. God helping him, her life should be a happier one. If only Bertie might be spared.

Later in the evening, he loosened the little hand from the mother's neck, and laid it across the quiet breast; and bending over, he kissed vith a tender kiss, the baby lips that had taught Heaven's lesson so well, then lifting his wife to his arms, he laid her head on his breast. "Mary, Bertie is with the angels. The Lord gave, and He hath taken away; Blessed——' Oh, he could not say it all yet, and breaking down, the great sobs came, and husband and wife wept together.

The baby was laid away in the churchyard, and the daily routine of life was taken up again. Charlie tried by little attention to win Mary from her grief, but her heart was too deadened for any feeling beside. She sometimes wondered, in a dull way, how long the kindness would last, and vaguely looked for the old impatience; and baby's name was seldom mentioned, although his memory lived in either heart. Mary made her daily journey to Bertie's grave, but she did not ask her husband's companionship, and feared his impatience with her grief; yet there were days when she sat beside the little mound her heart cried out for his love and sympathy.

One bright morning in fall, Charlie rose from the breakfast table, and as he donned his overcoat, said in rather a hesitating manner.

"Mary if you would like, we will take a drive this afternoon. I find I can get off a few hours earlier, and the change will do you good. What do you say?"

A bright eager look dawned on her face, the first for months. Perhaps he really did care for her a little after all. Perhaps he had meant it all along since baby died The old feeling was coming back to her heart.

"Oh, I should like it so much," she answered, "and Charlie," in a nervous trembling tone, "If you would come—home—by—." He understood her thought. "Yes dear, we will go there too. Don't tire yourself out this morning, you are not strong this fall;" and stooping, he left on her lips a good morning kiss, and softly closed the door.

She stood gazing into the fire, as she had stood a few months since. But the look was not the same as on that morning. Her heart was not dead yet; it was waking to new life. The indifference was fast changing to a great longing for her husband's love and sympathy. If the old days could come back, and she could be happy once more.

The sun was near its setting as they entered the cemetery, and paused at the baby's grave. As Charlie gazed at the little mound, his heart swelled with the longing for the child love so early denied him. Again the little lips seemed pleading their love for "mamma," and turning to his wife, he gathered her close in his arms and with a broken voice said:

"My darling! My own wife! Mary, my love has not been such as to lead you to trust in it, but here by our child's grave, I ask you to forgive me for the past, and with God's help my future life shall show how much I love and trust you; our home shall be a happy one yet. Look up, dear wife, and tell me I have your forgiveness." With a cry of joy, Mary threw her arms around her husband's neck, but the sobs would not let her speak. She could only lift her lips to his, and bending, he pressed upon them a long kiss of love and reconciliation. Ah, life was more pleasant after all, and love and happiness were here yet. The earth seemed clothed in new beauty, and they drove slowly homeward in the cool evening air, and each heart was filled with thanksgiving and gratitude.

When the spring blossoms opened on the baby's grave, there was a white shaft placed there; simple, with only a broken bud engraved thereon, and the inscription:

OUR BERTIE.
AGED 3 YEARS 2 MONTHS.
"A little child shall lead them."

How to Keep From Drowning.

ONE NEEDN'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM—SIMPLY "TREAD WATER."

To keep from drowning it is not necessary to know how to swim, says the *New York Advertiser.* This may seem at first a strong assertion, but much depends on the meaning that is attached to the word "swim." A man may be able to "tread water," yet he may not know how to swim. When a man swims it means one thing; when a dog swims it means another and somewhat different thing. In the main, the difference is one of position—of standing upright or of sprawling in the water. Of course the dog cannot swim as the man can and does, but a man may swim, if he will only do as the dog does.

In what follows the object is to show how drowning may, under ordinary circumstances, be prevented even in the case of persons wholly ignorant of what is called the art of swimming.

In the first place it is perfectly natural for every human being to float. With the lungs inflated and the body below the water, one can not possibly sink. There is no easier method of keeping afloat than by simply treading water. The operation is just like running up-stairs, and about as difficult. It is perfectly natural for animals to "swim." Throw a dog into the water, and at once he begins to walk the same as when out of water. Why should a man, woman or child do differently under like circumstances. Clearly there is no good reason why any human being who cannot swim should make a few helpless struggles, raise an outcry, throw up his hands, and sink out of sight.

The trouble is that nine persons out of ten lose their presence of mind when for the first time in the water beyond their depth. If instead of struggling, people would do more thinking, fewer would be drowned. Oddly enough, people have to do just what the animal does instinctively in the water. The dog, the horse, the deer, and even the cat tread or walk the water at first attempt.

Man's ignorance of so simple a thing as treading water is a little remarkable. It is nonsense to say that animals have any advantage in the water over men. On the contrary, man has the further advantage of paddle-formed hands, and of being able to rest himself when tired by floating, a thing which the animals never do. The man who cannot swim must follow the example of the animal, and should go on all-fours. He must strike alternately with one hand and foot exactly as the dog does—one, two, one, two.

All the human beings can walk in the water without any preliminary practice if they will simply keep cool-headed. In order, then, to keep from drowning it is necessary only to tread or walk the water.

The most simple way to preserve life, if out of your depth, is to float, which consists simply in lying flat on your back. This is easily accomplished by keeping the lungs inflated, the head thrown well back, the limbs extended, but flexible, the arms placed close to the ears, with the hands thrown over the head. The majority of people prefer to float on the back rather than to stand upright. Yet any man, woman or child who can walk on dry land can also walk in the water with safety.

It is surprising how long animals and human beings are capable of sustaining themselves in water. In one well-authenticated instance a dog swam ashore with a letter in his mouth at the Cape of Good Hope, while the crew of the ship to which the dog belonged all perished. The sailors need not have been lost had they treaded water as the dog did. Although unable to rest by the way animals swim immense distances. Last year a dog was washed overboard during a gale off Cape Hatteras, and yet made his way safely to shore. Only a week or two later some cattle were swept from a vessel during a storm off the Maine coast, and more than half of them were saved.

If you cannot swim and should fall overboard, don't scream, but try to "climb upstairs" with hands and feet.

—Baroness Macdonald, wife of the late Premier, is an old abstainer. Another lady of high position met her at dinner one day and was surprised to see that she took no wine, and at length asked: "Did you not set out wine when you entertained the Marquis of Lorne?" "Never!" was the prompt reply. "But did you not feel that you must apologize?" "Certainly not; wine is not a natural beverage, and so should rather comin' than go out with apology."

LATER.—It has been learned that the body of James Shaw, found in the river twelve miles below Campbellton last week, contained $149 in cash, thus discrediting the theory of murder. The facts have been communicated to his sister at Manitou Springs, Colorado.

A Common Origin.

All skin diseases of whatever name or nature are caused by impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a natural foe to impure blood, removing all foul humors from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Self Respect.

"The way to keep a man out of the mud is to black his boots," says Frederick Douglass.

This happy remark often occurs to us when we see boys going to school with shoes that have never once known the brush, with hair uncombed, faces not too clean, ears unfit for inspection, hands very black, and a cap that has evidently known hard service as a missile weapon. Such a boy is more likely at least both to talk and to act unbecomingly than one who is clean and tidy. Something within the tidy boy compels him to live up to his appearance. The other boy is apt to live down to his dirty boots.

Fixing upon a boy an odious and belittling nickname which lowers his self esteem has the same tendency. So does ridiculing him for any natural defect, and for the clumsiness which often results from such a defect. The mistakes of youth frequently result from shyness, and this is greatly aggravated by the jeers of companions, and still more by the impatience of a teacher.

Many a person now honored and esteemed in the world dates his progress upward from the moment when he received from some honored lips a word of encouragement or discovered by chance that he was not inferior to his comrades, despite appearances to the contrary.

We can scarcely do a more injurious act than to make another think more meanly of himself than he ought to think. Humility is an excellent trait, but humility is a very different thing from the mortification and self abasement that sometimes result from sneers or ridicule.—*Youth's Companion.*

To Cure the Taste of Liquor.

A correspondent of the *New York Sun* in answer to the question, "Can any one give me a cure of drunkenness?" says:

"Indulgence in spirits after a while—which is longer or shorter according to the constitution of the person—produces irritation, inflammation and fever of the stomach, hence the craving for drink; and the greater the fever the greater the craving. As spirits act also on the nervous system and on the brain, the nervous system becomes impaired and the brain weakened. Who can deny that a person ailing in these several ways is laboring under a serious disease? He has then no will power to exercise, because the seat of the will is in the nervous centres, and when these are improved or destroyed so is also the will power.

"Here is the cure: Let the person have within his reach a small vial of the best kind of tincture of Peruvian bark, and when the craving for liquor comes on let him take a teaspoonful of the tincture every two hours. In a few days the taste for liquor is destroyed, and destroyed while indulging in it, for tincture of Peruvian bark is spirits into which has been drawn all the substance of Peruvian bark. It is to be found in every drug store, but it should be of the very best.

"Peruvian bark is a tonic. It is also the best if not the only cure known for fever. It is from Peruvian bark that quinine is extracted, and, moreover, it is antiperiodic. It is by these three agencies that it destroys the craving for liquor. Any one wishing to be cured of that ailment can be in the way I have described, but there are few drunkards, indeed, who wish to be cured."

Cancer and Smoking.

Since the death of President Grant, a constant smoker, cancer of the tongue and cigar smoking have been closely associated in the public mind. Surgeons of experience find that the disease is far more frequent in persons who have been in the habit of smoking. The disease appears to be about six times more common in males than in females. The affection known as "smoker's patch" is common. It is a slightly raised oval area on the forepart of the tongue, a little to one side of the middle line, just where the end of the pipe rests, or where the stream of smoke from the pipe or cigar impinges on the surface of the tongue. The patch is usually red, but it may be bluish or pearly-white. It lasts for years, but tends to spread over the surface of the tongue if the irritation be continued. When diffused in this fashion, it constitutes leucoma of the tongue. Leucoma is certainly a predisposing cause of cancer. The smoker should never leave a "patch" untreated, and should avoid rough mouthpieces, and brands of tabacco which cause irritation of the tongue.

A Queer Pet.

The Biddleford (Me.) *Journal* has found a Saco lady who has a very odd pet in a big garden toad which has for three years passed his existence in the lady's front yard. No dog ever knew his master or mistress better than this toad does the lady of the house. When she puts in appearance the toad invariably comes out from under the step to greet her and blinks wisely and attentively as she talks to him, but should any other person or voice intrude upon the scene, Mr. Toad quickly retreats to his abode under the steps. During one of the hot days the lady went out into the yard to water her plants and the toad promptly appeared, wearing an unmistakably oppressed aspect. It seemed to the lady that he was begging for a shower bath and she gave him one. She says that the toad actually smiled his gratitude to her and sang contentedly until she left him. Upon warm days since the toad has come in as regularly for his shower bath as the plants have for their sprinkling.

—One of the recent inventions for life saving apparatus is the Irving pneumatic gun for throwing a line to ships in distress or to persons in a burning house. The air is admitted from a reservoir to the chamber behind the projectile at a pressure of 2,400 pounds on the square inch.

The Voice of The People.

In every part of Canada the voice of the people rules, and the voice of the people endorses Burdock Blood Bitters as the best and surest blood purifier known. Nothing drives out boils, blotches, humors, sores and impurity so quickly as B. B. B., and perfect health with bright clear skin always follows its use.

Another Mysterious Death.

The body of an unknown man was found in the river 11 or 12 miles below Cambellton on Wednesday last. It had evidently been in the water a week or more. The body was dressed, but no money being found on the person leads to suspicion of foul play. In one of the pockets was a ticket from Chicago to Point du Chene and a baggage check which arrived at Point du Chene on the 8th inst. This trunk was brought to Moncton by the Intercolonial authorities and when opened found to be filled with clothing of very superior quality, but no sign of money except a $5 American counterfeit. The clothing was stamped with the name of James Shaw and in the trunk was found a letter addressed "James Shaw, LaGrange, Cook county, Illinois," from his sister at Manitou Spring, Colorado, dated last December, and advising him as the oldest member of the family to go on a visit to their mother in Prince Edward Island—place not mentioned—as she was getting old and they had been away a good many years. Nothing further can be learned. The express would pass Campbellton about midnight. The railway station is close to the river and one hotel is directly on the bank of the river. It is supposed that Shaw got off the train, which stops 15 minutes, to go to the hotel to get a drink, and either walked into the river in the darkness or was foully dealt with. The fact that no money was found on his person would seem to indicate foul play. This is the second case of a strange traveller being found dead at or near Campbellton, the other being that of an old countryman on his way from Halifax to Ontario, whose body was found on Sugar Loaf mountain, the mystery of which was never cleared up.

Gertie's Friends.

Lady Dufferin, in the sweet old song, has told us that

"The poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love the better far,
The few their Father sends."

A touching "local" in the Detroit *Free Press* shows vividly enough the tender pity which the lowly feel for each other in sorrow and suffering. A passer through Clinton Street one day observed a little Irish boy hiding in a door-way and crying. A sympathetic inquiry brought to light one of the most beautiful stories ever recorded of the sick poor.

In a wretched cellar, a little girl ten years old lay very ill. The window-panes were broken—it was March, by the way—and variously stuffed. For one pane the supply of upholstery had given out. The wind and the boys looked in easily. Just within range of curious eyes the cot of the sick child was stretched.

The *gamins* of Clinton Street discovered her plight. One little fellow dropped an orange through the broken glass; a plaintive voice thanked the unseen giver. Such acts of mercy became the fashion in that poor neighborhood. Every day saw the cubs of the street cuddling like cossets outside the window.

Wisps of evergreen, swept out of florists' doors, broken flowers thrown away, offerings of fruit with the decayed part cut out, every delicacy for the sick that the resources of Clinton Street afforded, went through that broken pane. One little fellow begged a bunch of frozen Malaga grapes from a dealer, to whom he offered his ragged cap in payment.

One day the boys said, "Gertie is dead," and the street-boys became the mourners behind the hearse of the starved and frozen child.

Chignecto Ship Railway.

Some startling rumors concerning the completion of the ship railway are causing comment and attract much attention at Amherst from those more immediately interested as well as from the public generally. It is confidently asserted in well informed circles that a proposal is under consideration by the British and United States governments to advance the sum necessary to complete the work, the former in two-thirds and the latter in one-third. $3,600,000 have already the work and the sum required for its completion is about $1,500,000. It is said that as the construction of other enterprises similar to the Chignecto ship railway are held in abeyance awaiting the result of the completion of that work, the promoters of the former have brought powerful influence to bear on the two governments alluded to, at least, seriously consider the proposal above named. Though some of the engineers are leaving here, it is known that others who have been concerned in the construction of this road have been requested not to accept for the present offers for future employment elsewhere, and to await developments here.

A Big War Ship.

Recently, at Chatham, Eng., the *Hood*, the largest turret ship in the world, was christened and floated out of dock. The chief part in the ceremony was taken by Lady Hood, the wife of Viscount Hood, after whose illustrious ancestor the ship is named. The *Hood* has been less than two years in hand. Her length is 380 feet; breadth 75 feet; draught of water forward 26 feet and aft 28 feet; displacement, 14,150 tons; indicated horse power, 13,000; speed (in knots) 17½. Her armament is to consist of four 13½ in. breech loading guns in turrets, ten 6 in. quick-firing guns, and nine 3-pr. quick-firing guns, besides twenty-four torpedoes, and boat, field and machine guns. She will carry 634 officers and men.

This 'Fin'ishes It.

A few years ago the United States Fish Commissioners liberated in Ipswich Bay, Mass., a number of young codfish, and to distinguish them from the many thousands that might afterwards be caught, clipped off the small left abdominal fin. Wm. R. Corbett of Cutler while fishing off Little River or Cutler Harbor, the other day, caught three codfish which he says are the identical ones liberated by the commissioners, as they each had the same fin clipped off. They were when caught twenty inches long, being fat, healthy fish. This instance is given in conformity to a request by the commissioners, should any person take one or more with such a mark, to give the size and condition of them.

The Italian Swarm.

Italian immigration does not appear to have been decreased in the least by the episode at New Orleans. On the contrary, it goes on increasing, and that at a time of year when by all analogies it ought to fall off Only last week 5,500 Italians left Genoa bound for this country, a surprisingly large number in view of the fact that the whole number of Italians who landed in New York between July 1, 1890, and July 1, 1891, was only about 70,000. At the rate of 5,500 a week we should soon be literally swamped. The seriousness of the problem which this extraordinary movement brings before us is sufficiently obvious.

—The *Canadian Live Stock and Farm Journal* says:—It may not be generally known among horsemen that a little coal oil, about a teacupful to a pint of water, well mixed and sprayed over a stable will have the effect of keeping out flies which pester the poor horses so much. I have used it in both horse stable and hen house and neither flies nor lice will stay long while the smell remains.

You Take No Risk

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building-up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.