# Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1889. NO. 4.



**FERTILIZERS!**

WE AGAIN OFFER FOR THE ELEVENTH SEASON OUR CELEBRATED

'CERES' SUPERPHOSPHATE

(The Complete Fertilizer)

POPULAR PHOSPHATE,

BONE MEAL, MEDIUM BONE, GROUND BONE.

JACK & BELL, Proprietors.

Chemical Fertilizer Works, Halifax, N. S.

45 4m

**New Goods,** —AT— **R. D. BEALS**

—Comprising—

DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY,

Ready Made Clothing,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS and SHOES,

Crockery Ware,

SHELF HARDWARE,

Best Groceries,

TIN WARE, ETC.

EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.

Eggs for Goods or Cash.

Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange

Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

**Burdock Blood Bitters.**

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE.

DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

*And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.*

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

**GREAT REDUCTION.**

The whole Stock of

W. W. SAUNDERS'

will be sold at a Great Reduction during the Xmas Holidays, embracing the following well-selected lines:

DRY GOODS,

HOSIERY, a Specialty,

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS, OVERBOOTS, RUBBERS AND LARIGANS, GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, ESSENCES, EXTRACTS, AND PATENT MEDICINES, large stock of LAMPS, GLASS, EARTHEN, STONE, TINWARE, HARDWARE, AND CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES

William Hart, Assignee.


## Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that WILLIAM H. R. BALCOM and WILLIAM H. NIXON, of Nictaux Falls, in the County of Annapolis, traders, doing business under the name, firm and style of BALCOM & NIXON, have by deed of assignment, bearing date the 8th day of April, A. D., 1889, assigned to me all their property *in trust* for the benefit of such of their creditors as shall execute said deed of assignment within ninety days from the date hereof, subject, however, to certain preferential claims. The said deed has been filed at the Registry Office, for the County of Annapolis, and a duplicate thereof lies at the office of the subscriber at Nictaux Falls, aforesaid, where the same may be inspected by creditors.

Dated at Nictaux Falls, the 9th day of April A. D., 1889.

WILLIAM J. H. BALCOM, Assignee.

8it10

## Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, of Middleton, in the County of Annapolis, Merchant, has by deed of Assignment, bearing date the 9th day of April, A. D., 1889, assigned to me all his property, in trust, for the benefit of his creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. The deed has been filed at the Registry office for the County of Annapolis, and a duplicate thereof lies at the office of the subscriber at Middleton, in the County aforesaid, where the same may be inspected by creditors.

Dated at Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, the 9th day of April, A. D., 1889.

ROBERT J. PHINNEY, Assignee.

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## Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that ARTHUR E. SULIS, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, manufacturer, doing business under the name, firm, and style of "The Acadia Organ Company," has by deed of assignment, bearing date the 26th day of March, A. D., 1889, assigned to me all his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. The deed has been filed at the Registry Office for the County of Annapolis, and a duplicate thereof lies at the office of the subscriber in Bridgetown, where the same may be inspected by creditors.

Dated at Bridgetown, the 27th day of March, A. D., 1889.

W. M. FORSYTH, Assignee.

2m

## Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Bowlby, J. Haddon Balcom, and Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has, by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said deed lies at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Lawrencetown, this 31st day of August, 1888.

L. R. MORSE, ALEX. OSWALD, Assignees.

NOTICE.—The above mills of Bowlby, Balcom & Co., will be run as usual until further notice.

L. R. MORSE, ALEX. OSWALD, Assignees.

22tf


**J. M. OWEN,**

*BARRISTER - AT - LAW,*

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

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

**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. I. S. Johnson & Co., 25 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

**Make New Rich Blood!**

INSPECTION

is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

**Monuments, Tablets,**

HEADSTONES, Etc.

Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

**Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,**

OPPOSITE RINK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

**9 Cords IN 10 HOURS**

Runs Easy NO BACKACHE.

Patented.

BY ONE MAN. Greatly improved. Also TOOL for filing saws whereby those least experienced cannot make a mistake. *Send free with machine.* To others, *for same, cement saw*, by mail $3.00. Hundreds have sawed 5 to 9 CORDS daily. We want all who burn wood and all interested in the timber business to write for our Illustrated *Free* Catalogue. We have exactly what you want, the greatest labor-saver and best-selling saw now on earth. First order from your vicinity secures agency. No duty to pay. We manufacture in Canada.

JUST RECEIVED, ONE OF THE ABOVE SAWS BY THE AGENT,

**H. FRASER.**

ALL are invited to call and examine the Saw at the Agent's Hardware Store, where it can be seen in working order.

ON HAND:

A general assortment of

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Paints, Oils, Coal, &c.

**EXHAUSTED VITALITY.**

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon. 300 pages, 8 vo. 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

**W. D. SHEEHAN,**

The American Tailor.

Some of the reasons why my coats are the BEST and MOST STYLISH CUT:

1. They always fit close to the neck, and never drop down or rise up.
2. They always fit into the waist with a graceful curve.
3. The shoulders never wrinkle, and always improve on your actual build.
4. Every garment is made on the premises under my own supervision, by first-class tailors.

GENTLEMEN who have found difficulty in being properly fitted by their tailors, will do well to call on me and I will guarantee a perfect fit.

**At Private Sale!**

Valuable Property on Granville St.

THAT very superior and substantially built Two Story Dwelling, with Garden, containing ½ acre of land, well stocked with Apple, Pear and Plum Trees; also Stable, Carriage and Wood House in good repair.

Immediate possession.

Apply to the subscriber,

Lewis A. Dickie,

Bridgetown, Jan. 30th, 1889. tf

SCHOONER

**A. M. Holt,**

**D. R. Graves,**

WILL ply between St. John and Bridgetown as a Packet during the season of 1889.

Freight reasonable and all goods carefully handled.

LIME CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Will lay at Capt. H. Fraser's Wharf. Apply on board, or to Capt. H Fraser.

Bridgetown, March 12th '89. tf

**MONEY TO LOAN**

On Real Estate Security.

Apply to

L. S. MORSE.

Bridgetown, March 27th, 1889. tf

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

**Pure Liquid PAINTS.**

MIXED READY FOR USE,

ECONOMICAL AND DURABLE.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

FOR SALE BY

**R. SHIPLEY.**

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.

W. A. CHUTE,

**BUILDING MOVER,**

BEAR RIVER, N. S.

BUILDINGS of all descriptions Raised and Moved, by land or Water, without taking down chimneys or disturbing the occupants. Stranded Vessels, of all sizes, raised and floated. Boilers and engines, of all description, hoisted in and out of steamers, placing them in any position.

I am the only building mover in the Lower Provinces thoroughly fitted with the latest improvements. Having had twenty years' experience I can guarantee satisfaction. With numbers of fine recommendations.

Also, Agent for The London Guarantee and Accident Company, of London, England.

SCHOONER

**Temple Bar,**

Capt. Longmire.

THIS well known packet schooner will ply regularly between ST. JOHN and BRIDGETOWN during the season.

Apply on board to

CAPT. J. LONGMIRE.

SALT and LIME ALWAYS IN STOCK.

When vessel is not in port, apply to CAPT. PETER NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, March 12th, 1889. tf

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late OLDHAM WHITMAN, of Bridgetown, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date, and all parties indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

EDMUND BENT, Executor.

March 12th, 1889.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.


## Poetry.

### "Yet a Little While."

The older I grow the more I see
That the very best necessity
To make one's life sweet with reason and rhyme
Is to know how to wait from day to day,
And when, hard beset, with firm lips say,
"Be patient, soul, 'tis not yet time."

I knew of a truth that the axiom old
Which time and again to man has been told,
That "all things come to him who waits,"
Is the surest prophecy ever spoke
To suffering souls under heavy yoke
All wrongs are righted by the Fates.

When the castles I built for future delight,
Dissolve into chaos blacker than night,
I dare not rebel and fret and pine,
I know all our trials are for the best,
And a whisper comes that cures unrest;
"Be patient, soul, 'tis not yet time."

—*Earle Remington.*

## Select Literature.

### Miss Gardiner.

BY JAMES C. FURDY.

Miss Gardiner, while looking through the advertisement columns of her favorite newspaper, the *Morning Meteor*, found the following lines, which she eagerly scanned:

"WANTED.—A young woman of refinement (employed during the day), who can sing well and play the piano, can have free of charge, during the Summer, a pleasant home in the country. Private family (mother and daughter.) Best of references required. A personal interview by appointment through correspondence. Address J. B., *Meteor* office.

It pleased Miss Gardiner to become an inmate of this pleasant country home, and she accomplished her purpose, with results delightful to all parties concerned. Mrs. Malcolm, the advertiser, and her daughter Jessie, were very pleasant, lovable, loving women, with plenty of servants and plenty of room. The advertisements had been a kindly device of Mrs. Malcolm's, to relieve the loneliness of their handsome country home, and at the same time afford a happy opportunity to some poor girl of refinement.

When the device brought them Grace Gardiner, they gained the companionship of a young, unusually handsome girl, with keen intelligence, a cultivated manner, and a positive genius for music. Her principal reference was Mr. Fletcher, the lawyer having charge of Mrs. Malcolm's business affairs; and that gentleman was enthusiastic in his praise of her. For the rest, she was stenographer and type-writer in the highly respectable firm of Enderby & Sons. So, for the rest of the summer, Mrs. Malcolm's carriage brought Grace Gardiner from the railroad station every afternoon, and took her to the train every morning.

But after a time a cloud of troubled mystery rose up in the Summer sky of Scotland Lodge. One afternoon the carriage returned from the station without Miss Gardiner. She had sent a note, saying that she was detained over night, but would be home as usual next day. It was a lonely evening without her; and she was greatly missed at the breakfast-table the next morning. But in a short time her absence was almost forgotten in the presence of a great excitement which ingulfed the entire household.

While the ladies were still at breakfast, the servants brought them startling news. One of the rich houses in their neighborhood had been entered by burglars during the night. The inmates of the house, it was supposed, had been stupefied with chloroform; for they had known nothing of the invasion until morning. Every nook and recess of the house had been ransacked and rifled. Everything of value, even to wearing apparel, had been seized upon; and a waggon-load of booty had been secured.

All this was very interesting, but the conclusion of the story was strangely perplexing. All the stolen property had been compactly bestowed in bags and bundles, ready for removal, and then the burglars had gone away without the bags and bundles. Not the smallest article had been taken out of the house. Everything was found in the morning on the floor of the hall, close to the front door, which was standing partly open. The thieves had evidently been frightened away at the last moment; but in that retired neighborhood, what frightened them away? Here was a fine field for speculation.

When Miss Gardiner came home in the afternoon she talked vivaciously about the burglary, and on one or two obscure points made singularly apt and lucid suggestions. But she soon left the subject; and during the evening she sang as she never sung for them before. It was noticed, however, that she was pale, and looked wearied from overwork. As they were separating for the night, she said to Mrs. Malcolm, with some apparent embarrassment:

'You ought to know, Mrs. Malcolm, I have left my place, and am unsettled now; although I still have to be in the city during the day.'

'Oh, you poor child!' Mrs. Malcolm exclaimed, kissing her. 'Of course I ought to know it, so that Mr. Fletcher and I can get you another situation at once.'

But to the good lady's surprise and indignation, Mr. Fletcher did not respond enthusiastically when she spoke to him about the matter the next day.

'We need hardly trouble ourselves,' he said. 'I think Miss Gardiner has plans of her own. It will be best to say nothing further to her on the subject.'

A few mornings later, as Mrs. Malcolm was leaving her room, she encountered Miss Gardiner coming to her. The girl was pale, and evidently in pain.

'I would not trouble you if I could help it,' she said; 'but after you had all gone to bed last night, I had an accident. I caught my hand in some way, and it hurt me so that I jerked it loose, instead of freeing it gently, and so tore the skin.'

She held out her hand as she spoke, and that shapely member was discolored with bruises, and badly swollen; while in one place the flesh was lacerated. The old lady cried out, with horror, and then proceeded to bathe and bind up the wounded hand.

'Why,' she said, 'it looks almost as if it had been bitten. I don't see how you managed to hurt it so. Well, there's no going to the city for you to-day with *that* hand. That's decided.'

'Oh, I *must* go to-day—to-day of all days!' the girl cried vehemently. And then, as if recollecting herself, she laughed pleasantly, and said: 'There are two or three things I want to attend to in the city to-day; and, indeed, I am quite able to go.'

Miss Jessie was in the breakfast room before them, and seemed in a somewhat grim and unsatisfactory humor. The morning greetings had hardly been exchanged when the ladies were startled by news of another burglary. The house nearest their own had been entered, and evidently by the same parties who had committed the previous outrage. As before, the people had been chloroformed, the house had been thoroughly ransacked, and everything of value had been bundled up, ready for removal; and as before, the property had all been left in the hall, by the open front door. The thieves had been frightened away the second time.

This new affair caused genuine dismay in the Malcolm household, and Mrs. Malcolm spoke about getting special guards to stay in the house at night. Grace tried to reassure her.

'I really don't think we have much to fear,' she said, 'with so many strong men servants as are known to sleep on the premisis. Burglars know what they are undertaking before they begin operations.'

'I cannot imagine why they should *finish* their operations by leaving all the stolen property in the hall, then,' said Jessie shortly.

Grace laughed and went her way.

A little later, Mrs. Malcolm, sitting in her own room, was startled to see Jessie enter abruptly and lock the door. Having done this unusual thing, the daughter placed in the mother's hand a stained and crumpled paper.

'We may as well face it, mother dear,' she said. 'Read that.'

Mrs. Malcolm smoothed out the paper and read: 'Ellwood will be at Montgomery's at two o'clock Thursday morning.'

'Why, my dear, what does this mean?' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'It was Mr. Montgomery's house that was robbed last night. But who in the world is Ellwood? And where did you get this paper?'

'Ellwood is the robber, I suppose,' replied Jessie, so excited that she trembled. 'This is Thursday morning, you know. As to the paper—mother, I'd rather suffer anything than to have it to tell you, but Grace Gardiner dropped that paper between here and Mr. Montgomery's after two o'clock this morning.'

'Grace Gardiner! You're crazy child!'

'No, mother, I am not; and I am as fond of Grace as you are. Between two and three o'clock this morning I heard a slight noise. I opened the door of my room—for I don't intend anybody shall chloroform *me* unless I know who it is—and I saw that there was a light in Grace Gardiner's room. I was about to go to her, thinking she was sick, when she came softly out into the hall. She was all dressed, and wore a waterproof cloak and a thick veil. She hurried down-stairs, and I heard her go out through the side door.

Then, from my window, I say her run across the lawn in the direction of Mr. Montgomery's house. Of course there was no more sleep for me. I watched, and about an hour later she came in, as softly as she went out, and moving as if she were tired.'

'My dear,' said Mrs. Malcolm, with conviction, 'you dreamed it all. You were nervous and upset on account of that first burglary, you know.'

'I thought that, too. But, after daylight, I went out, and there were her tracks in the dew, making a straight path across the lawn. I walked all about so as to hide the tracks, and then I found this paper where Grace had dropped it. I could make nothing of it then, of course; still I thought some other woman might have gone into Grace's room and out again, so I went there while you were doing up her hand, and in her closet I found her water proof cloak and an old dress, all wet and draggled around the bottom, and a pair of her shoes soaked and muddy. Mother, that hand was hurt at Mr. Montgomery's house in the course of that robbery—I am perfectly sure of it.

At this moment a servant announced, through the closed door, that Mr. Fletcher was in the parlor to see the ladies. Mrs. Malcolm hastily dried her tears of grievous distress.

'Not a word to him of all this about Grace Gardiner,' she said, as she hastened away to receive her guest. Jessie took some time to steady herself before she followed.

Mr. Fletcher explained that he had come out with just enough of a business errand to serve as an excuse. Really, he was off for a well-earned holiday, and would stay all day if they coaxed him, and all night too, if there was a room at his disposal. He could not have done a kinder thing, after the recent disturbing events, and he knew it. Of course these events were exhaustively discussed by all.

'It is a very mysterious business altogether,' said Mr. Fletcher. 'Every night, of late, there has been a burglary somewhere, and the same enterprising artist executes all the various jobs. The detectives are sure of that, because as you know, there are schools of burglary, as there are schools of painting, and these masterpieces all belong to the same school.'

'Is this person of genius supposed to be a man or a woman?' asked Jessie, with extravagant carelessness.

'A man, undoubtedly,' Mr. Fletcher replied, with a sharp look at his questioner. 'And as gentlemanly and aristocratic a rascal as ever deserved hanging. Romantic, too. He was well-born and well-educated; married a charming woman; had a prosperous business, and kept his family in luxury. He became depraved somehow, and for years he led a double life, maintaining a high social position on the proceeds of his criminal enterprise. His wife died of a broken heart when the exposure came at last.'

'How is all this known? And who is this charming rascal?' Jessie asked.

'He calls himself Ellwood. Ah, you know the name already from the papers, I see. As to the other question, his history all came out at his trial, two years ago. He was arrested after a series of just such burglaries as these; was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a long imprisonment. I was prosecuting attorney at the time, and much of the evidence was furnished by my son, who is my partner, you know. He is a very neat amateur detective, and I wish he would take as much interest in the matter now, but he don't. Well, about a week ago this gray-haired man of genius, Ellwood, escaped from prison, and forty-eight hours later there was a magnificent burglary of his peculiar type. He has been at it ever since, and the police can't get near him.'

Burglary is a fascinating topic of conversation, but after a time other subjects supplanted it, even in that interested group. Toward tea-time Mr. Fletcher remembered that he had writing to do, and must go at once to his room.

'I won't come down again,' he said, 'if Miss Jessie will kindly bring—not send—some supper to me. And it will be as well not to mention to *anybody* that I am here for the night.'

'The plot thickens,' said Jessie, after he had gone. 'Just think of it; so long as Ellwood was in prison Grace Gardiner worked quietly at honest employment; but no sooner does he escape then she gives up her situation, and associates herself with him in the most mysterious fashion. It is terrible!'

Mrs. Malcolm's only answer was to twist her hands together and cry softly.

'I'd cry myself,' Jessie went on; 'but I have to save my eyes for night-work. For I vow, all the sleeping I do shall be done in the day-time, until this house has been robbed, or Ellwood has been captured—with his accomplices.'

Miss Jessie's vigils began that same night. She sat through the dark hours in her own room, wide awake and alert, and with a stout club at command. About two o'clock in the morning she heard a slight sound under her window. Somebody was apparently trying the side door. This door opened into a passage which connected with the main hall and stair-way, and also by an inner door with the dining room.

Jessie Malcolm hurried noiselessly to Mr. Fletcher's room and softly tapped on the door. There was an instant response. The lawyer had been keeping vigil also, and stood before her fully dressed and ready for prompt action.

'Ellwood is down-stairs,' whispered Jessie.

'I thought he would come to-night, because he would suppose nobody expected him here after last night's performance,' said Mr. Fletcher; and without further loss of time the two went cautiously down stairs to welcome the untimely guest, Jessie positively refusing to stay back.

The hall lamp had been left dimly burning, as usual, and by its light they could see that as yet there was nobody in the hall. Peering past the angle at the foot of the stairs, they saw that the side passage also was empty. With great care Mr. Fletcher opened the main door of the dining-room, intending to enter there, set the side door of the room ajar, and through the narrow opening watch for the entrance of the burglar into the passage. Then, by means of a bell-wire, which ran through pretty nearly every room in the house, he would arouse the men-servants, and, as was hoped, trap the intruder.

As the door moved on its hinges, Jessie seized her companion's arm in alarmed amazement. A dim light was burning in the dining-room, where there should be utter darkness. Another look showed that the room was already occupied. Two persons were standing together, close by the side door; one of them was a woman, and that woman was Grace Gardiner. So, she had expected the visit of her accomplice, and had already admitted him! It was a blessed thing that Mrs. Malcolm was spared this sight, thought Mrs. Malcolm's daughter. As the thought took form, Mrs. Malcolm stole silently up beside the watchers. She had heard their footsteps pass her door, and she fearlessly followed them. When she saw Grace, she clasped her hands and raised her eyes in a manner pitiful to see.

But that was no gray-haired old man standing beside Miss Gardiner. It was a decidedly handsome young man; and he had his arm around her, while she seemed greatly agitated and in need of such support. Sorely now did Jessie repent having kept watch this night, or the young man beside Grace Gardiner was George Fletcher; and she had brought his father to see this dreadful revelation! She dared not look at the father, and the father made no sign. No need for sign or words. They could all see now why this degenerate son took no interest in the capture of Ellwood. While Ellwood was free and at work, this young criminal could do his own guilty work unsuspected.

These recognitions had not occupied a moment of time, and now there was a further development. The side door of the dining-room had been placed slightly ajar, and it was very cautiously pushed open. It swung inward, and as it opened, Grace and young Fletcher were behind it. A man's head was thrust through the opening and then the man himself stepped in the room. The dim light showed them that he was tall and well-formed, and had the bearing of a gentleman in spite of the business he was in. His hair was white, and his face was handsome. Yes, this was undoubtedly Ellwood. So there were *three* confederates.

As Ellwood appeared in the room, Grace stepped quickly forward and stood in front of him, straight, fearless and silent. All at once Jessie knew that this girl was not an accomplice, but an accuser, and a pang of remorse smote her heart. The man started slightly, but seemed less surprised than might have been expected.

'I thought you would let me alone after what I gave you last night,' he said, in a low voice, pointing to her injured hand.

'How *can* I let you alone? I have given you two chances within the week to escape without adding to your guilt; why did you not take them, and go where you could be an honest man?'

'Because,' he replied, with a slight laugh, 'I want to get something to be honest with. Now, you know, Grace, I'm too fond of you to hurt you if I can help it; but I've given up two jobs to please you, and I'm going to finish this one.'

'You will *not* finish it,' said Grace still in the same low tones, but, at the same time, with terrible intensity. 'You know how I have watched over you and guarded you from arrest ever since you made your escape. I gave up my work, and sacrificed the first real peace I have known since I first learned what you were, that I might try to keep you from fresh crimes. But I told you last night that if you came *here*—to the house of my friends—I would send you back to prison; and unless you leave here this instant and promise never to return, I'll keep my word.'

'You will?' said the man, putting his hand behind him. 'I've had enough of this! Now——'

Before he could speak the next word, or withdraw his hand, a blow from George Fletcher's fist had sent Ellwood headlong to the floor, and the young man's hand, on his throat, was holding him down. At the same instant the elder Mr. Fletcher, with the bound of an athlete, was beside the prostrate burglar, a cocked revolver in his hand. Mrs. Malcolm and Jessie ran after him, screaming, and Grace threw herself upon her knees at Ellwood's side, and put her arms about him.

'Oh, father,' she cried, 'forgive me! It breaks my heart; but what could I do?'

'Don't distress yourself, my dear girl. I'll *have* to be honest now, you know,' said Ellwood, with a grim laugh.

Mrs. Malcolm and Jessie were already on their knees beside Grace, their arms around her, their tears and kisses on her face, and their words of love and repentance in her ears. Mr. Fletcher and George got the three upon their feet at last, and the elder gentleman, taking Grace's hand in his, said: 'My dear ladies, it is my special pride that this brave girl is my friend, and my still greater pride that she is to be my son's wife. And I *know* that you are still her friends.'

No answer was needed, but Mrs. Malcolm managed to exclaim, with tearful emphasis: 'Friend! She is my second daughter, and my home is hers, always.'

'Well, not exactly *always*, Mrs. Malcolm,' said George Fletcher.

At this moment it was discovered that Ellwood had utterly vanished. He was never seen again by those who sought him.

### Meerschaum and Amber.

The demand for meerschaum has increased of late years. Vienna is the headquarters of the meerschaum industry, and until within ten years but comparatively few pipes were made from that material in this country. There are now a number of factories in New York city which turn out first class meerschaum work. Crude meerschaum comes from various places in Asia Minor, where it is mined from serpentine or chalky rock in which it is embedded by nature. When first dug out it is very soft, but it becomes hard upon exposure to the air. The Amenians control almost entirely the business of mining and marketing this specimen of clay. The crude blocks of meerschaum are slightly waxed and polished before being put into the market, so that some idea of the value of the raw product can be ascertained by sight. The central market for it is Vienna. When offered for sale meerschaum is assorted in four sizes. Of the largest sizes there are about forty-five pieces to the case, of the second seventy-five, of the third one hundred and seventy five, and of the fourth, three hundred to five hundred pieces. Purchasers who are experts prefer the blocks which are neither very light nor very heavy. If too light, the material is extremely porous, and in a pipe will absorb too much nicotine. An important quality in determining the value of meerschaum is freedom from flaws. It is comparatively easy to secure perfect blocks of small size, but very difficult to get as perfect blocks of large ones.

The process of manufacturing meerschaum pipes requires great skill, and all of the workmen employed are Austrians. American workmen have not yet become trained in the art. The first process in making a pipe is to cut the clay block roughly into the shape of the bowl. It is then dipped in water, and while soft, turned on a lathe. From the lathe the bowl is rubbed smooth, the article is dipped in hot wax, left there a short time, and then rubbed smooth with a cloth. The rich brown hue so highly prized by smokers is produced by the nicotine driving the wax, which it at the same time colors, to the surface of the pipe. In buying a meerschaum bowl, one with a yellow tinge should be selected, as the yellow shade shows that the meerschaum was porous enough to absorb wax. A white meerschaum pipe indicates too much density for proper coloring.

Closely connected with meerschaum is the amber from which the best mouthpieces are made. At present, so far as is known, this wonderful resinous deposit is confined to certain parts of the shore of the Baltic Sea. Some of it is found in loose fragments, which is washed ashore after a heavy storm, but the greater quantity is secured by mining in the cliffs. Amber is sold by weight, an average price being $4.50 per pound. The smaller pieces sell as low as $1.50 per pound, and the largest sometimes bring as high as $40 for the same weight. The green hued amber is the most valuable, and the cloudy, as it obscures the nicotine stains, is generally preferred for mouthpieces The clear quality is, however, always in demand for jewelry. Another thing, it is readily worked into shape by sandpaper, and burnishing wheels. It can be softened by heat and easily bent for mouthpieces. The great waste in working amber makes it expensive, and rubber, and celluloid and other compositions have been found to be good substitutes, though for first-class pipes nothing can take its place.

### Mother.

'Don't call your mother 'old woman.' Let her always be 'mother.' 'Old lady' is bad enough, but 'old woman' applied to her who gave you life and nursed your infancy, is rude and unkind. An anonymous writer has these reflections upon it:

Once it was 'Mother. I'm very hungry' 'Mother, mend my jacket;' 'Mother, put up my dinner;' and then 'Mother,' with her loving hands would spread the bread with butter and stow away the luncheon, sew on the great patch, her heart brimming with affection for the impetuous, curly little pate that made her so many steps, and nearly distracted her with his boisterous mirth.

'Now she is the 'old woman' but she did not think it would ever come to that. She looked on through the future years, and saw her boy to manhood grown, and he stood transfigured in the light of her own beautiful love. Never was there a more noble son than he, honor of the world, and the staff of her declining years.

Ah, he was her support even then, but she did not know it. She never realized it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil, that his slender form was all that upheld her over the brink of a dark despair. She only knew that she loved the child, and felt that amid the mist of age his love would bear her gently through his infirmities to the dark hall leading to life beyond.

But the son has forgotten the tender ministrations now. Adrift from the tender moorings of home, he is cold, selfish, heartless. 'Mother' has no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is the 'old woman,' wrinkled and gray, lame and blind. Pity her, O grave, and dry these tears that roll down her furrowed cheeks! Have compassion on her sensitive heart, and offer it thy quiet rest, that it may forget how much it longed to be 'dear mother' to the boy it nourished through a careless childhood, who in return for all this wealth of tenderness has only given back reproach.—*Exchange.*

—Among the materials stored in Edison's laboratory (as appears in the article upon Edison in the April *Cosmopolitan*), are samples of every substance in the world; the thousands of pigeon-holes and drawers contain skins, feathers, and furs of the whole animal creation, bones and tusks of all sorts of creatures, minerals, barks, grasses, drugs, fruits, and gums in bewildering completeness. Some of the species are so rare that they are kept like diamonds, in little folded papers. The grotesque nature of some of the materials there collected prompted the inquiry:

'How can you ever want such things as sharks' teeth or rhinoceros-horn?'

'That shows that you don't know what queer things electricians use,' replied our modern Virgil. 'During the progress of the experiments with the incandescent electric light, for instance, nearly everything one can think of was tried as a primary material from which to form the delicate carbon filament whose incandescent is the source of the light. Finally, as perhaps you know, shreds of one particular variety of bamboo were found to give the most gratifying results; and there, by the way, you can see a few bales of the very reeds from which those straps are cut. Again, the delicate needle, which, affixed to the under side of the vibrating diaphragm of the phonograph, indents the smooth, revolving surface of the waven cyclinder, had to be formed of some material possessing peculiar properties of elasticity and rigidity. Scores of the most unlikely substances, both organic and inorganic, natural and artificial, were tried before the right one was hit upon. And so it goes with all the little details of electric appliances.'

—Some of our young people have read till they are crazed, of learned blacksmiths who, at the forge, conquered thirty languages, and of shoemakers who, pounding sole-leather, got to be philosophers; and milliners who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is, no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers; and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand, that we wish that milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do as much harm as good. Because Napoleon slept only three hours a night, hundreds of students have tried the experiment; but instead of Austerlitz and Jena, there came of it only a sick headache and a botch of recitation. We are told of how many books a man can read in the five spare minutes before breakfast, and the ten minutes at noon; but I wish some one could tell us how much rest a man can get in fifteen minutes after dinner, or how much health in an hour's horse-back ride, or how much fun in a Saturday afternoon of cricket. He who has such an idea of the value of time that he takes none of it for rest, wastes all his time.—*Talmage.*

—The phenomenally large profits realized upon sugars of late, have rivetted the attention of the whole mercantile community, and awakened envious feelings in the minds of those who handle staples that can neither be coaxed nor kicked into a genuine "boom." Amongst the many instances of rapid and astounding gains, we may mention the fact that the raw sugar held by the Estate Ross of Quebec, shows a profit of about $300,000, the sales made in New York on one day this week belonging to the above estate, netting a clear gain of $160,000. On a single cargo of Brazil sugar, owned by a live and well-known wholesale grocery firm in this city, a clear profit was netted of over $14,000.—*Montreal Trade Bulletin.*


**The Victor's Crown**

Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. See that you get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the sure, safe and painless cure for corns.


Ottawa, April 12.—In the house of commons yesterday Sir John Thompson moved that Mr. Weldon's tradition bill be placed upon the government orders.

Sir John McDonald said the measure was necessary, as it was of importance that the United States and Great Britain should know that Canada did not desire to have American boodlers spending their ill-gotten gains in this country. Much impatience was manifested because of the absence of such a measure.

REST FOR DIGESTION.—Though digestion apparently requires no effort, it is certain that it draws on the body for much nervous strength, and is inconsistent with active exercise. Work is good to insure health, but hard working of any kind immediately after eating is bad for the digestive organs. Most animals when they get a full meal lie down and sleep until it is digested. Man does not do this, hence overeating makes him dyspeptic and nervous. The more nerves an animal has the more sleep it needs, and man needs most of all.


**Consumption Cured.**

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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Because no poisonous or deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale everywhere, and recommended by all first-class druggists.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine, and not a beverage in disguise.

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—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical Blood Medicine in the market.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present.

—Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

PREPARED BY

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