Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 20. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1892. NO. 32.

NOTICE!

THE PACKET SCHR.

THEMPLE BAR,

will again, during the season of 1892, ply between this port and St. John, N. B.

The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly, LIME and SALT. Also CEDAR SHINGLES in the different grades.

J. H. LONGMIRE, MASTER.

When schooner is not in apply to CAPT. P. NICHOLSON, Bridgetown, N. S.

Bridgetown, March 28th, 1892. 52 tf

Executor's Notice.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN B. BROWN, of Torbrook, County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

STANLEY BROWN, *Executor.*

Torbrook, Oct. 3rd, 1892. 27 26t

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of Stephen Edward Bent, late of Bentville, in the County of Annapolis farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

HERBERT BENT,
HOWARD BENT,
JOHN BENT,
Administrators.

Dated Bentville, May 19th, 1892. 8 6m

NOTICE!

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late GEORGE W. HUDSON, of Phinney Cove, in the Township of Granville, County of Annapolis, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

EMMERETTA A. HUDSON,
Administratrix.

Phinney Cove, April 30th, 1892. 6 1y

Administrators Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN W. ACKER, late of Nictaux Falls, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to

WM. J. H. BALCOM,
Administrator.

Nictaux Falls, August 1st, 1892. 18 6m

Administratrix Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late ANSLEY ELLIOTT, late of Port George, County of Annapolis, Merchant, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ISABELLA M. ELLIOTT,
ANNIE B. ELLIOTT,
Admx'.

Port George, Sept. 17th, 1892.—26 tf

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that JAMES S. McGIVERN, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, Farmer, has this day assigned to me all of his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors, without preference.

The said deed contains a provision for the payment of such creditors as shall sign the said deed within sixty days, and also for the payment of such creditors as shall not sign said deed.

A duplicate of the said deed may be inspected and executed at the office of the undersigned in Bridgetown, aforesaid.

GEORGE H. DIXON,
Assignee.

Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1892.—26 tf

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE

A COMBINATION OF

Cod Liver Oil Cream WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES

FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,

Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

ECONOMICAL IN USE.

One teaspoonful of *Phospholeine* being equal in nutritive and blood-making value to ten times its bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the *Cheapest* preparation in use.

Phospholeine is THE ONLY PREPARATION that we know of which has effected actual cures in *bona fide* cases of Consumption, Scrofula and other Wasting Diseases.

IT IS SO PLEASANT that some mothers have to put it out of the reach of their children to prevent them from drinking a whole bottle.

☞ See last and next issues for Certificate.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT 50C. PER BOTTLE OF 60 DOSES.

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

TEA. TEA.

JUST RECEIVED,
Direct from London, on Consignment,

25 Half-Chests Choice Quality

BLACK TEA.

Parties wishing a good article at a low price, will please apply to

Geo. E. Corbitt.

Annapolis, April 11th, 1892. 2 tf

CARRIAGES

CONSISTING OF

Phaetons, Jump Seats,
OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES,
Democrats and Delivery Wagons,
ON THE CELEBRATED
DUPLEX GEAR,
at prices that are WAY DOWN.

REPAIRING and PAINTING. All work Warranted.

W. C. FEINDEL, MIDDLETON.

G. O GATES,

PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.

PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Pianos & Organs.

Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

Professional Cards.

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

DR. M. E. G. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the public. Every branch of Dental Science executed with skill, according to the latest and most approved methods.

Nitrous Oxide Gas and Other Anæsthetics used for

PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:

Queen Street, - Bridgetown.

NOTICE!

LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON

WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE. Office open at 9 a.m.

J. M. OWEN.
49 tf 49 tf
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892.

O. T. DANIELS. O. S. MILLER

DANIELS & MILLER,
BARRISTERS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

EDWIN L. FISHER,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
AUCTIONEER,
AND
REAL ESTATE AGENT.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
October 19th, 1892. 29 1y

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

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

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

James Primrose, D. D. S.

Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.

Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings. Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable Homestead on the Granville highway in Bridgetown. It consists of a small thoroughly finished and desirable dwelling-house, barn, and other outbuildings, which are also in first class repair.

The land connected is about ten acres, well cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, being well over-run with fruit trees of all varieties. Being within ten minutes walk of Post Office, Churches, etc., it is a most desirable point of residence, and will be sold on most satisfactory terms.

For further particulars apply to

H. A. NICHOLS,
October 3, 1892. 27tf Bridgetown.

FOR SALE!

The whole of the valuable estate of the late W. R. DODGE is offered for sale.

If not sold by another spring, a reliable man is wanted to work on the farm, occupy part of the house and take charge generally. Inquiry can be made of

ELIZABETH O. WHITE.
Clarence, August 10th, 1892.—20 3m

Mrs. Elizabeth O. White wishes to make known to any person having in their possession "the surveying instruments" used by the late W. A. Calnek, that they are her property, and asks for their immediate return. Leave the same at MONITOR Office.

FOR SALE.

That beautiful place, "THORN COTTAGE," situate at

Middleton Corner,

formerly owned by Fowler and Chipman, containing 4 acres of good land, and also Orchard, all in good state of cultivation.

Also, good comfortable House and other Outbuildings, all in first-class state of repair. If not sold will be rented Nov. 10th. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

MILLER BROS.,
116 and 118 Granville St., Halifax.
24 tf

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

FARM FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers his valuable farm for sale.

For particulars apply to

IRA B. NEILY,
42 Middleton.

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

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. 291y

CAUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given the public that the "FISHER and KINNEY BELT-SHIFTING DEVICE," for the convenience of manufacturers and others using shafting, has been patented in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa for the Dominion of Canada, and any person or persons found infringing on the rights of said patent will be prosecuted according to law.

The subscribers are now manufacturing the above device, and have already disposed of quite a number. Persons wishing to curtail expense in the running of machinery will find it to their advantage to communicate with

FISHER & KINNEY.
Bridgetown, September 26th, 1892. 26tf

Potter's Liniment

IS SOLD AT

W. W. CHESLEY'S. 6

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.

Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.

HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF

Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick,

which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and

ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.

Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE*, which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.

Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.

For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.

YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 1891.

The International Brick and Tile Company:

GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the brick. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,

J. B. KINNEY, *Architect.*

Correspondence solicited.

HECTOR MACLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

DR. J. WOODBURY'S

DINNER PILLS

ARE A SURE CURE FOR

INDIGESTION, in all its forms.

For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are

EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.

F. L. SHAFNER, - - - - PROPRIETOR.

MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

CURED

"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

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

Prompt to act, sure to cure

HARNESS! HARNESS!

J. W. ROSS

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

All kinds of Harness

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

A large stock now on hand. Call and inspect and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

ALSO, LARGE STOCK

TRUNKS AND BAGS,

AT LOW PRICES.

—o—

Horse Rugs, all kinds,
Lap Robes, in wool and rubber.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

J. W. ROSS.

Bridgetown, Sept. 13th, 1892. 24tf

R. D. TAYLOR.

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
PERFUMERY,
TOILET SOAPS,
Hair, Tooth, Nail and Cloth Brushes,
DRESSING COMBS.
PARLOR GAMES AND STATIONERY,
FANCY WARE,
INCLUDING
TOILET SETTS, BISQUE FIGURES,
ROSE BOWLS, &c., &c.

Shaffner Building,

BRIDGETOWN.

THE St. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE SHORTHAND INSTITUTE

OUR PATRONAGE

for the last three months has far exceeded that of the corresponding period of any previous year, and has been more than double that of the average year. We gratefully acknowledge this evidence of public appreciation.

Our determination is to provide the best Business Training obtainable in Canada, and we have the facilities for effecting the determination.

CIRCULARS giving terms, course of study; also specimens of Penmanship mailed free to any address.

KERR & PRINGLE,
Oddfellows' Hall, St. John, N.B.

DR. WOOD'S

Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR

COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant pray syrup.

PRICE 25C. AND 50C. PER BOTTLE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMOVAL NOTICE!

A. J. MORRISON

wishes to notify his Patrons and the Public generally, that

On the 1st of Nov.

he will remove his Tailoring and Gents' Furnishing Stock from the store now occupied by him (next to the Grand Central Hotel), to the store lately occupied by W. W. Saunders, in the Masonic Hall Building, where he will be pleased to meet all his old customers, and as many new ones as will honor him with a call.

Bridgetown, Oct. 11th, 1892. 28 5i

Farmers' Store,

LAWRENCETOWN.

Orders will now be taken from farmers for goods in all lines for their Fall and Winter supply at Wholesale Prices.

☞ From this date the credit system will be entirely abandoned.

Produce taken in exchange for goods at actual cash value.

J. R. ELLIOTT.
Lawrencetown.

Poetry.

Bringing Our Sheaves with Us.

The time of toil has past, and night has come,—
The last and saddest of the harvest eves:
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Lost of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain:—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless,—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,
For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,—
Yet these are all my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility,—
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—*By Elizabeth Akers.*

Select Literature.

The Bend of the Road.

An old man leaning over a gate at sunset. In the background a farmhouse and buildings surrounded by meadows; in the foreground a white, dusty country road.

This was the picture presented to my eye—the picture round which the story is written.

He was a tall old man and his frame, bent as it was, must have been exceptionally powerful in its day; but now there was an appearance of weakness pervading the entire personality. The hand that clutched the gatepost was a feeble one; the face, with its look of patient exceptancy, was very wan and drawn, though it might be more by sickness than age, and the eyes that were bent upon the winding road before them were dim as though the light was fast departing from them.

His eyes were bent upon the road, the dusty whiteness of which was unsullied except by the presence of my own sombre, travel-stained figure, for I was on my way to the village which lay beyond, round the bend of the road, but there was something in the solitary form before that caused me to slacken my pace until I was almost at a standstill.

I noticed that the old man's weak gaze seemed to be fixed upon just this same bend of the road, and from something in his attitude and expression I judged him to be waiting for some one whom he expected to come from this direction. In accordance with the custom of the country I wished him "good evening."

He answered back in a weak quavering voice, which seemed little in accordance with the massive frame to which it belonged.

"Good evenin' to ye, sir."

I was about to hazard some other remark—such as it being fine weather for the crops—when the old man suddenly became violently agitated. His gaze, which for a brief instant while I spoke had been diverted from that particular spot upon which it had been fixed, returned thither, and was now riveted upon some approaching object, which, though some distance off, was yet perceptible even to his dimmed vision.

"Look, Maggy, look!" he cried, in trembling eagerness: "see there, at th' bend o' th' road! I can see summat red like."

And he pointed with a shaking finger.

I have spoken of the old man's solitary figure—and so it had at first appeared—but now, as he uttered these words, I was aware of that of a woman a little way behind him, which I had previously over-looked. She now came forward and, bending over the gate beside the old man, stood looking down the road. She was young—quite a girl—and her face, so far as I could see it under the penthouse of sunbonnet, was pretty, after a pale, pathetic style, but from something in her dress and manner I judged her to be somewhat lower in station than the old man. The hand with which she shaded her eyes as she looked down the road was red and roughened by hard work, and yet in her eyes I thought I saw the same expression of patient waiting and expectancy which I had read in those of him who had addressed her as "Maggy."

"Look, Maggy, look!" the latter cried again. "It's comin' nearer. Is it some 'un in a red coat, think ye?"

And his excitement was so great that he was obliged to cling to the gatepost for support.

The young woman gazed for a moment down the road and the hand that shaded her eyes from the rays of the setting sun trembled. Then she turned to the old man, and I fancied I heard the ghost of sigh as she answered him, as one would answer a child.

"No, daddy, no, not this time. 'Tis only Farmer Drake's wife in her red shawl drivin' home from market."

The old man's excitement died out as rapidly as it had kindled, and his face took upon it its former look of pathetic patience as he quavered out:

"Aye, Maggy, lass, ye're right, ye're allers right; but he's sure to come soon. If not to-day, to-morrer or maybe next day."

Then his eyes fell upon me again, as, impelled by feelings of mingled sympathy and curiosity evoked by the little scene I had just witnessed, I had lingered by the gate.

"We're a-watchin' fur our Joe,' he explained with a feeble smile as he uttered the name. "He's bin in furrin parts, but he's comin' home now; eh, Maggy?"

"Yes, daddy," she answered, with a faint smile like his own and a note of cheerfulness—feigned or otherwise—in her voice, "he's comin' home—soon."

I bade them both, the old man and—for so I judged her to be by her addressing him as "daddy"—daughter, "good evening" and left them. Before I had gone far I encountered the very woman in the red shawl, the delusive appearance of which had, it appeared, raised false hopes in at least one breast. She was driving a cart from which came the cackle of poultry, and presented a perfect embodiment of rural prosperity; and yet I felt, vaguely, that I owed her a grudge for being herself instead of being some one else.

When I, too, reached the bend of the road, round which the village lay, I looked back.

The sun had gone down and a coolness had fallen upon the landscape, but I fancied that I could still see the two waiting figures at the gate.

I remained some days at the village and made the acquaintance of the clergyman, who owned the living and preached two sermons per week to a drowsy and limited congregation in an old, old church, the date of which was not known to a century or so. One day I met him coming out of the very same gate over which I had seen the old man leaning while he looked down the road. Without any enquiry on my part he at once began to tell me the latter's simple story.

"I have been to see old Farmer Brett," he began, as he turned and walked with me. "At least, he is not so old in actual years, perhaps, though he has aged wonderfully since his son went away."

"His son Joe?" I questioned.

"You know him, then?"

"No," I answered, "that is—go on."

"Well, you must know his wife died some years back, and he had only this one son, Joe, a fine young fellow, over six feet and as strong as a giant, but rather harum-scarum. There was not a bit of harm in him, though, and he was a favorite with everybody. Somehow he and his father could not hit it off together. Old Brett was rather a hard man—yes," (I suppose I had given some indication of surprise,) "you would not think it to see him now, but then he is only a wreck of his former self, and is changed in many ways—indeed, he is hardly the same man. Well, it had been his father's expressed determination, ever since Joe was a youth, that he should marry his cousin, who, when her father died, would inherit a good bit of property. All went smoothly enough at first, and it seemed that old Brett's wish was in a fair way of being accomplished, when what does the young fellow do but fall in love, in his usual headlong, reckless manner, with the daughter of one of his father's laborers. Maggy Dale was a good girl and superior to her class, but, of course, it would be a terribly bad marriage from old Brett's point of view.

"I believe there was a terrible scene between father and son when it came to the former's ears. It ended, at any rate, in the old man ordering the young one either to give up all thought of the girl or leave the house then and there. Joe Brett took his father at his word, left his home that very night, and has never re-entered it again.

"Weeks went by and nothing was heard of him, and his father, who had soon repented of his harshness, sought news of him in vain. At last a letter came, Joe Brett had enlisted in a regiment which was ordered on foreign service, and the latter was actually written on shipboard. In it he implored his father to forgive him, said that he would never give up Maggy, but there was prospect of hard fighting before him, and, perhaps, when he returned, his father might have reason to be proud of him and take back some of the cruel words he had thrown at him."

The vicar paused.

"Then that was the girl I took to be the old man's daughter, since she called him daddy?"

"Yes, that is the most pathetic part of it. When the father realized that his son had gone from him, perhaps to meet his death, it brought on a fit of some kind which was followed by a long illness, which changed him from the fine stalwart man of middle age to the wreck he now is—broken in health and spirit with but one great longing, to see his son once more, and one source of comfort, the companionship of the girl for whose sake he drove him from his door."

I told him of the scene I had myself witnessed.

"Ah, yes," was the reply, "every evening, as the sun goes down, those two stand together and look down the road along which one day they hope to see the wandered returning; for I must tell you that the regiment has been ordered home, and it is not without reason that the old man watches at the gate."

He paused for a moment before continuing.

"Only I hope if he does come he will come soon, for I fear the old man's strength is failing fast."

After this I always contrived to pass by the farmhouse at least once in the course of the day, generally toward sunset, when I was sure to see the old man and the girl, in both of whom I now began to take a strong interest, waiting at the gate. They were always standing in the same attitude and looking in the same direction, and the old man's eyes would be strained to catch the first glimpse of any approaching figure as it came in view round the bend of the road.

We used to exchange greetings, and always the old man would inform me in his feeble tones that they were looking out for "their Joe."

Sometimes, too, he would indulge in a few details.

"Our Joe, he's bin in furrin parts a-fightin' fur th' Queen. Oh, yes, he were allers a darin' one, were Joe. I mind him when he were but a bit o' a lad, he'd think nowt o' standin' up to one twice his own size. He never knowed what fear was, didn't our Joe. Ah, I guess they ain't got many like him, an' when he comes home he'll be shown' us th' medals he'll a won, fur he were allers a famous hard hitter, an' I make no doubt he'll a-done his dooty fur his Queen an' country, an' we'll all be proud o' him, won't us, Maggy?"

It was touching to see how he always turned to the girl he had once scorned and scouted for confirmation and sympathy in everything that related to the absent one, and how he invariably recognized and proclaimed her rights by referring to him as "our Joe."

But each day that passed seemed to leave him feebler than the last, and after a time a chair had to be brought out and placed for him at the gate, where he could sit and watch the road. One evening—I remember it well—I found him sitting there, his face still turned in the old direction and his eyes strained to catch sight of of the red coat in which he fondly hoped to see his son attired, "with his sword by his side, an' his medals on his breast, an' may be th' boys from th' village cheerin' him."

I stopped as usual to talk with him. He struck me as looking very frail, and, with something like a pang, it was borne in upon me that unless the longed-for meeting occurred very shortly it would never take place at all in this world. However, he was unusually hopeful. To-morrow, he told me, would be Joe's birthday. No doubt he would come to-morrow. He was—"let's see, how old is he?" And he turned to Maggie.

"Twenty-seven, daddy," she answered.

"Ay, ay, to be sure, so he were, though it were wonderful how he'd shot up. Seemed but yesterday as he were a bit o' a boy, playin' truant from school to go birds-nestin' or blackberryin'. Ah' he were a limb, were Joe!'.

I looked at Maggie. Did she, too, entertain the hope that he would come on his birtdday? If so, how was it that she looked so pale and sad? Did she find the waiting too long? Had hope deferred made her heart sick?

But the old man was speaking.

"P'raps ye'll drop in to-morrer, sir, an' see Joe? I make no doubt as he'll be here, an' I shall be up fine an' early to meet him. Maggy, too, must put on her Sunday gown, an' look her bonniest, eh, Maggy? Ye'll be wantin' to show our Joe what a fine young woman you've growed while he's bin away?"

"Yes, daddy," she answered, with the ghost of a smile flickering for an instant across her features and then dying out.

Next morning, early, I was aware of a sense of commotion and pleasurable excitement abroad in the village. Little groups gathered in the roadway, and busy house wives, appearing in their doorways, shouted the tidings to each other across the street.

"Hast heard th' news? Joe Brett's come home. Maggie Dale heard stones throwed at her winder this mornin' 'twas hardly light, an' looked out, an' there he were, with his red coat an' all, an' he waved his hand an' pointed to his father's house, as much as to say he were goin' there' an' ahe'd see him agen later."

It was about sundown when I passed the gate where the old man used to stand and look down the road. There was no one there now, and I easily imagined to myself the happy little group assembled together in the old homestead. I bethought me of the old man's invitation to drop in and see "our Joe." It seemed rather too soon to intrude upon them, but after a moment's hesitation I opened the gate.

"No doubt," I thought, "I shall find the young fellow no better and no worse than others of his class; but I am glad—I am very glad he has come in time, for I fear his father is going fast."

I found the door of the house ajar, and as I paused for a moment on the threshold I heard the old man's voice speaking within. The tone itself would almost have acquainted me with the good news even had it not been the common talk of the village.

"Eh, lad, but I thought as ye'd come on yer birthday—with yer red coat and yer medals, too, so grand like. But ye're only jest in time, Joe, ye're only jest in time; fur I'm goin' fast. though I can die in peace now as I've seed ye once more an' know as ye've forgave yer old father th' hard part as he acted to'rds ye."

Not willing to remain longer an involuntary eavesdropper, I pushed open the door and entered. The old man was sitting in his elbow chair facing me. The waning light from the window at his side fell upon his face, showing it almost waxlike in its pallor, and yet irradiated by an expression of the deepest joy I had ever seen on any human countenance. Behind him, half in the shadow, was the girl Maggie. Her face was as pale as the old man's; her lips were parted and her hands clasped convulsively as she listened to the words that fell from him. So silent and motionless was she that she appeared more like a statue than a living being.

There was no else in the room.

Meanwhile the old man went on speaking.

"It would a' bin a dreadful disappointment if ye hadn't a' come to-day. Maggy an' me's bin lookin' fur ye so long. There's never hardly bin a night as we haven't watched fur ye from th' gate, fur we knowed as ye'd come from th' village an' round th' bend 'o th' road, an' we wanted to be the fust to see ye. Ah' to think as ye should a' took us by surprise arter all!"

He broke off and began to pass his trembling hand up and down and round about as though feeling for something before him.

"An' it's fine ye look in yer red coat, an' all. Eh, but ye'll be turnin' all th' girls' heads an' makin' Maggy jealous;" and he laughed a little laugh.

But the girl behind him uttered no word, only clasped her hands tighter, while her face gleamed ghostlike in the shadow. Neither of them took any heed of my presence; the old man, I was sure, had not even observed it. I longed to withdraw, and yet feared to disturb them by a movement. Then I heard a foot crunching the path outside. The sound released me from the spell that held me to the spot and I turned and left the room.

As I softly closed the door I saw the Vicar coming toward me. He held a letter in his hand and looked troubled.

"I have had news here," he said, "very bad news. Joe Brett is dead. He died on the voyage home. This is a letter asking me to break the news to his father. How ever shall I do it?"

"There is no need," I said.

The old man died at daybreak. Those who were present spoke with awe of the unseen presence, visible only to the father's eye, that hovered around the deathbed. He passed away peacefully, even happily, for he went down into the Valley of Shadows hand in hand with "our Joe."

His last words were to the girl who had been wont to watch with him at the gate.

"Maggy," he whispered, "we'll wait fur ye—Joe an' me—an' we'll see ye comin round th' bend o' th' road."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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

A Bare-Faced Fraud.

The following, clipped from the columns of the Toronto *Globe*, Oct. 29th, is of sufficient importance to newspaper readers to warrant its reproduction in these columns:

To the Editor of the Globe:

SIR,—I am sure you will agree with me when I say that something ought to be done to stop the barefaced swindling (no milder name will do) which is going on in certain directions in our midst, and I have no reason to doubt that my experience in this city is the experience of others in many parts of Canada. I have read so much of the great success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that I determined to give them a trial for nervous trouble. I accordingly went to a drug store to procure a supply. On asking the druggist for the pills he took down a glass jar and proceeded to take out the quantity. "But," said I, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not sold in bulk, and that cannot be them." "O, yes, it is," said the dealer: "we always get them in bulk and sell them that way." I had read the caution of the proprietors to the effect that these pills were never sold in bulk, and thinking that they should know best, I declined taking them, and left the store. My next experience was no more fortunate. Again pills pink in color to imitate the genuine, were offered me. When I remonstrated this dealer admitted the pills were not supplied him by the Dr. Williams Co., but declared that they were just the same. And yet, for the sake of a little more profit he would have imposed them on me for the genuine Pink Pills had I been less cautious. As I left the store, I thought the repeated warning against imitations given by the Williams Co. must be the result of bitter experience on their part. But I did not expect I would meet with three dishonest dealers (do you think the term too strong?) in succession. My next experience proved the third dealer better than the other two. When I asked for Dr. Williams Pink Pills he said he had them, and then produced a package which I saw at a glance bore another name, and which he insisted were just as good. I declined taking them—and turned to leave the store, when the druggist offered to give me the genuine pills. But I did not feel that I ought to patronize a man who would have imposed something else on me had I been less guarded, and declined buying. I almost despaired getting the genuine Pink Pills unless I sent to headquarters; but on my visit to the fourth drug store I was more successful, and was at once handed the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. No doubt, Mr. Editor, my experience is that of many others, and no doubt hundreds less cautious are constantly being deceived. I think the newspapers ought to do something towards protecting their readers from frauds of this kind. We frequently read of reporters doing clever detective work, etc., visiting churches in the garb of the lowly, and then writing up their reception. Here is a new field for them. Let some clever reporter travel the length and breadth of this city in humble guise, and see how many dealers are honest enough to give him what he asks for without trying to impose a substitute upon him.

I trust, Mr. Editor, you will give this a place in your columns, as it may serve to prevent some one else from being cheated.

A LADY READER

Toronto, Oct. 27.

In Every Community.

The following article taken from the Boston *Herald* is to the point. Every community has its men—of means and every community has its men—independent men so far as this world's goods is concerned—who are quite able, but sometimes very unwilling to pay what they owe. To such we commend a perusal of the following:—

"If there is any class of people in the community who more than another should be scrupulous in paying debts, it is rich people. The sacrifice incurred on their part on so doing is nothing. They simply discharge a duty and in the act are making for themselves habits which will be of benefit to their business relations in life. But by thoughtless inattention, or a singular reluctance to pay out money, which even those who have much of it exhibit, they do great injustice to others, and get into very bad ways on their own account. When a bill is due to a mechanic or tradesman it ought to be paid, and the man who has the money to discharge such debt should take pleasure in paying it. He does justice to those whom he owes and to himself by the act. By withholding it he frequently inflicts not only injustice, but causes sensible embarrassment, if not distress, on worthy people. The whole matter may seem of slight importance on a cursory view, but there is often an injury caused in this way which is important in pecuniary and other effects. The creditor is at an obvious disadvantage in urging payment, for he is in constant fear that in so doing he may offend, and thus lose a customer. He ought not to be compelled to do this. Every man who owes money should take pleasure in clearing himself of the obligation thus incurred. Next to the satisfaction of receiving payment should be that of making payment of the same, and we are not sure but the two should be on a par here."

Ottawa's Electric Fever.

The progress of the electric idea, as it may be called, has been very rapid in Ottawa during the past twelve months. Two or three different companies are supplying private houses with electric light, and it is estimated that in that time about nine hundred residences have been fitted up with the improved light. Orders are far in advance of the ability to fill them. One firm of electricians keep the men employed on this business up to midnight. The largest number of lights put into one residence was one hundred and twenty-five, required by Mr. Harry Bate. Many small houses are abandoning coal oil lamps for electricity, as it is found to be below the cost of coal oil in some cases. Over a hundred residences have been supplied this year with apparatus for heating smoothing irons, which is done in two minutes after turning on the current. Between electric railway, electric light, electric ovens, electric heaters, electric elevators, electric fans, motors and what not Ottawa is quite rid of the old reproach of being a backwoods village.

King of Liniments.

Among the numerous Liniments, Pain-killers, etc. on the market, there must be one that is better than all the others. That one is EAST INDIA LINIMENT, as is proved by the testimony of all that have ever used it. Hundreds as good as the following:—

"I have used Seavey's East India Liniment in my family for more than a year, and have found it to be an excellent medicine, far superior to the other liniments, pain-killers, etc. that I have tried. It is, beyond doubt, what you claim it to be—'the King of all the Liniments.' I always keep a bottle in the house."

SAMPSON DRELL, Berwick.

Try one bottle, and if not satisfactory, go back and get your money.

It Beats Jack Frost.

DEAR SIRS,—We have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family and know it is a sure cure for lumbago and frost bites. My wife was so bad with lumbago that she could not straighten herself, and Yellow Oil completely cured her. It has been a fortune to us. OLIVER ALLEN, Owen Sound, Ont.

—"A chemical success and a medical triumph," so speaks an eminent physician in reference to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral; and the eulogy was none too strong. No other medicine is so safe and efficacious in all diseases of the throat and lungs.

—A colored philosopher is reported to have said: "Life, my breddern, am mostly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

—It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

—Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

Indigestion Cured.