Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1895. NO. 41.

Professional Cards

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store)
Every Thursday.
On arrival of Morning Accommodation Train.
Consular Agent of the United States.
Consular Agent of Spain.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.
GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors,
Notaries Public.
ommissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
ommissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
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General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
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OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

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. Visits Annapolis Valley twice a year. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

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

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

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.
MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38tf

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

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,
he last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

P. C. MELANSON,
—DEALER IN—
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY SILVERWARE, SPECTACLES, Etc.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.
NOTICE.—Any goods sold by me which do not prove to be as I represent them, the purchaser upon returning the article will receive the sum of $20.00.
Middleton, N. S., September, 1893.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

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

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!
ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of SINCLAIR BOLSOR, late of Havelock, in the 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
WILLIAM WORTHYLAKE,
Administrator.
Brighton, Digby Co., N.S., June 27th, 1894. 1y

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!
ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of ELIAS BEALS, late of Williamston, in the 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
JAMES R. CURRELL,
of Bridgetown, or
ROBERT FITZRANDOLPH,
Lawrencetown.
September 12th, 1894. 6m *Executors.*

OFFICE AND WAREROOMS: 22-25 Court St
FACTORY: 30-36 Albert St.
—THE—
Bridgetown Foundry Co.,
[LIMITED.]
BRIDGETOWN, - NOVA SCOTIA.
MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Stoves, Stove Pipe, Hollow Ware, Tinware and Enameled Ware.
WE HAVE ON HAND A COMPLETE STOCK OF
COOK STOVES, RANGES and HEATING STOVES
for all purposes, which we are selling at very low rates.
Call and examine our stock of Peerless, Agate, White-White and Aluminum Cooking Utensils.

COME TO-DAY
AND LOOK AT THE NEW LOT OF
Light-Colored Winter Overcoatings
IN BEAVER AND MELTONS,
$17.00 AND $18.00,
Made and Trimmed Complete and Warranted.
EDWIN L. FISHER,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Dr. J. Woodbury's
HORSE LINIMENT
Is Infallibly the Cure for
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles.
Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

R. ALLEN CROWE
—Has in Stock, a Full and Complete Line of—
Parlor, Hall, and Kitchen Stoves!
CALL AND INSPECT.

BLACKSMITHS NOTICE!
We have just added a Complete Line of
REFINED BAR IRON,
and offer at a VERY LOW PRICE. Also in stock
Iron and Steel Shoe Nails and Rasps
AT OUR USUAL LOW PRICES.
Get our Quotations before buying.
WALKER, HANSON & CO.
Middleton, October 10th, 1894.

—THE—
INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO'Y,
LIMITED.
Works: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
Correspondence solicited.

F. A. McPHERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Spring & Summer Suitings
IN THE LEADING PATTERNS.
ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS
FOR 1894.
Also Fine Worsteds, and a Large Assortment of Fashionable Trimmings.
GENTS' FINE SUITS A SPECIALTY.

Saved Her Life.
Mrs. C. J. WOOLDRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."
AYER'S Cherry Pectoral
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Prompt to act, sure to cure

IF YOU WANT
ANYTHING IN THE
BOOT
—AND—
SHOE
LINE, STEP INTO
G. W. ANDREWS'
Boot and Shoe Room, and see his new stock
—IN—
Buff, Oil Pebble,
Oil Goat, Calf,
Dongola, French Kid,
Kangaroo, etc., etc.
LARGEST ASSORTMENT
—AND—
LOWEST PRICES
Ever shown in Middleton.
$1 buys a nice pair of Men's Boots!
Middleton, Aug. 21st, 1894.

Restores Nervous Energy, Mental Activity, and Muscular Vigor. Re-Vitalizes the Blood, Invigorates the Stomach, and Aids Digestion.
HAWKER'S
Nerve and Stomach
TONIC.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
50 CENTS A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES, $2.50.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE HAWKER MEDICINE COMPANY, LIMITED, ST. JOHN, N. B.

To Arrive!
A CARGO OF
SPRINGHILL,
BLACKSMITH,
—AND—
Stove Coal!
ALSO:
SYDNEY MINE COAL.
WATSON A. KINNEY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 24th, 1894.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., Ltd.
Annapolis, Digby and St. John.
PROPOSED SAILINGS,
Steamer "CITY OF MONTICELLO,"
or other Steamer.
JANUARY and FEBRUARY.
Wednesday and Saturday from St. John and from Annapolis (calling at Digby.) Sailing from St. John at 7.30 a.m., local time, and from Annapolis upon arrival of the Halifax Express.
Connections at St. John with all outgoing trains, and the International S. S. Co.
TROOP & SON, Managers,
St. John, N. B.
J. S. CARDER, Agent, Annapolis.

Poetry.

To-Morrow.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

I said, "Tomorrow!" one bleak, winter day,
"Tomorrow I will live my life anew."
And still "Tomorrow!" while the winter grew
To spring, and yet I dallied by the way,
And sweet dear sins still held me in their sway.

"Tomorrow!" I said, while summer days wore through;
"Tomorrow!" while chill autumn round me drew;
And so my soul remained the sweet sin's prey.

So pass the years, and still, perpetually,
I cry, "Tomorrow will I flee each wile;
Tomorrow, surely, shall my soul stand free,
Safe from the siren voices that beguile!"
But death waits for me with a mocking smile,
And whispers, "Yea! tomorrow, verily!"

If I Knew.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew the box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school and street,
Then, folding, and holding, I'd pack them in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

—*Maud Wyman.*

Select Literature.

On Second Thoughts.

BY LALAGE D. MORGAN.

It was a lovely spot. A semicircular bit of meadow-land, made useless and charming by a full crop of field daisies, with here and there a sprinkling of feathery grasses or shimmering sceptres of grain, was closed in on three sides by an encroaching belt of young woods, whose thick-leaved boughs cast a deep refreshing shadow over the soft green turf beneath, and through whose dusky spaces the air flowed cooly, bringing the sleepy tinkle of an unseen brook. The two persons who had just entered this small Paradise glanced about them with an air of relief; the road-side trees and bushes were white with clinging dust.

"Here is a seat for you, Maria, on this beautifully clean log," said the young man, who spoke with a carefully cultivated English accent. "We'll have to give that poor brute a rest; he's terribly lame. They assured me at the stable that he was perfectly fresh. What lies people tell!"

Miss Ritchie seated herself demurely on the log, while the speaker, throwing himself on the grass, fanned his flushed countenance with his hat. Then he pulled out his watch.

"We've plenty of time to wait here half an hour. Even if we have to walk him all the way, we'll not be late. Did you ever see such tall daisies?"

The young lady gazed at them abstractedly.

"Will he be able to go at all?" she murmured, agitatedly.

"Oh, of course, Maria, don't begin to anticipate evil unnecessarily. If you've a fault, it's that, darling. Take my word for it, the Reverend will be there on time; it's his metier. Jack will be half an hour too soon; that's his way. Your dear Miss White will keep us waiting ten minutes; she's a woman, and can't help it. Now do make yourself comfortable, and leave the rest to me."

His breezy self-confidence for once did not put her mind at ease. The flush of excitement deepened on her cheeks, and she turned toward the daisied field with a slight frown. A long pause followed. The leaves rustled melodious sighs, in response to the soothing ripple of the little brook; the daisies swayed back and forth as the light breeze rose and fell; above them wavered a faint yellow haze which one might imagine to be their warm, fragrant breath, and which floated away in gentle pulsations like the ebbing of a tide. The only creatures in motion were the bees, who, with subdued humming, were paying assiduous attentions to the white clover blossoms hidden here and there in the dewy turf.

"Do you think they would wait for us—would wait as long as a half hour?" asked Miss Ritchie at last, with irrepressible anxiety.

There was no reply.

She repeated the inquiry without turning her head.

But, as the question remained unanswered she moved slowly round and glanced at her companion. He was asleep—actually asleep! There could be no doubt of the fact. His hat partly shaded and concealed his eyes, but she could catch a glimpse of the thick brown lashes glued to his flushed cheeks, as it were, and there was no mistaking the rhythmic regularity with which his shirt-front rose and fell. Her first impulse was to wake him, but something in her throat prevented her speaking, and then followed a wave of dismayed indignation which swept away every other feeling.

The thing seemed incredible.

That he could sleep at such a moment—at the very eve of a crisis over which they had schemed, debated, pondered, and dreamed for weeks—even months! Asleep at a moment when he knew she was full of dire forebodings, tremors, misgivings; when he knew that it was only his confidence and courage that enabled her to take this momentous step at all. And to him it was so trifling a matter that, he could sleep as quietly as if he had been at home! Two great, rounded tears fell from her eyes and splashed down on her lap. And when tears like these gush from a woman's eyes, without any previous moistening of the lashes to warrant them, you may be sure they come straight from the heart. She closed her lids resolutely. Not another tear, she murmured; and with the determination came a certain hardening feeling against the sleeper on the grass.

"I won't wake him, if he sleeps the rest of the afternoon," she said to herself, as she rose, and buried her flushed face in the cool, open cups of the daisies. But she could not help listening. No, he did not stir. How cruel! how unfeeling! It was evident that he had not believed either in her reluctance or in her anxiety. He thought her merely a foolish girl, who considered the whole matter a joke, who would be ready to do the same thing over again tomorrow, and who needed neither help nor countenancing in the course of such a comical adventure.

A deep flush spread itself over her face. Oh, if she only were at home again! Mamma would be sure to forgive her,—especially if nothing had happened. She began mechanically to gather a bouquet of the big daisies and the feathery grasses, and the moments slowly dragged by, until a sudden dimming of the yellow haze, a paling of the blue sky above, dulled all the loveliness of the little picture. And then, as though in sympathy with this depression of nature, the tired horse in the road below gave a feeble, hopeless neigh, which meant plainly, "Oh, if I were only at home, in the darkness of my stall, with the smell of oats near me!"

The sound, faint though it was, roused the sleeper on the grass. He opened his eyes, pushed his hat away, and then sprang to his feet.

"Why, I must have been asleep!" he exclaimed "Marit, why——"

He knew her so well that a glance at the forlorn bouquet she had gathered and her downcast face told him that something was very wrong indeed. He pulled out his watch and looked at it, and the expression of perplexity changed to one of intense vexation and dismay.

"How could you do this? How could you let me sleep away these precious moments? If we had the fastest horse we wouldn't be there in time now. Maria, do you understand what you've done? Good heavens, don't turn away your face like that! Answer me, please."

"If you could go to sleep under—under such circumstances,—you might be quite sure I was not going to wake you up."

"It was stupid—idiotic, I can't understand—I haven't slept for a couple of nights—I suppose the quiet of the place——But that doesn't excuse you," he added almost fiercely. "Did you not want to marry me, Maria? Were you glad to find an excuse?"

He put the question point-blank, looking her straight in the eyes.

Miss Ritchie had not expected this view of the matter.

"Oh, no; it wasn't that," she said, writhing out of his grasp. "You don't understand——"

"I surely don't. What in the world had I done or said to make you mistrust me?"

Maria tried to gather courage.

"N—nothing. But I'd just been telling you how afraid I was—and—and you knew I was so uneasy and anxious about mamma, and it all seemed to me such an important thing, and you seemed to take it so lightly—it—it seemed so cruel and unkind for you to go to sleep at such a time——"

"Foolish it was,—accursedly so,—but not unkind. I never meant unkindness to you. I knew that we had a quarter of an hour to spare and then had ample time. I told you your fears were foolish, because I wanted to keep your courage up. If you had more confidence in me——"

She threw her poor bouquet of notched daisies and broken-spirited limp grass at her feet.

"I do not think it was strange for me to consider this step I was taking a very serious one. And when I saw how trifling an affair it seemed to you, that it troubled your mind so little that you could go to sleep in the midst of all our perplexities, I could not help wondering whether I was right to—to—put—entire confidence in—in—you. You've often told me I was too—too serious about things, I believe I am. But I can't help it. And I began to think whether I wouldn't always worry you with my seriousness."

"And instead of waking me up, you were thinking all these useless thoughts. Well, my dear, little wiseacre, there's nothing for us to do but kiss and make friends, as the children say,—and may more prosperous skies smile upon our next endeavor!"

"Do you think I shall make a laughing-stock of myself again? Do you not know that at this very moment your friend Mr. Ricks is—is making a joke among his friends about our non-appearance, that his brother-in-law, the clergyman, is helping him, and that my affectionate acquaintance Miss White is gossiping to everybody she knows? And you think I can get over such a mortification as easily as though I had just missed a car?"

"Well, if——"

He looked down, and saw that her whole figure was trembling with suppressed sobs, and his tone changed.

"Did you know it was raining, Maria? going to be worse, too? Let's turn our faces homeward."

The daisies swayed a farewell, and the unseen brook tinkled a goodby, in a sarcastic sort of way; while the leaves, whose gentle rustling had wooed the erring young man to inopportune slumber, murmured fretfully as the wet gusts sped through them. The two gave one backward glance at the sloppy little circle of green, a Paradise no longer, and then went silently down to the road below. The buggy was already dripping, the horse was in a steady drizzle of his own, and little rivulets ran busily along the whilom dusty road-way. Finding his heard turned homeward, the poor brute made a fine effort to change his limp into a trot; but, in spite of exhortations, honeyed words of encouragement, threats, and promises, his wretched legs ceased to endeavor to tangle themselves up further, and he relaxed into a depressing walk that was but one remove from utter immobility. During this slow progression—being a philosopher who had suffered much—the docile equine, bred to obey man, kind or unkind, at last concluded that a temporary alleviation of his misery was better than anything the immediate future had in store for him. So at the finale of a gentle declivity, where the grass was lush and green, he stopped. His driver had no more than a city acquaintance with horses, or he would have understood that the equine decision was fixed. Not comprehending this fact, he pulled, pushed, and might have descended to considerable cruelty had not Miss Ritchie interposed, declaring the animal could go no farther.

"I believe he can't," observed the young man, mopping his brow.

It was getting dark. The soft swish of the rain continued without intermission; everything dripped: it seemed to be pouring up as well as down, so open were the pores of the vegetable world, while the sky in a semi-liquid condition appeared to be resting on the tops of the drooping trees. A small broken sob from the interior of the buggy roused Miss Ritchie's companion.

"I know exactly where we are. If you'll walk just about a quarter of a mile, we'll find ourselves at the Quentin Avenue car stables, and you know they go right past your house,—the cars, I mean, not the stables." He was trying feebly to laugh. "Do you think you can do it?"

"I must"

He unchecked the horse, who by this time had found peace which accompanies the making up of one's mind to a thing in utter disregard to the consequences, and, after tying him to the fence, helped Miss Ritchie out of the buggy.

They went silently down the road, he holding the parasol over her, too high, of course,—a man always does that,—just so as to let a small stream of water trickle down on the nape of her neck. She did not flinch; in short, she had reached that stage of mental and physical misery when a certain arrogance is developed from the knowledge that you can bear so much more than you thought you could. Unavoidable wadings through the countless little rain-pools quickly soaked feet with clayey water; her dark, muddy dress hung about her ankles, producing a degree of discomfort unknown to man; through her thin summer hat oozed, little by little, the drops that had collected upon the trimming; whenever the wind blew, as it did now and then in horrid, fitful gusts, she received a wholesome but malapropos douche from head to foot. Her heart was full to bursting; tears trembled on her lashes; there seemed to be nothing in heaven or earth that could mitigate the unbearableness of her position. Her companion's silence did not soothe her. He had hardly reproached himself; he had once said, "Forgive me!"

At last they sighted the stables.

Miss Ritchie stopped.

"I'd rather go alone now," she murmured, faintly.

He looked surprised.

"Why shouldn't I go home with you, Maria?"

His obtuseness gave her courage.

"I think it's best for us to part. Perhaps I have expected too much. I—I never knew before how differently you and I looked at things. I suppose my disposition isn't really nice. I believe you would get awfully impatient with me. Mamma always said I wanted too much sympathy."

She drew a pretty little ring from her finger, and put it in his moist hand.

"Confound it, Maria, you're not going to throw over a fellow for nothing at all?"

"It isn't anything at all. I feel as if I'd had a revelation this afternoon. You know you don't think I've behaved nicely; and yet I couldn't behave any other way. That's my disposition. And if I went on acting like that you would end by not caring for me. It's better to have found all this out now than afterward. Good-by."

"Good-by. Oh, have you got your purse?"

Miss Ritchie blushed.

"No. Please lend me the fare; I'll return it—by mail."

"I hope you won't think of such a thing."

"I'd rather, please."

"As you choose."

He stood watching the slim little figure as it met the buffetings of the wet wind, until it disappeared within the waiting car. Resisting, after a momentary struggle, the inclination to throw the ring into the lush, clinging grass, he put it in his pocket, softly whistling to himself the beginning of a very familiar air which the tenor sings in "Rigaletto."

"And yet," muttered the young man who had slumbered not wisely, but too well, "perhaps she is right, after all, who knows? But it's getting late; I must manage somehow to sneak on the platform of that car and see that she gets home safely.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Two Ends of a Telescope.

Dearly beloved, you have no need to look at all people this way, only some people, writes Robert J. Burdette, in his own inimitable style, in the October *Ladies' Home Journal.* When the size and weight of the superior person presses heavily upon you, when you are bowed down under the awful grandeur of the epaulettes and aigrettes and decorations, when you bow yourself to the ground and bare your head in the presence of the "Envoy Extraordinary, Minister Plenipotentiary, Ambassador Superfluementary and Paramount," just wait a minute; I'll run around the corner and bring you a man in a hickory shirt and one suspender, with a wood saw in one hand and a piece of ham rind in the other, who will say to all this grandeur, "Hello, Bill!" He went to school with him, and saw him through the little end of the spy-glass.

Look at your troubles the same way. I have a foolish tendency to magnify my troubles; you may not be so afflicted. But I have looked at a mountain of troubles until it made Oasa like a wart, and when it was ready to topple over on and crush me, I have reversed the spy-glass just in time, and looked down at a mole hill which I flattened out with my foot until I could not see, on the smooth lawn, the place where erst a mountain, rock-ribbed and ancient as the earth, has raised its rugged head to the clouds and marred the landscape with its seamed and storm-rent sides. Look at 'em through the little end, oh, timid mortal, "careful and troubled about many things." They will appear like toy troubles. And they will seem so far away, like the landscape in a magic mirror. If you want to look at something through the big end, magnify the reward of your patience, your courage, your faith, your trust; look at your hope. But the trial, the care, the fear, the struggle, the affliction—the mountains that overwhelm you with their steepness, the numberless anxieties that swarm about your life—look at all these things throughout the little end.

"But," say Faint-Heart and Much-Afraid, "won't other people be apt to look at us through the little end of the spy-glass also?"

Indeed they will, my brother; yes, indeed, daughter; they not only will, but now and then they do. You will want to remember that. That is good for us. That keeps us humble. That makes us walk softly. Yes, indeed, you want to bear that in mind. There is no patent on this spy-glass. Anybody may manufacture and use it who will.

—Puttner's Emulsion contains neither Quinine, Strychnine, nor other harmful drug. Its ingredients are wholesome animal and vegetable substances, and it may be taken indefinitely without dangerous results.

—Some persons are cursed with a genius for fault-finding, and they ought to be put out of the sanctuary until they have learned the elements of decency. Believe me, you are not a great Christian because you are a great fault-finder. The one man I can do without for the remainder of my days is the little, self-appointed, bitter-tongued, fault-finder.—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

—The earlier symptoms of dyspepsia, heartburn and occasional headaches, should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to be cured.

—It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.—Johnson.

—For Worms in Children—CHEROKEE VERMIFUGE.

$200 ill spent on other cures, $5 well spent for K. D. C.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER,
—AND—
SOLICITOR!
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies
☞Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia
Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Where Women Have Suffrage.

IN A GREAT MANY COUNTRIES THEY HAVE A SAY AT THE POLLS.

The countries of the world where women already have some suffrage have an area of over 18,000,000 square miles, and their population is over 350,000,000. Political Progress enumerates the following.

In Great Britain women vote for all elective officers except members of parliament.

In France the women teachers elect women members on all boards of education.

In Sweden women vote for all elective officers except representatives; also, indirectly, for members of the house of lords.

In Norway they have school suffrage.

In Ireland the women vote for the harbor boards, poor law guardians, and in Belfast for municipal officers.

In Russia women householders vote for all elective officers and on all local matters.

In Finland they vote for all elective officers.

In Austria-Hungary they vote, by proxy, for all elective officers.

In Croatia and Dalmatia they have the privilege of doing so in local elections in person.

In Italy widows vote for members of parliament.

In the Madras Presidency and the Bombay Presidency (Hindoostan) the women exercise the right of suffrage in all municipalities.

In all countries of Russian Asia they can do so wherever a Russian colony settles. The Russians are colonizing the whole of their vast Asian possessions, and carrying with them everywhere the "mir," or self-governing village, wherein women who are heads of households are permitted to vote.

Women have municipal suffrage in Cape Colony, which rules a million square miles.

Municipal woman suffrage rules in New Zealand, and at parliamentary elections.

Iceland, in the North Atlantic, the Isle of Man (between England and Ireland) and Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific, have full woman suffrage.

In the Dominion of Canada women have municipal suffrage in every province and also in the Northwest Territories. In Ontario they vote for all elective officers except in the election of members of the legislature and parliament.

In the United States twenty eight states and territories have given women some form of suffrage.

Suffrage in various degrees is granted to women in Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont, and Wisconsin.

In Arkansas and Missouri women vote, by petition, on liquor license in many cases.

In Delaware suffrage is exercised by women in several municipalities.

In Kansas they have equal suffrage with men at all municipal elections.

About fifty thousand women voted in 1890. In Montana they vote on all local taxation.

In New York they vote and do vote at school elections. The question of the constitutionality of the law is still undecided. They vote also in many places in this state on local improvements, such as gas and electric street lighting, paving, sewerage and municipal bonds.

In Utah women voted until defranchised by the "Edmunds law," when they promptly organized to demand its repeal.

In Pennsylvania a law was passed in 1889 under which women vote on local improvements by signing or refusing to sign petitions therefore.

Wyoming women have voted on the same terms with men since 1870. The convention in 1889 to form a state constitution unanimously inserted a provision securing them full suffrage. This constitution was ratified by the voters at a special election by about three-fourths majority. Congress refused to require the disfranchisement of women and admitted the state July 10, 1890.

In the senate of the United States, Feb. 7, 1889, a select committee reported in favor of amending the federal constitution so as to forbid states to make sex a course of disfranchisement. Congress adjourned, however, on March 4 following, without reaching the subject.

Three Pints Daily.

"A reason," says a physician, "why I often prescribe one of the mineral waters for my patients, and have them take it daily in considerable quantities is simply to give them sufficient water. It is an error committed by many otherwise sensible and intelligent persons that drinking much water interferes with digestion. One of these persons said to me lately: "I rarely drink a swallow of water; a cup of coffee with my breakfast, a cup of tea or chocolate with my luncheon, and an after-dinner cup of coffee again with my dinner, that is practically all the liquid I take." (This with an air of conscious rectitude.) To begin with tea, coffee, or beer, wine, and the like, are not substitutes for water, which is one of the most important of all substances acquired for the nourishment of the body. Don't drain a half pint glass of ice-water just as you sit down to eat; that is palpably injurious; but do have a big glass of water that has been boiled and cooled, brought to you on waking, and by the time the bath and toilet have been accomplished and breakfast is to be taken the water will not be an interfering agent. About three pints of water a day should be regularly taken, as fully this is needed by the system."

—Word comes from all quarters that the neatest and most satisfactory dye for coloring the beard a brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

A Successful Life.

Success cannot be measured by fame, wealth or station, writes Edward W. Bok in an article on what constitutes a successful life for man and woman in the October *Ladies' Home Journal.* The life of the humblest woman in the land, if well lived, is as successful as is that of the woman who, with greater opportunities, is enabled to make the results of her works reach farther.

Some of us must live for the few, as others again must live for the many. But both lives are successful. Each of us in this world influences some other being, and it is the quality of our influence, and not the number we influence, which makes our lives successful in the eyes of God. We may believe that we go to our graves unknown and unsung, but not one of us goes out from this world without leaving an impression, either for the good or the bad. And the kind of impression we make while we live, and leave when we die, is the difference between success and unsuccessful living.

—Twenty-five cents worth of Hawker's catarrh cure may save you many dollars. It cures cold in the head instantly.