BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

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

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

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

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension OF TIME

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

Extension of Time.

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

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

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

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

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

New Stoves!

R. ALLEN CROWE

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

RANGES & COOK STOVES, Parlor and Hall Stoves,

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

and all articles usually kept in a FIRST-CLASS TIN SHOP.

☞ Jobbing a specialty.

R. ALLEN CROWE.

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

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, 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

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

Commencing Monday, Oct. 6th, THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO." R. H. FLEMING, Commander.

will sail from the Company's dock, Reed's Pt. St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same days, due at St. John about 7 p.m.

HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager, St. John.

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

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

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

GEORGE HOYT, W. J. HOYT, Administrators.

Bridgetown, Sept. 24th 1890. 6m.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent, Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

CARD.

W. G. Parsons, B. A., Barrister, Solicitor, Etc. MIDDLETON, - - N. S. Office in A. BEALS' STORE.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1891. NO. 42.

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

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. 20 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 contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

International S.S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK.

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

Commencing Monday, Nov. 3rd,

the Steamers "CUMBERLAND" and "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every MONDAY and THURSDAY Morning at 7.25 Eastern Standard Time. Returning, leaves Boston same days.

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

Also FREIGHT billed through at extremely low rates.

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

C. E. LAECHER, Agent St. John.

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

R. A. CARDER, Agent at Annapolis.

BUY MY MAKE OF Boots & Shoes

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

LATEST STYLES

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

JAMES T. HURLEY BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER, 23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

W. H. BANNISTER, Optician, —GRADUATE— New York Optical College, 136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

BARGAINS —IN— FURNITURE —AT— Reed's Factory.

THE Assignees of the late firm of J. B. REED & SONS are now having completed in thorough style the unmanufactured stock on hand, and being anxious to wind up the affairs of the estate, hereby offer to the public, and at

GREATLY REDUCED RATES

PARLOR, BED-ROOM, DINING-ROOM, SITTING-ROOM, And Kitchen Furniture.

The Undertaking business, as in the past, will also be carried on in the future by Mr. J. B. Reed.

A heavy stock of Window Shades and Picture Moulding in stock, which will be sold at cost.

HECTOR McLEAN, ROBERT BATH, Assignees.

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

PRODUCE.

THANKING a generous public for their valued favors in the past, we take this opportunity of soliciting a continuance of their patronage.

—RECEIVERS OF— Apples, Plums, Pears, Eggs, Butter, Live Stock, Vegetables, in fact, everything in the way of Country Produce.

FOSTER, FOSTER & Co., Foot of Bell's Lane, Halifax, N.S.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

FRANK E. VIDITO,

DEALER IN FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.

THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.

☞ My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.

Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP

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

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

Elder Lamb's Donation.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Good old Elder Lamb had labored for a
thousand nights and days,
And had preached the blessed Bible in a
multitude of ways;
Had received a message daily over Faith's
celestial wire,
And had kept his little chapel full of flames
of Heavenly fire;
He had raised a num'rous family, straight
and sturdy as he could,
And his boys were all considered as unnaturally good:
And his "slender salry" kept him till
went forth the proclamation—
"We will pay him up this season with a
gen'rous, large donation."

So they brought him hay and barley, and
some corn upon the ear,
Straw enough to bed his pony for forever
and a year;
And they strewed him with potatoes of inconsequential size,
And some onions whose completeness drew
the moisture from his eyes;
And some cider—more like water in an inventory strict—
And some apples, pears and peaches, that
the autumn gales had picked;
And some strings of dried-up apples—mummies of the fruit creation—
Came to swell the doleful census of old Elder Lamb's Donation.

Also radishes and turnips pressed the
pumpkin's cheerful cheek,
Likewise beans enough to furnish half of
Boston for a week;
And some butter that was worthy to have
Sampson for a foe,
And some eggs whose inner nature held the
legend—"Long Ago,"
And some stove-wood, green and crooked,
on his flower-beds was laid,
Fit to furnish fire departments with the
most substantial aid.
All things unappreciated found this night
their true vocation
In the Museum of Relics, known as Elder
Lamb's Donation.

There were biscuits whose material was
their own secure defense;
There were sauces whose acuteness bore
the sad pluperfect tense;
There were jellies undissected, there were
mystery-laden pies;
There was bread that long had waited for
the signal to arise;
There were cookies tasting clearly of the
drear and musty past;
There were doughnuts that in justice
'mongst the metals might be classed;
There were chickens, geese and turkeys,
that had long been on probation,
Now received in full connection with old
Elder Lamb's Donation.

They gave his wife a wrapper made for
some one not so tall,
And they brought him twenty slippers,
every pair of which was small;
And they covered him with sack-cloth, as
it were, in various bits,
And they clothed his helpless children in a
wardrobe of misfits;
And they trimmed his house with "Welcome," and some bric-a-bracish trash,
And one absent-minded brother brought
five dollars all in cash!
Which the good old pastor handled with a
thrill of exultation,
Wishing that in filthy lucre might have
come his whole donation.

Morning came at last, in splendor: but the
Elder, wrapped in gloom,
Knelt amid decaying produce and the ruins
of his home;
And his piety had never till that morning
been so bright;
For he prayed for those who brought him
to that unexpected plight.
But some worldly thoughts intruded; for
he wondered o'er and o'er
If they'd buy that day at auction what
they gave the night before;
And his fervent prayer concluded with the
natural exclamation:
"Take me to Thyself, in mercy, Lord, before my next donation!"

Select Literature.

A Queer Case.

The shadows were lengthening on the mountain side, and, although the sun was still upon the curragh, a keen breeze announced the approach of evening. The day's picnic and the day's work was at an end. The peat had been out and stacked, each stack having its owner; the food brought from this annual outing had been consumed; quaintly clad women were going to and fro, collecting the mugs and platters which were scattered about the turf, and men, half fishermen and half farmers in appearance, were untethering the horses and harnessing them in the carts. In a short time the whole party would be on their way homeward,

One person took no share in the general bustle. This was a girl who had made for herself a cozy seat among the heather, and seemed determined to abandon herself to lazy enjoyment. She was more smartly dressed than the homely people around, and she had decked her hat with wild flowers; she had rosy cheeks, large dark eyes, a tempting little mouth and jet black hair; she had many coquettish little ways, she was altogether a pretty girl—a girl to break men's hearts, but to break her own for none.

"Come, Hattie gal, get up," said her mother, a plain-featured woman in a big sun bonnet. "I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself, seein' folks goin' about after your rubbage, while you do nothing but lie in the sun."

But Hattie only laughed. She looked so pretty that it was impossible to be angry with her, and her mother moved on again. A few moments later, however, she returned to the charge. This time Hattie rose, and with a smile at the young man who had been standing by her side, went slowly away.

"Don't forget, John," she called back to him, "you'll ride back in the cart with us. You promised, remember."

The curragh was bounded at this part by a wall of loose stones. John Teare, when left alone, strolled off by himself, and, passing through the gateway, reached a little glen with a streamlet which could be heard but not seen, for it was buried beneath a tangle of brambles. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. Delightful as it was to be with Hattie Caveen, he knew she had been keeping company with Dan Kinrade, and he was not without some scruples of conscience. But before he could look the situation fairly in the face he heard a heavy footstep behind, and saw Dan Kinrade himself striding toward him.

Kinrade was a tall, gaunt, loose-limbered man, with red hair and high cheek bones. He swung his arms about as he walked; his fists were clinched; his face was dark with rage. He made straight for Teare, and did not stop until he had reached him. Then he said in a hoarse voice:

"This business must be settled betwixt us John—betwixt man and man—here and now."

"What business?" asked Teare, shrinking a little.

"You know well enough what business," answered Kinrade. "If you are a man come on."

"But Dan——"

"Come on, I say," cried Kinrade, with grim determination.

"Listen to me, Dan," persisted Teare, retreating before those threatening fists, for the knowledge that he was in the wrong made him a coward. "Listen."

Kinrade dashed a huge fist into his face, and knocked him on his back among the brambles.

For one moment Teare lay as if dead, then he scrambled to his feet and rushed at his assailant. The blood was streaming from his nose, but he did not mind that—did not know of it, indeed; though the shorter of the two, he was active and wiry; he slipped under Kinrade's guard, caught him around the body, and strove to throw him. And so the two stood, swaying to and fro on a grassy mound, a green islet in the tide of brown and yellow bracken which rolled down the steep sides of the glen, their muscles knotted like wire rope, so that it seemed as if a limb must snap before either gave way.

But the ground was damp and slippery and presently Kinrade missed his footing and was borne backward by Teare's head head and shoulders, the two falling together. Upon the grass, as they rolled over one another, the combat was renewed, both fighting like wild beasts, with foot and fist, and even tooth. Once they struggled to their knees, each hitting out in blind frenzy, till a crushing blow hurled Teare on to his side. A cry of pain escaped his lips and was heard by Hattie, who was wondering what had become of her lovers.

From the higher ground she caught sight of them struggling among the bracken down in the glen, and calling aloud in her alarm, she ran down toward them.

Kinrade, still on his knees, turned at the sound of his voice. Teare seized the opportunity and struck him a savage blow on the head.

"Oh John! for shame!" panted Hattie, "Coward! Coward! Are you hurt, Dan? What is it? What have you been doing?"

"Oh, to think of such a thing!" exclaimed Hattie. "Two big men like you fighting. There must be an end of this, or I'll never speak to either again. Shake hands now," said Hattie, trying to smile, yet afraid lest, for the first time in her life, her smiles had lost their power; "Come John, shake hands."

"Not I," answered Teare, doggedly, "not even for you, Hattie."

And Kinrade said, between his teeth:

"I'd break every bone in his body first. I'll do it yet, too."

Some echo of strife had reached the curragh, and as Hattie stood trembling before the sullen combatants a party gathered at the gate and looked down upon the scene. The men only gasped when they saw the two disfigured faces, the torn clothes, the fists still grimly clenched; but from the women burst a chorus of screams.

"That girl's always after causing mischief," said one.

"There'll be a burying through her yet," said another.

"That gal!" said Mrs. Caveen, up in arms for her daughter. "And what's my gal got to do with it? Just you min' your gals. They're no better than they should be."

It was an unpleasant ending for a pleasant day. There were but few songs on the road home, and those few were not sung with the usual accompaniment of merry laughter. Teare and Kinrade both went in the cart with Hattie, but neither uttered a word the whole way. Though she made no attempt to speak to them, she watched them fertively, terrified at the contemplation of the passions which she had aroused.

From her mother, as soon as they were safe inside their own cottage, she received the severest scolding that had ever fallen to her lot.

"There'll be murder done," said Mrs. Caveen. "Mark my words, gel, there'll be murder done, and you'll be the cause of it."

The awful prediction increased Hattie's terror. How was she to prevent its fulfilment? To reconcile the two men was, she felt, beyond her powers. The only thing she could think of as practicable was to engage herself to one, and so to destroy for the other all chance of successful rivalry.

Later in the evening, bent upon carrying out this idea, she crept outside the door, and, as it happened, met John Teare. And him she promised to marry.

"Now, you'll be a good lad John, won't you?" said Hattie, coaxingly, "You won't quarrel again with Dan, will you?"

Teare, elated with his success, said that if Dan would leave him alone he would leave Dan alone. And the compact was sealed with a kiss.

The meeting was witnessed by a tall, thin, gray haired man, with a vacant look in his pale blue eyes. He was a mild kind of lunatic, harmless enough when the village boys did not tease him beyond endurance. He lived by begging and always carried a covered basket, into which he put what was given him. Bet's Bill was the only name he was known by, his mother having been a Betty; if he had ever had a surname, it had long been forgotten.

Though it was a moonlight night Bet's Bill could not be easily seen, for he stood in a shadow of a barn. But he was near enough the couple to observe their kisses and even to catch a few of their words. When they parted he was gone.

John Teare possessed a few pounds of money, a few acres of mountain land and a little cottage on the outskirts of the village. By mothers with unmarried daughters he was, therefore, considered a very eligible young man. With him lived his Uncle Peter, a miserable old creature, bent in body, though still powerful in limb, with an ill-shaped head, low, receding forehead and matted hair over it, a coarse stubby beard and cunning little eyes, which had in them the restless look of some wild animal. He did most of the cooking in the house, helped on the farm, and, in return for board and lodging, acted generally as John's assistant.

Upon the morning after the peat cutting Peter Teare was early on foot, shambling toward the village. The first person he met was Bet's Bill, basket on arm as usual, and for a wonder he stopped and spoke.

"Have you seen Dan anywhere?" he asked.

"John—your John?" exclaimed Bet's Bill. "Aw, no, no. Not since last night at all. An' what hev come to him, Master Teare?"

"He hev not been home all night."

And with that Peter Teare went on his way, telling his strange story through the village. Bet's Bill, as soon as he could collect his scattered wits, went in the opposite direction, following the road by which the old man had come.

But about an hour later, while all the villagers were gathered in groups out of the doors, discussing the disappearance of John Teare, some with black looks toward Dan Kinrade, who stood alone in front of the public house, he came rushing back, almost literally *ventre a terre*, his lanky body was so bent with the exertion of running. His long gray hair was flapping about his neck, and his usually vacant face was expressive of the utmost horror.

"Oh, murder! murder!" he cried. "John Teare is kilt dead. I seen him with my own eyes."

Old Peter Teare gripped him by the arm.

"Where was that?" he asked.

"In the ditch in Dan Kinrade's turnip field."

"Listen to that, now," said Peter Teare, turning to the crowd. "Come on. Bet's Bill, show us the place."

So the two went on ahead, Peter still retaining his grip upon the arm of Bet's Bill, while the rest followed at a little distance like a flock of frightened sheep. They passed Hattie standing white-faced at her mother's door. She dared not ask any questions, and nobody answering her look of mute appeal she too joined the crowd. A turnip field separated the cottage in which Dan Kinrade lived with his two sisters and aged mother from the more remote cottage inhabited by the Teares. Into this field Bet's Bill, passing through a gap in the wood fence, led the way. And in the ditch, as he had said, lay the body of John Teare, the sightless eyes turned up to the sunny sky.

A cold thrill ran through the crowd when they saw that they had indeed been told nothing but the truth. Among that semicircle of startled faces was a girl's face, thrust forward to look. Suddenly the eyes dilated with horror, the next moment the darkness of night swept over them. With a cry poor Hattie fell senseless to the ground and pitying hands carried her home to her mother.

This little commotion enabled the spectators to recover from the first effects of their shock. They talked in whispers.

"Is he dead, do you think?" asked one.

"Aye, dead as a herrin', poor feller," answered another.

"May be there's life in him yet, though," said a third, and was for stepping down into the ditch to see.

But at this there was a general shout:

"Don't touch him, lad! don't touch him whatever you do. Wait till the constable comes."

The constable arrived shortly afterward—a stout, slow, gray whiskered man. He was old to the business, but new to such business as this. He pronounced John Teare dead—a fact which some few had doubted—for, although the face was white and rigid, there was no external mark of violence and no indication of a painful end. Nor did the constable's survey of the ground lend to any discovery. The turnips were slightly trampled, but not enough to point to a struggle. No trace of a weapon could be found. By the constable's directions the body was carried to the cottage, the crowd still following. Peter Teare went with the rest, his uneasy little eyes scarning each face in turn. He tried hard to find out from his neighbors what they supposed to be the cause of his nephew's death, but they were cautious men and not one would give a definite answer. So, with some guarded talk, they tramped away, only Bet's Bill staying behind to poke about the field.

As soon as possible the coroner was informed of what had happened. He drove to the spot, summoned a jury, visited with them the scene of the murder, and inspected the body. After that there was an adjournment until the next day, when some sensational evidence was given.

One or two other witnesses having been disposed of the constable described the finding of the body and produced a blood-stained pitchfork which he had discovered in a cowshed belonging to Dan Kinrade. Then Dr. Smithson, a faded little man, who was supposed to hold some foreign diploma, stated that he had found six wounds in the body, three pairs entering at the back and penetrating the chest, the wounds in each pair being equidistant and exactly corresponding in this respect to the prongs of the pitchfork produced.

He had no doubt in his mind that this was the instrument which had been used. Then Peter Teare proved that his nephew had gone out between 8 and 9 o'clock, and had not returned. No one seemed to know anything of the subsequent movements of the unfortunate man, for Hattie was too ill to appear, and, moreover, had not mentioned the meeting, while Bet's Bill also had kept his information to himself. The quarrel between Kinrade and the deceased was next gone into, and the remainder of the evidence was devoted to elaborating this point.

Finally Dan Kinrade himself, after being cautioned, was asked whether he wished to make a statement.

"I never done it," he said, sullenly.

That was all they could get out of him. He made no answer when asked to account for the stains of blood on the pitchfork; refused to say where he had been or what he had done on the previous night; he remained obstinately silent. Among those who saw him there was only one opinion. After a very short consultation the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Daniel Kinrade. A warrant was accordingly obtained against him; he was arrested and taken off to jail.

The verdict was subsequently indorsed.

A new element of sensation was introduced by the appearance of Hattie Caveen in the witness box. She was the only person who had actually seen any part of the struggle in the glen, and therefore some importance was attached to her evidence. But when questioned on the subject she refused to speak. Even the Judge's threat to commit her for contempt of court failed to wring an answer from her quivering lips. Fortunately he was told the position which she had occupied toward the two men—the one who had been murdered, and the other now standing in the dock charged with murder—and at his suggestion the point was not pressed. After that Hattie became more communicative. She described how and with what intention she had gone out to meet John Teare, and she believed, poor soul, that all this was telling in favor of Kinrade, whereas, in reality, it told the other way.

The constable supplemented his evidence at the inquest by producing a blue guernsey and a coat belonging to the prisoner, both stained with blood. He had found them hidden behind a herring barrel. There had been an attempt to wash out the stains, but it had been only partially successful.

The defence set up was an alibi. The prisoner's mother and sisters swore that he had been indoors with them until 10 o'clock, when he had gone out for an hour, and it was contended that the murder must have been committed before that time, otherwise the deceased would have been seen by some one in the village. This plea might have had more weight if it had been supported by independent testimony.

In order to explain the stains on garments and pitchfork a damaging admission had to be made. When the prisoner went out that night at 10 o'clock it was asserted he found a sheep straying upon his land, and, knowing that it belonged to John Teare, he had, in fit of rage, killed it and afterward buried it. Witnesses were called to prove digging up a sheep at the spot indicated by prisoner, the initials branded upon it being "J. T."

Upon this point Peter Teare was subjected to a severe, if somewhat vague, cross examination. When did he find out the sheep was gone? Why did he keep the knowledge to himself? What was the motive for his secrecy? The questions were showered on him so thick and fast that the half witted creature, crouching in the witness box, seemed quite dazed, and no answer could be extracted from him. The judge intervened. How, he asked, could witness be expected to connect the loss of a sheep with the death of his nephew?

In summing up, however, he suggested a possible connection. Was it unlikely, he asked, that the prisoner had been caught by deceased in the act of killing the sheep, that this had led to a renewal of the feud between them, and that the death of one had been the result? Certain portions of the evidence (which for the sake of brevity have been omitted) favored this hypothesis.

Upon three persons the verdict had a very different effect.

Old Peter Teare heard it with evident relief. He had on all occasions vowed vengeance against the murderer of his nephew, and yet, in spite of his muttered threats, he had shown a perpetual sense of uneasiness, as if he feared that his own turn might come next. But when justice had declared the murderer to be the man safely under lock and key, Peter Teare's spirits revived again. He went back with a feeling of security to the cottage which had lately been his nephew's and which now was his; he took the necessary steps to assert his ownership; he displayed a business capacity which had never been suspected of him.

But for Hattie Caveen, the sentence pronounced upon the man who had been her lover seemed to be her death warrant also. She began to pine away, avoiding all intercourse with her neighbors and losing strength daily. The doctor said that if her life was to be saved, she must have immediate change of scenery and occupation. Partly for this reason, partly because of the unfriendly attitude of their neighbors, her mother resolved to emigrate to New Zealand, where she had a sister doing well, and she lost no time in making the necessary preparations. It was arranged that she and Hattie were to go in a vessel which was to sail just a week after the day appointed for the execution of Dan Kinrade.

The last of the three persons who were most deeply affected by the verdict was Bet's Bill. He had grown restless, sullen and irritable; up at all hours of the night, continually prowling about the roads, often in the neighborhood of the turnip field, which everybody else shunned after dark. For Hattie he had always shown a dog-like attachment, and some said that her distress was the cause of change in him. But others shook their heads, and, no doubt partly influenced by a revulsion of feeling now that Dan Kinrade had actually been condemned to death, hinted that Bet's Bill knew more about the murder than he cared to say. Emphasis was laid upon his fits of irritability, his violence towards boys who teased him, his recent habits of loneliness. It began to be suspected that he was not such a harmless lunatic as he had been taken to be, and several young men banded themselves together to watch him.

About 8 o'clock one night, when only three days remained to Dan Kinrade, Bet's Bill was observed by two members of this vigilance committee making for Peter Teare's cottage. They followed, keeping carefully out of his sight; they saw him enter with a rush; a moment or two later they were startled by hearing cries of pain and terror, stifled cries coming in gasps as if a man were choking. Here was the confirmation of their suspicions. It was plain to them that Bet's Bill was afflicted with a homicidal mania—that, having dispatched the nephew, he was now engaged in dispatching the uncle. So, with rapidly lessening courage, they ran to the door.

The air was filled with the suffocating smoke of burning peat, and the flickering tallow candle buttresses of the chimney looming darkly in the background. Upon the mud floor were two men, Pete Teare underneath, struggling for breath, black in the face, with eyes starting from his head, while over him knelt Bet's Bill, his knees in the wretched old creature's chest, and his bony knuckles buried in the short, thick neck.

"You done it, you oul' scoundrel," Bet's Bill was shouting. "You know you done it. Confess—now—this instant—or I'll squeeze the life out of you." And his fingers tightened on his victim's throat.

"Mercy," gasped Peter Teare. "Pity—have pity!"

"Confess then." Once more the fingers were tightened. "Say you done it."

"Yes, I'll say it, but loose your grip, man, I'm choking. I done it."

"With what?"

"A gun."

"A gun!" exclaimed Bet's Bill, and in his astonishment he relaxed his hold. But the next moment he was strangling the old man again, and shouting: "That's another lie, you oul' sinner. Speak the truth now, for it isn't long you'll have the chance. It was the pitchfork you done it with!"

"No, it was a gun—I swear it. I'll take my oath upon it. Stop—loose me—I'm choking."

"Where is the gun now?"

"Out in the bean stack."

"What was in the gun?" demanded Bill, who had now slackened his grip.

"Bits of lead. Part of an oul' pipe that I cut up with knife. I stuffed the rest of them into a mouse hole yonder," and his eyes turned toward the chimney corner.

In other respects Peter Teare's confession was subsequently the same. It was he who had committed the murder, but the weapon used had been a gun and not a pitchfork, and at the time of the post mortem examination, performed by Dr. Smithson, several slugs must have been in the body! Not less remarkable was the fact that the distance between the wounds, three distinct couples, corresponded exactly with the distance between the prongs of the blood-stained pitchfork produced in court. But with reference to this point a military officer, who had seen a good deal of savage warfare, volunteered the statement that slugs, when fired from a gun, very frequently traveled in couples, as in this case.

Only one point remains to be cleared up—Peter Teare's motive. He had always dreaded John's marriage, believing that this would involve his being turned adrift, and when his nephew, fresh from the interview with Hattie, came in and announced that he really was engaged to her, the old man fetched his gun and then and there committed the murder. Afterward, when frightened at what he had done, he remembered the quarrel with Dan Kinrade, and with the object of throwing suspicion upon him, he dragged the body to the ditch, where it was found by Bet's Bill. Such was the dying confession of Peter Teare, for before justice could claim his miserable life he was dead.

One word more by way of sequel. Dan Kinrade was liberated, of course, and followed Hattie to New Zealand, where, under a new name, he eventually married her. According to the latest account he is now a prosperous sheep farmer.—*Belgravia.*

—A correspondent writes: "Few people are aware that they carry in the pocket a compass more reliable than the great majority of pocket compasses. The watch can be utilized as a compass any day that the sun is visible, in the following manner: Direct the hour hand to the sun and the point half way between this hand and XII is the true south point. I have made quite a number of observations lately and find they check out admirably with the compass. Properly the mean solar time should be used, but as it differs only 17 minutes from our own local time the latter can be used without introducing an error of more than 3 degrees. The reason why this is so is at once apparent when we take the case of hour hand at 12 noon. Pointing this to the sun we have (as ½ the difference is zero) the true point. This we see is as it should be, for the sun at noon practically reaches his greatest altitude, and is then on the observer's meridian, and in the northern hemisphere we see the run to the south. Again assume the sun to set at six o'clock; while the hour hand of the watch travels from 12 to 6 on the 180° the sun has travelled 90 degrees, or by pointing the hour hand to the sun III gives the direction of the south line.

CANADA'S NATIONAL EMBLEM.—Nations are proud of emblems. The Scotchman glories in the thistle. The Englishman boasts of the rose. The Irishman grows merry over the shamrock. And now the the Canadian delights in the maple leaf. The other national emblems have been immortalized in song and in history through rolling centuries, but Canada's is of recent origin. It was adopted in 1860, when the Prince of Wales visited the Dominion and presented the Hundredth regiment with their banners. At a public meeting he'd for arrangement for the royal visit, the following resolution was passed: "That all native Canadians joining in the procession, whether identified with the national societies or not, should wear the maple leaf as an emblem of the land of their birth." Thus started, the custom grew into general favor. For over thirty years the maple leaf stands linked with Canada's history. It denotes beauty, strength and solidity.—*The Evangelist.*

Medical Hints.

The quickest, surest and best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat soreness and lameness, is Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It quickly cures sprains, bruises, burns, frostbites, chilblains, etc. For croup, colds, quinsy, etc., take 10 to 30 drops on sugar, and apply the oil externally also, when immediate relief will result.

—No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body or mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of hot milk, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered by heating somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue, will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects.

—The Great Short Line to health is found in King's Dyspepsia Cure. This great remedy has proved itself a positive cure for all forms of indigestion and dyspepsia. One dose brings relief. Six packages are guaranteed to cure this dreadful disease in its worst form or money refunded. King's Dyspepsia Cure Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

—Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, &c.