SCHOONER
Temple Bar,
Capt. Longmire.

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

Apply on board to
CAPT. J. LONGMIRE.

SALT and LIME ALWAYS IN STOCK.

When vessel is not in port, apply to CAPT. PETER NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, March 12th, 1889. tf

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

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And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
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—FOR:—
CASH!

FLOUR,
OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
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GROCERIES,
STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,

Harnesses made to Order.
REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.
Nov. 19th, 1888.

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The American Tailor.
Some of the reasons why my coats are the BEST and MOST STYLISH CUT:
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L. R. MORSE, M D.
September, 1888.

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PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT,
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Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are Jewels

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1889. NO. 34.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
Established 1810.
—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—
Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.
AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.
It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.
ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
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GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

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The prospects for good crops of hay are good everywhere, and the subscriber has
JUST WHAT YOU WANT
to enable you to gather it in good order with ease and rapidity.

I AM JUST IN RECEIPT OF
3 CARLOADS,
CONSISTING OF
20 Two-Horse Mowers,
46 One-Horse Mowers,
75 Ithica Rakes.
All the Very Latest Improved.

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Prices within reach of all, and terms as good as can be given.
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A large quantity of EXTRA PIECES constantly in stock.
Illustrated Catalogue furnished *free* upon application.
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is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in
Monuments, Tablets,
HEADSTONES, Etc.
Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.
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OPPOSITE RINK, . . BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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(ESTABLISHED 1880.)
N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
THE CELEBRATED
Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,
—ALSO:—
FORCE PUMP,
with Hose attached if required.
We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

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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.

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Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums.
PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, and whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs *free*. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. 17y

LOOK HERE FRIEND!
DO you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes a faint all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing?
If you suffer from any of these symptoms
USE SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS.
Prepared only by
FRANK SMITH, Apothecary,
St. Stephen, N. B.
Price, 25 cents; five boxes, $1. If not kept by your local dealers, we will send a box by mail on receipt of price. 1y

Farm for Sale!
HAVING decided to change my business I offer my Farm for Sale, situated in Granville, two miles from Bridgetown, containing one hundred acres, including upland, pasture, tillage and five acres of first-class Dyked Marsh.
Orchard just coming into bearing.
buildings in good repair; is well watered. Will be sold at a bargain, as I have fully decided to sell. Possession given at once.
WALLACE FOSTER,
tf Bridgetown.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

Grandmother Gray.

Faded and fair, in her old arm-chair
Sunset gilding her thin white hair,
Silently knitting, sits Grandmother Gray,
While I on my elbows beside her lean,
And tell what wonderful things I mean
To have, and to do, if I can some day;
You can talk so to Grandmother Gray—
She doesn't laugh or send you away.

I see, as look from the window-seat,
A house there yonder, across the street,
With a fine French roof, and a frescoed hall;
The deep bay windows are full of flowers;
They've a clock of bronze that chimes the hours,
And a fountain—I hear it trickle and fall
When the doors are open: 'I mean,' I say,
'To live in a house like that some day.'
'Money will buy it,' says Grandmother Gray.

'There's a low barouche, all green and gold,
And a pair of horses as black as jet,
I've seen drive by—and before I'm old,
A turnout like that I hope to get.
How they prance and shine in their harness gay,
What fun 'twould be if they ran away!'
'Money will buy them,' says Grandmother Gray.

'To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails
Out of port, and across the sea;
Oh! To feel in my face the ocean gales,
And the salt waves dancing under me!
In the old, far lands of the legend and lay,
I long to roam—and I shall some day.'
'Money will do it,' says Grandmother Gray.

'And when you like me are old,' says she,
'And getting and going are done with, dear,
What then do you think will the one thing be
You will wish and need to control you here?'
'Oh, when in my chair I have to stay,
Love, you see, will content me, I say.
'That money won't buy,' says Grandmother Gray.

'And sure enough, if there's nothing worth
All your care when the years are past,
But love in heaven, and love on earth,
Why not begin where you'll end at last?
Begin to lay up treasures to-day,
Treasures that nothing can take away,
Bless the Lord!' says Grandmother Gray.

Set Toil to a Tune.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

Set your toil to a tune, aye a happy tune,
And sing as you hoe, my laddie;
Set your toil to a tune, as sweet as the June;
And sing as you sew, my lassie,
For toil is pleasure,
When set to measure
Of mystical rhymes and runes,
And common-place toil
On fabric or soil,
Can be set to a thousand tunes.

Set tunes to the stitches, and sing as you sew,
Aye, sing while the lads, fair lassies,
Set tunes to the furrows, and sing as they hoe,—
Songs lie asleep in the grasses!
For the heart that sings,
Hours fly on swift wings
Of mystical rune and rhythm,
And carry the tunes
Of a year of Junes,
And the glad heart of the toiler with 'em.

Select Literature.

Jenkins' Experience.

'Has Jenkins gone home yet?'

The question, and Mr. Metcalf's bald head, were precipitated simultaneously into the office. I started from my post, on a tall stool at the desk.

'No, sir; I am here yet. I thought I would just go over the Messingham account before I went home,' said I, apologetically.

'And a good job,' said Metcalfe, beckoning me into the private office. 'Look here, Jenkins!'

'Yes, sir.'

He held up an oblong package, sealed with two splashes of red wax, and tied with pink twine.

'Jenkins,' said he, 'I am going to put a great deal of confidence in you. Janney (our head clerk) is sick, and I want to send this money to Alford to-night, by special messenger. I might send Duffer, but Duffer can't hold his tongue. There is Owlefield, but Owlefield isn't always to be trusted. So I have selected you. Mind, you are to give it into the hands of Farboro & Dusantoy yourself, with this note,' handing me a buff envelope.

'Yes, sir. I shall endeavor'—

'I dare say, I dare say! But don't stand talking here. Time is precious. It's past 6 already, and the night express goes at 9. Make all the haste you can, and remember that I have trusted you!'

I bowed and sped away, the precious oblong package safely buttoned into my breast pocket, over a heart which throbbed with pride and self gratulation.

From old Metcalfe, this signal mark of favor was freighted with meaning. There was no telling where it might not lead.

What would Duffer have given for an opportunity like this! How would Owlefield have rejoiced in such a chance!

Mr. Metcalfe should see that his confidence was not ill-placed.

In half a dozen breathless sentences I related my extraordinary luck to Mollie, who was waiting supper for me.

'Pack the little black bag, Mollie,' said I, waving away all her offers of food, except a cup of scalding coffee, which very nearly took the skin off my tongue. 'Lay out my pepper and salt suit— No, no, I can't eat! I'll just get a bite on the train. Don't I tell you I've got to catch the night express?'

Mollie's admiring eyes followed me as I hurried onward.

'Oh, Tom, said she,' 'I always knew you would live to be a partner in Metcalfe & Co.!'

'Nonsense, Moll! I say, hasn't old Awley sent home those boots yet? These gaiters arn t fit to travel in.'

'I'll just run down for them, Tom. I know he can't have shut up yet.'

'No, you stay and sew up this rip in my glove!' said I, impatiently. 'I'll go myself.'

Old Auley, the cobbler, was fast asleep in his stall, but luckily the boots, newly soled and heeled, were ready for me; and when the train steamed out of the station I was seated therein, my ulster buttoned to the throat, a little Scotch cap, which I had purchased of the train boy, perched on the side of my head, and a huge paper of sandwiches in my hand.

The car was not especially crowded. I had decided not to take a sleeper, in spite of Mollie's recommendation.

'You'd better take a berth,' she said. 'You know you've never traveled in a sleeper, and it would be such fun.'

'I dare say,' I drily rejoined, 'but you see I'm not traveling for fun, and I don't mean to risk going to sleep.'

'Oh, Tom, shall you stay awake all night?'

'One night won't hurt me, Moll.'

But, after I had read the evening paper through, and eaten two sandwiches and a piece of Mollie's delicious home made cake, I began to succumb to the rocking motion of the train and feel a sensation of most alluring drowsiness.

Two or three men in the smoking car were smoking; a lady at the other end of the car had made up an impromptu bed for her bullet headed boys with a traveling shawl and two bags—the train surging to and fro with the regular 'Rockaby-baby' effect.

'This won't do,' said I to myself. 'I'm bound to keep awake somehow. I'll eat the rest of the sandwiches.'

'I was not hungry, however, and even Mollie's dainties palled upon my appetite.

I was just about to throw the sandwiches out of the window, when I caught the ravenous glare of a pair of eyes opposite.

'Have some?' said I, instinctively.

'Thank you, sir!' said the pale young man opposite, muffled to his chin in a shabby traveling shawl, and wearing boots the dead match to those that I had contemptuously bestowed on old Awley's eldest son the day before. 'I am a little hungry, if you don't mind.'

He devoured my leavings like a famished wolf. I proffered my neat little wicker covered flask of sherry. He drank eagerly.

'You don't look well,' said I.

'I am just up from a long siege of inflammatory rheumatism,' said he. 'I'm going to Alford to look for work, and I've had no supper.'

'What kind of work?'

'The only work I'm fit for—a clerkship of some sort.'

He related a simple tale of sickness, privation, fruitless search for employment.

I remembered that I had heard Mr. Metcalfe tell Owenson, the bookkeeper, a few days previously that it would soon be necessary to employ two or three new hands in the down stairs department.

'Perhaps,' said I, 'I could help you to get work in New York.'

The big, sunken eyes sparkled.

'It would be salvation to me if you could,' said he. 'I'm penniless and almost starving.'

'I suppose you can bring references?'

'Oh, yes, I could do that.'

'Well, I'll see what can be done,' said I, with a pleasant sense of patronage.

His hollow cough interrupted us; it racked him from head to foot.

'Look here,' said I, 'you're not fit to sit up all night. Suppose we see if there isn't accommodation in the sleepers. I heard the conductor say the train wasn't extra full.'

My companion raised his thin hand with a deprecatory motion.

'The sleepers are a dollar extra,' said he. 'Didn't I tell you I was penniless?'

'Oh, I'll treat,' said I, laughing, 'and you shall pay me out of your first week's salary.'

He acceded somewhat unwillingly, and together we made our way into the sleeping car Deodora, where we found a section disengaged.

I lay down in the lower berth, not unconscious of a certain elation, both in the character of being of service to a man still poorer and more insignificant than myself, and in this my first experience of the unknown luxury of a sleeping car.

'I'll only stretch myself out a little and rest,' thought I. 'I won't go to sleep.'

As I composed myself under the blanket, I heard the pale young man tell the porter to call him at Hunsdon.

'Hello!' said I. 'Aren't you going back on the return trip to New York?'

'No,' said he. 'As I've paid my fare, I may as well stop off and see my mother at Hunsdon, and tell her what good luck there is in store for me, thanks to you, sir. And I will call on you at the address you gave me, in New York, on Thursday, at 9 o'clock in the morning.

Hunsdon! That was a good way off. It would be nearly morning when we reached Hunsdon, I thought, and while I was thinking—

'Alford! All out for Alford!'

Could it be possible! Here was the bright sun shining in at the curtained window, the porter's jolly face close to mine.

'Make haste, sah! Alford, sah! Ain't no time to lose!'

I made a dab at my ulster, caught my bag and made a rush for the door, wondering as I did so how and when I could have gone to sleep, and how lucky it was that I had not removed either coat, waistcoat or boots when I lay down in the Deodora.

I glanced at my watch—an inexpensive silver one, keeper—and found that it was a little past seven.

'Early,' said I, to myself; 'but old Metcalfe expressly said I was to lose no time. I go directly to Farboro's place.'

As the thought coursed through my mind I involuntarily clapped my hand on the breast pocket in which I carried the precious package containing, as I had been told, $900 in bills of large denominations.

It was not there!

In a flash I searched; In vain I turned the lining side out. It was absolutely empty.

I staggered up against the nearest lamp post with a deadly sinking of the heart.

Oh, what foul traitor with the starveling face and the hollow eyes! That fatal slumber in the rocking arms of the Deodora!

I can see it all now as in the clear deceptive a mirror. I had been duped, deceived!

In the midst of my consternation I realized that I had not an instant to waste.

I hurried back to the station, telegraphed to the next stopping place of the express, interviewed the local police, and having done all there was to be done, decided it was best to return to New York in make a clean breast of it to Metcalfe & Co.

Alas for my fond vision of preferment! The orange twilight was fading away over the western roofs when I reached New York. It was too late to go to the office—the fat old porter would have long since shut the iron clamped doors.

I scarcely cared to face Mr. Metcalfe until his after dinner glass of old port had somewhat softened the acerbity of his business mood.

'I'll go home first,' I told myself. 'I've got to break this news to Mollie—she may as well know it first as last, poor girl! And I'll go to old Metcalfe afterward.'

I slunk home through the by-ways lurking along like a thief, and shrinking at the eyes of an occasional policeman, until I reached my own door.

Mollie came rushing into my arms with a little shriek.

'Oh, Tom, she cried, 'did you find it out?

'Find what out?'

'About the money, Tom. You lost it here!'

I stared at her. Had she taken leave of her senses?'

'I changed the waistcoat, Tom,' she uttered rapidly, 'while you were gone for the boots. This one had a button loose and looked shabby, so I put the other one in its place, and I forgot to tell you of it. I never thought of the money being in the pocket,' and here it lay, package and all, on the table, when I came back from the depot. 'Oh, Tom, I haven't slept a wink since!'

'I have!' cried I, bursting into a hoarse laugh. 'On the sleeping car Deodora!'

I caught up the package and rushed back to the depot.

An express went out at a few minutes after 7, and I had barely time to leap on the back platform of the last car.

I could have shouted and sung for very lightness of heart.

Altogether, it seemed, as if the fates were conspired in my favor.

Mr. Dusantoy was in Europe and Mr. Farboro had only just returned, within the hour, from a jaunt to a Canada fishing stream.

'Very judicious of you, young man,' said he, 'to await my arrival. This note contains matter for my eyes alone.'

Mr. Metcalfe commended me, also.

'I see,' said he, 'that I did well in leaving matters to your discretion. Any expenses you may have incurred during your stay in Alford will be settled by the bookkeeper.'

'Oh, that was a mere trifle, sir,' said I.

And I took advantage of my chief's genial mood to mention the case of Mr. Bernard Cushing, the pale youth whom I had hated so heartily for a few brief, agonized hours.

Mr. Metcalfe wrote his name down in a certain mysterious pocketbook, which the clerks, among themselves, had nicknamed 'The Book of Judgment,' and I knew the matter was settled,

I received substantial promotion next week.

Bernard Cushing was engaged under me, and his gratitude was something touching.

As for Mollie, she has not yet forgiven herself for the fright she so unwittingly gave me.

But I shall never again enter a sleeping car without thinking of the Deodora.—*Helen Forest Graves in Saturday Night.*

What the Queen Reads.

Despite the many things which continually claim her attention, Queen Victoria manages to spend considerable time in reading. When Anthony Trollope was alive she spent a good portion of her spare moments in reading his novels. She was an ardent admirer of his, and he left no successor in her affections. The Queen has a well-stocked library in each of her palaces, and often spends several hours a day among her books. She occasionally skims through the magazines and illustrated weeklies. She subscribes for the *Graphic* and *Daily News*, and half a dozen or more religious and semi-religious papers. These she reads carefully, and is quite well informed on all topics of interest. The scores of books and pamphlets that are sent to her in the course of every month, she rarely, if ever, sees. They are taken charge of by the lackeys before they get into the presence of Royalty, and are either stored in closets or are purloined by the servants. Only when a book has made a big hit, or is widely advertised, and the Queen asks for it, is it given her. She still finds pleasure in Trollope's novels. Tennyson is her living idol. Walter Besant is another writer whose works stir the aged monarch, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward's 'Robert Elsmere' was read not once, but twice. She has met many American writers in her day, but is not acquainted to any extent with their works. She saw a great deal of James Russell Lowell, when he was Minister to England, and told him once that she read with great interest his 'Biglow Papers,' though it must have been more or less like Sanscrit to Her Majesty, for it is said her sense of humor is not the most acute. She sees few, if any, American newspapers. She likes Browning and Swinburne, and the merry jingle of Austin Dobson's verse interests her. But of all the poets there is none who has made so deep an impression upon her heart of hearts as Robert Burns. Like all the rest of the world she has laughed and cried with the unfortunate Ayshire ploughman, and of all his efforts she thinks 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' his masterpiece.

The New Pain King.
Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, spasms and cramps.
Nerviline cures promptly the worst cases of neuralgia, toothache, lumbago and sciatica.
Nerviline is death to all pain, whether external, internal, or local.
Nerviline may be tested at the small cost of 10 cents. Buy at once a 10 cent bottle of Nerviline, the great pain remedy. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

—"The virtue," says Canon Farrar," which has no better basis than fear of hell is no virtue at all."

What is Wanted.
Is something that will make a man sleep well, eat well and rise in the morning refreshed and strong, with none of the worn out tired feeling sure to be found where constipation, dyspepsia, or diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood exist. Burdock Blood Bitters meets every indication expressed above.

The Deacon and the Calf.

I am reminded of an incident in the history of good old deacon Cooledge, a neighbor of mine in New York, and I tell you this story now for the purpose of explaining somewhat, it may be, certain derelictions and deviations from the strict orthodox pathway that men may be pardoned for indulging who have the handling of calves. Deacon Cooledge was one of the best men I ever knew, with a heart overflowing with love to his fellow-man, to his Maker, and to all things that his Maker had made. He was a thrifty farmer, and his wife was like him. Aunty Cooledge was one of the best women that ever lived. Sunday morning came. The old man had just hitched up the old mare and started for church, three miles distant. He had driven into the road and turned back to shut the gate, when the old lady said: 'Pa, I declare for it, the calf hasn't been fed, and the milk is in the brass kettle on the stove, all warm for him.' 'Well,' the old man replied, 'well, well; this is a pretty time to think of feeding the calf, I declare, with the best clothes on.' 'Maria,' he said, 'what are you thinking of, not to speak of it before?' 'Well, pa, you know that we claim to be Christians, and if we should go off to church all day long and leave that poor calf without anything to eat, we couldn't pray enough nor sing loud enough to make God forgive us for such an act.' 'Well,' said the deacon, 'I guess you are right.' So he started back, took the brass kettle from the stove, and gathering up his Sunday meeting coat as snugly as possible, he walked along with the milk to the calf, that was impatient and eager and hungry, with expectancy standing right out in his little eyes. The old deacon says: 'Bossy, bossy, come along, come along.' And so he inserted his finger, no, two fingers, for he was a shrewd old deacon and knew better than try and feed that calf with one finger. He led the calf to the pail, and it began to taste good, and the calf began to be very much engaged in it, and his tail began to show just how he felt. He plunged his nose down below the drinking point, when suddenly (he must have breath) he gave a snort that spurted the milk all over the deacon. 'I knew it would come to this,' he says, 'I knew it would come to this, just on account of Maria's forgetfulness. Bossy, bossy, bossy.' The calf gave another snort, and the good deacon could stand it no longer, and straddling the calf's neck, he seized both ears and plunging the little fellow's neck in the kettle he says: 'If it wasn't for the love I bear my Lord and Master, I would punch your cussed head off.'

Well, there are people in this world who would have taken good old deacon Cooledge in that hour and measured him by one of the seventy articles; but I have an opinion that the Lord had considerable sympathy with deacon Cooledge on that morning.—*Gov. Hoard of Wisconsin at a Farmer's Meeting.*

Made a Fortune in Mexico.

M. John Henderson, a young man who has been for some years in Mexico hunting for a fortune, has been home again in Sydney during the past week or two with ample evidence that he found what he sought for. His story is a peculiar one. It is said that shortly after he went to Mexico he discovered what appeared to him to be a very valuable gold mine, but as he had then no means to work it he kept his discovery quiet until in course of time he had accumulated enough money to make a start. He then, however, had to contend with a small army of jealous government agents, who tried their level best to dispossess him. Happily a young lady whose friendship he had acquired and who had some wealth in her own right, assisted him to fight and win his battles through the courts and the development of the mine proceeded. Then he was raided by Indians and in his fighting with them received some desperate wounds, the scars of which he will always carry on his body. One bullet left a wound as big as a saucer, another wound was several feet in length, and in fact he is almost as 'carved up' as a veteran warrior. But at length fortune smiled upon him. His rights were asserted and he sold out to a company now working the mine, his interest in it for a royalty of sixty thousand dollars per year. Since returning home Mr. Henderson's mining curiosity led him to do some prospecting about the Middle River washings, but he did not take up any areas.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in one of her breezy papers in the Chicago *Herald* says: The worst man I ever knew had no vice. He attended church and broke no commandment and indulged in no excesses. Yet he nagged his wife and children to the grave, and destroyed every flower of pleasure which sprung up by his hearthstone, and ruined the tender young lives about him with the unceasing temper of a household tyrant and petty demon. Disagreeable tempers and uncontrolled nervous dispositions ruin more homes than drink or vice. A fault-finding or sarcastic tongue in a family drives men and women to evil oftener than original sin. A lady said to me once: 'I demand good manners before good morals from my acquaintances. Bad morals can be hidden, bad manners cannot.' I think I would demand good motives first of all, since good morals would of necessity ensue; and he whose motives were truly good, must, too, desire not to give offense by bad manners, and so all three virtues would be his.

NO FLATTERY.—Col. Stone got off a pretty good thing on a delegate from one of the rural counties to the State Convention, whom he met there for the first time. The Colonel said: 'I am glad to meet you. I have known your father for many year, but never had the pleasure of your acquaintance; I see that the son, however, is better looking than the father.' 'Look here, Colonel,' said the delegate, 'you need not be flattering me up, for I am out and out for Barksdale for Governor, although the old man is for.' 'Why I simply find you better looking than your father, but I did not say you had half as much sense as he has,' returned the Colonel. Those standing around roared with laughter, in which the delegate good-humoredly joined.—*Jackson Mississippian.*

—The Opeleka Cough Mixture cures coughs, hoarseness, whooping cough, inflammation of the lungs, etc., every time.

Every Household
Should have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saves thousands of lives annually, and is peculiarly efficacious in **Croup, Whooping Cough, and Sore Throat.**

"After an extensive practice of nearly one-third of a century, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is my cure for recent colds and coughs. I prescribe it, and believe it to be the very best expectorant now offered to the people."—Dr. John C. Levis, Druggist, West Bridgewater, Pa.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since, being again a little troubled with the disease, I was promptly

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"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of whooping cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1251 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably effective in croup and is invaluable as a family medicine."—D. M. Bryant, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A Mistaken Millionaire.

A very rich business man of Boston told an interviewer the other day how he began his business life on one dollar a week, and how he advanced from that point to his present position by being temperate, industrious, and honest. He ended by saying, 'Any young man can do as well as I have done, if he only willl.'

Young men know that this is not true. Tens of thousands of young men, during the forty years of that merchant's successful career, have been as virtuous as he, without making much headway in business. They have been punctual, diligent, faithful, and well-skilled in their vocation; but there they are, about where they were years ago, working hard for moderate compensation, and seeing no prospect of much change.

It is not possible for many men to found great stores and make great fortunes in them, for the simple reason that the largest city does not furnish business enough for many such. These prizes fall to the lot of the few individuals in each trade who combine in themselves great talent for business with great tenacity of purpose. They passionately want to succeed, and they know how.

If our merchant had said that many young men could do much *better* than he had done, he would have come nearer the truth. In most of our great and famous places of business there are clerks who have done a great deal better than their employers. We saw one the other day, a young man of twenty-nine, salary six hundred and fifty dollars a year, whose father died ten years ago, leaving a wife and four children with little provision. This clerk was the eldest boy; he accepted the sacred duty which devolved upon him with cheerful courage. He has carried it gaily along ever since, and has won in it a really brilliant success—happy himself, and a cause of happiness to those dearest to him.

There are men whose natural vocation it is to control millions of dollars, and own a tedious superfluity of other things. Happily, most of us are spared this great trouble, and have a chance to discover how little is required for a truly successful and joyous existence.

Dr. Talmage's This and That.

Give your minister a good worldly support, if you would have him give you good sermons. Many ministers are by their congregations half starved. Perhaps, if your pastor had better food he would have more fire. Next to the divine unction, the minister needs good blood; and he cannot make that out of tough leather. One reason why the apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Lake Galilee, and this, with unbolted bread, gave them phosphorus for the brain, nitrates for the muscle, and carbonates for the whole frame. When the water is low the mill-wheel goes slowly, but a full race, and how fast the grists are ground! In a man the arteries are the mill-race, and the brain the wheel, and the practical work of life is the grist ground. Soldiers have failed in battle because their stomachs for several days were innocent of everything but 'hard-tack.' See that your minister has a full haversack. Feed him on gruel during the week, and on Sunday he will give you gruel. What is called the 'parson's nose' in a turkey or fowl is an allegory setting forth that in many communities the minister comes out behind. Often the damage begins in the college or theological seminary boarding-house. Insufficient food and unsuitable apparel have done ther fatal work on the young man before he reaches the pulpit. He comes into life cowed down, with a patch on both knees and a hat that has been done over four or five times, and so weak that the first sharp wind that whistles round the corner blows him into glory. The inertness you complain of in the ministry starts early. Do you suppose that if Paul spent seven years in a cheap boarding-house, and the years after in a poorly supplied parsonage, he would have made Felix tremble? You cannot keep a hot fire in the furnace with poor fuel and the damper turned.

The Best Ever Made.
GENTLEMEN,—My trouble was heart disease and dyspepsia, but I took two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and one of Burdock Pills and got well. I never felt better in my life. My brother has also tried B. B. B. and thinks it a splendid medicine.
MRS. JNO. EARLY, Hamilton, Ont.

Competition is Stilling the Sea With Oil.

A competition the result of which will prove of great interest to the shipping community at large has been instituted this year by the Dunkirk Chamber of Commerce, who had in view a practical trial of the utility of oil in aiding a ship to weather a storm. The competitors were the masters of the schooners engaged in the Iceland fisheries, of which Dunkirk equips about a hundred every year. The fishing season lasts six months; and, owing to the frequency of boisterous weather, affords ample opportunities for experimenting upon any means of lessening the danger. The first prize (£4) has been awarded to Capt. Bruxelles, of the schooner Perle, who reports as follows: 'On the 21st of April, while off Portland, we encountered an east-southeasterly gale, attended with snow. We endeavored to stand out to sea with closely reefed sails, but were unable to clear the Westman Isles. We then resolved to attempt to pass between these isles and the main land. The tempest was then at its height, the sea was making a clean breach over the ship fore and aft, and we were in great danger of foundering. I directed two bags containing tow saturated with oil to be placed astern on port and starboard quarters. Almost instantaneously the sea moderated, and, although the swell was still heavy, no waves broke over the ship. A pint and a half of oil per bag is sufficient to calm the sea for about two hours.' Similar accounts are given by other masters, who have handed in reports on the subject to the chamber of commerce.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, stimulates the secretions, and imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. For nearly half a century, it has remained unrivalled as the best blood medicine ever discovered. Be convinced by a trial.