Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1891. NO. 20.

BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 ly

Professional Cards.

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

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 ly

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

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

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Dentistry a Specialty.

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

G. E. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.

Office and residence in the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. L. G. deBlois.

Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,

having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 ly

THE
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,

STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable. Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.

G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

$1,000.00 GIVEN AWAY
—: BY :—
THE WILMOT CORSET CO.,
South Farmington, N. S.

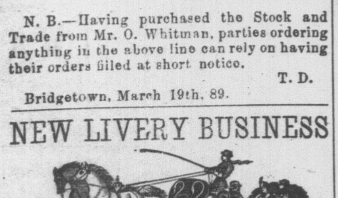
For particulars apply to:
Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, Mrs. L. C. Wheelock, C. H. Schaffner, R. D. Beals, S. Harris & Son, Mrs. Ansley, G. I. Letteney & Bro.
Feb. 11th, 1891. 1y

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.

NEW LIVERY BUSINESS



THE Subscriber begs to inform the traveling public and those desirous of securing handsome Livery Teams that he has opened business in the Dennison Stables on Court Street, where can always be obtained first-class "turn-outs," either in single or double harness, and at prices that cannot fail to be looked upon as most reasonable.

A nice lot of horses, perfectly kind and trusty for even ladies to drive, together with new and strong wagons, make the outfit the most complete in the town.

WEDDING PARTIES A SPECIALTY

Trucking of every description will be carefully attended to.
All orders left at the Grand Central Hotel will receive every attention.
NORMAN E. CHUTE.
Bridgetown, June 4th, 1891. 1y 9

A COOK BOOK FREE
By mail to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

A. W. MOORE,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Painter, Grainer and Decorator.
Fresco Painting in all Branches.
Paper Hanging, Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewashing, Coloring, Etc., specialties.

Ceilings thoroughly whitened and cleaned without injury to Furniture or Carpets.

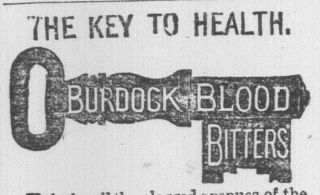
Estimates given. All jobbing punctually attended to.

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 ly

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

Feb. 11th. 1y

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC and CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

Executors' Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES G. CHARLTON, late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to
JOHN H. CHARLTON, HENRY S. CHARLTON, Executors.
Lawrencetown, March 31st, 1891. tf

TIRED—

How often we hear people say, "I'm tired," and when they have really not done any thing to make them feel so. It is not that they have been working hard, but that

TIRED

feeling that they experience is caused by the system being run down, and they require a good bracing medicine to build them up—to bring about the desired result they should take Estey's Iron Tonic—then that

—TIRED

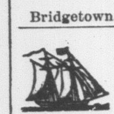
feeling will soon pass away. It builds up the system; strengthens the muscles; tones the appetite, and makes you feel like a new person. Sold by all dealers.

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 Varnishing executed in a first-class manner.

ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29ly



NOTICE.

The packet schooner TEMPLE BAR will ply as usual between this port and St. John, N. B.

LIME and SALT
constantly kept for sale.
J. H. LONGMIRE, Master.

Also—Schooner NANCY ANNA, W. R. LONGMIRE, Master, will run on same route. When schooners are not in port, apply to
Capt. P. NICHOLSON,
50 tf Bridgetown, N. S.

This is Business!

The subscriber offers for sale a variety of
Single & Double-seated Carriages.
Also, the very popular
Unique Road Carts.
Phaeton Carts, for one or two persons. Second-hand Carriages, in good repair, And two Express Waggons. All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. An inspection invited.
JOHN HALL.
Lawrencetown, April 15th, 1891. 2 tf

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO
JOB WORK
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

We have increased facilities for turning out
FINE WORK
—such as—

NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, MEMO. HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS.

POSTERS, DODGERS, PROGRAMMES, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, TICKETS, ENVELOPES, ETC., ETC.

Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
always on hand.

Estimates Furnished, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.

Address,
"MONITOR" OFFICE,
Bridgetown, N. S.

PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.

I am devoting my time to tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs, and any orders sent to me at Truro will receive my attention in my annual turn through the province. Intending purchasers will do well to communicate with me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am willing to order for small commission.
4 tf G. O. GATES, Truro, N. S.

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.

JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

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

Established 1873.

THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

ISSUED ON WEDNESDAY,
At Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S

M. K. PIPER, Proprietor and Publisher.

TERMS $1.50 per annum, if paid within three months; if not, $2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES.
One square, (1½ inches), one insertion.....$1.00
Twenty-five cents each continuation.
One square, one year,......................$10.00
Two squares, one year,.....................15.00

A liberal discount to regular advertisers, and full information given on application.

Advertisers are respectfully requested to hand in their matter as early in the week as possible.

Copy for changes, to secure insertion, muste in our hands not later than TUESDAY NOON.

JOB PRINTING
of all kinds, plain and fancy, executed at short notice. Neat work, good paper, and reasonable prices. Pamphlets for lodges, societies, and catalogues, put up in any style required.

News items from all parts of the County respectfully solicited.
Births, deaths and marriages inserted free of charge.
Address all business letters or correspondence to "MONITOR" Office, or
R. S. McCORMICK, Manager.

Poetry.

Slipping Away.

They are slipping away, those sweet, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes hid,
That lift the willows' long, golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their heavy tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusky way of life?

There are only a few years left; ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!

—*Selected.*

Midsummer.

Midsummer stands before us, passing fair,
She came with gentle, softly-echoing feet,
Laden with garlands, ever fair and sweet,
And like a nymph with laurels freshly crowned,
With trailing tendrils on her pure brow bound,
She greets the roses in their beauty rare.

Her vivid garments trail with fringe of green,
And graceful vine-wreaths hide in every fold,
And milky daisies, purest white and gold,
Are twined around her arms. And at her waist
The pinkish laurel hangs and interlaced
With emerald leaves hides scented eglantine.

She comes with fervent life and rich warm breath,
Intense in beauty, pride and conscious power,
She paints with glowing tints the modest flower.
She brings the dreamy richness of her face,
Her form of beauty and her radiant grace,
And leaves her impress on the smiling earth.

We feel her pulsing, glowing heart, we hear
The silent melody that falls around,
The soft and subtle, sweetly soothing sound,
We trace her in the dew, web-like and light,
That spreads its mantle in the hush of night,
And glistens in the early morning clear.

Along the glen we trace her footsteps fleet,
She trails her emerald robe high on the hill,
She dips her mantle in the cooling rill,
Touches each living thing with her bright wand
And lo! in blossoms sweet the buds have dawned
While yet we listen to her flying feet.

Ere yet we learn to know her, she has flown,
She folds her wings and noiseless glides away
To sleep and dream again, but not for aye,
For when the glowing season comes again,
With fervent heat and softly shimmering rain,
She comes and sits upon her royal throne.

—*Helen N. Packard.*

Select Literature.

His Sister.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"Robert, I found the barn unfastened again to-night, and the rails in the corner pasture down. I declare, you deserve to be flogged for your carelessness!"

"You won't flog me, sir!" said the boy, in a low voice. His face flushed hotly. He had been reading, his hands on either side of his chin; now he pushed his book away and sat looking doggedly before him.

"Mercy on me!" murmured Grandmother Macy, who sat near the table knitting. "I do wish Jabez wouldn't speak that way!"

Aunt Mary, a visitor from the West, pushed her chair with an impatient movement further from the fire, frowning a little; but Bertha, Farmer Macy's only daughter, a girl of sixteen, looked from her father to Robert, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes full of tears.

"I didn't say I would flog you!" said the farmer harshly. "I said you deserved to be flogged for your carelessness, and so you do. Ever since that money was left to you, you've seemed to want to go your own way."

"I *will* go my own way, too!" muttered the boy between his teeth. Bertha's quick ear caught the words, and she ventured to speak.

"Father, Robert did'nt lock the barn because John told him not to till he came home."

"Oh, John told him not to, did he? How long since John took it upon himself to issue his orders? I think I am the one to be obeyed on these premises," was the quick rejoinder, and then the girl was silenced. "I suppose John told him not to put up the rails, also?" the farmer added, as if unwilling to end the controversy.

"John said nothing to me about that; I simply forgot it," said Robert sullenly.

"Of course you forgot it! You're always forgetting! If rubber could be tied on to your memory to stretch it a little, it would be better for you. *I* don't forget; if I did, I wonder where you would be?"

Aunt Mary looked at her brother over her spectacles. Her usually mild face quivered with excitement.

"Brother!" she said, in a tone of dismay.

"Of course you'd take sides against me! The boy has always been excused. His mother made a fool of him, and his sister ditto. By and by, I shan't be allowed to speak in my own house."

Robert threw down the book which he had taken up again with an angry gesture, and stalked out of the room. He was a tall, good-looking boy of eighteen, large of his age, and clumsy in his movements. The farmer made as if he would call him back, but settled himself in his chair again, and frowned.

"The fact is, since his uncle left him that five thousand dollars," said Farmer Macy, "the boy hasn't been worth his salt to me!"

"Oh father, you—"

"Silence!" said the old man, testily. "I tell you he is doing nothing but longing for the time when he is twenty-one, and can put his hands on that money. Castle-building and reading, that's what he gives his time to, and me slaving like a dog!"

"It's a great pity," said Aunt Mary, and she spoke in her slow, sweet way, so that one could hardly imagine there was the least touch of sarcasm in what she said, "that George didn't leave the money to you!"

"Eh, you think so, do you?" said the farmer, his heavy features lighting up. "Look what I could ha' done with five thousand dollars—and the place needing improvement so much! Yes, even one thousand would set me up! And to think of all that money lying idle, for Robert to come into, and spend as he pleases. He'll go off as soon as he gets it."

"That depends upon how you treat him, my son," said Grandma Macy, looking up and resting her needles.

"Treat him!" said the farmer looking forward, glaring at them all. "Don't I give him a roof and clothes and food? Would you have me knuckle to the boy, to my own son, because he is coming into possession of a little paltry money? A pretty father I should be?"

Grandma Macy's needles clicked on, and Aunt Mary looked thoughtfully at the fire. The old-fashioned clock that had ticked in its ancient corner for over seventy years struck nine.

Bertha had slipped out of the room, gone through the kitchen, and up the back stairs. The wind was rising, and the rain, which had just begun to fall, drove heavily against the window-panes on the upper landing. The girl moved swiftly down the narrow passage in the dark, toward a door at the further end, through the keyhole of which there came a faint light. Here she stopped and tried the latch of the door. It did not let her in.

"Robert!" she cried. "Robert!"

"What is it, Bertha? I can't come down again, and—I'd rather be alone."

"But I want to speak to you. O, Robert, won't you let me in?"

"It's no use; I won't come down."

"No, you needn't; nobody has sent for you. I—I just wanted to see you!"

"Well, here I am," and the door opened suddenly, so that the girl who was leaning against it almost fell into the room. She recovered herself, however, and stood there looking at her brother with pitiful eyes.

"I wish I knew what to do," she said, and ended with a long-drawn sigh.

"*I* know what to do!" was the boy's rejoinder, and he set his mouth sternly, so that there was in his face a curious resemblance to the old man down stairs.

"You won't do anything wrong, Robert, I know you wont!" she said, clasping her hands. "I'm sure father means to do everything for the best. Try not to mind!"

"I do try, I have tried, but it's no use. Think I can't see? Father is mad because that money is coming to me, instead of him. I wish Uncle George had never left it to me; I could have got along without it. It only makes me wretched all the time, the way father treats me, and I'm tired of it."

"But, dear Robert, every one sees—I mean," she added, checking herself—"you have grandma and me, who love you dearly! Don't that make up to you for these little crosses? Father, though he is rough, loves you very dearly; he is proud of you, but something has made him irritable of late, and—"

"Yes, ever since Uncle George died and left me that money," said Robert.

"And you know he has been making improvements on the farm. Perhaps he has got into debt."

"Well, that's not my fault," said Robert. "I believe in my soul you wish that money had gone to him or you."

"O Robert!"

"Forgive me, Bertha! I know how girls feel about such things, and it's only natural that you should want to help father; but I tell you candidly, if I had the money to-morrow, I wouldn't lay out a cent on this miserable old place. I hate it, and I'm tired of being treated like a child of five year's old! All my faults and errors talked over, no matter who is by! I'm not going to stand it any longer. If he can't be reasonable, he must get some one else besides me to vent his spite on."

"O Robert, what are you saying?"

"Just what I mean. I won't stand it! It's bad enough to be cooped up in this old country place, and then to be tyrannized over from morning till night! What good does it do? I can't touch the money till I'm of age, even if I felt like giving it all to him."

"If you won't mind it, dear, I'll do everything I can to make you happy."

"You're awfully kind, Bertha, and you do all you can now, but don't you see how uncomfortable he makes you all feel on my account? Come, you're shivering with the cold. Take my candle and go to bed; I've got another, and we'll talk it all over some other time."

Reluctantly Bertha obeyed, waiting only to kiss her brother good-night. When she reached her room she blew out the candle, folded a wrapper about her, and sat down in the little splint rocker, to think.

She felt as keenly as Robert did, her father's injustice, but what could she do? She had no mother to go to, and her grandmother was too loyal to her son to blame him in words. She could not talk to her father; he would have turned upon her as he had before, with the bitter taunt that she encouraged her brother in his idleness, and excused all his short-comings.

The clock struck eleven and found her still sitting up, trying to solve this problem, how to keep her brother from any rash act that he would regret in after life. Straining her ears to listen, she thought she heard the creaking of a door.

It rained hard now. She could see the tops of the trees waving in the wind, dark as it was.

A sudden terror seized her. That certainly was not the rain nor the wind, but the familiar clank of the heavy chain against the front door. She ran to her brother's room, her heart beating heavily, called him, but no answer came. Groping her way to the bed, she felt over it. Robert was not there—the bed had not been touched.

She could have screamed from terror, but she had learned, long before this, to master her impulses, and she crept down stairs, to find the front door unfastened. Watch, the dog, was gone—he must have followed his young master.

As loudly as she dared, she called her brother's name, and then, sure that he was by this time out of sight and hearing, she ran back to the house, found a shawl in the hall-closet, and left the house, shutting the door behind her softly.

The next train was due at half-past eleven o'clock.

Robert must be waiting at the little station in the woods. The rain beat heavily, the wind blew so fiercely that she caught her breath with difficulty. . . . The path was hard to keep. Occasionally she staggered in among the thick bushes on either side the narrow foot-way, and once something bounded across the road, but before she could give way to fright, she felt the cold nose of Watch against her hand.

"O Watch, where is Robert? Carry me to him!" she cried, somewhat reassured now that she had a protector. Presently she stumbled against the platform of the little station, that rose like a huge, black shadow before her.

"Robert! Robert! It is I, Bertha; are you here? O Robert, don't leave me!"

"Are you crazy, Bertha? And such a thing as this! You will get your death—how dared you come through these woods?"

"I came after you. You must go back—you must! It's awfully selfish in you to run off, and father will be broken-hearted if you do. Can't you bear as much as I can? and I a girl! See, I am wet through and through, and cold and frightened, but I won't mind if you'll only come home. If you go, I'll stay out in the storm all night. How can I go back and tell them you stole out of the house like a thief, at midnight? If you must go, Robert, go in the face of the day and of everybody. It would kill me to hear people say you had run away. O Robert, think, it will be a disgrace for all of us—shame, misery and disgrace."

"I tell you I can't bear it!" he said, and stamped on the loose boards of the platform. "I might as well go now as any time."

"No, not now, for my sake—wait at least till—till I talk to father. What would mother say, Robert? If she sees us now"—she broke down utterly, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Come on—I'll go back," said Robert sullenly. "Here, Watch!" the dog came bounding to his side. "Stop crying, Bertha—poor little thing, how you shiver! There! There!" he said, softening, as he put his arm about her, "we'll go on the run, to keep you from getting cold—but, mind, I don't promise I'll stay—only I won't go this time."

It was a week after Robert's attempt to leave home, and Bertha was very sick. The fright and exposure of that terrible night had brought on a fever.

"I can't think how the child took such a cold," said Aunt Mary, as she came into the living-room one morning. "From the day she had that miserable chill she has been growing steadily worse. I'm worried about her, and so is the doctor. The poor child in her delirium imagines Robert is going away."

Grandma Macy let her knitting fall into her lap, folded her hands and looked sorrowfully into the fire.

"It's two years this month since her mother died," she said, softly. "Where's Robert?"

"Up stairs, with her—you can hardly get him out of the room. The boy is very fond of her. It's for her sake, I fancy, that he didn't leave home months ago." Aunt Mary little knew how nearly she had hit the truth.

Day after day dragged on and the fever did its work. Robert hardly gave himself time to eat, so anxious was he to be by his sister's bedside. He grew haggard, watching night and day—reproaching himself constantly.

"You'll stay now, wont't you, Robert?" she said, feebly, one day. "You won't leave the old home—you won't leave father alone? Father will be different when I—am gone."

"When you are gone—O Bertha!" said the boy, brokenly, "Do as I did when you begged me down there in the old depot, stay for my sake."

"If I could, dear—but it isn't as I say—and I want you to promise me never to leave poor father—and when the money comes—help him all you can, will you?"

"I'll do everything you ask me," sobbed the boy. "I'll give him all the money. I don't want it—without you."

"Don't you think," said Grandma Macy, very softly, one day, to Aunt Mary, "that there's a great change come over Jabez? He hasn't spoken a cross word to Robert since the little girl came down stairs. And the boy seems like another person—as willing and chipper about his work as can be."

And Robert was saying to Bertha, who sat, white as a lily, in her little splint rocker, by the window:

"I don't care how hard I work now, and I've told father he shall have enough of my money to make all the improvements he wants to. I shall never make a farmer, he sees that now, but I'll find something more to my liking. I have been idle and careless, and probably the money did have something to do with it, but I've changed all that.

"I made up my mind to it when I thought we were going to lose you. O Bertha, if you had died I should never have forgiven myself!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Danger in Choice Reading.

"Why on earth do you read such books?" said a sensible man a few evenings ago to a woman of highly sensitive and suffering organization, who had just been through the thousand pages of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa." "Such books are simple poison to you. You ought never to read a line of them." "What!" she answered, "do you think I shall be justified in keeping ignorant of the misery and degradation of millions of my fellow creatures?"

"Yes," was his answer, "the more ignorant of such things persons like you keep themselves, the surer their chance of being sunny and helpful influences in the world. The record of these horrors simply paralyzes you. It works on your sympathetic imagination till the whole head is sick or the whole heart is faint. At night you lie down, and in the morning you get up in darkest Africa. Had you spent your time in reading something beautiful and cheering you would have been healthier and happier and a hundred times more use to your husband, to your children and to society."

In the especial case in hand the man was right, and the case stands for thousands of like ones. Overwrought sensibility to the suffering side of life, and the gloomy spell this exerts over the imagination is an actual disease of the day. Numberless are the people whose constant aim in life ought to be to get away from the contemplation of distressing objects, and who should take as much pains as the florist with his roses to expand the broadest possible expanse of clear glass to the rays of the sun. Without sunshine, and plenty of it, they can never thrive. Just as some plants can flourish under the densest shade, while others mildew beneath it, so it is with different human organizations.—*Boston Herald.*

VICTORIA'S FAMILY NAME.—Many are puzzled in regard to Queen Victoria's name, some suppose it to be "Guelph," but that is not so. The members of Queen Victoria's family are Guelphs by descent. Her Majesty's marriage with Prince Albert would give her his surname, as is usual in such cases. And what was the family name of the Prince Consort? This same question was asked at a dinner party in London, attended by a number of personages of rank, some of whom were very near royalty, and not a soul of them could answer it except the propounder of the question. The name in question is "Wettin," and the dominion of Saxony came to this family in 1420. Therefore without her crown and kingdom, Queen Victoria would be simply "Mrs. Wettin."

Greece.

Prince George, of Greece, has been visiting the United States, and has made a good impression on the Americans by his intelligence, courtesy and modesty. This tour is presumably a part of his education, as he is still youthful, being born only in 1869. If he makes good use of his opportunities, the Prince will go back to Greece with a new store of knowledge and enlarged ideas that must stand him in good stead, whatever sphere of life he may hereafter fill. The fact that he represents the little kingdom, which, so many centuries ago rose to such a pinnacle of greatness, and left such an indelible stamp upon the life of civilized humanity, will assure Prince George a cordial welcome in the western world.

A public interest in the affairs of Greece will undoubtedly be aroused by his visit. Nearly sixty years ago, after a nine years' struggle, Greece finally threw off the Turkish yoke. The enlightened world at that time sympathized with a people whose valor proved them no degenerate descendants of the heroes who fought at Marathon and Salamis.

The progress of Greece, especially since 1857, has been marvellous. Before that, its progress was slow, owing to almost inseparable external and internal obstacles. Athens, its capital, has risen in population from 30,000 to over 100,000. Agriculture and commerce are now flourishing. The government is a republic in everything but in name. Universal manhood suffrage prevails. There is but one legislative chamber. That is directly chosen by the people, and to it the administration is at all times responsible.

There is at Athens a university with 100 professors and more than 2000 students. There is a system of public schools that any nation might envy. There are two grand art museums, stored with treasures of priceless value. One who has made a specailty of studying modern Greece, and has spent much time residing and travelling there says of Athens: "Probably in no city in Europe is there so large a number of booksellers' shops in proportion to the population, or so many newspapers in wide circulation."

Between Greece on the one hand and Britain and America on the other, there will always be a special bond of sympathy. The government of these countries have proved the capacity of mankind for enlightened liberty.

What Does It Mean?

"100 Doses One Dollar" means simply that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most economical medicine to buy, because it gives more for the money than any other preparation. Each bottle contains 100 doses and will average to last a month, while other preparations, taken according to directions, are gone in a week. Therefore, be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier.

—William Astor, of New York, enjoys an income of $23,695 a day; John D. Rockefeller's amounts to $18,715; Cornelius Vanderbilt's to $15,000, and Jay Gould's to $7,450.

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 ly

A Boy on a Farm.

It is quite likely that no country boy needs to be told about the life of a boy on a farm, but he may more truly realize his own importance by reading what Charles Dudley Warner says about him.

"It is my impression," says Mr. Warner, "that a farm without a boy would soon come to grief. What a boy does is the life of a farm. He is the factotum, always in demand and always expected to do the thousand and one things that nobody else will do. Upon him falls the odds and ends, the most difficult things. After everybody else is through he is to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to cook a good dinner than to wash the dishes afterwards.

"Consider what a boy on the farm is required to do—things that must be done, or life would actually stop. It is understood in the first place that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the postoffice and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as the centipede they would tire before night.

"He is the one who spreads the grass as the men cut it; he stows it away in the barn; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn up and down the hot weary rows; he brings wood and water and splits kindling; he gets up the horses and turns out the horses. Whether he is in the house or out of the house there is always something to do. Just before school in the winter he shovels paths, and in the summer he turns the grindstone.

"And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupation, he is an idle boy who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores. He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do all the chores, he thinks, and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world or was of much use as a man who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores."

The Locomotive to Go.

The enormous mass of extra dead weight due to the carrying of the boiler, fuel and water in the old locomotive will be entirely unnecessary in the railways of the future, which will be propelled electrically. Unquestionably the future electro-locomotion will show a motor on every axle, or at any rate upon two axles of each car, and every car running as a unit, in which case they can be run coupled together in a train or not as may be convenient. Oberlin Smith has entered a strong process against carrying this enormous dead weight of a locomotive for absolutely no purpose. We have the weight of the cars, plus the passengers or freight, for purposes of traction, even if we make our cars in future of lighter material.

In speaking of the lightness of the future conveyance by rail Mr. Smith says that we shall not only use steel and aluminum, but paper, India rubber and other fibrous substances, which will give us remarkably light cars, far beyond anything we now speak of practically. Just as a wheelbarrow is to a bicycle, so will our present clumsy cars be to the future ones. To have a big motor car loaded with tons of ballast to give a traction is following the path of steam locomotion; in all probability the necessary adhesion will soon be gained by electricity.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Half Way.

One summer afternoon, when Mrs. —— was very busy, her little daughter Annie was somewhat of a hindrance, so she said to her, "Annie dear, suppose you go to your papa's office and stay with him."

Always promptly obedient, Annie at once went. By-and-by her equally busy papa said to her, "Annie, I think you had better run home to mamma now."

Annie felt, with the unerring instincts of a child, that neither her mamma nor her papa wanted her.

Both hurt and perplexed, she settled the difficulty in her own mind by determining upon a half-way policy. Accordingly she seated herself quietly just half-way between her father's office and the house.

Presently the old grandmother, always on the lookout for the child, spied her sitting there flat on the ground, looking listless and disconsolate. Surprised and wondering at so unwonted a proceeding on Annie's part, she called to her, "Annie, child, what in the world are you sitting there for?"

The pent-up feelings of the little heart overflowed as she sobbed, "Well, grandma, mamma didn't want me and sent me to papa, and papa didn't want me and sent me back to mamma, and I thought I had better stay half-way between them, so I'm sitting here."—*Mid-Continent.*

Blood-Poisoning from Flies.

A most remarkable case is that of a fisherman living on the Illinois river, in Calhoun county. It was in the fall of 1888, when, in consequence of the low water and other unknown causes, a great many fish perished. They were thrown ashore, filling the air with their stench, and thousands of flies feasted upon them. This man was working on his nets at the time, barefooted and barearmed, as such men generally do—all around him flies were buzzing, and now and then would select his bare legs or arms as a resting place.

The man occasionally drove them away, scratching his legs when he felt an itching, but otherwise paid no attention to them. A few days later he commenced to feel very ill, a number of boils formed on his extremities, and he called in a physician, but died from blood-poisoning ultimately.

—"Why, now I cannot get enough to eat," says one lady who formerly had no appetite, but took Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mothers and Nurses.

All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhœa, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

—Instances are reported daily of people being killed by lightning because of taking refuge from the rain under trees. It cannot be too often stated that the shelter of a tree is the worst possible place in a thunder-storm.

—Minard's Liniment is the Best.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.