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# Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1890. NO. 12.



**JAMES J. RITCHIE,**

Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

*AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.*

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BRIDGETOWN.


## Poetry.

### A Bed Time Song.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See, where the fire logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland;
The winter rain on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim—
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light;
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger say "Good night,"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

### The Half-Way House.

I have entered the door of the half-way house,
That stands betwixt life and death,
And its walls are black with the terrible blight,
Of pain's corroding breath.

Its halls are narrow, and low, and long,
And ghostly phantoms fly,
At the sound of many a shuddering sob,
And many a quivering sigh.

There is never a window to let in light,
And never a gleam of sun,
For when we enter its low, sad door,
The days and the nights are one.

The days go by in a frenzied stream,
The nights in a wild despair,
And the only angel that enters here,
Is the pitiful one of prayer.

On the wings of prayer my feeble hands,
Will batter the thick walls down,
'Till often above the weight of the cross
I catch the gleam of a crown.

But again with a rush the fiends of pain
Will drag me back to earth.
While a helpless prisoner I am bound,
In the thralls of their heartless mirth.

As they torture, and scourge, and burn me o'er,
'Till I cry in a sad unrest
For the blessed calm of the welcome day,
When they fold my hands on my breast.

I know not how I shall leave this house,
By the door that I entered in,
Or the lower door that swings without,
From a world of sorrow and sin.

But howe'er it be, oh, lift me up,
Thou angel of peace and prayer,
And teach me anew the way to endure
The sorrows I have to bear!

—*Birch Arnold.*

## Select Literature.

### Faithful Fido.

I.

Committed for trial! A simple formula, but full of terrible significance. It means that a grave, sober-minded, experienced, and impartial magistrate, learned in the law and exceptionally conversant with *prima facie* evidence as regards criminal cases, entertains very serious doubts of the innocence of the unfortunate being then standing in his presence, and charged with the perpetration of an offense too heinous to be dealt with summarily. To a certain extent it is a sentence of condemnation. An individual who has so conducted himself as to incur the suspicion of guilt not only on the part of reputable witnesses, but also on that of the presiding magistrate, must at least have been strangely off his guard, and must altogether be a man in whose direction one would be unwise to place over-much confidence. There is only one exception to be made, and that is in a case of mistaken identity. Even then, perhaps, a stigma will attach itself forever to the victim of adverse appearance. The stain will never be quite effaced. The world will still eye him askance, and few of his previous acquaintances will care to be seen in his company in places of public resort. A respectable and innocent man, against whom a Grand Jury has found a true bill, is, of course, in a still worse plight, for he is, socially, condemned for life. He may escape imprisonment; he may be told by the judge who has tried him that he leaves the court with unsullied reputation; his friends and relatives may crowd around him and shake him heartily by the hand as he steps out of the dock; but never again will he hold up his head among his neighbours—never again will he be welcomed to their hearth and table as in days that went before his calamity. He cannot get over the fact that he has been accused of a gross violation of the laws of the land; that he has been deemed capable of committing that particular crime; that he has been, possibly, denied the privilege of bail, and has been locked up in a House of Detention, as though he were, in very truth, a malefactor. That frightful burr will stick to him to his dying day. The memory of it will follow him to the grave; and when his neighbours read the newly engraven inscription on his tombstone they will whisper, one to another, their long smouldering doubts as to the rightfulness of his acquittal. This prologue would be more appropriate as an epilogue; but thoughts that burn are the readiest to find words that breathe, and whoso reads the story of the little episode in my life which, with trembling hand, I am about to describe, will perchance not wonder at the emotion evoked by a reminiscence that haunts me by night and by day, though, in truth, I have neither been imprisoned nor actually committed for trial.

My name is William Hamilton. On attaining my twenty-first birthday I succeeded to a small inheritance bequeathed to me by my father, of sufficient amount to deprive me of the best motive for exertion, though not large enough to excuse absolute idleness in one whose tastes were somewhat fastidious and expensive. Dabbling mildly in light literature, combined with desultory raids into journalism I was enabled to ride my few hobbies without incurring debt, and while living well within my income. At the time to which I am about to refer, and which is not very remote, I was a little over twenty-six years of age, the golden era of manhood when not adulterated with any base alloy. My chief friend and ordinary companion was many years my senior, indeed, he was not unfrequently taken to be my father; but this was partly due to the kindly gravity of his demeanor, touched with a softening ray of sadness. He was the head of an important department in one of the Government offices, and possessed, in addition to a comfortable salary, private property to a considerable extent. His father, the late Admiral Sir John Boyle, had seen a good deal of service at one time and another, and had contrived to save more money than usually falls to the lot of naval officers, not generally the most provident of mankind. Him I never saw, nor yet his only daughter, who, as I afterwards learned, died in giving birth to her first-born child, a bouncing boy with quite a crop of hair. On the death of her husband, a few years later, my friend had taken charge of the little urchin, and brought him up as his own son. He was, I believe, tenderly attached to the youngster, who turned out altogether unworthy of his kindness, and repaid his constant good offices with shocking ingratitude and treachery. Shortly before I became acquainted with John Boyle, his nephew, Stephen Jervis—at that time about twenty-two, which was also my own age—was caught by him in the middle of the night in the act of forcing open a *secretaire*, in which he had locked up a considerable sum of money while talking to Stephen; for naturally he could not suspect the young man of having descended to such a depth of infamy as to be capable of robbing his benefactor. The guilty wretch was incontinently shipped off to the colonies at his uncle's expense, who likewise arranged with a bank at Melbourne to pay him two guineas a week until such time as he should show himself worthy of being again taken into favor. In the meanwhile it was understood that no allusion of any kind was to be made to the absent scapegrace; and, for my part, as he was a perfect stranger to myself, I never felt the slightest desire to break through this tacit undertaking.

Boyle and myself lived in the expensive region known as Westbournia, in different streets, but within a few minutes walk of each other. We were, both of us, bachelors, and apparently—at all events, so far as he was concerned—without any intention or desire to add to our respective responsibilities. Of the two I was thought the more likely to take the leap in the dark, because I had no living pets of any kind, and in a querulous, impatient, blundering sort of way, tried to manage my own small household, whereas my friend indulged in a housekeeper and in a little dog. Fido was a black-and-tan terrier with a strain of the Italian greyhound, which imparted a singular grace and airiness to all his movements, and he was seldom at rest except when coiled around and fast asleep on my knees. Next to his master, whom he certainly preferred to all other human beings, he loved me more than any of the frequenters of that hospitable house. I say so not from vanity or conceit, but because everybody knows that it was so, and because subsequent events caused him to transfer his allegiance to myself. At this moment he is watching me from his little round wadded basket, which, when I am writing, is always placed on the table in front of me. In that position he will remain watchful and contented as long as I am engaged in scribbling; but no sooner do I take up the pen-wiper than, with a sharp shrill bark, he springs out of his lair, jumps down on the floor, and capers about in wild delight, for then the time has come for a walk if there be neither rain nor snow, and, in any case, for a game of romps.

It had become an almost invariable custom with John Boyle to give cozy little dinner-parties twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday. To my dying day I shall see, as clearly as though reflected in a mirror, the minutest incident connected with the last of those social gatherings. On the occasion to which I refer, there were three guests besides myself, for he affected odd numbers, and was fond of repeating the somewhat free French translation of the old Latin phrase, "*Deus numero impari gaudet—Le numero deux se rejouit d'etre impair.*" Next to myself sat George Heneage, vaguely described as a rising barrister; and on the other side of the table his brother Henry, a keen clear-headed solicitor with a large practice, and a man whom I never liked, and whom I now detest, named James Barclay, in the same department of the public service as our kindly host. Everything seemed to go wrong that day. The fish was overboiled, the *entrees* were detestable, the joint half raw, the guinea-fowl scorched and shrivelled, and, finally, the sherry was corked, the claret cold and flat, and the port had been shaken—at all events, that is what I seem to recollect. Boyle himself was strangely silent and depressed, and, so long as the servant was in the room, scarcely uttered a word. Conversation was consequently constrained and spasdomic—the more so that Barclay appeared to think it incumbent on him to imitate the melancholy mood of him who certainly could not that day be called our entertainer. After the wine had gone twice round, Boyle suddenly rose from his chair and, with a few words of apology, left the room, promising to return in a few minutes, and begged us to excuse his momentary absence.

"The old man seems upset and out of sorts," remarked the barrister. "Has anything of a disagreeable nature happened at the office?" he asked of Barclay.

"Nothing whatever, to my knowledge," the latter replied, "but I observed an air of depression when I went into his room at an early hour. He hardly listened to what I was saying, and answered me at cross purposes. When I advised him to go home and lie up for the day, he looked at me with a sad expression, and murmured, "Who shall administer to a mind diseased?" Presently he pulled himself together, and said, with a forced smile, "I shall be all right as soon as I have had my lunch. The fact is, I received some very unwelcome news this morning which spoiled my appetite, and lost me my breakfast.'"

"Ah!" exclaimed the solicitor. "He must have heard from that rascally nephew of his. I hope to goodness the fellow is not coming back to England."

"What if he has already arrived?" I suggested, for the sake of saying something, and because I hate to be left out in the cold.

At that moment the door opened, and Boyle returned to his seat. He held in his hand a sheet of paper, on which a few lines were apparently written, and his face was as white as the paper, though it wore a resolute and almost defiant look. Hastily tossing off a glass of wine, he handed the paper to the solicitor, and, in a tone of assumed carelessness, asked if it were all right. Heneage started, and fixed his sharp eyes upon myself; but as I met his gaze without flinching, he gave back the paper, and dryly answered:

"Ye-es. I daresay it is right enough from a legal point of view; but—"

"That is all I want to know," said Boyle, with an abruptness quite unusual to him, and which made us all uncomfortable; but the next moment he laid his hand softly upon Heneage's arm, and almost whispered, "Bear with me, old friend. I am not quite myself to-day. I will tell you all about it another time. I am quite myself, however, in one sense. I am sitting here clothed and in my right mind, and perfectly understand the purport and meaning of the few lines I have just written upon this paper, to which I am about to affix my signature, which I shall request Barclay and George Heneage to attest in due form."

He then asked me to bring him pen and ink from a small fancy davenport, which stood in the corner of the room, and then, calling upon us to charge our glasses in honor of his adopted son and heir, he read aloud the memorandum which had excited our curiosity:

"This is the last will and testament of me, John Boyle, at present residing at No. 9 Cheshire villas, in the parish of Paddington, Middlesex. I hereby give, devise, and bequeathe, all and singular, my property and effects, of what nature or kind soever, of or to which I may be possessed or entitled, unto my dear friend and adopted son, William Hamilton, for his own absolute use and benefit; and I hereby appoint the said William Hamilton sole executor of this my will. Dated this twentieth day, etc."

The astonishment with which three of us listened to this extraordinary document may be easily imagined. For myself, I could scarce believe the evidence of my own ears, and sat speechless, and as one half awakened from a dream. What first recalled me to myself was the malignant and diabolical expression that distorted the usual serene countenance of James Barclay. The civilized man had gone under—the savage was once more in the ascendant. I took in at a glance the false position in which I should be placed among Boyle's friends and associates through envy and disappointed expectations. Besides, I was never a covetous man, and, as I have already remarked, my income was quite as large as was good for me. Should I chance to want more, I felt that I could earn it without very much difficulty. Trying in vain to clear my throat and steady my voice I implored my friend to tear up the paper; and while he, smiling sadly, shook his head, I begged the witnesses not to attest his signature, to compel him to wait until at least he had recovered his ordinary spirits, and to spare me the constraint I must always feel thereafter in the company of one whose friendship I should appear to many to have shamefully abused. The barrister shrugged his shoulders, and quietly remarked: "I wished I had half your complaints, old fellow." Barclay, however, in a sneering, sarcastic manner, objected to mock heroics and tinsel sentimentality. "A man does not necessarily die," he continued, "because he has made his will. Sometimes, no doubt, a curious coincidence ensues, but that is not likely to happen in your case. There are such things, too, as codicils. Besides, Boyle may outlive you, or he may change his mind a dozen times. He may take to himself a wife, and surround himself with any number of olive-branches. I will sign my name with pleasure, and hope you will make a good use of the money when you get it."

Boyle was evidently somewhat pained by the bitterness of Barclay's tone, and by the undisguised ill-feeling he manifested toward myself. The Heneages exchanged significant glances, but said nothing, while I remained silent and stupefied. The strange memorandum was then signed and witnessed, and committed to the safe custody of Henry Heneage, the solicitor. If conversation had flagged during dinner, it died away altogether after the completion of this unexpected interlude. Our host made two or three futile attempts to rally himself, but finding that no one seconded him, he told us good-humouredly that we were the dullest people he had ever met with. We neither drank nor talked, we neither laughed nor made him laugh, and from choice, he thought he would as soon be in bed. Then we all rose, and, shaking him by the hand, hoped he would be all right after a good night's rest. As we went out into the street, I overheard Boyle half whisper to the solicitor, "Stephen is in London."

"I feared as much," replied the other, in a low but clear voice; "call upon me to-morrow as you go to office—or still better, come and breakfast with us"—for the brothers lived together. I heard no more, but when the door had closed, I said to Henry, "I really could not help it, but I overheard what Boyle said to you. For heaven's sake, persuade him to cancel that will, and make a natural provision for his nephew." He made no reply beyond pressing my hand, and the three went off together in one direction, while I hurried home with my mind in a whirl, and my thoughts in an inextricable tangle.

II.

One bright spot, however, did gleam on the horizon. Happy as I ought to have been, I was not quite contented with my lot. There were times when fancy conjured up, on the other side of my heart, a certain bright joyous face, with the merriest smile and the whitest teeth in the world. That I could maintain a wife in reasonable comfort, I never doubted; but about a family? I have always objected to dealing with unknown quantities, and abhor all algebraic symbols from the bottom of my heart. Moreover I professed, in those days, to be somewhat of a Malthusian—at least in my writings—neither was I at all confident that the young lady's parents would look benignly upon a suitor whose income, all told, seldom attained to £700 a year, and one-third of that precarious. Great expectations might make all the difference, and Benedict might end by being benedict. These speculations murdered sleep. I tossed and tumbled from side to side. I threw off the counterpane and pulled it up again. I sprang out of bed, walked about the room in light attire, drank several glasses of water, and at last, in despair, determined to dress and go out for a long walk in the cool air of a summer morning.

My little bedroom timepiece had just stuck five as I completed my hasty toilet. There was a sound of hurried footsteps on the pavement, and then, almost immediately, came a fierce scratching at my street door, accompanied by a most pitiful whining. A sudden chill struck at my heart. Undoing the fastenings with a degree of nervousness of which even at the moment I felt half ashamed, I opened the door, and little Fido rushed in and crouched at my feet in abject supplication. He then set up a dismal howl, which went through me like a sharp sword, and, suddenly ceasing, caught my trousers in his teeth, and began to drag me toward the door. Snatching down a hat from the hall-stand, I at once yielded, and with rapid strides, tried in vain to keep up with the dog, who who would every now and then turn back and pull at me, and then gallop on again. At the corner of the street I met a policeman whom I knew by sight, and with whom I occasionally exchanged a few words. Though somewhat afraid that he would laugh at my fears, I stopped to tell him how anxious Fido seemed that I should go to his master's house. While I was speaking, the little dog came running back to us, and tugged now at one, now at the other. "Blest if there ain't something up there!" the constable exclaimed—a little to my satisfaction, I confess—and went off with me at a round pace toward Cheshire villas. On the way we had to pass a house, hideous by night by reason of a red light over the door, and almost instinctively, I pulled at the night-bell. The policeman, instead of grinning, nodded approval, and continued to follow the dog. To my intense relief an upper window was instantly thrown open, and the surgeon made his appearance, dressed for the day.

"For heaven's sake," I cried, "come on as quickly as you can to Mr. Boyle's house, No. 9, Cheshire villas. He is either very ill, or something dreadful has happened."

"Very well," he answered sharply. "I am coming as fast as I can; but Mr. Boyle is not the only sick person in the neighborhood."

I felt annoyed and angry, but was in no mood to waste time at such a moment. Swallowing my rising choler, I ran on and overtook the policeman just as Fido darted down a side road which led to the back of Boyle's house. Surprised, but without hesitation, we went after our guide, who made several futile attempts to spring on to the garden wall, which was higher on the outer than on the inner side. Accepting this discomfiture, Fido sidled up to me, as though begging me to lift him up. Jones, the policeman, being the taller of the two, took him out of my arms and lifted him up to the top of the wall, whither he himself scrambled with my assistance, and then, sitting astride, helped me to attain the same eminence. The puffy little surgeon, who had kept us in view, now arrived, panting, on the scene, and between us, we pulled him up also. It was easy enough to drop down into the garden. Poor Fido was impatiently awaiting us at the back door, which was wide open. Again he led the way, I next to him, and the policeman almost close to my side. On reaching the hall I made a dash at the bedroom stairs, but Fido whined, and threw himself against the door of Boyle's library and usual sitting-room when alone. There we found him, lying on his face, his skull horribly shattered. The deadly weapon had been flung down carelessly after it had done its accursed work, and was lying across his legs. It was a heavy war-club from one of the South Sea Islands, taken from a rack over the mantelpiece charged with the arms of savage people. He was quite dead, and must have been so for several hours. His watch was missing, and the *secretaire* was open, the papers within having been much tumbled about.

"Can you give me any clue, sir?" asked the policeman.

"None whatever," I replied; but as I spoke my thoughts flew off to Stephen Jervis. "We must send at once for the Heneages," I continued. "But how is it none of the servants are moving? They must have heard our steps."

"Likely enough," answered Jones; "and we shall find them under their beds."

I went to the door to call to them, but Walters, the surgeon, intercepted me, and said, with a determined manner:

"No; you don't leave this room. Policeman, take this man into custody! I charge him with the murder of the deceased gentleman."

For a moment I stood rooted to the spot. Then it struck me that the little man, of whom I knew nothing whatever, had been making a night of it, as the saying is, and was talking at random.

"Stand aside!" I cried somewhat imperiously. "This is no time for fooling. We must send off one of the servants immediately to the police station and another to poor Boyle's solicitor; he may be able to put us on the right scent."

Instead of giving way to me, the little idiot planted his barrel of a carcase in the doorway, and again called upon Jones to do his duty and make me a prisoner. Thus adjured a second time, the policeman asked him if he had any grounds for suspecting me.

"Grounds of suspicion!" he exclaimed. "I have proofs—proofs that will bring him to the gallows! Listen to me. I had been sitting up all night with a patient, and had just got home and undressed, when a tremendous pull at my bell made me throw up the window and look out. There on the pavement, staring up at me, stood the fellow, his face swollen with passion, and, now I come to think of it, dressed somewhat differently from what he is at present. He struck me as being rather seedy, and he wore a sailor's widewake instead of a hat; but I could swear to him among a thousand. 'Come down directly!' he shouted, with a husky voice. "There has been foul play at No. 9 Cheshire villas. I am off for a policeman," and with that he went off like a shot; but I also observed that little dog flying at him furiously, though he seemed to take no notice of the brute beyond kicking at him sideways while speaking to me. The dog followed him when he again started off at a run. Before I could get my clothes on he was again pulling at my bell; but in the meantime he had changed his dress and put on a hat. For all that I recognized him at a glance" "Where did you get those things?" he asked.

I was quite cool and self-possessed, for now I was convinced that the murderer was Stephen and no other other. So I answered, with perfect good temper:

"I am Mr. Hamilton. I reside at No 17 Devonshire road, not very far from your house. Fido and I are old friends. I was going out for a walk, and had barely opened the door when he dashed in and made me come here. I was fortunate enough to meet Jones almost directly, and told him how anxious the dog seemed that I should go with him. He at once turned back with me, and we knocked you up, to be provided against the worst. Would a murderer have acted in that way?"

"I really don't know," he replied, "This is the first time I have ever had to do with one, and I hope it may be the last. You have effrontery enough for a dozen; but Tom Walters is not easily imposed upon."

"Well Mr. Walters," said I, still good-humouredly, "I am quite willing to constitute myself a prisoner, and shall give Jones no trouble whatever; but will you call the servants, and especially Mrs. Davis, the housekeeper? Their rooms are on the second floor above this."

I walked across the room to Jones, who laid hold of my cuff after the manner of his race, and the Doctor began to shout up the staircase loud enough to awaken the dead. But there was no answer.

"This is a rummy go," said Jones; and I, too, felt uneasy and sick at heart.

Go up to them man," I cried, to Walters. "Break in in the door of their rooms if they won't open to you.',

"They're afraid of housebreakers," sententiously remarked Jones. "That's about where it is."

"Help! Help!" screamed the little man; and we both rushed up stairs—the policeman forgetting, in the excitement of the moment, that I was supposed to be in his custody. The fact is, he never believed I was guilty, and stuck to his belief stoutly. The house-keeper's room was empty, and it was evident that the bed had not been slept in; but in the adjoining chamber an appalling scene awaited us. The cook, who slept in the little bed close to the door, looked—except for the leaden hue of death—as though she still slept. She had been stabbed to the heart, and had died without a struggle. The other girl had been awakened, but too late to defend herself successfully. She had, however, made some sort of resistance, for there were wounds on her hands and arms, and in her throat, with marks of fingers, as if she had been partially strangled. In her case, also, the *coup de grace* had been a blow aimed directly at her heart; but, unlike the cook, her eyes were starting from their sockets, and her features were distorted with horror. The murderer had then washed his hands in one of the basins, and wiped them dry upon a towl. For a brief space we were all three too awe-stricken to utter a word. The wretched little Doctor was the first to recover his voice. Thrusting his hand into my collar, and half throttling me, he shouted:

"You villain, you shall not escape me! Were you twice as big and strong as you are, I will drag you to the gallows, and hang you with my hands."

With a sudden effort, I flung him off.

"You —— fool," I cried, "if you don't keep your hands to yourself, I'll pitch you over the baluster. If you want to be of use, go off to the station and tell the Inspector to come at once with a couple of his best men. Now, Jones, let us search fer Mrs. Davis. She is probably hiding in her own parlour, next to the kitchen."

Idiot as he was, Walters had sense enough to see that I was right about giving information at the police station, and started off at a brisk trot, after being enjoined by Jones not to say a word to anybody he might meet on the road, not even to a constable. We then proceeded to look for the housekeeper, after drawing a sheet off poor Boyle's bed to lay over him. I forgot to mention that we had lain him on the couch, with faithful Fido at his feet, who every now and again uttered a low subdued howl of anguish. Mrs. Davis was neither in the kitchen nor in her own sitting-room, but had been struck down in the dining-room into which she had apparently fled for her life. She had been stabbed twice in the back, close to the spine, and death may have been accelerated by horror.

Up to this time the excitement had enabled me to bear up, the necessity for action preventing me from realizing what had actually happened. But now that all was known, and yet nothing could be done until the Inspector arrived, I turned sick, and fell fainting into a chair. With the instinct of a sleuth-hound Jones darted at the side-board, upon which stood a decanter of brandy, half empty, and beside it a tumbler that had been recently used. He had too much good feeling to give me anything in that glass, but taking another from the dinner-wagon, he poured down my throat a dose that nearly choked me, but quickly restored me to myself. The rest he tossed off in two gulps, and smacked his lips.

"As good stuff as I ever tasted in my life," he remarked; and neither of us said another word until a cab stopped at the door.

"Thank God!" I cried. "There they are at last."

"Good!" he grunted, "That sounds honest; but there's no knowing."

(*Concluded on fourth page.*)

### Poetic Sentiment.

To apply the poetic words "a medicine that's able to breathe life into a stone" to B. B. B. savors of exaggeration, but considering its countless cures and wonderful work even exaggeration seems justifiable if it convinces those who hesitate to try B. B. and be cured.

—A free fight occurred at Ellsworth, Maine, on June 10th, in which pistols and clubs were freely used and a large number were injured. The occasion was a dispute between some of the residents of the town and some of the employees of Robbins' circus which exhibited on that day.

### The Moon's Influence

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

### Rapid Transit on the Prairie.

H. L. Earle, who is connected with the Judson Pneumatic Company, has recently been in Dakota, and told a New York *Press* reporter of an invention that he saw there. "There is a genius out there," said he, "who has invented a sailing apparatus for a wagon and sweeps over the prairies with it at the rate of sixty to seventy miles an hour. He says he can go up to eighty or a hundred miles, but I wouldn't want to risk myself at even the lowest speed. I sailed with him at about forty miles an hour, and that was rapid enough for me. He has just the skeleton of a buggy with a seat on it. The shafts are turned backward, so that his knees strike them as he sits on the seat, and he can shift the direction of the wheels by his knees. He has a brake right in front of him to operate by hand, and the sail is on a mast right over the lynch pin of the front gear. Old Professor Jasper used to say, 'The sun do move.' I tell you that wagon do move. The sail operates exactly as if it was on a boat, and by tacking you get the effects of boating."

### Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invarably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Drs. deBlois & Primrose, Bridgetown, and Dr. Morse, Lawrencetown.

—St. John has now a steamship line connecting this port with London, one running to the West Indies and South America, two to New York and ports in Maine, and one to Boston and ports in Maine. Half a dozen steamships ply regularly between St. John and other ports on the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia coast, while the river boats connect the city with Fredericton and with the towns and villages on the St. John and its tributaries. This has long been an important port for sailing ships. It is becoming an important place for steam shipping even without the increasing crop of tramp steamers.—*St. John Sun.*

### Tichborne, K. & P. R. R. Co.

"I take pleasure in certifying that I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family for years and find it a sure cure for diarrhœa and summer complaint both for children and adults." MRS. JOHN MCMAHON, Tichborne, Ont.

—Accounts from Berlin describe the people of that city as living in a silent terror. Not a man dares to say or write what he thinks, still less print. But there is a feeling that the peace of Germany and of Europe hangs on a thread, and that that thread is the caprice or impulse of the youthful ruler, who believes himself not only divinely seated on the throne, but divinely inspired.