BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

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

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

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

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension OF TIME

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

Extension of Time.

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

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

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

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

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

New Stoves!

R. ALLEN CROWE

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

RANGES & COOK STOVES,

Parlor and Hall Stoves,

TOVE PIPE,
SHEET ZINC,
LEAD PIPING,
SINKS, OVEN MOUTHS,
ASH PITS, PUMPS,
MASLIN KETTLES

LANTERNS, GRANITE IRON WARE,
STOVE BOARDS,
COAL HODS,
FIRE SETTS,
TIN WARE,

and all articles usually kept in a

FIRST-CLASS TIN SHOP.

Jobbing a specialty.

R. ALLEN CROWE.

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

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

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.

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

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

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

HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager, St. John.

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

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

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

GEORGE HOYT,
W. J. HOYT,
Administrators.

Bridgetown, Sept. 24th 1890. 6m.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent, United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1883.

CARD

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MIDDLETON, - - N. S.

Office in A. BEALS' STORE.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1891. NO. 41.

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.

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

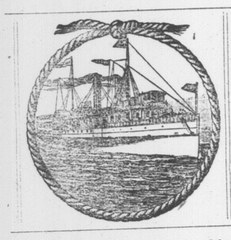
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

International S.S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK.

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.



FOR BOSTON.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 3rd,

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

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

Also FREIGHT billed through at extremely low rates.

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

C. E. LAECHER, Agent St. John.

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

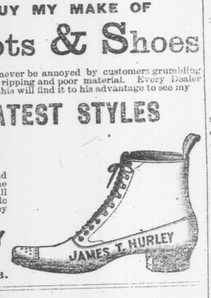
R. A. CARDER, Agent at Annapolis.

BUY MY MAKE OF

Boots & Shoes

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

LATEST STYLES



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

JAMES T. HURLEY

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,

23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

W. H. BANNISTER,

Optician,

—GRADUATE—

New York Optical College,

136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

BARGAINS

—IN—

FURNITURE

—AT—

Reed's Factory.

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

GREATLY REDUCED RATES

PARLOR, BED-ROOM, DINING-ROOM, SITTING-ROOM,

And Kitchen Furniture.

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

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

HECTOR McLEAN,
ROBERT BATH,
Assignees.

Song little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Ross, Toledo, Ohio. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown. Particulars free. Address at once, Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

PRODUCE.

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

—RECEIVERS OF—

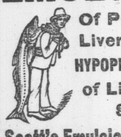
Apples, Plums, Pears, Eggs, Butter, Live Stock, Vegetables,

in fact, everything in the way of Country Produce.

FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.,

Foot of Bell's Lane, Halifax, N.S.

SCOTT'S EMULSION



Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Scott's Emulsion is only put up in salmon color wrapper. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

FRANK E. VIDITO,

DEALER IN

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

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

My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.

Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM

CURES COLDS, COUGHS AND HOARSENESS, ETC.

Poetry.

Content.

Be not content. Contentment means inaction;
The growing soul aches on its upward quest.
Satiety is twin to satisfaction;
All great achievements spring from life's unrest.

The tiny roots, deep in the dark mould hiding,
Would never bless the earth with leaf and flower,
Were not an an inborn restlessness abiding
In seed and germ to stir them with it's power.

Were man contented with his lot forever,
He had not sought strangers as with sails unfurled;
And the vast wonder of our shores had never
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented;
There is a healthful restfulness of soul
By which a mighty purpose is augmented
In urging men to reach a higher goal.

So when the restless impulse rises, driving
Your calm content before it, do not grieve;
It is the upward reaching and the striving
Of the God in you, to achieve, achieve!

The Song She Sang.

A sweet face, like a white rose blooming
From out the pale gold hair which caught the gleam
Of the lights glancing in the green arched chancel,
On Christmas eve shone on me like a dream,
And through the organ music softly swelling,
I heard her voice in gentle accent ring—
"The earth in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing."

And my heart hushed in stillness listened—listened—
As if an angel really voiced the song,
"Oh, ye, who 'neath life's weary load bend low,
Look up." The dear old hymn ran sweetly on,
And the fair singer's clear eyes met mine, slowly.
Ah, was there sympathetic lingering
In the soft notes that followed? "Rest ye weary
Beside the road, and hear the angels sing."

Perhaps it was mere fancy; but the message
Seemed from her soul to mine—
A white-winged dove of peace—and my heart prayeth
That always there may shine
About her days the light of love unfading
As now, in her life's spring,
And ever through her years may steal the music
"The blessed angels sing,"

—*Mary Knapp.*

Select Literature.

Master of His Fate.

(London Society.)

"It has certainly been marrying in haste!"

"They are both young," the vicar answered, watching his wife untie her packet of wedding cake, half absently. "They will have time to grow into each other's ways, my dear, if there is a little jarring at first."

"Hm!" Mrs Lonsdale's expression spoke volumes, and then she spread the white paper out absently and ate a crumb or two of Gunter's last production in the indigestible. "Ethel's is the finer character of the two, and she is stronger mentally. That is not as things should be. A woman should be able to look up to her husband in every respect, if the marriage is to be happy."

"My dear, that is heresy! The Shrieking Sisterhood should hear you! 'This is where we shall confine you one day,' she said to me when we went to the Ladies' Gallery on Friday, 'and we shall be below.' I told her the thought gave me nothing but pleasure.

"But about Ethel? They were so perfectly happy that something frightened me. That is pessimistic, I know, only one could not bear to think of such love and happiness ever knowing decay. What will she do when the glamor wears off? And I hope he has not inherited his father's weakness. Bert is a kindly, good-tempered fellow, but Ethel has put him on a pedestal—"

"My dear, she will love him all the same, even when he comes down. It is women's way, Heaven bless them! Come, give me a piece of the sugar."

The above dialogue, spoken on Ethel Carnegie's wedding day, may form the prologue to the story which really began when Herbert Mandeville brought home his beautiful wife to the town house, which had been newly furnished in Maple's latest style for her reception. The course of true love had, for once, run so smoothly that it seemed a direct contradiction to all poetical and romantic precedent, and, when Ethel passed over her husband's threshold, it might have been thought, humanly speaking, that she was as likely to "live happy ever after" as were the fairy heroines of old, satisfactorily married to the prince after two chapters of hair-breadth adventure. Hubert was rich, he was good-tempered, he was handsome and healthy, and he had the good spirits which naturally go with these blessings, and he had married the prettiest girl in the county and the only love of his life. There had not been a word to say, nor an objection to be found, when, after only a week's brief wooing in one glorious August, he went to Ethel's guardian and asked leave to wed her. "Too short a time—they did not know each other!" Who heeded any time to love Ethel? Not know each other? They had known each other on the very first day they met. They felt they had been kindred souls, in some mysterious way, all their loves! And this impatient lover wanted to be married in October, and after all carried his point.

Ethel sometimes trembled at the thought of her own happiness, even as the vicar's wife had done. She loved her husband with the adoring fondness of a romantic and finely-sprung disposition, and more, with the intense devotion of which only nature such as hers are capable. To her he was everything, and she gifted him with fine and noble attributes, of which honest, cheerful Bert was thoroughly ignorant.

And so two years, cloudless in their happiness, passed, and the third began. Had the glamor worn off the pretty love story of either husband or wife? We are told that love is of man's life a thing apart, and it is certainly true that to Hubert first came a little toning down of the lofty strain, that, though he loved his pretty wife dearly still, he was scarcely now the devoted lover of two years ago. Golf had its attractions still, a fresher delight after his divided attention. It was the same with his fishing and shooting, and his work at the home farm about three miles from town. And just about these times he took to following the hounds, and was growing altogether into the country gentleman, and the thoroughly contented, commonplace married man. Ethel was too sensible to fret over the change; her only regret was that now he had no time to read the new books and reviews, or to take her up to town in the season; indeed, the new books and reviews had always been rather a thorn in the flesh to Hubert, and only Ethel's presence, while he got through them, and her bright, eager interest had made them tolerable at all. Now he let all literature, except the *Sporting News* and the *Farmer's Gazette*, drift into the desert of what he would do when he had time, and he declared now that Ethel must do the intellectuality for them both. He was not, and never would be, a clever fellow, she knew that!

She looked at him a little wistfully as he spoke, and perhaps was rather silent during that evening, but she made no murmur, and took just as much interest in his pursuits as ever. It was some time after this that he came home one night and told her that O'Connel had asked him to a bachelor dinner—there was to be no end of good fun. She remembered O'Mally? O'Mally was to be there, and some other Irishmen, over for the great Golf medal, on the 3rd.

"And no ladies?" Ethel queried disappointedly. "Why isn't it very stupid, Bert? I know I should hate a dinner party without men.

"Oh, that's a different thing, my dear," he said, with rather a lord of creation air.

"Men's dinner parties are always splendid. We can let ourselves go, without the presence of 'woman, lovely woman,' just for a variety, you know."

The words hardly sounded like him. Ethel thought they sounded more like O'Connel, and she did not care for O'Connel. Perhaps rather unwisely, she told him so then, and Bert frowned.

"Ethel, I thought you were above prejudice!"

"I don't think it is prejudice," she said slowly; "I think it is instinct."

"Oh, yes, trust a woman to make excuse. Everything is instinct with her. She jumps at a conclusion at which we take days to arrive, and then turns round calmly with her instinct theory. Humbug, I say!"

"Very well, I shall give up the instinct," she said, and rubbed her soft face against his tweed sleeve caressingly. "After all, you big strong man,—you could crush me, couldn't you, Bert, with your finger?—you ought to know better than a little bit of a woman?"

He certainly thought he should, on this point, so did not negative her words, and he did not perceive any pain in the loving look of the earnest, dark blue eyes.

On the night of O'Connel's dinner party Ethel was tired after a long ride, and she went to bed early. She slept so soundly that she did not hear her husband come in, and next day he told her he had not disturbed her, it was so late, but had gone to the blue room, where, by the by, he slept heavily till lunch time. It was after that night that things grew different by slow degrees. Bert seemed rather irritable about trifles, he was impatient of questioning, and Ethel wondered sometimes if he was well; his fresh, ruddy color was not so bright, and his spirits were variable. He was a great deal with O'Connel, too; sometimes they would go off days together, and then, if she remonstrated or teased him half-laughingly, saying he was deserting her, he would quote O'Connel's words about "petticoat government," leaving Ethel with a half-puzzled, half-pained look in her happy face. And then one night the answer to her puzzle over the change in her husband came to her with the shock of a horrible revelation.

He had been dining with O'Connel as usual, and Ethel, finding he had left his latchkey, told the butler she would wait up for Mr. Mandeville; she was not sleepy, and she had a good novel—the servants might all go to bed. He bowed with the imperturbability of a good servant, and she was left alone in the bright little study which faced the street, a cheerful fire burning, and a little spirit lamp hissing near the supper tray. Ethel looked round the cosey room, hung with guns and fishing tackle, and the family portraits of some fine pigeons, and wondered she had not thought of sitting up for him before—it must be dull coming in to find the house wrapped in silence, and he never cared to eat alone. She leant back her golden head in the low chair, and let the novel fall in her lap. In a little he would be sitting opposite her, his handsome length and breadth of limb stretched out in the Russian leather armchair. He looked so handsome in his evening dress, her big, good-looking husband! And then, lulled by the warmth, she fell asleep, and was roused by slow, dragging footsteps coming up the stone stairs leading to the door. That could not be Bert, his tread rang brisk and sure; but who could it be at that hour? She heard 2 o'clock strike from the little jewelled clock, as she rose hastily and looked through the venetians. Why, yes, it was Bert, and he was fumbling in his pocket, his face bent. Was he ill? In a moment she had slipped out and had opened the door, a radiant vision in her soft cashmere dressing gown, trimmed with white fur, with her fair hair hanging down in two Marguerite plaits.

"You did not expect——" she began, and then stopped, for he did not seem to hear or see her.

"Shut the door, John," he said thickly—"shut it, you fool!" and then, still with that slow and halting step, he passed on and entered the study. Ethel followed, a deathly chill passing over her, as if the November night air had caught her in its embrace, and she entered the bright room and stood waiting at the door, watching him. Was that her husband? That man? Her husband was tall and straight, and and looked you full in the face from a pair of blue, laughing eyes; he held himself peculiarly erect—he walked as Saul might have walked, knowing himself, that proud head and shoulders, over all other men! And—who was this?—his evening coat fumbled and soiled—there was mud upon it—his hair tossed and untidy, his eyes vacant and bloodshot—who stood irresolutely by the table, his hand resting upon a decanter, and it was a hand that shook like an old man's.

"Bert!"

The word came like a whisper, and he turned and faced her with a start, and then they stood looking at each other—Ethel, who had sworn to love and honor this man, who had degraded his proud manhood to thi likelihood—he, stupidly and crossly.

"Well?" he said. "What are you doing? Why are you spying upon me?"

She did not answer at once. The color had left her face; it was like a mask, with its widely opened, horrified eyes, and its look of realization of what life might bring. And then his tone and look changed, and he approached, and would have touched her.

"You are the prettiest girl in town, Ethel," he said, his voice choked and unlike itself. "Come here and kiss me, my bonnie little wife! Don't you know your husband, Ethel, that you look like that."

"No, no—not like this!" she said with an irrepressible shudder. "Oh, my God, I don't know him like this!" and then she wrenched herself from his hold, and stood waiting there for him, till he came and leant on her shoulder, and they went slowly upstairs thus. At the blue room he paused, seemed to forget she was there already, and went in, reeling suddenly. She saw him fall on the bed, and she threw a quilt over him softly, and then she slipped out like a wraith, with her face frozen to stone.

Next day these two met as if nothing had happened. Hubert kissed her awkwardly, only dimly recollecting she had seen him last night, and Ethel, whose heart was wrung that he should look at her with those shamed eyes, did not look look back at him at all. After that day there was a gulf between them.

"My wife has lost her fancy for me," he said once, half laughingly, and yet bitterly, to OConnel. "She's made a hero of me, you know—she's that sort—and there's not much of the heroic about me, Eh, O'Connel? And less since we met, eh, old chappie?"

O'Connel laughed his great laugh, and told Bert not to be Samson and let Delilah shear his locks, and then they went on making plans for their trip to Ayshire for the great Golf competition. Ethel never made any objection to his leaving her now. She had spoken to him of that first night, her face crimson and shamed, her voice choked; and he had roughly promised it should not occur again. And yet every week now she was obliged to wait up and let him in. John must not see any more. She was the wife, the wife of this strange man, who was not the Bert she had loved and married.

When he came back from Ayr he thought her pale and thin, and for a few days he was his old self in his anxious assiduity that she should go away for change. She answered him, still with these altered, averted eyes, emptied forever, he thought, of the old look, and so he went his own way. Every month that way grew more terrible, and then the end came. Ethel had wondered if life went on like this forever.

She was waiting for him as usual one night, waiting restlessly and feverishly. People were beginning to look at her strangely, she thought, to pity her, and to her proud spirit it was torture to be pitied. And the vicar's wife had asked after her husband, coldly and distantly, not with the hearty liking of old times. Did they despise her husband, these people—despise Bert? Did she despise him?

And as she thought, she hid her eyes in her hand, with a little, low cry of horror, and then to divert her mind from this thing went up to the table and began to turn over her husband's African curios; he had forgotten to put them away after an exhibition that day to a friend. Elephants' tusks and woven grass mats, oddly shaped knives, one gleaming brightly and lying uncovered from its sheaf. He had been rubbing it up that very day, saying he would hang it up. And then she heard the old shambling step, and he knocked loudly and angrily upon the door. She let him in rapidly. He was different tonight; his face was flushed and angry; something in their brute fury went through his wife with a little thrill that was not fear, and yet which blanched her face. And then she shut the door.

"Why don't you go and call upon Mrs. O'Connel?" he began suddenly and rudely. "They are talking about it to-night, and she said you cut her to-day in the street. How dare you cut my friends?"

"I did not see her, Bert."

"I don't believe you," he cried, "you do it to spite me! I hate you with your white face and your skirts drawn aside from me—you Pharisee! You thank God you are not as I am—you know you do! and you drive me on to hell with your shudder when I touch you, and your cold eyes! You are to go and call on Mrs. O'Connel to-morrow, do you hear?"

"I cannot," she said slowly; "you will not ask me to-morrow. You agreed I need not go. Bert, do not say I shrink from you. We are man and wife, dear, for better or worse! Oh, Bert, love me again, and be yourself—your old loving self! Oh, Bert, make me love you again—my heart is breaking!"

She clung to him suddenly, putting one satin-smooth arm round his neck, but he flung her rudely and roughly away, with the first oath he had ever given her. "Will you go?"

"No—I cannot!"

And then in one flash the world seemed to reel, and she saw him passionately seize the gleaming blade—saw him advance with murderous fury, and stood as if struck to stone. Her brain swam; her strength gave way. And then a sharp, terrible thrust, a great pain, something wet staining the soft fur on her gown. * * * She was lying on the door, and with a wild and horrified cry he was bending over her, as if the sight had cleared his vision.

"What have I done, Ethel? My God—what did I do?"

He was wiping the film from his eyes, but a gray mist came over hers and she knew no more. Her face lay white and peaceful at her husband's feet, and her blood was staining his hands. He had killed her—he had killed Ethel—his darling, his beautiful wife! Was he mad—or had he awakened from a dream of madness—too late? Too late forever!

* * * * * *

Ethel was lying, weak and wan, on her pillows many weeks later, when a little note was brought her, and she read it through hastily; it was from her husband. Since that night she had not seen him.

"I am not worthy to come near you, and yet I must come to say good-by. The arrangements are all made, and I join Stanley to-morrow in town. Your lawyer, Mr. Neil, will tell you all I have done; I have left you everything except the money I took for my outfit, and when I see you, Ethel, if you will see me, I shall promise not to trouble you again. It is all the atonement I can make. Yet I feel I can't say good-by to England without seeing your face. I want to see it alive—I always think of it as lying at my feet. Let me come and look at you asleep—send me a message for the sake of old times.

"BERT."

"For the sake of old times!"

She sent him a message, and in the soft December twilight, struck through by the red light of dying day, he came slowly into the room, the big strong man, and stood before her, his head bent, his lips working.

Ethel raised herself on her elbow and looked up in his face with her loving, radiant eyes—what miracle was this, that they were happy eyes again? "Why, Bert?" she said. "Why, Bert!"

"Ethel, can you say good-by—can you let me touch your hand?"

"No, I cannot say good-by," she said with a low laugh. "And I am tired, Bert; kneel down and put your strong arms around me, and let me lean my head—ah, so! Oh, Bert, no one holds me like you. What are you saying?"

"Can you ever forgive me? Oh, Ethel, how small you are—you are worn to a shadow! and this little hand—won't you let me kiss it good-by?"

"No," she said, and the hand wound itself round his neck, "because we are not going to part, dear—never, till death parts us, and even death cannot part love. But we are going to begin again—you and I—for I was wrong, too. Oh, it was true what you said that night. Oh, God forgive me! I did draw my skirts away from you. But never again; oh, never again."

We cannot look on the tears that rained down her husband's face, or hear the sobs that shook him; such grief and such repentance angels only may see, and, seeing, rejoice. "I was mad," he whispered. "Ethel, I did not know what I did, but I can conquer, and I will! I was worse than you knew. I was far on the downward path, and I would have died a drunkard's death. But if man is master of his fate, I will master mine. I have sworn it—I will never touch the accursed thing again—so help me God!"

She clung to him, sobbing through pure joy. "And the old love will be the same, just the same. Oh, I think it is more precious, because we nearly lost it forever!"

"These are the last tears you will shed for me," he said brokenly; "I will keep my word and make you happy. If I can live down the past—atone to you for the past—please God I will!"

And—with the help Ethel's husband humbly sought and found—he kept his word.

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"And you will trust me to stay? Oh, Ethel, I don't deserve it—we don't deserve the love you give us—but you will let me stay?"

For answer she put her weak arms round his neck and held him fast.

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?—What makes a boy popular? Manliness, says Hezekiah Butterworth in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. During the war, how schools and colleges followed popular boys! These young leaders were the many boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has *leadership* in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own heart and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy. "I know not," once said the great Governor Andrew, "what record of sin may await me in another world; but this I do know: I never yet despised a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black."

Shall I tell you how to become a popular boy. I will. Be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor, and love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts and delight to make you happy. That is what makes a boy popular.

HIGH LICENSES.—The Chicago saloon keeper must pay five hundred dollars for a license, but there are now three thousand five hundred in the city, and the number is increasing. Such facts as these in this nineteenth century are simply astounding, and prove beyond question that high license is no cure for the curse of rum. Prohibition does not absolutely stop the liquor business—there are still murders in spite of law—but it is the only thing that comes anything near it. When will men learn that to license a crime is not to stop that crime? It seems as though one who knows the alphabet would understand a thing as simple as this. Why not prohibit the most grievous curse of the age?—*Western Advocate.*

Boston, Jan. 2.—The large three-masted schr. *Conecuh* (of Richmond, Me.,) Capt. Harris, from Sydney, C. B., Nov. 15, with coal for New York, and which sailed from Shelburne, N. S., Dec. 9, after having put into that port for repairs, arrived at St. Mary's Bay, N. S., to-day, and many hearts are made glad in consequence. It was believed that the *Conecuh* would never reach port again, and that she had foundered during one of the recent heavy gales.

—Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

The Domestic Doctor.

Physicians always order beef for invalids that is cooked very little, in order that none of the nourishment in the meat may be dried away. Lean beef ground in a machine, salted to taste, made into cakes, and broiled just enough to heat, is excellent for invalids to whom the doctor has forbidden vegetables. A person in health may suit his taste.

Eat all cold food slowly. Digestion will not begin till the temperature of the food has been raised by the heat of the stomach to ninety-eight degrees. Hence the more heat that can be imparted to it by slow mastication the better. The precipitation of a large quantity of cold in the stomach by fast eating, may, and often does, cause discomfort and indigestion, and every occasion of this kind results in a measurable injury to the digestive functions. Ice water drunk with cold food of course increases the mischief. Hot drinks—hot water, weak tea, coffee, chocolate, etc., late, etc.—will, on the contrary, help to prevent it. But eat slowly, anyway.

A famous doctor says: "Eat a good bowl of mush and milk for your breakfast, and you will not need any medicine. Indian corn contains a large amount of nitrogen, has qualities anti-constipating, and is easily assimilated. It is cheap and has great nutritive properties. A course of Indian meal in the shape of Johnny-cake, hoe-cake, corn or pone bread and mush, relieved by copious draughts of pure cow's milk, to which, if inclined to dyspepsia, a little lime water may be added, will make a life now a burden well worth the living, and you need no other treatment to correct your nervousness, brighten your vision, and give you sweet and peaceful sleep.

How to Treat a Cold.

Don't stuff a cold as the adage advises, if you do you will have a fever to starve. A genuine cold is a shock received by the many million nerves which approach near the surface of a human body, and which control the nearly seven million pores of the skin. This shock closes the pores of the skin, is transmitted to the nerve centers and back to the mucous membranes forcing a great amount of blood to those membranes creating more or less irritation and consequent fever, inflamation, dryness then watery discharge and catarrh. The shock may have its cause from a chill, from improper eating, a nervous fright and various other causes which irritate the nerves of the skin and mucous membranes of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes. Excess of food in the stomach still more clogs the system and pores of the skin so that effete matter which should be carried off by the natural courses is retarded; which is ample reason for not stuffing a cold. Experimenting with a severe cold is a dangerous custom, as most persons try one remedy only until some friend suggests another "sure cure." When slight hoarseness or tightening of the nasal membranes warns one of a skin exposure or chill from whatever cause, act promptly; delays are dangerous, with children it may mean croup and strangulation: with adults, catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. If neglected nothing can prevent the sneezing, red nose, and woe begone look of a person with a cold. Scores of mothers would as soon go to bed without matches in the house, as without that old, fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment near at hand for colds and croupy children. Used with a mild laxative, as described on the wrappers or in a pamphlet which I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to any one, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will cure a cold quicker than any known remedy. A mild nutritious diet, a gentle physic to open the secretions, and a bottle of that old Anodyne from your druggist, will conquer any cold.

Encourage Your Sons.

A wise father gives this sage advice: "My boys are out in the world doing well, but I sympathize with the anxieties of fathers who have yet to see how their boys will pan out. My plan always was to encourage the boys in all possible ways. Remember that all boys are not equally smart. Don't crowd your boy. Above all, don't be comparing him unfavorably with some other boy, your neighbor's son. That sort of thing breaks a boy's spirit, destroys his pride, and he may lose all ambition. Protect him; build up on his weak spot; let him feel that you are back of him; that while you expect him to plunge in and swim for himself, still you have a long pole that you will reach out to him in case he needs it. Don't hurry him if he is a little bit slower than some other boys. Precocious boys are not always the successful men when they come to the mature stage of life. Don't let your boy get the idea that money is the sole end and aim of existence. But teach him thrift, and by adding something to his savings bank account, say $5 to every $20 he saves, he realizes the value for a rainy day of a dollar laid by."

Dyspeptics Will Rejoice.

Attention is called to the advertisment of "Dyspepticure" which appears to-day. "Dyspepticure" has been a valued Household Remedy for a number of years in St. John, and without any advertising, has become well known in nearly every part of the Maritime Provinces; that it is so well known is due to its wonderful success in really *Curing* not only Indigestion and all ordinary stomach troubles, but the worst cases of Chronic Dyspepsia. There are thousands upon thousands of Chronic Dyspeptics who have used so many remedies without success that they will hardly believe a cure is possible; there are exactly the ones that are particularly requested to try the Remedy. The Pamphlet (copyrighted) on "Dyspepticure" giving a history of its discovery and full of information about Diet and Digestion, is wrapped around each bottle or will be promptly sent free to any address. The fact of "Dyspepticure" having been thoroughly tested for ten years and being prepared by a responsible Druggist, Charles K. Short (Graduate Mass., College Pharmacy Boston) of St. John, N. B., recommends this remedy to the full confidence of the Public. 38 4i

—It is announced in well-informed London circles that the British Parliament will be dissolved in February, the government feeling confident that in the demoralized condition of the opposition, the conservatives will sweep the country at the several elections. There seems to be scarcely a doubt that this prediction will be fulfilled.

The Red River.

The red river of life is the blood; if it be impure, health is impossible and life a burden; Burdock Blood Bitters, say those who have tried, is the best blood purifier in the world.

Miss Maud Carleton, Ridgetown, Ont., say: "Am using B. B. B. right along and find it a perfect blood purifier just as advertised.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.