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 1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1891. NO. 18.

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 1y

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 1y

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

NEW YORK N.Y. STEAMSHIP CO.
(The Pioneer Line)
dispatch their new steamship
CITY OF COLUMBIA,
(1900 tons) the most complete and elegant ship on the Eastern Atlantic coast
FROM
St. John, N. B.
Every Friday at 3 p.m.,
AND FROM
YARMOUTH, N. S.,
Every Saturday, at 6.30 p.m.,
(or on arrival of train from Digby)
FOR NEW YORK,
DIRECT.
Returning, Steamer will leave New York, from Pier 40, East River, foot of Pike St.,
Every Tuesday, at 5 p.m.

TICKETS:

New York to Yarmouth,	$10.50
Round Trip,	19.00
New York to St. John,	13.00
Round Trip	23.00

Tickets entitle holders to State Room, Berth, and Meals.

Freight received and forwarded on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York.

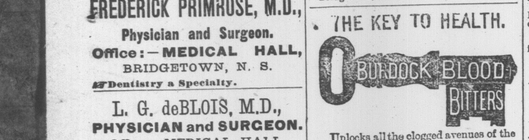
Cheap Fares and Low Rates.
H. H. WARNER, PRESIDENT.
N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager,
63 Broadway, New York.
PARKER, EAKINS & CO.,
AGENTS, YARMOUTH, N. S.

$8000.00 a year is being made by John L. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY AND PERFECTLY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

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 1y

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, of home, 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 novices successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I teach 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.

$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

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.

WANTED!
SALESMEN to handle our Hardy Lines of Nursery Stock. Handsome outfit free. Salary or commission from start. Have done business in Canada for over thirty years. Success guaranteed to pushing men if they follow our instruction. Write for terms at once. CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, 9 12t Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont

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

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

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 Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29tf

MONEY TO LOAN.
Nova Scotia Permanent Building Society and Savings Fund of Halifax.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the *monthly balances* at six per cent. per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefor, and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Agent at Annapolis.
Annapolis, Feb. 11th, 1891. 6m

This is Business!
The subscriber offers for sale a variety of
Single & Best-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 Wagons.
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.
G. O. GATES, Truro, N. S. 4 tf

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.

Poetry.

Scythe Song.

Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
That is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over word that the scythe
Sings to the blades of grass below!
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something still they say as they pass;
What's the word that over and over
Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah, hush! the scythes are saying,
Hush and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying;
Hush, they sing to the clover deep;
Hush, 'tis the lullaby time is singing;
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass;
Hush, ah, hush! the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

—*Andrew Lang.*

I Shall be Satisfied.

After the toil and turmoil,
And the anguish of trust belied;
After the burden of weary cares,
Baffled longings, ungranted prayers;
After the passion and fever and fret,
After the aching of vain regret,
After the hurry and heat of strife,
The yearning and tossing that men call
"life;"
Faith that mocks and fair hopes denied,
I shall be satisfied.

When the golden bowl is broken
At the sunny fountain side;
When the turf lies green and cold above
Wrong and sorrow and loss of love;
When the great dumb walls of silence
stand
At the doors of the undiscovered land;
When all we have left in our olden place
Is an empty chair and a pictured face;
When the prayer is prayed and the sigh is
sighed
I shall be satisfied.

—*London World.*

Select Literature.

Martha Drewe's Parlor.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

A pretty little farm-house, painted a snowy white, with blinds of vivid green, stood just outside the small New England village of Waterford. The house was quite new. The shingles on its roof were still mellow and resinous. It had a trim, smart look pleasing to the eye. A small, old house, painted a dark brown, stood back a few yards from the pretty white house.

Mr. and Mrs. Jared Drewe had moved into the brown house into the new one. They had begun housekeeping as a young married couple in the old house, and they had lived in it twenty-five years. The new house was the culmination of the hopes and plans of many years. True, Drewe had never liked the old house. It had no "conveniences." The new house had a well right in the kitchen, a big pantry, plenty of closets and a parlor. The old house had none of these things.

"I begin to feel as though I was somebody," Mrs. Drewe said at the breakfast-table on the morning of the fifth day after they had moved into the new house.

"Do, eh?" replied Mr. Drewe. "You wimmen are great for puttin' on style. I ain't never held no partic'lar need of a parlor. A common settin'room 's good enough for me, or even the kitchen."

"I don't mind settin' in a nice, clean kitchen myself," replied his wife, "but I don't want all my comp'ny to have to set there, speshly the minister and his wife. I've felt the need of a parlor a many a time, if you 'aint."

"Well, you've got one now."

"Yes, when I git it furnished."

"Oh, I reckon you'll want to fill it full of all sorts of flub dubbery—woman-like."

"I'm going to have things nice, anyhow. Land knows I've waited long enough for 'em."

"What you call 'nice?'"

"Well, I'm going to have a real Brussels carpet, for one thing, and a marble-top table and a plush sofy and lace curtains and nice chairs."

"Shucks!" Mr. Drewe said, contemptuously, but he did not offer any objection to this extravagant outlay of long and carefully hoarded funds. He knew, moreover, that most of this splendor would be purchased out of his wife's own savings. She was a wise woman and had a purse of her own.

"Ketch me having to run to Jared or to any other man ev'ry time I want a little money," she had said, in the beginning of their pilgrimage as man and wife. "No, sir; my savings shall be my own."

Adhering tenaciously to this resolve and ever keeping in mind a time to come when she should have a new house, Mrs. Drewe had money enough to furnish the house as she pleased.

But his wife's second proposition aroused a spirit of decided antagonism in Jared Drewe:

"I want to have the parlor papered some time next week."

"Papered?"

Mr. Drewe looked up quickly, surprise and opposition depicted on every line of his face.

"Yes, papered," replied Mrs. Drewe. "You s'pose I'm going to have bare white walls when ev'rybody else has theirs papered?"

"We'd all bare walls in the old house."

"I don't care if we did, we kept thinkin' and thinkin' we'd build ev'ry year, and it didn't seem worth while to do any paperin' or fixin' up; but if you reckon I'm goin' to live the rest o' my days in bare white-walled rooms you're mistaken."

She spoke decisively, for she saw unusual depths of opposition in her husband's large, unbearded face, with its square, firm jaw and chin indicative of great firmness of purpose. Her own face wore a resolute, emphatic expression. She was a plucky little woman. Her husband had a secret pride in what he called her "grit," although he would have died before he would have confessed it.

"I don't see why on earth you object to a little wall paper, Jared."

"I despise wall-paper," he said, with something like childish perverseness.

Mrs. Drew sat back stiffly in her chair, resolute and defiant. Her black eyes shone as she said:

"There's no sense in your actin' so, Jared Sparks. I'm goin' to have that parlor papered."

"You do and I'll never set foot in it as long as I live and breathe the breath of life."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"I never will, Marthy."

"What nonsense!"

"I never will."

He rose from the table as he spoke, took his hat from a nail in the small entry near the kitchen door and went out to the barn, his every movement seeming to accentuate his resolve.

Mrs. Drewe did not refer to the matter again; but a week from that day, when Mr. Drewe returned home after a day spent in the city five miles distant, he met John Hays, the village paper-hanger, coming from the house with an empty paste-bucket and a roll or two of paper under his arm.

Stepping into the little front entry, he glanced toward the parlor at the right.

The door was open, and he saw his wife standing in the center of the room, looking with pleased eyes at the four walls around her covered with gorgeous gilt paper of the most pronounced pattern.

She assumed an air of ignorance of any previous discussion of the subject and asked cheerily:

"Well, Jared, how do you like it?" Isn't it lovely? I think it's just beautiful."

"You remember what I said, Marthy Drewe?"

"Well?"

"I'm goin' to stick to it."

"Now, Jared, I—"

"I'll—never—set—foot—in—that—room—long—as—I—live—and—breathe—and—keep—my—senses! Never!"

He pronounced each word slowly and with marked emphasis. Then he turned and went out to the barn.

"He'll get over it," Mrs. Drewe said, hopefully, to herself, but in her secret soul she feared he would not.

He made no reference to the matter at the supper-table. He even talked cheerfully and pleasantly of the events of his visit to the city.

The Brussels carpet, the plush sofa, the lace curtains and the marble-top table of Martha Drewe's visions and dreams became splendid realities during the next week. She called her husband to note the general effect when everything was in place. He came to the open door and looked in.

"Come in an' set down in this new patent rocker and see how easy it rocks," she said.

"No, thank ye," he said, curtly, "I never expect to set in it."

She tried to laugh lightly, as she said:

"Pshaw, Jared! Don't be so silly!"

He turned and walked away in silence.

The minister and his wife came out from the village to call the next day. Mrs. Drewe ushered them into the gorgeous parlor, her heart swelling with pride. Jared came to the door with an old wooden chair from the kitchen, plunged it down flat and hard on the oil-cloth of the entry floor, and sat there during the entire call.

"You never even come in to shake hands with 'em," Marthy said, afterward.

"I know it."

"What you s'pose they'll think?"

"Dunno what."

"If that's the way you're goin' to act ev'ry time anybody calls here, I'd thank you to keep out o' sight altogether."

"I reckon I want to see folks much as you do."

"I've a notion to go and have ev'ry room in the house papered," she said, hotly.

"Then I'll take up my abode in the tavern," he replied, calmly.

"The Drewes always was a stubborn set, but I vum I didn't s'pose Jared could have been so pig-headed," she said when he had left the room.

She had many callers during the next few weeks. The fame of her gorgeous parlor brought her friends and acquaintances to behold its splendors.

Jared sat at the door on an old wooden chair during nearly all of these calls. He was careful not to let even the toe of his boot enter the despised room.

The sharp eyes of some of Mrs. Drewe's callers soon noticed Jared's peculiar conduct; their keen noses scented domestic discord.

"What's the matter of Jared?" asked Sarah May, Mrs. Drewe's sister, a few weeks after the papering and furnishing of the parlor.

"Nothing that I know of," replied Martha. "What makes you ask?"

"Didn't he want you to buy your parlor things?"

"He didn't care. Whatever put that idea into your head, Sally?"

"They say he won't set in one of the parlor chairs, nor even step into the room."

"Who says so?"

"Oh, it's common talk. I've been asked about it more'n once."

Mrs. Drewe went home greatly distressed and humiliated. She was a sensitive little woman, notwithstanding her "grit," and she could not endure the thought of having her domestic affairs made a subject of common gossip. She was rigidly truthful, too, and she was forced to admit to her sister that she and her husband had had a disagreement. She felt hotly rebellious towards Jared as she entered the pretty little new house in which she had expected to be so happy. Jared was lying on the lounge in his shirt sleeves and stockinged feet, reading the weekly paper.

"Well," said Martha, while untying her bonnet-strings, "it's got out."

"What's got out?"

"'Bout you sayin' you'd never set foot in the parlor."

"I can't help it if it has," he said impertinably.

"Can't help it!" she cried, hotly; "you can help it any minnit, Jared Drewe!"

"How?"

"Why, by simply giving up your mulishness and come into the parlor next time we have company."

"Humph!" said Jared, and resumed the reading of his paper. Martha raged inwardly.

So many of her plans were thwarted by Jared's "mulishness."

She had the deserved reputation of being a very "sociable" woman, and she planned to have "a sight of comp'ny" in the new house. She had often pictured to herself the tea-parties and the dinner-parties she should give. She had even planned a grand house-warming, with a supper that should surpass anything of the kind ever given in that neighborhood. It was hard to have all these fair dreams coming to naught.

"For I can't invite comp'ny with Jared actin' so. He'd have to be in the parlor some," she said to herself, often with hot tears in her eyes.

The summer days waned into those of autumn, and the autumn days gave place to the winds and snows of late November, and still the feet of Jared Drewe had never crossed the threshold of his own parlor and Martha had suffered untold mortification on his account.

They were sitting alone in rather gloomy silence at the close of a dark and stormy day in late November. She had never been confined to her bed a day in her life and a slight indisposition made her irritable. She felt that it would be in some degree a disgrace for her to be ill. It was with as much pride as gratitude that she remembered that neither she nor Jared had ever needed the services of a physician.

But she looked ill enough to need one now. There were great black hollows under her dull eyes, her cheeks were flushed, her lips dry, and she crept about slowly and languidly.

"Better let me go for the doctor, Marthy," Jared had said several times. "I b'lieve your sicker 'n you reckon you air."

"I've an idea I'll be better in the morning. I'm goin' to take a dose of them bitters that helped me so when I was kind o' run down in the summer. Wish you'd get 'em for me."

"Where are they?" he asked, rising from his chair, the paper he had been reading still in his hand.

"Oh, they're in the—the— Set down, Jared, I'll get up and get 'em myself."

She was lying on the lounge at the time and she sat up painfully and slowly, while he hastened to say:

"No, no, Marthy; lay still. I'll get 'em. Where are they?"

"They're in that little corner closet in the parlor, Jared."

He stared blankly at her for a moment, his face crimsoning; he took a step forward and then dropped back heavily into his chair and held the paper up before his face in silence.

His wife rose without a word and feebly walked across the floor, breathing heavily and keeping herself from falling by leaning on tables and chairs. Jared watched her furtively while pretending to read. There was a visible twitching of the corners of his mouth once, and his teeth, set close together, showed between his parted lips. The hand that held the paper trembled, but he sat still.

His wife slowly groped her way across the hall. He heard the parlor door open. He heard the door of the little closet swing back, slightly creaking on its hinges. Then he heard Martha fall.

He ran to the open door of the parlor. She was lying at full length, face downward, on the floor.

"Marthy! Marthy!" he cried; but he stopped short, with his toes on the parlor threshold, his stubborn, inflexible will loth to bend or break even to give aid to the wife he truly loved.

"Marthy! O, Marthy!" he called, stretching his arms far into the room toward her. "Lordy, Marthy, come here, and I'll do everything I kin for you. Roll over, if you can't walk, Marthy!"

He dropped to his knees, bent his great body forward and tried to reach her, but failed by several feet. There was a ludicrous side to it all.

"Marthy!" he fairly shrieked.

She neither moved nor spoke, but suddenly she gave a pitiful groan.

"Good Lord! What an old fool I be!" cried Jared, suddenly leaning back and striking his breast with his clenched fists. "A fool an' a beast to let the best wife any man ever had suffer a second, when I might help her! The Lord forgive me!" He bounded to her side as he spoke, and took her limp and unconscious form up in his arms, saying, as he did so:

"It'll be a judgement on me if she dies. The best wife in the world! Marthy! Marthy, dear! What ails ye?"

He seldom called her "dear." He did so now with great tenderness and gentleness.

"Marthy, can't ye open your eyes? See, dear; I'm in the parlor. I'll come in it right along now. The paperin' reely sets it off. I've thought so from the fust, but I was too cussed stubborn to say so. Oh, Marthy! What is the matter?" For she did not even open her eyes.

It was seven weeks before she left the bedroom to which he carried her. He had been one of the tenderest and most patient of nurses, but the word "parlor" had never passed either his lips or hers during all that time.

She had thought much about it, however, but not with pride or pleasure, because she had no hope that Jared would ever enter it now, and the wall-paper could not be removed.

He carried her out tenderly and gently the first time she left her room.

"Want me to carry ye into the parlor, Marthy?" he asked, after he had her in his arms. "It's sunny and bright in there. I've got a good fire in the stove and the—the—wall-paper shines beautifully."

She looked up with shining eyes and the first flush there had been in her cheeks for many weeks.

"If you would carry me in and lay me on the sofy awhile, Jared.

"Why—I—I—Oh, Jared! What does it mean? I thought you—Oh, Jared!" for as he carried her out into the dining-room and through the sitting-room to the hall she saw that all the once bare and cold and staring white walls were covered with more expensive and beautiful paper than she herself would have bought.

There was a warm, red and black carpet on the hall floor, a new carpet for the sitting-room, new and pretty chairs and tables here and there, and a mirrow in a gilt frame between the two front-parlor windows that reached nearly from the floor to the ceiling. When she caught a reflection of their faces in the shining glass, she saw in both a kinder, gentler, tenderer look than either had worn for years.—*New York Ledger.*

—Merit wins, as the marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla shows. It possesses true medicinal merit. Sold by all druggists.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

About Ocean Steamships.

QUESTIONS THAT WERE ASKED BY 99,189 PERSONS LAST YEAR.

What was the name of the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic and how long did it take her?

The *Savannah* in 1819. Twenty-five days.

What was the largest passenger steamship in commission?

City of Paris, 10,499 tons displacement.

What is the cost of a steamship like the *Majesty*?

Nearly $2,000,000.

What steamship carries the largest number of cabin passengers?

The *Etruria*, 550.

What has been the greatest day's run of any ocean steamship?

515 miles.

How many steamships are there engaged in the transatlantic passenger trade?

About 90.

What is the longest steamship now in service in the world.

The *Teutonic*, 565,08 feet long.

What captain has been the longest in the transatlantic service?

Captain Brooks, of the *Arizona*, Guion line.

How many cabin passengers were landed in New York during 1890?

99,189.

How much coal is consumed by one of the great liners in 24 hours?

About 335 tons, or 466 pounds a minute.

What is the average expense of a single voyage—New York to Liverpool and return?

$75,000.

What were the dimensions of the *Great Eastern*? When was she launched? and what was her horse power?

680 feet long, 83 feet broad, 25 feet draught. Launched January 10, 1856. Horse power, 6,600. She had both side wheels and screw.

What is the length of a nautical knot in land measure? 6,080 feet.

A land mile is 5,280 feet.

What is the distance sailed, in nautical miles, from New York to Liverpool?

North track 3,064 miles; south track 3,139 miles.

What is the greatest number of immigrants ever landed in New York in a year? In a day?

455,450 in 1883. Nearly 10,000 May 11, 1887.

The Helpless Ones.

When Robert Burns felt the chill of death approaching, his thoughts turned towards the "weans and wife," who would be left helpless in the world, the situation wringing from his lips one of the saddest of human cries: "As to my individual self, I am tranquil," he said. "But Burns' poor widow and half a dozen of his dear little ones. There I am weak as a woman's tears." The poet was in the prime of manhood at the time, having just passed the age of 37. Less than ten years prior to the sorrowful event in question, Burns was spending his first winter in the great Scottish capital, receiving the admiration and homage of the intellectual leaders of the period. The first and only time that Walter Scott, the most delightful of Scottish novelists, saw the illustrious Ayrshire bard was during this season, young Scott, who was but a lad of fifteen, seeing the poet at Professor Ferguson's in Edinburgh. The incident of the evening, which might have foreshadowed the poet's final hour, cannot be recalled without a sense of sadness. Burns was deeply affected by a print of Banbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting by his side, while opposite from the faithful animal was the soldier's widow with a child in her arms. The lines written beneath were:—

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er the babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears."

Burns, who was strong and robust at the time, was affected to tears by the scene. The tears that came ten years afterwards, as he saw his own wife and family doomed to a calamity not less woeful than that designated by the print at Professor Ferguson's were among the saddest of his life.

—What is a billion? The reply is very simple—a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker pronounced. No man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute; but let us suppose you go as far as 200, then an hour would produce 12,000; a day 288,000; a year, or 365 days, 105,120,000. Let us suppose now that Adam at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of the globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion he would require 9,512 years, 342 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes according to the above rule. Supposing we were to allow a poor counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping, he would need 19,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours and 45 minutes.

A Great Man.

An old man used to sweep the street crossings for gratuitous pennies, near the Houses of Parliament, for many years. One day he was absent. Upon inquiry, he was found by a missionary, ill, in a little attic chamber, barely furnished with cot and stool.

"You are lonely here," the missionary said. "Has any called upon you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone, for one. He called and read to me."

"Mr. Gladstone called! And what did he read?"

"He sat on that stool there, and read the Bible to me."

What a beautiful position! The greatest statesman in the world, sitting on a stool in an attic, reading the Word of God to a street sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor.

Huntsville Happenings.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family and can highly recommend it for summer complaint, diarrhœa, etc."—Mrs. Geo. West, Huntsville, Ont.

—Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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

Shorter Hours.

During the heated term the hours during which retail stores are kept open are unreasonably long. Not, perhaps, altogether "unreasonably" in one sense, because there is a reason for this custom, which is, that one merchant keeps open to retain his chance of customers who, if he were closed, might go to the store that was opened. But whether that is reasonable, in the right sense, we must ask the merchants themselves. There is not one who prefers such long hours, nor one whose business requires them. Nor are there any persons who need for their convenience that stores be kept open ten, twelve, or fourteen hours each day. The business done in any store could be well transacted between 8 a.m. and 6 p.m., with, on one day, an hour or so extra. In the majority of cases, even one or two hours less would amply suffice. The confinement of young people for such a length of time in one place, in an atmosphere seldom good enough for human lungs, is as cruel as it is needless. It is not possible for those so circumstanced to retain their health many years. They break down at times rapidly but invariably suffer some marked detriment to health and strength by undue prolongation of hours. Persons in mid-life, or those well advanced who are "seasoned," or have unusually strong constitutions, undergo this daily trial with less injury than younger people. But no constitution is so robust as to have the lungs breathing impure air, the attention being kept alert, and the physical frame exercised, for the length of hours kept in many stores, without decided injury. The experiments made of shortening the hours of stores, where honestly made, have always been a success. Better and more regular service is got from clerks under shorter hours, and the principal serves himself better who does not keep at work until worn out day after day. The temptation is very strong for young men to take stimulants who leave the store thoroughly jaded in mind and body. Long and late hours encourage saloon drinking. They increase expenses. They are not required by any legitimate business. They are merely a form of punishment which retailers inflict on themselves, and on each other, because they are not shrewd enough to adopt a more sensible, economical, and healthier policy. One of the most successful merchants who ever lived, one day was looking at a store open at 10 o'clock, p.m., he exclaimed, "That fellow must be richer than I am, I cannot afford to keep such hours, my energy would be lowered, and my clerks would be too weary to do me any good,—a *pushing* man cannot afford to keep such long hours." Those who knew both knew that the "long hours" man was a failure, he was without "snap," the other was all dash, energy, vim and success. As with stores so in many offices, long hours are a mistake, the work could be better done in less time. It is largely a question of management. One chief keeps the staff active for moderate hours, and they, appreciating his consideration, work cheerfully and zealously. Another has no "head," his office is loosely arranged, he drifts all day without definite plans of work, then rushes towards night and keeps long hours to overtake the business that his bad system had caused to be neglected in the day. Such an one never gets as much work out of his staff as a more energetic manager who likes to work hard and finish early. Clerks knowing that they will, anyway, be kept late, never care to put more energy into their work than is necessary to pass the time, and it is done with perfunctory indifference. Special seasons of pressure excepted, long hours in any service are neither needful nor desirable.

The Mic-Macs Warmly Defended.

THE BOWDOIN EXPEDITION MUST HAVE MET POOR SPECIMENS OF THE TRIBE.

To the Editor of the New York Sun:

SIR,—In the *Sun* of July 20th, there appeared a telegram from Bangor stating that the Bowdoin College expedition, while stopping at Port Hawkesbury, Nova Scotia, examined a number of Mic-mac Indians and found then the remains of a very dirty and very lazy tribe, now nearly extinct.

As I have visited in Nova Scotia extensively and seen those Indians in every part of it, permit me to deny the statement in toto as false in every respect.

The Mic-macs now number, I believe, some twenty thousand, and a better tribe of aborigines does not exist in North America. Though largely civilized, they still maintain their purity of race and show no signs as yet of becoming extinct. They are as honest as the day, and except for the ordinary crime of drunkenness an arrest of an Indian for violation of the law is unknown in the province.

As hunters, fishermen, coopers, boat and canoe builders and general laborers the men are always actively employed, while the squaws are industrious in the manufacture of moccasins and bead work, baskets, etc., excelling in design and beautiful execution.

Though some among them are poor, chiefly owing to drink, the majority are thrifty; many own their frame houses, and not a few have graduated from the schools and academies.

At the very place referred to, Port Hawkesbury, numbers of Mic-macs were employed last year as railway navies on a Government road then in course of construction, and gave far greater satisfaction than the imported Italians. The Mic-macs are famous as guides to visiting sportsmen in chase of moose, bear, etc., as well as to unfrequented fishing streams, and in no country is the stranger's life and property safer than with the native Indians of Nova Scotia. Simple and faithful, they have earned the gratitude and esteem of many distinguished hunters who have spent night after night alone with them in the primeval forest and look back to their company with only pleasant memories. No one of ordinary intelligence, much less a Nova Scotian, wishes a Mic-mac other than good, and if the Bowdoin expedition makes no more startling discoveries than the alleged one above referred to, they will certainly have wasted their time and faculties, and in these modern days they had better turn their attention to an expedition where they can make a more honorable and truthful report. R. W. BUCHANAN, M. D.
(Late of Edinburgh,)
267 West Eleventh Street, N. Y.
July 13th, 1891.

—Two murders similar in character to those ascribed in London to "Jack the Ripper" have been committed in Marseilles. Within a week a man giving an Italian name twice took rooms accompanied by a woman, and in each case the woman was afterwards found murdered, having been strangled and afterwards mutilated.

—It is claimed by Canon Routledge that St. Martin's, Canterbury, Eng., is the oldest church in Europe. He asserts that it is the oldest edifice which was built originally as a church during the first four centuries and has remained a church until the present day.

—It is a bitter satire on women's temperance work that the only rumsellers of Sydney Mines, C. B., are women. But this should not discourage the union. Each can be a Frances Willard in her own home.

—The United States census office has issued a bulletin concerning paupers in alms house in 1890, which shows a total of 73,045, against 66,203 in 1880. New York heads the list with 10,272.

—Rev. Sam Small, the evangelist, has returned to journalism. He has accepted the managing editorship of a new evening paper, the Atlantic *Herald*, to be devoted in part to prohibition.

—Minard's Liniment is the Best.