NOTICE!

THE PACKET SCHR.

TEMPLE BAR,

will again, during the season of 1892, ply between this port and St. John, N. B.

The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly, LIME and SALT. Also CEDAR SHINGLES in the different grades.

J. H. LONGMIRE, MASTER.

When schooner is not in apply to CAPT. P. NICHOLSON, Bridgetown, N. S.

Bridgetown, March 28th, 1892. 52 tf

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of Stephen Edward Bent, late of Bentville, in the County of Annapolis farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

HERBERT BENT,
HOWARD BENT,
JOHN BENT,
Administrators.

Dated Bentville, May 19th, 1892. 8 6m

Executors' Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN O. PINEO, late of Wolfville, in the County of Kings, Esq., are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from this date: and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to WILLIAM S. PINEO, Wilmot, N. S.

ROBERT V. JONES, Wolfville, N. S., *Executors,*
Or to E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY, Proctor for the Estate.

Wolfville, March 31st, 1892. 1 6m

NOTICE!

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late GEORGE W. HUDSON, of Phinney Cove, in the Township of Granville, County of Annapolis, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

EMMERETTA A. HUDSON,
Administratrix.

Phinney Cove, April 30th, 1892. 6 1y

Administrators Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN W. ACKER, late of Nictaux Falls, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to

WM. J. H. BALCOM,
Administrator.

Nictaux Falls, August 1st, 1892. 18 6m

Wood Mantle-Pieces and OVER MANTLES

made to order. ALSO:

Side-boards, Desks, Sheffoniers, Newel Posts, Art Furniture, Easels, Fire Screens, Fancy Tables, Picture Frames and Mirrors.

All kinds of **REPAIRING** promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

ALBERT BENSON,
DENNISON BUILDING.

Bridgetown, Sept 2nd, 1891 22 6m

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE

A COMBINATION OF

Cod Liver Oil Cream WITH **HYPOPHOSPHITES**

FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

ECONOMICAL IN USE.

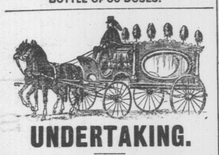
One teaspoonful of *Phospholeine* being equal in nutritive and blood-making value to ten times its bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the *Cheapest* preparation in use.

Phospholeine is THE ONLY PREPARATION that we know of which has effected actual cures in *bona fide* cases of Consumption, Scrofula and other Wasting Diseases.

IT IS SO PLEASANT that some mothers have to put it out of the reach of their children to prevent them from drinking a whole bottle.

☞ See last and next issues for Certificate.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT 50c. PER BOTTLE OF 60 DOSES.



UNDERTAKING.

Messrs. ROOP & SHAW

MIDDLETON, N. S.

Beg to announce to the public that they intend carrying on the Undertaking Business at Middleton, and have now in stock a varied and comprehensive line of

Caskets, Coffins, Trimmings,
AND ALL OTHER FURNISHINGS.

Parties requiring their services can rest assured of prompt and satisfactory attention, at most reasonable charges.

ROOP & SHAW.

Middleton, June 16th, 1891. 11 tf

TEA. TEA.

JUST RECEIVED,
Direct from London, on Consignment,

25 Half-Chests Choice Quality

BLACK TEA.

Parties wishing a good article at a low price, will please apply to

Geo. E. Corbitt.

Annapolis, April 11th, 1892. 2 tf

CARRIAGES

CONSISTING OF

Phaetons, Jump Seats,
OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES,
Democrats and Delivery Wagons,

ON THE CELEBRATED

DUPLEX GEAR,

at prices that are WAY DOWN.

REPAIRING and PAINTING. All work Warranted.

W. C. FEINDEL, MIDDLETON.

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 6 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.

20 6m

Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WOMEN are JEWELS

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 20. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1892. NO. 28.

Professional Cards.

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

DR. M. E. G. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the public. Every branch of Dental Science executed with skill, according to the latest and most approved methods.

Nitrous Oxide Gas and Other Anæsthetics used for PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
Queen Street, - Bridgetown.

NOTICE!

LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON

WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON **THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY** and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by

ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.

Office open at 9 a.m.

49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49 tf

O. T. DANIELS. O. S. MILLER

DANIELS & MILLER,
BARRISTERS,
NOTARIES 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.

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

James Primrose, D. D. S.

Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.

Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

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. 291y

The Great Wonder of the Age

THE LAST AND LATEST OUT!

SWEET'S BONE LINIMENT,
a world renowned relief for all kinds of
Pain, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cuts, Burns and Frost Bites.
RECOMMENDED AS A FINE HORSE LINIMENT.
☞ To be used internally or externally. ☜

Bridgetown, Feb. 27th, 1892.

SWEET'S BONE LINIMENT CO., Hantsport:
Dear Sirs,—I have used your valuable Liniment in house and stable, and can highly recommend its use for man and beast as the best I know.
CHARLES SAUNDERS

LONG LIFE

Is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the superior medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body. Restoration to perfect health and strength

Results from Using

AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Ks., writes:

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

FARM FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers his valuable farm for sale.

For particulars apply to IRA B. NEILY, Middleton.

42

FOR SALE!

THE property now owned and occupied by the subscriber, at Granville Ferry, consisting of a House of ten rooms, a Grocery-store and Barn, a good Garden set with Fruit Trees, and two never-failing wells of water.

For terms apply to ROBT. W. INGLIS, On the Premises.

Granville Ferry, August 3rd, 1891. 18 tf

FOR SALE.

That beautiful place, "THORN COTTAGE," situate at

Middleton Corner.

formerly owned by Fowler and Chipman, containing 4 acres of good land, and also Orchard, all in good state of cultivation.

Also, good comfortable House and other Outbuildings, all in first-class state of repair. If not sold will be rented Nov. 10th.

Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to MILLER BROS., 116 and 118 Granville St., Halifax.

24 tf

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

FARMERS!

We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season

At Best Possible Advantage.

Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,

FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
HALIFAX, N. S. ja92

Watches of all Grades and Prices.

SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES.

VARYING IN PRICE

From $7. to $100.

CALL AND INSPECT.

☞ Warrant given with every Watch sold.

—FULL LINES OF—

Clocks, Jewelry and Plated Ware
always on hand.

J. E. SANCTON.

THE

WEEKLY MONITOR'S
SUBSCRIPTION LIST

is rapidly increasing, and last week reached the goodly number of

1,750 Copies.

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.

Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.

HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF

Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick,

which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and

ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.

Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE*, which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.

Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.

For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.

YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 1891.

The International Brick and Tile Company:

GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the surface. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,

J. B. KINNEY, *Architect.*

Correspondence solicited.

HECTOR MACLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

An Extraordinary Offer!

THE WEEKLY MONITOR
From now till the 1st day of January, '94, for Two Cents per week.

It is not often that we indulge in self-praise, but we should be lacking in our duty to the MONITOR did we not gratefully acknowledge the many kind of complimentary notices we are lately in receipt of.

We endeavor to make our paper interesting to all our readers at home as well as to those who are absent, by letters and communications from every section of our county, knowing that to many dear ones far away, the MONITOR comes like a message from *home*, giving details of births, marriages, deaths, improvements, changes, personal goings and comings, and a variety of other matter tending to keep up their interest in the old friends and land of their birth.

They write us that our columns are eagerly read and all advertisements closely scanned, and never without a fond memory when a familiar name greets the sight, and a review of the changes that have taken place since they left, causing alternately gladness or sorrow, but always a feeling of pleasure that they can follow through our instrumentality and the courtesy of our numerous correspondents, news of the old folks, the young folks and "home."

To still further increase our circulation, and as an inducement to new subscribers, we have decided to mail to any address in Canada or the United States from now till the

FIRST OF JANUARY, A. D. 1894,

our paper at the usual price of $1.50, cash in advance, making a total of *Sixteen Months.*

What further inducement should be needed to induce parents, brothers or sisters to become subscribers *at once.*

How many of you have relatives living in various parts of the United States and the Dominion, who are looking eagerly and longingly for letters *from home!* and how keenly the disappointment is felt at their non-arrival, owing to business cares and other obstacles of hindrance daily occuring.

Now is the time to have our paper mailed regularly every week to them.

It costs but a trifling sum to assure them *every week* that you bear them in fond remembrance.

There are hundreds from Annapolis County scattered abroad, and how welcome the *Monitor*, with its local details from every portion of the county would be.

It would cost you in stationery and postage at least five cents per week to write letters, when we, by making

OUR EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

of mailing to any address requested, our paper for the above sum stated, $1.50, cash in advance, from now till the 1st of January, 1894, and changing address whenever required), only ask of you TWO CENTS per week.

Lose no time in availing yourself of this opportunity, as the earlier you subscribe, the more value for your money.

Your sons, daughters, or friends, are longing for home news which the *Monitor* affords, in lack of the letter which so often fails them, and which those away from their homes always most heartily appreciate.

By this offer we hope to show our readers that we are not unmindful of their patronage and encouragement, which we hope in the future, as in the past, to deserve, by ever writing up the progress and advancement of our county, widely circulating the industry and enterprise of our merchants, as shown by their increasing business; keeping up the interest of the absent by reminiscences from "Home, Sweet Home," and generally using every effort to make our paper a welcome guest in every household which it enters.

Poetry.

The Watermill.

Listen to the watermill
Through the livelong day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving hearts and true;
Golden years are fleeting by
Youth is passing too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while love shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while the daylight shines
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Unless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst do and shine own
Lies in thine to-day.
Power, intellect and health
May not, cannot last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life,
That have drifted by,
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh.
Love that we once might have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart
Take—oh, hold it fast—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Select Literature.

Napoleon's Wooing.

Cooking his own supper over a blazing wood fire one hot evening in July, Napoleon Crowe felt that he was indeed born to misfortune like the sparks that flew upward.

For forty years he had tilled the stony, stubby little farm which, at its best, had never yielded its owner more than a precarious living, and now at the age of sixty he was alone in the world, having a few months previously buried his third wife.

Whether it was owing to an inherent delicacy of constitution, a lack of appreciation and tenderness on his part, or a too continuous diet of stewed yellow-eyed beans and pork, we are unable to determine, but for some mysterious reason, Napoleon's wives refused to thrive on his hands, and drooped and pined away, one after another until he was convinced in his case marriage was a failure.

That he had been his own house-keeper for seven months, every room and closet in the dreary old farmhouse, bore evidence, and the numerous scars on his hands and arms testified to the burns and scars he had received during his cooking operations.

For Napoleon was peculiarly unfortunate in his culinary experiments. If, after serious reflection, he decided that he could afford a small roast for the Sunday dinner, to which he invariably invited his old crony Jotham Sparks, that roast—so tenderly watched and jealously guarded for hours—was in the end temporarily forgotten while Napoleon was grappling with the biscuit problem, and burned to a blackened crisp.

He baked beans without pork, forgot to put the meat in his soups, or the salt and pepper in his vegetable hash; left out the sweetening from his apple pies, the salt from his butter, the eggs from his custards, and wondered why he had no appetite.

After a multitude of disastrous failures similar to the ones we have recorded, Napoleon resolved he would, from motives of economy and otherwise, confine himself exclusively to a diet of flour biscuits hot from the oven, alternating with such relishes as molasses, fried pork fat, and the unsavory production which once in four weeks he churned and spanked and patted with his big, hairy hands, and designated as "butter.

Three times a day, regularly, Napoleon, produced a small, wooden dough-dish, and after mixing sourmilk, saleratus and flour, toiled and sweated over the sticky mass until it went into the oven, huge, unsightly spots of sticky dough, and came out the same.

It may have been the legitimate result of eating his own hot biscuit, but within a few weeks he had developed into a gloomy pessimist. He neglected the poultry and stock, allowed the weeds to flourish in his garden, and seemed to have lost all interest in life.

Everything went wrong with Napoleon. The old cow went dry three months earlier than usual, and the two-year-old heifer choked to death in her stall. As a natural sequence, his groans and sighs became louder and more frequent.

Thirty hens and two roosters cackled shrilly from morn till night, and though he crawled under the barn on his hands and knees, at the risk of a personal introduction to a skunk who made his headquarters there, and climbed ladders to the highest scaffold at the risk of breaking his neck, not a solitary egg gladdened his anxious eyes.

One morning his friend and sympathizer, Uncle Jotham Sparks, called before breakfast to borrow a rake.

'Jest havin' a bite, hey?' observed Uncle Jotham, his eye wandering to the bare pine table adorned by a tin of steaming yellow biscuit.

'Ya-a-s,' answered Napoleon in a dissatisfied tone; 'I'm tryin' to heat a drop o' water to make a cup of tea to go with them ere biscuits. Wont you hev a biscuit, Jotham?'

"N-no-no," responded Jotham with alacrity. "Thanky, I've been to breakfast an hour ago."

"I know it's late," sighed Napoleon, "but I've had a regular tussle to heat this dipper o' water. I broke my tea-kettle by pourin' cold water in it when it was red hot, and I haint had any tea-kettle to use all summer. It's ter'ble hard for a man hain't never been used to putterin' round the house to do his own cookin' and house work."

"It must be, I vum,' said Jotham, and he edged away to an open window to avoid an offensive odor that arose from a bean-pot on the stovehearth.

"Jotham," said he solemnly, "Jotham, ain't you seen, can't you see that I'm fallin' from the crust?"

Jotham shook his head mournfully as he stopped to light his pipe.

"Yes, Napoleon, I've seen all summer that you've been failin'; you've grown old, and thin, and gray, and bent over, and don't look much like the man you was a year ago.

"Do you think I'm p'inted for the grave, Jotham?" he groaned.

"No,' said he bluntly; 'but you won't live six months unless you get some woman here to cook your vittels, and keep the house wholesome. Why don't you hire a woman, and pay her so much a week?"

"I couldn't afford it. All the income I git from the farm wouldn't pay her wages. I think myself, not relishin' my vittles has somethin' to do with my onhappy feelin's."

"You might git married," suggested Jotham.

"Ya-a-s, I've thought o' that. I know of a smart, likely woman that's with some prupputty that I think would jump at the chance to get me to-day. She's a widder that I courted some when I was young, and lives on a farm somewhere in Stoughton. I'd slick up a little and go up and see if she would like to change her condition, if 'twasn't for neighbors talkin'. You know I hain't been a widderer this last time only about seven months."

"I know; but circumstances alters cases, and if you can't afford to hire a housekeeper, you had better hunt up a wife lively. Let folks talk if they want to. You hev a smart woman come here and scrub and scour, and brighten up things, and cook you three good temptin' meals every day, and you'd soon begin to fat up, and be strong and ambitious to work as ever you was in your life. Now, I do hope, Napoleon you realize jest how slim and peaked you are lookin', and if you don't want to slip your wind afore the snow flies, take my advice and marry that 'ere widder jest as soon as she'll hev you." And taking his rake, Jotham departed, leaving Napoleon to his thoughts, which were not pleasant by any means.

For several days after, Napoleon wandered around in a discontented, absent-minded way, as though he was uncertain whether to take Jotham's advice or not.

At length, on this hot July evening when we introduced him to our readers, having nearly caused a conflagration by upsetting a kerosene lamp, which exploded in the flour barrel, Napoleon gnashed his teeth as he tore around the room in his efforts to extinguish the flames, and vowed he would have a wife to cook his suppers before the week was out.

"Ain't this a pooty way for a man o' my years to be livin'!" he muttered savagely, as he vainly tried to make the lantern-wick burn. "There, the danged thing has gone out, and I might as well give up; I've got to set here in the dark, or else crawl to my bed without a solitary nibble in my poor stummock' and I'm ready to faint. S'pose I'll put up with this any longer? Not by a jugful! If the sun rises tomorrow mornin' it'll see me streaking for the widder Spooner's. Let the neighbors talk if they want to; what they say don't put slap-jacks into my mouth, or mend the big holes in my stockin's. Yes, sir-ee," and he snapped his fingers defiantly, "let 'em talk, I don't give a dang. If Eunice Spooner will have me, we'll be married short off."

* * * * *

The widow Spooner was in her strawberry patch, pulling up weeds, and was about to throw them over the fence, as little Kittie Henderson came rushing around the corner.

"Oh, Aunt Eunice," she exclaimed breathlessly; "mamma sent me over to borrow some cream of tartar, and don't you think the awfulest-looking old tramp has followed me way through the woods, and he's sitting down on a big rock in the lane now! Oh, dear, I daren't go home. What shall I do?" And Kittie began to cry.

"Tramp, hey?" said the widow, coolly. "That's nothing new; I've been jest pestered to death with tramps this summer. There was two called here last night, and they were jest as easy as a lord, and wanted me to give 'em some supper, but they didn't get any jest the same. You wait a minute till I can look after my bakin', and I'll go home through the woods with you, Kittie. I never see the tramp yet I was afraid of."

With Kittie following close at her heels, Mrs. Spooner proceeded to the kitchen, where, throwing open the oven doors, she displayed a pair of the most beautifully browned chickens, which sent forth a very appetizing odor.

"There, Kittie, jest look at my fowls; ain't they doin' lovely? I've been doin' lots of cookin' to-day, and I do wish some interestin' company would happen along.

"I've had signs of a stranger all the afternoon; two chairbacks got together, and I bumped my elbow ag'in the pump-handle —"

At that moment there came a loud knocking at the door. Kittie gave a little shriek.

"It's—it's—him, auntie," she gasped. It's the old tramp."

"It is?" said the widow brusquely. "Jest let me get me weapons ready, and I'll soon start him goin'."

With a saucepan of boiling water in one hand and a fire-shovel in the other, Mrs. Spooner advanced boldly to the door.

In the semi-twilight stood a seedy-looking individual, wearing a slouch hat covered with dust.

"Could you—ahem—give—me," he began in a hesitating manner, then hastily retreated a few steps as he caught a glimpse of the warlike implements in the hands of the widow.

"Yes, I'll give you," cried the widow, 'a good whackin with my shovel, and a scaldin' to boot, if you ain't off my premises before I can count ten. You great, lazy loafer! Ain't you ashamed, round trampin' and beggin' your livin'? Why haint you workin' on some railroad, diggin' ditches, you shif-less hulk?"

"I—I—hain't round beggin' no livin'," stammered the man, his eyes firmly riveted on the widow's weapons. "I hain't no tramp, neither, I'll have you to know—I—"

"Oh, no, you no tramp, none of 'em is; you're a bank president, most likely. Come, git, put yourself."

"I won't stir a blasted peg," he sputtered. "You can't drive till I've had a chance to tell you who—"

"I can't, can't I? We'll see about that, you wretch. Follow me with the tea-kettle Kittie; I'll scald him to death."

Mrs. Spooner's appearance as she screamed these words were more that of a modern Amazon than a staid, elderly widow, and with a smothered shriek, the man fled precipitately before her, never paused until he ignominiously tumbled over a rock-heap by the road side.

"There, Kittie," exclaimed Mrs. Spooner as she came into the kitchen flushed and triumphant, "I've sent him about his business. I've learned that soft words won't count any more with the tramp gentry, and I guess this particular one won't visit me ag'in.

"Why, Auntie," said Kittie, staring hard out of the window, "he ain't gone; he's sitting down by the barn now."

"Why, how you talk. Has he had the impudence to come back here? Well, now you jest wait; I'll start him out of my dooryard, or I'll know the reason why."

With hurried and determined steps, she took her way down to the spot where a folorn-looking figure was seated on a huge boulder, sorrowfully rubbing his knee-joints.

"Come," said she, "what in the world do you mean by hangin' round here? Why don't—bless my soul—this ain't—it can't be—Napoleon Crowe?"

"Yes, it's me," said Napoleon, plaintively.

"Took to trampin' round the country and scarin' little girls? You!"

"It's a danged mistake," said he. "I hain't trampin' round no country, nor scarin' little girls either. I wasn't never in this place before, and I didn't know fur certain which house you lived in, and so I was goin' to inquire if you could give me any idee where the widder Spooner lived, and you come at me with a fire-shovel and a bucket o' bilen water.'

"Why didn't you give me your name?"

"You didn't give me no chance, did you? I tried to tell you my name, but I couldn't get a word in edgeways. I expected a different welcome from you, Eunice, betn's we was allus such good friends, and I'd walked fifteen miles to ask you to marry me."

A warm flush rose to the widow's sunburned cheek. If there was a person on earth who had always had a warm corner in her heart it was Napoleon Crowe.

"Napoleon," hazarded she, "it was a dretful misunderstanding."

"I should hope it was, I swan," sighed Napoleon, still rubbing his bruised knees.

"It was Kittie's fault; she told me there was a tramp at the door, and I was that mad and excited I never took a good look. You've no idee how I've been pestered with thieven', sassy tramps, Napoleon."

"I don't doubt it, Eunice. You hadn't ought to be livin' here alone."

"You ain't goin', Napoleon? Do stop and have some supper—"

"Do you really want me to, Eunice?"

"Of course I do, Napoleon; and we'll have roast chickens and cream biscuits."

"And you'll hev me, Eunice?"

"I shouldn't wonder, Napoleon."

So Napoleon stayed to his supper, and after partaking of the roast chicken and cream biscuit was in such excellent spirits that he tossed Kittie up and down in his arms, and presented her with a nickle and two pennies, a freak of generosity on his part without precedent.—*Yankee Blade.*

King of Liniments.

Among the numerous Liniments, Pain Killers, etc. on the market, there must be one that is better than all the others. That one is EAST INDIA LINIMENT, as is proved by the testimony of all that have ever used it. Hundreds as good as the following:—

"I have used Seavey's East India Liniment in my family for more than a year, and have found it to be an excellent medicine, far superior to the other liniments, pain-killers, etc., that I have tried. It is, beyond doubt, what you claim it to be—'the King of all the Liniments.' I always keep a bottle in the house."
SAMPSON DEELL, Berwick.

Try one bottle, and if not satisfactory, go back and get your money.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

FAST ATLANTIC STEAMERS.

AND POSSIBILITIES OF FREIGHT AND PASSENGER TRAFFIC.

WHAT A PROMINENT C.P.R. OFFICIAL SAID ON THE SUBJECT.

Montreal, Sept. 27.—A party of gentlemen on St. James street this morning, including among others Mr. D. McNicoll, general passenger agent of the C.P.R., were discussing the question of a fast Atlantic steamship service and possibilities of trade in freight and passenger traffic for such a service if established. Mr. McNicoll was appealed to for his views and as to the rumored intentions of the C.P.R. directorate He replied: "I can say nothing officially or otherwise as to the intentions of the C.P.R. people. Whether or not they contemplate establishing a line of steamers on the Atlantic to correspond with their line on the Pacific they have not told me and I do not know. Rumors generally mean nothing and sometimes mean a great deal, but as to the feasibility and desirability of a fast steamship service from Canada to England I have as an individual, very strong opinions."

Mr. McNicoll then went on to explain his views. He said: "Take Quebec as a summer port and Halifax as a winter port. Now look at the distance. From Liverpool to Quebec is 2,661 miles; from Liverpool to New York is 3,130 miles. You will see that there is practically a day's less run on the water by taking Quebec as the port than there is by going to New York. I can take the passengers off at Quebec and land them in New York by railway from six to twelve hours ahead of the vessel that will start at the same time from Liverpool, and with one days less journey on the water. I can land the passengers in Detroit or in Chicago or any point west, either north or south of lake Erie, practically 24 hours ahead of the passenger that comes by the way of New York. Now take the vessel coming to Halifax. The distance from Liverpool to Halifax is 2,342 miles. The distance from Liverpool to New York is 3,130 miles, a difference of over a day and a half's travel in favor of Halifax. Passengers landing at Halifax can be in Boston 12 hours ahead of the vessel coming direct to that port and can have 24 hours the advantage of every point west, including Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, and so on. That fact alone seems to me to guarantee that the traffic will come to these ports in preference to going to New York's port, because in these days time is the essence of the contract and every hour saved is an hour gained.

"Now take the other way," said Mr. McNicoll. "When you sail from New York the vessel goes out with the tide on certain days. The big liners leave New York on Wednesday say. According to the tide they may leave at 9 in the morning or two in the afternoon. Now suppose, you were starting from Montreal or Toronto, or any of the points West. Take Toronto as an illustration. To catch that boat on Wednesday morning you must leave on Monday, because you cannot take the risk of leaving on Tuesday, and some accident or delay occuring upon the railway preventing you catching your boat, which would involve the loss of your ticket and cost of the stateroom, and a great many other expenses. Therefore you must leave on Monday. You have to spend all day Tuesday in New York at a great expense, you have to pay cab hire and cartage of your baggage, and you can easily calculate what the extra expense of a person will ordinarily be. They will run from $10 to $15 on the grounds I have mentioned. A vessel belonging to a line of boats running from Quebec would wait the arrival of a certain train from the west, and would not leave until that train did arrive. Consequently a passenger from any inland point would make connection with that train and would know that when that train arrived the boat would be there; the train would run alongside the wharf at which the boat lay, there would be a step from the train to the vessel, a delay sufficiently long to convey the baggage from the train to the vessel, and we would be off. The same would apply to Halifax during the winter. "You can easily see," said Mr. McNicoll, "what a great advantage the Canadian route would have over the New York route in this matter of saving time and expense."

One of the gentlemen asked what style of ocean vessels were referred to.

Mr. McNicoll replied that he was speaking of ocean vessels equal to the very best liners now running into New York, and better if they could be built; a vessel that would run 22 miles an hour, or better, and would furnish accommodation equal to the finest New York liners. "But," he said, "these boats cannot be made freight boats. I hold that the passenger service and freight service are just as distinct upon the ocean as they are upon the land, and I would no more expect one of those fast steamers to carry freight than I would expect an express train to take on freight cars. The big vessel at the slow rate of speed will carry the freight cheaply. The fast liner will carry only the passengers and their effects and express matter, just exactly as a through passenger express does on land to-day."

These views were discussed at length by business men later in the day and were admitted to be of great value and decided originality, and of having a direct bearing upon the fast Atlantic service subject.—*Toronto Empire.*

To Prevent the Grip

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

Crotters for Canada.

London, Sept. 30.—The plans for a Crofter colony on Vancouver Island, in British Columbia, are now all complete, the agreements between the Imperial and provincial governments and the syndicate having been all signed. The syndicate is now about to bring out a company, with a capital of one million pounds sterling, though the present issue will be for half a million only. The company will be called the Commercial Company of British Columbia. Men of the highest standing here are taking a keen interest in the undertaking.

Rich Plum Pudding.

This delicious confection is nicely calculated to produce dyspepsia, heartburn, biliary troubles and headache. Burdock Blood Bitters is equally well calculated to cure these troubles and has proved its power in hundreds of cases. B. B. B. regulates and purifies the entire system.

Causes Mystery.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 29.—Advices to-day from Ounalaska state that steamer St. Paul reached there Sept. 2nd, from San Francisco, and reported that August 28th. it steamed for four hours through a cloud so black and dense that lamps had to be lighted. When the steamer emerged from the cloud its decks were covered to a depth of several inches with volcanic dust. It is thought at Ounalaska there had been an upheaval on shore, or that a new island has emerged from the sea, as did Bogaslux Island six years ago.

—If the hair has been made to grow a natural color on bald heads in thousands of cases, by using Hall's Hair Renewer, why will it not in yours.

—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

Monkeys Pick Cherries.

There is an ancient saying, current among sailors, that monkeys can speak, but refrain from doing so lest they should be compelled to work. Aaron Howells, who owns a cherry farm near Goshen, N.Y., remembered this when, a year ago, he began to teach a couple of large monkeys to pick his fruit. The influx of California fruit to the Eastern markets has gradually so seriously reduced the profits on the Atlantic seaboard that it became evident that the wages of pickers would eat it nearly all up. Incidentally, Farmer Howells mentioned this to his cousin, who is the captain of an East India trader sailing from Boston. Capt. Howells replied that, on some of the islands near Siam, he had seen monkeys that had been trained to pick fruit, and did their work well. He saw no reason why the creatures should not be similarly utilized in Orange county.

Farmer Howells was very sceptical, but when, on his cousin's return from his next voyage, he brought home with him two very big Siamese apes, he began to instruct them at once. They learned very rapidly, and now the owner thinks they save him at least 50 cents a day each. They climb better, pick more, and eat less than the boys. Each monkey has a bag that contains about five pounds of fruit slung around his waist.

"They go up the tree like a rocket," said Mr. Howells, "and, when their bags are full, they come down like the stick." A heap of empty sacks on the grass is ready for them, and they help themselves and return to their work. Moreover, with their toil, the farmer thinks, they have broken their silence, and, though he cannot yet understand what they say, he is quite sure that they hold animated conversations with each other.—*New York Times.*

Book Notices.

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN FOR OCTOBER is as winsome as ever. Wherever this little juvenile goes, its mission is to shed brightness, carry sunshine, and bring good cheer. Its pictures, stories and verse this month, are all about what boys and girls like, what boys and girls do, and what boys and girls are eager to know. The Monkey Story, the Studio Dolls, and A Boy and a Girl, with the nutting-time, peach-time, berrying-time, and all sorts of good times, will gladden the heart of every little man and woman, and make study-time eas