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William Hart,
Assignee.

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Bowlby, J. Haddon Balcom, and Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has, by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said deed lies at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Lawrencetown, this 31st day of August, 1888.

L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
Assignees.

NOTICE.—The above mills of Bowlby, Balcom & Co., will be run as usual until further notice.

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VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1889. NO. 1.

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NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of J. Stewart Leonard, late of Paradise, 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

ANNIE E. LEONARD, Executrix.

Paradise, January 12th, 1889. 3m

THIS YEAR'S

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FINER THAN EVER.

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IN BRONZE on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

Children Cry for **Pitcher's Castoria.**

Poetry.

(For the Monitor.)

Spring.

The backbone of winter is broke;
The sun thaws the mud-thro' the days;
The travellers look soiled as they pass
On their weary and miry way.

Pedestrians mincing their way,
The snow drifts of winter deplore;
The housewife breathes forth her soft moan,
For her husband tracks mud o'er the floor.

And all of creation looks glum,
And mucid and wan in extreme,
Like sick folks recovering health—
The glory of spring is a dream.

The mantle of snow is dissolved;
Old hoopskirts and brickbats exposed;
And all of the filth scattered round
In winter is plainly disclosed.

Then over this filth softly falls
A layer of beautiful snow,
To melt by the rays of the noon,
And this is delightful you know.

Can the sun in the azure above,
Or the song of the merle on the spray,
Cheer the heart that is sombre and sad,
While the earth is all shiny and gray.

And oh! such a sweet breath I draw!
Pollutions of all kinds around,
All things decomposing at once—
O where, can a pure air be found?

The air saturated with mist,
The glands can't perspire as they should;
My sweetheart's emotions are weak;
She can't love me now if she would.

But when we get safely across
This dark, muggy swamp of the year,
I'll sit by her side in sweet June,
And breath words of love in her ear.

You're asleep, O ye muses, asleep,
And ye dream the sweet songs that ye sing;
Do not, then, harass editors more
With your *lines on the coming of spring.*

—*Puggie.*

Select Literature.

The Pilot Engine.

The Story of a Railway Adventure.

'Who is standing pilot this evening?' said the superintendent, or 'boss,' as he was called.

'Seth Martin,' was the foreman's reply.

'Tell him to come here, will you? and hurry up!'

The foreman hastened away, and both he and Seth Martin must have 'spread themselves,' as the former said, for in a few minutes the engine-driver stood before his chief.

The great man took a comprehensive look at the engineer, who flinched not a muscle. His clear, steady eyes were as blue as the sky; a handsome brown beard ornamented his face, which, albeit rather dirty, was full of character and determination. To use the popular expression, 'he was pure gold down to bed rock.'

The superintendent, satisfied with the scrutiny, nodded to the engine-driver, and said:

'There's a specie train up out of Collinsville to-night, Seth.'

'I know that,' was the response.

'And it will require close watching,' continued the chief.

'I s'pose so—I know that,' repeated Seth.

'You are mighty knowin' this evening,' said the superintendent, smiling, 'but there is one thing you don't know, sonny. You don't know that you are going to run the pilot to that train.'

'Yes, I do,' repeated the engine-driver. 'Who in thunder told you, then? I didn't know it myself ten minutes ago!'

'You told me this minute, then I knew it,' replied Seth, smiling, and disclosing his white even teeth. 'I'm ready, boss.'

'Seth Martin, you ought to be a judge; your talents are thrown away on this line. But listen; we've no time to split straws. There's a very festive gang of desperadoes hanging about up Dartford way. They nearly wrecked the through Pacific last week. Fortunately the passengers were handy with their shootin'-irons, and bullets were rainin' pretty thick, else there would have been something unpleasant.'

'Wa'al,' said the engine-driver, 'go-ahead.'

'Now you must run pilot to the specie train, and see that the line is clear up as far as Dartford City. You can shunt at Trestle Bridge siding, and wait to pull the wagons up the Bunker incline through the cuttings. Once safe there you can rattle along, and mind you keep a good look-out.'

'You bet!' was Seth's reply. 'I'd better take my six-shooter, I, suppose. We'll have to fight, may be?'

'Most likely,' replied the superintendent, coolly. 'Keep this quiet. I've got men on the look-out along the line. Who's your mate?'

'English Tom Atkins,' was the reply. 'He's grit!'

'All right, then,' said the chief. 'Now don't drink; keep a full head of steam; bring back the specie safe, and—'

'Wa'al,' drawled the other, coolly.

'I'll provide for your family if you're hurt or shot; if not, I'll reward you.'

'Is that all, then? Well, good-night, boss, and thank ye.'

'Good luck,, was the answer; 'I'll not forget you.'

Seth Martin turned away with a nod of acknowledgment, and directed his steps to the shed where his engine was 'standing pilot.' This means that the engine had steam up (or was 'in steam,' to speak technically), and was ready for any sudden emergency.

The driver was just as well pleased to run a couple of hundred miles on a dark night, even with the chance of being shot, as to have an invitation to the 'White House' itself.

'Tom!'

'Hallo!' came back in an unmistakable English voice.

'Fire up a bit; we're bound west; specie pilot; ten o'clock. Keep it quiet.'

A man unseen by the driver put up his head to listen.

Seth was a man of action, and so was his mate Tom Atkins. They looked to the engine and their revolvers, put a dozen cartridges in a tin can; filled a similar can with some old Bourbon whiskey at a saloon close by, whither they were followed by the man who had been listening to their conversation, and who noted their preparations.

After communicating with some accomplice, this mysterious individual left the saloon and made his way toward a signal box which stood some distance down the line.

As soon as the engine driver and his mate were recognized they were warmly welcomed, for they were favorites. Many drinks were tendered for their acceptance, and declined on various pleas, till at length one man declared the Britisher wanted to fix an insult op a free-born citizen. He offered Seth and Tom a glass apiece, saying:

'What's up, mate? Swore off, eh?'

'For this evening,' replied Seth, 'but as I'd rather drink than fight just now, I'll take your treat.' So the men each took the proffered glass, but scarcely tasted it; and soon afterward Seth, fearing that some inkling of his intended mission might leak out, beckoned to his fireman to follow as soon as possible, and then left the saloon. He lit a cigar, climbed into the 'cab' of his engine (all American locomotives are protected and closed in), and began to smoke.

He smoked in comfort for about a quarter of an hour, then he felt 'queer.'

'These is stronger cigars than usual,' he muttered, and he threw it from him. But the impression on his brain became heavier; he felt very sleepy now.

'I think I'll have a nap; it's only about nine o'clock. I must; there's an hour yet. I wonder where Tom is? It's my opinion Tom will drink too much or—'

His train of thought was suddenly interrupted. All at once it flashed upon him that he himself had been 'drugged' in the saloon!

'That's it; what a thundering idiot I am!' He essayed to rise; but felt quite bewildered. He made hopeless attempts to stand upright, but could do nothing. He was as useless as a child; but, worse than all, he was conscious of his inability to do his duty. His head was spinning round, his feet were heavy as leaden weights. He opened the sliding door, but ere he could descend a blow from behind sent him flying into space—a splash, and down he sank into a large pond containing a quantity of surplus water from the locomotive tanks.

At the same moment three men climbed up on the engine, and, with a low, but hearty chuckle, started it from the siding.

'I think we did that neat,' said the shortest of the party, 'I didn't listen to the boss for nothin' this time. The specie train will run after all, you see. Oh! they couldn't catch me tripping. No *sir!*'

'The Savage will do the bridge I suppose,' said another. 'He's to work on the up line, isn't he?'

'Aye, only on that side. Ye did that Britisher pretty, I must say. He and Seth was kinder cautious too.'

'I mixed it strong,' said the other, with a savage laugh. 'Did you settle the signals, Abe?'

'Aye; telegraphed ourselves on special, and then cut the wires and smashed the instruments. We're clear now to Dartford City. What's that?' he added hastily, as the engine lurched for a second and lifted.

'Only the points. We're out now. We can run easy, I s'pose. She won't burst, I hope. Here goes.'

The speaker, who knew little about engine driving, turned on the steam, and away they went. He turned his head for a moment. 'There's something moving yonder; they've found Seth, likely.'

But this portion of the gang of desperadoes had met their match in English Tom Atkins. For a moment or two he had been overcome by the drugged whiskey, but a simple and very effective remedy cured him at the cost of a few moments' sickness. Creeping along the ground, for he could not walk, he conceived the idea of following these men, so he held the points open and sent the 'bravoes' away into the night *on the up line.* He proposed to give the alarm and follow (on the down metals) with a superior force. But fate was drawing the fugitives to destruction. *The up line was cut at the bridge.*

'Lend a hand, mate, I'm drownin'!' This is what Tom heard as he crawled rather than walked across the metals to seek assistance.

'Seth—Seth Martin! what's happened to you?'

'Them varmints tosted me in here when I was half stupid, but the water has done me good. Help me out, Tom, and we'll fix them yet.'

Tom, who was rapidly recovering, lent all the assistance he could, and then the dripping driver, quickly wringing the water from his clothes, said, when his mate had told him what he had done:

'Don't breathe a syllable to mortal man. I know Bob Franklin's engine is in steam by now for the cross traffic. We'll fire up and run them down. We may save the specie yet. Hurry down to the signal-box while I get out the engine.'

Tom hastened away as desired, but soon came back with the intelligence that the box was empty and the wire cut.

'We daren't say a word now,' said Seth. 'What fools we were to take them drinks! Now, Tom, shove in some wood while I oil the cranks. I'll leave word for the foreman; we must trust him.'

All these preparations were made almost as quickly as they are here described. In ten minutes the engine was ready, and as noiselessly as possible the great locomotive was brought out of the shed, but tender first.

'Never mind,' said Seth, when Tom objected. 'We can run about as quick. Now, are you ready?'

The foreman came up at that moment.

'If you do succeed,' he said, 'your fortunes are made. If you fail I wouldn't answer for your lives. Take my revolver,' he added, 'and be off.'

Seth thanked him, adding gloomily, 'If we fail, we'll never come back alive. For us to be hocussed with 'Bourbon' is disgrace enough.'

A whistle! The foreman opened the points and the engine sped away on the down line in full pursuit of the desperadoes, to save the specie train if possible.

'We've no head-lamp!' exclaimed Tom, suddenly.

'So much the better. We don't want to advertise ourselves to-night. There's a flash of something; guess we'll have a storm.'

The remark was not uncalled for. The gleam of lightning every now and then appeared to rest upon the steel handles and glint along the rails. There was a moaning sound in the air, a feeling of oppression, while occasionally a heavy splash of rain would drop upon the roof of the 'cab' in which the men journeyed.

They absolutely flew along the track. Over the apparently boundless prairie the line was laid. Not a station for miles. A few watering places at intervals alone broke the level character of the prospect when the fitful lightning lit up the surroundings. Pitch-dark overhead except when the flashes came; and the only light below, the rapidly moving glare of the furnace-fire on the 'road.'

'It's past eleven,' said the driver. 'We ought to have pulled them up. We've run this thirty miles in the half hour. There's Buffalo Creek,' he added as they skimmed past.

'Well, then Dartford is only another thirty, and the trestle siding on the top of the cutting is only twenty-five.'

'We must pass them at the curve below. Hollo! look out, mind that hand-lamp.'

Tom turned the slide, and looked ahead. Seth shut off steam.

'They are there! Lucky we are running tender foremost, or they would see our fire. We'll wait on them gently on them till they get on to the trestle curve. Then we'll 'wire in' and drop them. Steady, mate!'

The engine came silently to a standstill. The gentle hiss of the steam, which was just raising the valves, was the only audible sound. Broad flashes of sheet lightning lit up the heavy masses of cloud, but no thunder followed. Seth looked to his revolver. Tom fed the fire, and they waited; it was their only chance—a surprise.

For quite twenty minutes the men waited; the engine in front had long ago disappeared. At last Seth said: 'Now, Tom, is our time, I'll run them a race to Dartford City, and if I get there first, there'll be scalps to sell to-morrow. We'll round that curve before they see us, and come in all flying. Are you ready?'

Tom signified his consent, and away darted the ponderous engine across the boundless prairie at top speed. On, on, never mind the rough track; it's death if you leave it, it's death most likely if you remain. There is one chance, and one only—if you reach Dartford City and give the alarm!

'Press on, Seth; it's nigh midnight.' So whispered Tom as the engine swung around the sharp curve. There, seemingly motionless, was the other engine. Faster and faster rattled the pursuer. They were seen at last. The men were visible through the glass for an instant.

'Lie down!' roared Seth.

Only just in time; two bullets came crashing over head; another hit the handle of the steamwhistle and sent out a scream of defiance into the night. Seth rose slowly and pistol in hand, watched the foe.

'He's going to race us, but he don't know the trick of firin' 200, Tom. We'll pass him and then—!'

Seth's face, as he spoke and clutched his revolver, was sufficient to explain his meaning without words.

On, on, speeding across the prairie! Now Seth was gaining, now the others shot ahead. 'More wood in the furnace; pile it in, Tom,' cried Seth—'that's it—now.'

A bullet from Seth's steady hand passed through the glass of the other engine, ann shattered the driving-arm of the man who held the regulator.

'Bully!' exclaimed the delighted Seth. 'Now for another log.' The fire was blown up, and like an arrow the engine flew along; but no more shots were exchanged, for as they were running neck and neck for one instant Seth perceived a light on the line ahead, and before his companion was aware of his intention, shut off the steam. The other engine fled away in the darkness, leaving Seth and Tom far behind.

'What did you shut off for?' cried Tom in amazement.

'Look ahead and you'll know,' was the grim reply.

Tom looked ahead. A weird light was playing on the track, a halo of unearthly appearance. It shimmered and moved about like a will-o-the-wisp. It was a most ghastly white mist—a ghostly warning.

'What can it be?' said Tom, his superstitious terrors being now excited. 'What is it?'

'It's a light, that's all,' said Seth with a fiendish grin, 'I know it though; I've seen it before. There's somebody underneath the rails in the bridge, and you bet they're cutting the track for the specie train!'

'Gracious heaven, and that engine!'

'That engine will be in the river in two minutes,' said Seth Martin.

'Oh! hurry up and save them if we can,' exclaimed Tom. 'Go ahead!'

'Gently, mate, gently; let him go on a bit.' He turned on steam, but ere they had passed half the distance in the direction of the light a loud crash was heard, and amid screams of human agony the Trestle Bridge sank down—gently, slowly, but surely, to the stream below. The ponderous engine dipped forward, gave one heavy roll, righted again, and then turning completely over, fell with a thundering noise into the canyon below.

The lights were suddenly extinguished, and the piercing screams of wounded and scalded men arose, mingled with the hissing steam and the dull roar of thunder. The storm had burst.

'Caught in their own trap,' said Seth. 'Serves them right! Poor critters, I'm kinder sorry too.'

'Let us help them,' cried Tom.

'Help! yes; let us run to Dartford and stop the traffic. The specie is due in ten minutes.'

'Cross that bridge?' exclaimed the fireman.

'Yes, sir, across that bridge. I'm going to try it,' replied Seth. 'Will you chance it?'

'Yes,' was the brave answer; 'it's kill or cure.'

'Here goes then; shake hands. God bless ye, mate; if we don't meet again, tell them I died at my post like a man.'

The driver and fireman clasped hands in silence, and Seth turning on the full pressure of steam, the engine gathered itself up for the final race.

Not a sound escaped either man. Side by side they stood. As they approached they could see a red glare. The bridge had caught fire. As they shot past, a form or two hurried quickly out of sight—some of the desperate band, now cowed and crushed. In a moment more the bridge was in full view. The crackling timbers of the up line were all burning around the mighty monster engine, which still emitted smoke and flame. As a flash of lightning will in one brief second reveal all surrounding objects distinctly, so the glare of the engine furnace lit up the scene below. The engine dashed along—a roar, a creaking noise, the flame leaped up beneath—and the danger was ove. The down line had not been undermined.

As they slackened speed a long deep whistle was heard, and a dim speck was seen like a pin's head on the line in front.

'There's the specie, Tom. We've done our duty. Run down easy, and then see if we can't help the unfortunate loafers under the bridge. It was a narrow squeak!'

It was indeed! The specie train was saved, though, and the filibusters taken in the act. Three were drowned, and two more so terribly injured that they died soon after from the effects. Seth and Tom were rewarded; and the former was subsequently made inspector; but he and Tom often talk of that summer night when they were so pearly killed while running pilot.

The Model Teacher.

By Rev. Jno. Clark, Nictaux.

(Concluded.)

4. There is his object. And what is that? The good opinion of others? The appropriation of society?—for as it was thought a respectable thing to be called Rabbi in the days of Christ, so it is thought to be a respectable thing to be a teacher now. No! He thought not the praise of men. Such a motive he positively disclaims. "I receive not honor from men." "If I honor Myself, My honor is nothing; it is My Father that honoreth Me." He who becomes, or continues, a teacher for the credit of the thing is not likely to accomplish much spiritual good. We need scarcely envy those who can easily talk, and almost for any length of time; for, in some instances, at least, there may be simply teaspoonfuls of thoughts in oceans of words; and, at best, the listeners can only say, "How nicely he talks!" And perhaps, no truth, no sacred principle, no hallowed impression is carried away. Whereas, perhaps, another teacher, having few words to spare, opens up the subject tremblingly, yet intelligently, and then seeks to apply the lesson, with deep tenderness of feeling, as one who is desirous of bringing the soul nearer God, and Christ, and heaven. Perhaps the listener makes no remark, but goes away and thinks; thinks whether he is living aright before God and man; whether he is acting up to the truth he knows, whether the truth presented is having its due influence over his heart and life. The Great Teacher made His hearers think—think for themselves. "They were astonished at His doctrine," and they all bore Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth. They left their ignorance and need of further enlightment; some, afterwards, going to Him privately, as we must do now, asking Him to interpret His own sayings. His great object was to "seek and to save the lost." No Sabbath school teacher should have a lower aim. Class popularity, school popularity, local popularity, unaccompanied by deep piety and holiness of heart will be of no avail in "the great and terrible day of the Lord." No thought of man-pleasing entered the Model Teacher's mind. Far be such a thought from every teacher now. "Tis pitiful to court a grin, when you should woo a soul." The spiritual and eternal good of the members of the class should be sought after, not simply during the brief hour that teachers and scholars are together on the Sabbath, but also through the week. A preacher of the Gospel who has been the means of bringing several hundred of souls to the Saviour, and whose writings have gone through the English speaking world, owes much of his influence for good to the Sabbath school teacher who invited him to take a pleasant and favorite walk with him one week day evening, and, while on the way, commenced and continued an interesting conversation on subjects of reading and enquiry that the lad had a taste for, and, then, at parting, with great tenderness of feeling, breathed a few words concerning the necessity of yielding the heart to Christ. That parting word did the work, and a new world of thought and feeling was opened up to the scholar's mind. That evening's walk will never be forgotten by the scholar, not even in eternity. That scholar and teacher, though they have never met for many, many years, will again walk side by side, not along the green and shady lanes of England, but along the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. The Great Teacher—the Model Teacher—sought the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Every Sabbath school teacher must seek the same object; hoping, laboring, and praying for this; so that, in the great day of recompense, when the unfaithful servant shall be bound hand and foot, and cast into outer darkness, the faithful laborer shall be admitted into the shining presence of the Great King, and gratefully, rejoicingly say: "Lord, here am I, and the soul which Thou hast given me."

5. There is His spirit. No one could question the Model Teacher's sincerity. He was what He seemed—all that He seemed to be. Every teacher should be a genuine Christian—the prayer of each should be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." The "right spirit" is the essential thing. The teacher should never go before his class with the air of self-importance about him, as though "he were some great one"—a something in tone, manner, and bearing, seeming to say, "Lo! I am somebody; I am of considerable importance; hear me!" This is utterly unlike the spirit of Him who said, and still says to earth's weary and heavy laden ones:—"Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart." He was willing to teach the multitudes; and it is a great pleasure, sometimes, to have a large class; but He counted it no act of condescension to teach the one scholar who resorted to Him with something of timidity and fear amid the darkening shades of night; or the laboring woman, of more than doubtful character, who went out of the city to draw water at Jacob's well, and found more than she went for, even the water of eternal life. If the Sunday School teacher would be like the great Model Teacher, he must possess the same spirit of love. O how the Saviour yearned over those He addressed! How He longed for their salvation—not simply their salvation from a terrible future doom, but salvation from all bigotry, prejudice, ignorance, self-righteousness, hardness of heart, and indifference to the feelings or welfare of others. As He looked over the city that had disregarded His teachings, with infinite compassion welling up in His heart, and tears, copious tears, rolling down His cheeks, He said: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this Thy day, the things that belong to Thy peace! but now that they are hid from Thine eyes; .....Thou knewest not the time of Thy visitation." O the beautiful spirit of Jesus!—so kind, patient, compassionate, holy, merciful and loving. O teachers! yours is a great work, a blessed work. It is work such as the angels might covet, but is not granted them; work such as the kings and queens of earth might wish to take part in; but which they do not rise to. One king of olden time, however, had the right spirit when He said: "Come, ye children, harken unto Me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

Will you not cultivate the spirit of Jesus? It is only as you reach the heart of your readers that you really do them much good. Outside work is of little avail; there is too much of it being attempted now. The show of religion, the parade of religion, the statistics of religion are less, infinitely less, than religion itself. Scholars, whether children or adults, may be led by social influences, by local and temporary circumstances, by novelties of method, to profess religion, and yet the heart may be untouched, unreached, the character unchanged, and, consequently, the soul unsaved. And what an awful thing it is to be *in* the church, and yet not *of* it.

Do not be discouraged, dear friends, nor feel ready to give up your work simply because you may not have a great amount of scholarship, great college-attained qualifications to favor you. One may possess all the honors and degrees that colleges and universities can give, and yet lack the most important thing—the spirit of Christ. This gift is within your reach. This spirit will give life and power to your teaching. Lacking this, all scholarship, all learning, will count for nothing. A law, stern and terrible as any ever given by sound of trumpet and voice of words on Sinai's tempest-scarred, flame-wrapped mountain-peaks, stands in God's great Statute Book, and speaks with voice of thunder strength to preachers, to teachers, to all, as unceasingly as the hours go by. "Now, if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Alas! for any of us present here to-day, if those last words linger sadly in our memory, repeating themselves in the innermost recesses of the soul like a multiplying echo: "None of His!" "None of His!"

Perhaps many a faithful Sabbath School teacher does not get, even from his pastor, all the commendation he justly deserves. There is invariably a large amount of preparatory work before every true ingathering into the church of Christ. The writer recalls to mind the history of a certain church which has had quite a variety of ministers in the course of several years; but it is no exaggeration to say that the larger part of the additions to that church have come out of a class in the Sabbath School taught by an earnest, devoted, Christian sister. Yet no minister has ever published her name to the world—each successive pastor reputing year by year the additions, as though they were all through his own labors. But one day—the great day of manifestation—all true workers will be revealed, recognized, rewarded, crowned.

Be baptized into the spirit of Christ. Remember you are responsible, not only for what you teach, but also for the *spirit in which* you teach. The work, whatever it is, is shaped by the worker's inmost spirit. Thought awakens thought, feeling stimulates feeling, spirit moves spirit. Work performed without the spirit of the Saviour—the great Model Teacher—will come to nought. The perishable must perish. The temporary cannot be made eternal. Only heart-work—spirit-work—can be immortal. Jesus Christ is the one foundation. "Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." The "wood," the "hay," the "stubble,"—all work lacking the permanent spiritual element will have to go. The records of schools and churches; the flattering reports of the secular and religious press, whether written with your own hand or another's will vanish away, will perish with the lapse of years. There is no true, no perfect record of one's life and work, save that of heaven—and that record—minute, accurate, complete, and unalterable, endures throughout eternity.

All work done in the Master's name, done in the Master's spirit, done for for the Master's glory, shall stand out in the white light of the upper world in true and grand proportions, inviting the attention and eliciting the approbation of all pure and holy intelligences, a memorial of faith, of love, of consecrated service—a memorial, imperishable, incorruptible, indestructible, and eternal in the heavens.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor, Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of fetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, *and firmly set.*"—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Lost in the Storm.

One of our local editors clipped from a leading magazine, extracts from a vivid description of a western blizzard which we take the liberty to publish and suggest to H. H. Warner & Co., the proprietors of the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, the feasibility of an extract for the introduction of one of their telling advertisements. The following is the description:

"At the close of a dark day in January a solitary horseman wends his way across the open prairie in one of our western territories. He passes at long intervals the lone cabin of the hardy frontiersman. Two or three old settlers of whom he inquired the way, have warned him that a storm is approaching and with true western hospitality urge him to accept shelter for the night. But he declines the proffered kindness and urges his tired horse forward. * * * The sky grows suddenly dark. * * * The storm increases in its fury. * * * The rider dismounts to warm his fast chilling limbs. * * * Can scarcely breathe. Blindness comes on. Drowsiness steals over him. The end is near. * * * He is lost in the blizzard."

The terror which seizes the bewildered traveler is similar to that which overcomes one when he learns that he is suffering from an advanced Kidney Disease, and is informed that he is in the last stages of Bright's disease. At first he is informed that he has a slight kidney affection. Later he begins to feel tired. Slight headache. Fickle appetite. Failure of the eye-sight. Cramp in the calf of the legs. Wakefulness. Distressing nervousness. Rheumatic and neuralgic pains. Occasionally pain in the back. Scanty, dark colored fluids, with scalding sensation. Gradual failure of strength.

Any of the above symptoms signify Kidney Affection. His physician treats him for symptoms and calls it a disease, when in reality it is but a symptom of Kidney trouble. He may be treated for Rheumatic or Neuralgic pains, heart affection, or any other disease which he is most susceptible to. Finally the patient has puffing under the eyes, slight bloating of the ankles and legs. His physician informs him that it is but the accumulation of blood in his ankles for want of proper exercise.

The bloat continues and reaches his body.

Then he is informed he has dropsical troubles, and is tapped once or twice. He notices it is difficult to breath owing to irregular action of the heart, and finally is informed that he has a slight attack of Bright's Disease.

At last the patient suffocates—is smothered—and dies from dropsical trouble. Or perhaps the disease may not take the form of a dropsical tendency, and the patient dies from apoplexy, paralysis, pneumonia or heart trouble. Or it may take the form of blood poisoning. In each form the end is the same. And yet he and his friends were warned by the proprietors of the celebrated remedy known as Warner's Safe Cure, of the lurking dangers of a slight Kidney affection.

He did not heed the warning that a storm was approaching. He declined the proffered hospitality, and recklessly went forward into danger. He struggled manfully for a time, but his strength failed, he grew gradually weaker and he was lost to the world. Not in a blizzard, but from the terrible malady which is occurring in every community, and which is doctored as a symptom instead of what it is,—a mortal disease unless properly treated.

—One of the Australian courts is called upon to decide a novel and difficult question. A Roman Catholic merchant left in his will a bequest of $7,000 to be used to deliver his soul from purgatory. The executor demands legal proof from the local priests that the conditions of the will have been complied with before he will pay over the money.

—Mr. McCarthy, M. P., has received a threatening letter from Boston for his action regarding the Jesuits' estates.

The Blood is the Life.

And on its purity largely depends the general health. No one is free from danger and nine-tenths of humanity actually do suffer from one form or other of impure blood. No one remedy has such a wide range as has Burdock Blood Bitters—that best of all blood purifiers and tonics.