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 26th, 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 31sf, 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.

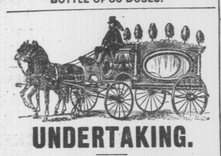
One teaspoonful of *Phospholeine* being equal in nutritive and blood-making value to ten times its bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the *Cheapest* preparation in use.

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 are now 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.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 20. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1892. NO. 27.

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.

J. M. OWEN.

49 tf 49 tf
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892.

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. 29 1y

Early Closing

The undersigned have agreed to close their places of business on

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY EVENINGS,
at SIX O'CLOCK, until further notice, commencing

Monday, June 20th:

Runciman, Randolph & Co.,
John P. Murdoch, J. W. Beckwith,
Strong & Whitman, G. H. Dixon,
Shafner & Neily, E. S. Piggott,
Burpee Chute, Hugh Fraser,
Brenda Lockett, Mrs. Ansley,
Capt. Nicholson, Richard Shipley,
John Lockett, Miss B. Elderkin,
A. J. Morrison.

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.

Cure 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 I have reconstructed this "home." 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.

Auld Lang Syne.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down.
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But oh, tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore:
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they be no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there.
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore,
Whate'er betides, thy love abides
Our God forever more.

—*Minnie E. Shaw, in Clinton Register.*

"Laugh a Little Bit."

Here's a motto, just your fit:
"Laugh a little bit."
When you think you're trouble-hit,
"Laugh a little bit."
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the bedlam's rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place
If you have the grin and wit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Keep your face with sunshine lit,
"Laugh a little bit."
Gloomy shadows off will flit
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.
Cherish this as sacred writ:
"Laugh a little bit."
Keep it with you, sample it,
"Laugh a little bit."
Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and Fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you laugh a little bit.

Select Literature.

Joe's Wife.

Dr. Ford was driving home in the twilight, after working hard all day, tired and anxious as to the result of an important operation performed that morning. The mud spattered up from the streets as he rolled along, and the chilling November drizzle gave to the familiar trees a forlorn, almost ghastly aspect. His heart warmed as he pictured to himself a wife watching for him with a welcome smile, from their cosy parlor, dinner ready, and a long, restful evening before them.

But as he drew near home, no cheerful light streamed from door or window. All seemed as dark and deserted as the dripping street. He threw the reins to the boy whose duty was to hold the horse on his professional rounds and flung open the front door with an irritated, injured feeling.

No tender smile; no sympathetic voice; no firelight; no dinner, apparently.

"Elinor!" he called.

No answer.

"Elinor!"

This time a voice spoke out of the darkness—a tired voice—

"Do be more quiet, John, the baby is just going to sleep."

"Confound it! Why isn't there a light here! And why isn't the baby asleep before this time of night?"

"He has been fretful all day with his teeth, and I have not had a chance to change my dress."

A wailing cry from the nursery sent the voice hurrying thither, and the doctor, with some inaudible words, proceeded to light the gas and take of his wet overcoat. The house was cold; the parlor had evidently had been arranged by Hibernian hands; an odor of something burning stole in from the kitchen. A pleasant reception for a man after a long day's work.

He ran upstairs with no gentle footstep. His wife sat by the nursery fire; her face wore a weary expression, and she had on the same blue gown which she had donned for breakfast. The baby at length slept in her arms. She held up a warning finger as her husband came blundering in; but already baby's light slumber had been disturbed, and the process of soothing and singing had to be repeated for the fifteenth time.

It seemed to the young mother as if her patience could not hold out any longer. It was provoking to have the little one startled from his uneasy dreams again. She knew Bridget would spoil the dinner. She had been trying all day to get downstairs to make the house pleasant with a magic touch here and there. She longed to get into a fresh gown and brush her hair, but there had been no time for her to do one of these things. Nurse was away with a sick sister, and babies always demand more from their mothers than from any one else. They are tyrannical and know and seize every opportunity to prove their power over the anxious, half-ignorant young mothers, who are happy, after all, to be their slaves.

When at last the dinner bell rang, Mrs. Ford laid the baby in his crib, sound asleep this time, warm and lovely in his utter repose. She gave a hurried dab at her wavy hair, caught up a fresh handkerchief and ran down to join her husband, who sat at the table with a decidedly cross look on his face. He barely tasted the soup, then pushed it away in disgust.

"Burned?" asked his wife.

"Of course. Can't you smell it all over the house? Why don't you look after Bridget a little?"

"Why, John, I have hardly been downstairs to-day."

"Where's Hannah?"

"She went to her sister's last night."

"Oh, yes; I forgot. What's this? Cold corned beef! Really, Elinor, have you nothing else to offer?"

"Would you like an omelet?"

"No."

"What then?"

"A beefsteak, if there is one."

Mrs. Ford rose and went to the kitchen. The girl, of course, had just filled up the range with fresh coal; so there was nothing to be done but make the best of the cold meat, potatoes and maccaroni followed, by a desert of apple pudding and cheese.

Dr. Ford found fault with the potatoes, and said he was tired of maccaroni, the bread was dry and the butter not perfect. As to the pudding:

"My mother always had mince pies at this season," said he.

This was the last straw, and his wife, unusually sentive to straws to-night, could bear no more.

"It is a pity you ever left your mother."

"I think so too," he responded, pushing his chair back.

His wife hesitated a moment whether to run around the table and burst into tears upon her husband's shoulders or to rush upstairs and have a good cry by baby's side. She decided upon the latter course, and, with quivering lips, left the room and shut herself up in the nursery, where the fire was dying on the hearth and the baby breathing softly, in strange contrast to her overworked condition.

"Well, it is provoking. Women always must cry and fly into a passion about trifles."

But her husband, even as he thought these words, began to feel repentant. He remembered the teething baby and the long day at home alone. In another moment he would have followed his wife upstairs and apologized for the pain he had given her. But the door bell rang and a summons to visit a sick man at a distance sent him at once out into the wet night. And all domestic grievances were forgotten before he had driven two hundred yards.

The patient lived in a squalid part of the town by the river. The darkness seemed deeper in this poor neighborhood, the rain more soaking and the wind keener. The river swept sullenly by, a black, swollen tide reflecting the flaring lights on the bridge. But the doctor minded this discomfort very little. He was in love with his profession, ardent and young. Besides, the despised dinner had given him new courage to fight pain and death.

He entered the one room of the low house to which he had been directed, with a face quite free from impatience. A woman opened the door for him—a lean, miserable creature, with pale eyes void of expression. Her thin hair hung over her neck, her calico dress fell limply from her sharp shoulders. She stared at the door as he entered, and he could see there were tears in her childlike eyes.

"Joe's sick," she said, slowly, gazing into his face.

"What's the matter?"

"He—he's goin' ter die, maybe," she faltered piteously.

"No, I hope not."

"Joe's sick," she repeated in a whisper, shaking her head.

"Who's come?" asked a voice from the bed in a corner of the room. "Nellie, girl, who are ye talkin' with?"

"It is Dr. Ford, whom you sent for," said the physician, approaching the bed.

One candle lighted dimly the untidy, comfortless place, showing a stove and a man, with tumbled hair and rough beard lying among the pillows of his bed.

"Oh, the doctor," said he, with feverish eyes staring from under shaggy brows.

"How long have you been ill?" asked Dr. Ford, sitting down on a rickety chair.

"It's a week since I gave up; but I've been feeling bad for a long time."

The doctor placed his little thermometer under the patient's tongue and waited silently.

"Joe's sick," moaned the girl, peering out of the shadows.

The sufferer seemed to be irritated by the repetition of these words and made an impatient gesture, but as he did so, glanced pitifully at the slouching figure.

"What you most need is good nursing," said the doctor, after examining the patient. The man's face darkened. The woman hovered aimlessly over the stove.

"She's my wife," said the sick man hoarsely. "I know she ain't quite like other folks. But she's peaceable and good; not bold and noisy like other women. I pitied her first off; then I got kind o' fond of her. And she—"

The girl had crept to the bedside, and stood there with her vacant, troubled face, fumbling with the pillows.

"Joe," she said, much as a mother might speak her baby's name.

"She can't do nothing more for me nor for herself," whispered the man, as he clasped one of the fluttering hands in his.

"Poor thing!" murmured the doctor.

"I can earn good wages when I'm well," went on the invalid, "and I did the cooking and kept the house tidy then. Now everything's going wrong. She spoils all the victuals, but she don't mean to."

At this moment something on the stove boiled over with a loud hiss and filled the room with the odor of scorching milk. The girl started, then moved toward the ruined mess.

"Oh, dear me!" said the sick man under his breath. "Don't burn yourself, Nellie," he called, as if to a child.

"It's scorching, Joe," she said, the tears overflowing at last.

"Never mind, my girl, throw it away. We can get plenty more. You see, doctor," he said in his hoarse voice, "I can't speak rough to her. She's my wife."

The doctor sat with bent head, speechless.

"I'll send you a nurse, my man," he said after a pause. "What you need is some care. I will come again to-morrow." And with a low bow to man and wife, now clinging together, hand in hand, the doctor said good-night, and went on his way.

"Thank you sir," called out the sick man much moved.

The girl only stared and wiped the last tear from her lashes.

Two hours later a capable, kind-hearted woman was installed as nurse in the little home by the river. She brought with her food in abundance and comforts of all kinds.

Dr. Ford drove slowly homeward. Though it was late a bright light shone from the parlor window as he stopped. The glow of a wood fire illuminated the room as he entered. But no one came to meet him. His wife sat in her rocker fast asleep. The lamp threw a radiance over her bronze-brown hair and one delicate cheek, as she slept with her head against the crimson back of the chair. Her face wore a sweet childlike expression, with a touch of pathos about the lips, and her hands lay closely clasped in the lap of her gown of soft dove color.

Near the fire stood a white-draped table holding a tempting little repast, carefully arranged. From a slender glass in the midst hung one red rose. The doctor knew she had cut it for him from her favorite plant. On a pretty plate reposed the flakiest and most delectable of mince pies.

Dr. Ford stooped and kissed his wife's fair cheek reverently. She stirred, then opened her large eyes slowly.

"Oh, you have come. I am sorry I was not awake to meet you. But here's a mince pie. I sent over to your mother for one."

"Hang the pie!" cried John Ford. "Elinor, I am a brute!"

"Oh, no, dear—only a man instead of an archangel, as I once believed you to be. But never mind. How do you like my dress?"

"It is divine and you are an angel, Elinor. But, dearest, come and sit by me. I have just been to see a gentleman. I want to tell you all about it."

He Found the Ark.

A GREEK PRIEST TELLS A QUEER STORY OF MANY DETAILS.

The Rev. John Joseph Nouri. D. D., L. L. D., the Chaldean Archdeacon of Babylon Jerusalem, who arrived at San Francisco the other day on the steamer *China*, says he has seen Noah's Ark. As recounted, he has traveled, preaching and exploring in various lands, 250,000 miles. He set out from his home in Jerusalem seven years ago, and it will be five years yet, he says, before he gets back. In the five years he will travel 150,000 miles more, making a total in the twelve years of 400,000 miles, or a distance of more than 15 times around the earth. In addition to the office held by him, as indicated by his degrees, he is Pontificial Delegate General of Nebador ex-Grand Secretary of the Metropolitan Archdiocese of Persia and India. He was educated at Babylon, previous to which he spent much of his time at Jerusalem and Bagdad.

One of the things he told about was his explorations in the Mountains of the Moon, in the east of Central Africa, while trying to find the source of the Nile, in which he found gold so plentiful that the mountains were fairly ribbed with it, and bowlders along the way sparkled with the yellow metal. The other was the discoveries of sources of the Tigris and Euphrates in Mount Ararat in Armenia, and a tremendous vessel on top of one horn of Mount Ararat, which he regards as the veritable ark of Noah.

"In this journey to the undiscovered and hitherto unexplored Mountains of the Moon," said he, "I set out from Alexandria and penetrated 2000 miles in the interior. I went by way of Cairo, thence down the Codar, and thence to Khartoum in the Valley of the Nile. From there I proceeded to Timbuctoo, in the south of the great Sahara. Timbuctoo now has between 60,000 to 70,000 people. It is very ancient and very famous, vying with Morocco, Algiers and Tripoli in commercial trade. Great caravans of horses, camels and elephants ply between all these cities. I had travelling with me and composing the rest of my party six Abyssinians, who were of the Greek orthodox faith. We moved forward in all kinds of ways, sometimes on donkeys, again on camels and in high mountains on foot. It took us between five and six months to complete our explorations. All this time, whenever we were among any people, no matter how barbarous, I preached to them.

"About 200 miles over the desert from Timbuctoo we began to get into the gold-bearing mountains. The richness of the mountains increased as we advanced until the rocks were seamed with gold.

"From here I still extended my researches, preaching all the time when I could as I went. I had in view the searching of the sources of the two great rivers of the Bible—the Tigris and Euphrates, of Mesopotamia. Gaining facts, as I am, for a great ecclesiastical history of the Eastern Church, throughout the world, and constantly visiting ancient museums, universities and everywhere where manuscripts and tablets could be found, I thought it was important to search for myself for the sources of these great rivers. I found them after great difficulty, and in doing this I climbed almost to the top of two horns of Mount Ararat in Armenia. Up toward the domes of Mount Ararat is a flat valley, large in area, which may be designated a plain. It is nearly 2000 feet above the sea. About 200 feet above the plain I found the sources of those two great rivers. They are very close together. The water was extremely cold and clear.

"Then we proceeded to ascend to the top of Mount Ararat. We first choose the smaller horn. This is about 16,000 feet high, while the other is, as nearly as it is now ascertained, about 18,000 feet in altitude. We succeed in getting up about 14,000 feet. There was perpetual snow there, and it lay very deep. A violent wind was blowing, and the mountain was so precipitous that we could not go farther. Accordingly, we retraced our steps, and when we got to a point from which we could cross over to the other mountain we went over to it and began climbing. We reached the altitude of 14,000 to 15,000 feet. The snow here also was very deep. We walked on till it was impossible to go any further. We walked for hours on the snow, and finally came down 2000 or 3000 feet.

"It was in the month of March that we made up our minds that it would be impossible to reach the top in such weather. We must wait till the snow, or a great deal of it at least, melted. We accordingly went still further below and remained till April. Then we were abundantly paid for our labor, for we discovered what I feel sure was the actual work of Noah. I discovered it myself being the first to see it. I saw it through a field glass at first, though we got so close to it that it was visible to the eye alone. We had reached a height over the green grass, and at length in deep snow and over glaciers of probably 15,000 or 16,500 feet, and within 1500 or 2000 feet of the top, a great object came into view through the glass.

The bow and stern were clearly in view, but the centre of it was buried in snow and one side of it had fallen down and was decayed. It stood more than one hundred feet high and was more than three hundred yards long. The wood seemed very peculiar. It was dark reddish, almost iron-colored, and seemed very thick. I saw it perfectly, especially the rear part. It is between five and six thousand years old. Would the wood last for that time? Oh, yes. It would not were it not for the snow but that has preserved it. Were it not for that, constructed even of hardwood as it is, it would have been impossible to last over two or three thousand years. As it is, it will be preserved for ages and ages, perhaps twenty or thirty thousand years.

"Never before have I told of the discovery for publication," said he, "and I never have told it to anybody, except to a few people in India. I will tell you why I did not announce it before. It is because some of the people I told it to laughed and would not believe it. Therefore I said I will not tell it, unless they ask me, but where they do I will tell the entire story. Meantime, I trust to the future to verify what I have seen. It was on April 25th, at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, that I finally saw the ark upon the mountain. I was almost overcome. The sight of the ark, thus verifying the truth of the scriptures, in which I had before had no doubt, but which, for the sake of those who did not believe, I was glad, filled me with gratitude.

"The top of the ark that still remained was covered with a cap of from 5 to 10 feet of snow, but in other places, where the top has fallen in, I judge the snow is from 30 to 50 feet deep. I went clear around and came back again, and looked at the rear or stern critically, at length and with great care. Not a cloud nor a rift or even fleecy snow obstructed the view. It was all as clear and plain as the clearest sunlight could make it. Some of the rooms or turrets of the ark were broken half way by the snow and protruded over. I paused for quite a time, contemplating with gratitude and awe the discovery. I made the complete circuit of the dome, and had with the utmost care noted the great vessel from many different points. I thoroughly assured myself, gazing long and repeatedly at different parts of the great craft that once for 40 days and 40 nights had on board of it every living and creeping animal and insect and every flying thing in the world.

"At length I called the attention of my companions who had been in the war, to it, and they examined it critically, and all admitted that they saw the vessel, the veritable ark of Noah."—*California Examiner.*

—Stuart Cumberland, the English mind-reader, and Miss Phyllis Bentley, a relative of his wife, and a performer of apparently miraculous feats of strength, were among the golden wedding guests of the King and Queen of Denmark. Neither the king, nor any of the other men present could force to the ground a billiard cue held by Miss Bentley. The czar, who is regarded as the strongest monarch in Europe, physically, tried without success to lift this young women from the floor by her elbows, or to push her against a wall; while she, alone, lifted a chair containing the czar, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Greece and the Duke of Cumberland—whether singly or collectively, the accounts received do not clearly indicate.

"Senator Sherman Renews His Attack."

Senator Sherman renewed his attack and refused to be convinced even by the oratory of the Iowa Senator. He wanted the Senate to do the straightforward thing, and not fizzle about it.

"Give the Fair $5,000,000 and do not make believe that you are deceiving yourselves in giving it a 70-cent silver dollar, or two 35-cent half dollars." If the Children cry for it, as the Senator has said they did, "Why not give them Castoria?" said Sherman. He knew that it was a popular thing with the little ones, more popular he thought than even the souvenir half-dollars would be. The galleries looked down in surprise as these remarks came from Sherman, and Congressmen who entered the Chamber just as Mr. Sherman uttered them, dropped into the vacant chairs nearest the door.

—The United States government claims, regarding the Borden murder at Fall River, that its case is growing stronger daily, although there are no public developments which indicate such a statement. The trial will probably not take place until next month.

The B. N. A. Act.

The great British North American act nowadays is to buy a bottle of B. B. B. and cure yourself of dyspepsia, constipation, headache, liver complaint or bad blood, and it is an act that always attains the desired result.

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

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A Lost Sister Found.

THE BORDEN CASE BRINGS HAPPINESS TO CHIEF OF POLICE HILLIARD.

Fall River, Sept. 18.—The publicity given the details of the Borden case, and the widespread mention of the officials connected with it, have resulted in a rather pleasant discovery for City Marshal Hilliard. It has found for him a long-lost sister.

A sister, Clara, had been married a year before he came east, in 1878, and had gone to Missouri. All trace of the sister was lost until the other day, when a letter came to the chief. He opened it, and, as he began to read, he first thought it was penned by a crank.

But when he had finished he got up and yelled. The writer was Mrs. Clara Jackson of Kansas City, Mo. She wrote that she had seen the name Rufus B. Hilliard in the papers in connection with the details of the murder. She had a brother Rufus once, she added and then proceeded to give the names of members of the family and the places of residence at the time she went to Missouri. Was the Fall River police chief her long-lost brother?

The chief has answered that he is, and has written to two other married sisters in Lovell and Lawrence that Mrs. Jackson has at last been found. Mrs. Jackson will probably come east, and there will be a joyous reunion of three sisters and a brother.

Destructive Fires.

At Buctouche, Kent, fifty-seven houses and stores were burned to the ground last Wednesday night. The fire is said to be the work of an incendiary. The families with their little fixings are camping in the fields. The main arch of the Buctouche bridge and public wharf were also burned. More than half the town is wiped out including every store except one. The new part of the town, built around the railway station, escaped. The loss will reach one hundred thousand dollars. Some insurance in almost every case. The town is without a fire engine.

The largest conflagration that ever occurred on the Long Island coast, destroyed over one hundred frame buildings at Rockaway Beach last Tuesday. About one hundred and sixty acres are a mass of ruins. The main portion of this famous summer resort is completely wiped out. The fire broke out about 12.25 in the afternoon in the Seaside museum and spread rapidly. The loss is placed at $1,500,000 to $2,000,000.

Crowd of 125,000 People.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 20.—During the exercises of dedicating the World's fair building 125,000 people will be crowded into the manufacturers' building, the largest number ever assembled under one roof. It is the intention to provide seats for 95,000 visitors in the centre of the building, and these will be surrounded by promenades 22 feet wide, where 35,000 persons can find standing room. A platform will be built on the east side of the building to accommodate 3000 distinguished guests. From an extension of this platform President Harrison will deliver his oration, and so also will W. C. Beckinridge and Chauncey M. Depew. At the south end of the building, 800 feet away, on another raised platform, a chorus of 5000 voices will be massed, to shout national anthems and sing the dedicatory ode.

The Cholera.

Hamburg, September 24.—There were 84 new cases of cholera here yesterday and 37 deaths.

Sandy Hook, N. Y., September 24.—All are well in the marine camp this morning. The 500 *Normannia's* passengers were transferred to two boats and will be landed in New York before nightfall if nothing unforseen occurs. The baggage of the passengers has been almost completely ruined in the steam disinfection process, it having been repacked before drying. The officials are satisfied there is no sickness among those departing.

St. Petersburg, September 24.—Nineteen fresh cases of cholera and 13 deaths were reported yesterday.

More Outrages by a Russian Man-of-war.

San Francisco, September 24.—The sealing schooner *Kate* and *Ann* reached here yesterday with only 60 skins. The captain reports that his vessel was seized near Alton island off north western Alaska, by the Russian man-of-war Seoboka, which not only took off all the skins on board the schooner, but most of her sealing gear and hunting guns. The Russians also seized nearly all the provisions, leaving only enough to enable the crew to get home.

An Apology Due.

London, Eng., September 20.—Commenting on the recent seizures of British vessels in Behring s