BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

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

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

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

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension OF TIME

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

Extension of Time.

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

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

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

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

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

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

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

GEORGE HOYT,
W. J. HOYT,
Administrators.

Bridgetown, Sept. 24th 1890. 6m.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

CARD.

W. M. FORSYTH

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

Office in

LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.

Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.

April 2nd, 84. 51tf

FOR SALE

ONE COLT, five months old, (Percheron), large, and good style. Also, one Farrow Cow, a good heifer. Also, 30 tons of Upland Hay. Apply to

SETH YOUNG.

Brooklyn, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 tf

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

Commencing Monday, Oct. 6th,

THE S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO.

ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

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

HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager, St. John.

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

To Rent.

HAVING disposed of the Drugs and all other Medicines and Stock in the Drug Store of the late Joseph Dennison, M.D., I hereby offer to rent for one or more years, the premises known as Dennison's Drug Store, located on Queen street. Well adapted for a general store.

E. DENNISON.

Bridgetown, Nov. 5th, 1890. 32 4i

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that by Deed of Assignment duly executed and dated the 4th day of November, A. D. 1890, EDMUND S. PRENTISS, Trader, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, Nova Scotia, has conveyed to me for the benefit of his creditors, all his personal property. The deed has been duly filed in the Registry Office, Bridgetown, and a copy of the same now lies at my office, where it can be inspected by all interested.

C. W. PHINNEY, Assignee.

Lawrencetown, Nov. 4th, 1890. 32 3i

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1890. NO. 36.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 50 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome Illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

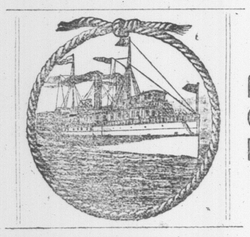
Make New Rich Blood!

International S.S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK.

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.,



FOR BOSTON.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 3rd,

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

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

Also FREIGHT billed through at extremely low rates.

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

C. E. LAEGHER, Agent St. John.

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

R. A. CARDER, Agent at Annapolis.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

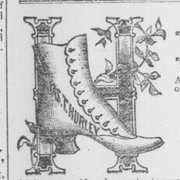
Rubber Bucket-Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for undertaking or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.



BUY MY MAKE OF

Boots & Shoes

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

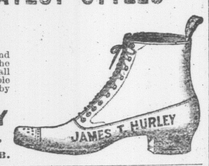
LATEST STYLES

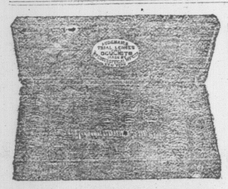
which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample box. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.

JAMES T. HURLEY

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,

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





W. H. BANNISTER,

Optician,

—GRADUATE—

New York Optical College,

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

COALS! COALS!

To Arrive, Cargo of Old Mine Sydney Coal, fresh from the Mine. Also Hard Coal.

Parties wanting to be supplied with the above please leave their orders at the subscriber's store, where they will find a large assortment of

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Mixed and Lead Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

(Best Quality.)

PAINTS, VARNISH, KALSOMINE, CARRIAGE AND WHITEWASH BRUSHES, CEMENTS, ALABASTINE, KALSOMINE, ETC., ETC.

ZINC, TAR, PITCH, ROSIN, OAKUM, MANILLA, JUTE, ROPE, GLASS, PUTTY AND GRINDSTONES.

Carpenters' and Joiners' Tools.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Coal and Iron always on hand.

H. FRASER,

Queen Street.

FOSTER'S Carriage Emporium

Near Bridgetown, N. S.

AT the above establishment can always be found a superb stock of the very latest designs in

Top Buggies, Open Buggies, Road Carts, Second-hand Vehicles.

The subscriber having a most thorough and practical knowledge of the carriage and wheelright trade is prepared to furnish at the lowest price the above mentioned conveyances, and is prepared and fitted up to do all kinds of jobbing, repairing and painting in a thorough and artistic style.

R. D. FOSTER.

Bridgetown, August 12th, 1890. 6m

CARD

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MIDDLETON, - - N. S.

Office in A. BEALS' STORE. 11tf

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

Poetry.

Lord Harry's Romance.

Lord Harry, he sat on the shingles one day,
And his lordship with jewels was laden.
And he lifted his eye, as sweet Polly came by,
The bonniest trim fishermaiden.
He gave her a stare, with his lordliest air,
And he said: "I've determined to marry;
I've goods and I've land, and here is my hand,
I think I'm a catch," said Lord Harry.

"And what will you give to your lady?" said she.
"To the bride whom your lordship may honor?"
"Why, dinners and dresses and money," said he,
"And jewels to sparkle upon her!"
"If you give nothing more, sir," the maiden replied,
"I pity the girl whom you marry!"
While his lordship looked down at her rough fisher gown,
"What more can she want!" cried Lord Harry.

"When I have a lover," sweet Polly replied,
And she blushed with a smile that was sunny,
"He must give me his heart, ere he makes me his bride,
For 'tis love that I ask for—not money."
She made him a curtsy, and off went my lord
And invited a duchess to marry;
She was ugly and old, but she'd plenty of gold,
And she made a good match for Lord Harry.

—*F. E. Weatherly in St. Louis Magazine.*

Select Literature.

The Event of Our Lives.

BY FAYR MADOC.

My wife and I were a very happy couple. We loved each other, and we had two children, who were as pretty and healthy and nice-mannered as parents could wish. We were also rich, and when one has love and wealth, not counterbalanced by bad health or bad temper, one has pretty nearly everything that can render life delightful. We had, indeed, only one subject of complaint, sometimes we found existence a trifle monotonous.

"I think," my wife would say, yawning, "I really do think life is too uneventful. It is quite stupidly flat. Why doesn't something interesting happen?"

"Well, what should you like?" I would rejoin. "Shall I hire an assassin to stab me at the opera? or a gypsy to steal the children? or——

"Nonsense!" cried she, laying her pretty hand on my lips. "Of course I don't mean anything fearful and hideous, like murder and kidnapping. I don't know what I mean; anything would do, so long as it was exciting and unusual."

This, however, was the one thing in which I couldn't gratify her, for one can't buy unusual events by the ounce, or keep them bottled in one's cellar. So I tried to assuage her longing with philosophy.

"We are both young," I said. "Who knows what may happen before we keep our golden wedding? We must wait."

"Wait!" exclaimed my wife. "Yes, the end of the world is coming, but we shan't live to see it."

Time, however, proved that I was right. One day she received the following letter from her only brother, in Australia:

MY DEAR LUCY—I have just nursed back to life, after a long and dangerous brain fever, my great friend, George Stormont; and as the doctors concur in saying a sea voyage is the best thing for him, I mean to put him on board the *Mt. Vermont* on the 28th and ship off to England. His only relation, a married sister, lives in Scotland, so I am desiring him to go straight to you, as I am sure you will be willing to put him up for a short time till he is equal to a long railway journey, and I feel confident you and Frank will pay him all the attention you can for my sake.

If he recovers on the voyage you will find him sociable and agreeable and up to everything; but the doctors tell me he may not be quite himself for some months, and if so you will see him as he is now—a silent individual, rather eccentric, preferring solitude, and always mooning about the place, and wandering into rooms where he has no business. But one must excuse the vagaries of an invalid, and I trust that you and Frank will bear with him, as I said before, for my sake.

No more now, as I am busy with my usual avocations, and extra busy looking after Stormont.

With much love to you all, ever your affectionate brother. EDGAR ARROWSMITH.

P. S.—Stormont will arrive a fortnight after this letter.

He came, however, that evening. We were astonished, but we hastened to welcome him and found him in the study—a small, spare man with a short dark beard and cropped black hair. He rose slowly from the easy chair in which he was seated and looked at us foolishly.

"We are very glad to see you, Mr. Stormont," said I, taking his hand. "How are you? Better, I hope."

"Not much," said he in a wearied tone, and putting his hand to his head.

"Country air will soon set you up," said I. "How did you leave Edgar?"

"Edgar wrote you were coming by the *Mount Vermont*, but surely she isn't in yet?" remarked Lucy.

"I got off earlier than I had dared to hope," said Stormont, "in the *Monte Rosa* there was a berth, and it was thought better I should not delay."

"That was the mail that brought Edgar's letter?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Stormont.

After that he relapsed into silence, and we could only extract monosyllabic answers from him. We saw that he was fatigued, and I presently showed him to his rooms—two apartments on the ground floor, which Lucy's thoughtfulness had provided.

"My wife fancied you might like to be saved the stairs," I said.

He thanked me warmly.

"It was very kind of Lady Dennis," he said. "I sleep badly, and often take a walk in the early morning, so this will suit me exactly, as I shall be able to leave the house without disturbing any one."

"Take care none of the servants mistake you for a burglar," said I, laughing.

"Oh, they won't do that," he returned, with a smile.

So I left him, and as he was very quiet and taciturn, and his brain evidently still extremely weak, Lucy and I found that his presence made very little difference to us.

"Don't mind me," he said, the next day. "I feel exhausted, and conversation tires me. But I am not ill, and you will please me best and serve me most if you will let me go my own way and not concern yourselves about me."

So we left him to follow his own devices, and as he preferred to have his meals in his own room, we saw very little of him.

"It's too bad," Lucy said to me. "I did think Mr. Stormont would have been an exciting element. I hoped we should have had the house crowded with nurses and brain specialists, and that perhaps he would have gone suddenly mad, and you would have restrained him in some heroic manner. Instead of which he is as humdrum as possible. At least, he might have gone a little crazy."

"Well, he may yet," said I. "He has only been here a week to-day."

That evening Johnson demanded an interview of me.

"Well, Johnson?" I said to this old and faithful domestic.

"I'm not easy about Mr. Stormont, Sir Francis," said Johnson, carefully looking ing over his shoulder, though he had as carefully closed the door behind him when he entered.

"What about Mr. Stormont?" I inquired.

"He's an uncommonly queer gentleman, Sir Francis," replied Johnson. "Several nights I've found him wandering about my pantry, and yesterday he frightened Mrs. Rowe out of her wits by coming in when she and me was holding a confidential communication in the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Rowe's heart is weak, Sir Francis."

I couldn't help smiling, for it was no secret where the weakness in Mrs. Rowe's heart tended.

"What explanation did Mr. Stormont offer?" I asked.

"None, Sir Francis," said Johnson. "He put his hand to his head and looked bewildered, and then went off. He's been caught up stairs by the girls just the same, and Jane met him at your dressing-room door. And it makes it worse because he walks so soft. We ain't none of us angry with the poor gentleman, Sir Francis, but we think he's stark mad, and we think there'll be murder if he ain't looked sharp after."

"I hope not, Johnson," I said. "This is just what Mr. Arrowsmith prepared us for; his words were: 'He goes mooning about the place, and wandering into rooms where he has no business.' I can't turn my brother-in-law's friend out of my house because he's odd."

"I hope nothing may come of it, Sir Francis," said Johnson solemnly.

"I trust not," said I. "Mr. Stormont will go soon. Meantime, don't let any one frighten her ladyship. There is nothing murderous in a tendency to poke into strange places."

Nevertheless, I felt somewhat uneasy, and watched my guest narrowly. But there was nothing in his demeanor to warrant my apprehensions, and I presently forgot Johnson's revelations, and ceased to lie awake at night listening for sudden shrieks.

Stormont had been with us a fortnight when we went to a ball at the Duke of Bengal's. Lucy donned her diamonds, and I thought she looked very beautiful in them, and told her so. I was just kissing her when we suddenly found that Stormont was in the room. Lucy blushed prettily at being caught in her husband's arms and I dare say I grew hot.

"We are going to a ball," I stammered.

"I was just telling my wife her diamonds became her."

"So I heard," said Stormont. "May I look at your diamonds, Lady Dennis?"

He approached and gazed admiringly at her necklace and earrings.

"Beautiful!" he said several times. "Diamonds of the first water! I know something about diamonds; my great-uncle was a diamond merchant."

"If you were going with us, you would see far finer diamonds than mine" said Lucy. "The duchess has diamonds that are absolutely priceless, and such a quantity! She has them sewn on her dress, and two detectives always close to her."

"I wonder she dares walk about in such precious things," observed Stormont. "At large parties it is impossible to say what bad characters may not slip in."

"Thank you, I think not," he replied, plaintively; "I should like it, but I fear the noise and heat would hurt my head. Thank you, Lady Dennis, for letting me see your treasures. I hope you keep them carefully?"

"Oh, yes! Frank keeps them in his strong box, and when we travel they go to the bank," she replied. "Frank will lock them up to-morrow as safe as a church."

"To-morrow! Not till to-morrow?" exclaimed Stormont in a horrified voice.

"No," said she; "why should he tire himself? Nobody could take them out of our room."

At this moment the carriage was announced, and I carried Lucy off. It was a good ball, and the duchess lay in state, covered with superb diamonds, and watched by acute and intelligent functionaries. In the course of the evening a gentleman-like stranger, with a long fair beard and rather long fair hair addressed me and asked if I could point out Sir Francis Dennis. I told him that I was the gentleman in question, and he bowed courteously.

"You will excuse the liberty I took," he said; but I believe my old friend, George Stormont is staying with you." I only heard of his whereabouts to-day, and at cockcrow I start for the continent, or I should have called to see him. Perhaps you will say that you met Col. L'Estrange."

I was pleased with the colonel's manner, and we entered into conversation, and after a time he begged me to present him to the duchess. This I did willingly, knowing that the poor duchess' chief pleasure lay in talking with agreeable people, and after that I lost sight of him.

It was late when we left, and on reaching home we found Stormont walking in the drive smoking. He followed the carriage quickly and helped Lucy to alight, and we stood talking in the hall for a few minutes.

"And the duchess and the diamonds?" inquired Stormont presently.

"The duchess and her diamonds were all there," said I. "By the way, Stormont, I met a friend of yours, a Col. L'Estrange, and I introduced him to the duchess, who, I understand, was charmed with him."

"He is a very nice fellow," said Stormont. "Quite a ladies' man. I wonder what he was doing here? However, I mustn't keep you, Lady Dennis; you must be very tired."

We went up stairs, and, as usual, Lucy's diamonds were left on her dressing table. We had done this so repeatedly that it never occurred to us to do differently, notwithstanding the astonishment that Stormont had expressed. But we committed the indiscretion once too often. The next morning Lucy's exquisite diamonds were gone.

An unusual event had happened at last, but it was too serious for joking. Lucy was too miserable to get up, and at length I left her to her maid and went down to breakfast alone, pondering what steps I should take. I had hardly poured out my coffee when Stormont came in. He held an open letter in his hand, and seemed quite alert and cheerful.

"Good morning," he began eagerly. "I've heard from my sister. She is in London; has come up on purpose to meet me, and wants me to join her to-day."

"Indeed," said I absently. "Your sister—Mrs. McDonald—in town—oh!"

Stormont looked at me, surprised.

"Anything the matter?" he said. "Lady Dennis not well."

"Well, yes, something is the matter," said I. "Something decedly disagreeable has happened. My wife's diamonds have been stolen."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Stormont.

He was so taken aback that he literally fell into a chair and sat there staring at me.

"Those diamonds?" he said at last. "Those splendid diamonds? I have no words. Did you lock them up?"

"No," I replied, "I've been a confounded fool. But the diamonds were close to us, and we don't sleep heavily."

"Whom do you suspect?" asked Stormont.

"No one," I said. "All my servants have been with me for long. Some one must have been secreted in the house."

"And what are you going to do?" he asked. "Can I do anything in town? I must go up by the 3.15."

We discussed the subject all the morning, and Stormont's indignant interest was very consolatory, and when Lucy appeared she was greatly cheered by his sympathy and hopefulness. He was certain that the rogues would be taken and the diamonds recovered.

"You are very sanguine," said she. "You seem quite well to-day, Mr. Stormont."

"I feel much better," he replied. "Jay is a fine doctor, and the expectation of seeing my sister has made another man of me. Then this atrocious burglary excites me to a pitch I can't describe. Lady Dennis, you must recover your diamonds. I shall run down on Saturday to hear the news. A talk will be so much more satisfactory than letters."

I drove Stormont to the station. By his advice I had not called in the local police, but telegraphed to London for a detective, and I should meet him by a train which would arrive soon after the 3.15 departed.

"By the way," said Stormont, as we stood waiting on the platform, "about Col. L'Estrange—what was he like?"

"About your height," I said. "Thin and fair, with a long beard and longish hair—not military-looking at all."

A very peculiar expression came over Stormont's face and he whistled softly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "that's your burglar! How these rascals get to know things passes my comprehension, but somehow they do. I have a friend, a Col. L'Estrange, but he is stout and extremely dark and wears a mustache only. Depend upon it, that fellow hoaxed you. I wonder he didn't pay his attention to the duchess' diamonds also."

So he had. A gentleman came up at the moment and after shaking hands, said excitedly:

"Heard the news, Dennis?"

"Only my own, Shaw," I replied dismally. "My wife's diamonds have been stolen."

"By Jove!" cried Shaw. "And the duchess lost 20 of her finest diamonds last night—cut off her dress—while the detectives stood by."

We told him about L'Estrange, and he listened with interest.

"We think it is a celebrated burglar of the name of Paxton, alias Grubb," he said, lowering his voice. "That's what the police think. They say no other man could have done it."

"I thought Paxton was safely out of the way," said Stormont. "Surely I remember hearing of him when I was a lad. Wasn't he concerned in the great diamond robbery at Grey Towers in '69?"

"He was," replied Shaw, "but he's on the loose again now, and the police have been watching him. A fortnight ago, Mrs. Howard lost her dressing-bag, with $2,000 worth of jewels in it. Paxton was suspected and traced to Canterbury, then gave his pursuers the slip and disappeared."

"He has probably been lying perdu in the neighborhood," said Stormont, as the train came up. "Dennis, write to me at Morley's if I can help you in the least. Au revoir, till Saturday. Thank you beyond words for all your kindness."

That evening as we sat at dinner, Mr. Stormont was announced. I rushed out. But the Stormont who stood before me, with Edward Arrowsmith's letters in his hand, was not the man who had gone to town that afternoon. In a moment I realized the truth. Stormont the first was Paxton the burglar!

Certainly a very uncommon thing had happened at last, and when Paxton was caught it all came out—how he had robbed Mrs. Howard, and, hiding in my grounds, had heard Lucy read her brother's letter aloud, how as Col. L'Estrange, under cover of my introduction, he had robbed the duchess—how, as he stood on the platform talking of the burglary, the duchess' diamonds and Lucy's were actually on his person! There was no doubt that Paxton had been superlatively clever, and in my admiration for his talents and my sorrow that they were put to such ill uses I forgave his chuckling over his delight at having "gammoned that fool, Sir Francis."

My dear wife never sighs for extraordinary events now; we both think we have had enough of them. We are as happy as ever, for burglars cannot take away love and children, and good health and sweet temper. But we are happy minus the diamonds, for Paxton got them abroad before he was caught. I wanted to give Lucy some more, but she wouldn't let me.

"I couldn't bear the responsibility again," she said, "Give them, by-and-by, to Baby's wife."

As for the duke, he never wearies of chaffing me, and calling me Col. L'Estrange's confederate.

Sleeping With a Baby.

A MAN WHO HAS LIVED THROUGH IT TELLS HIS STORY.

The free from care and ease taking old bachelor who, in his momentary lapse of wisdom, contemplates matrimony, should at the same time reflect on the remote but contingent possibility of his having to some time sleep with a baby, should he marry. Years of experience of martyrdom of this kind make me feel it to be my duty to set forth the misery arising from a contingency of this kind.

The baby, if he happens to be a lusty little fellow of 8 or 10 months, will decline to stay covered, and will also decline to allow you to keep yourself covered. He indicates his wishes in this direction by keeping his little pink heels going all night, a good part of the time on your back.

He will also insist on lying "crosswise," "endwise," "cat a cornered," "bias," or in any other position but that which will give you a few inches of room in the bed and a few minutes sleep. His infantile needs will begin to manifest themselves about 1 o'clock in the morning, at which witching hour you will go blundering around in the dark for a drink of water.

He will howl steadily and cheerfully from 2 to 3 o'clock, and will kick you furiously between the shoulder blades with every howl. It will not be of any use for you to pat him tenderly and sing out "There, there." He is right there and knows it, and intends that you shall know it.

It is of no use to say coaxingly, "What does papa's baby want?" Papa's baby doesn't want anything but to howl, and he is gratifying that amiable desire to the utmost. It is of no use to add to your judment day list of enormities by swearing. And if your wife has been calmly passive through it all she will develop an amazing degree of spirit if you dare lay the weight of your finger in anger on that "poor, dear innocent, darling sweetness." He will squirm all night as though he were first cousin to an angle worm. He will journey around all over the bed, both under and on top of the coverings.

You are no sooner asleep than one of his moist little heels is planted firmly in your nose or in your mouth, and, later on, with childhood's scorn of decency and decorum, he will sit astride your neck and grow green and purple with rage when gently made to sit elsewhere. Should he fall out of bed and yell loud enough to be heard all over your ward, your wife will say she firmly believes that you pushed him out and that you are not fit to be a husband, anyhow. An animated dialogue of a purely personal and private nature will follow this remark.

But when the roystering little chap snuggles up to you and goes to sleep with one of his velvety little cheeks close to your own, and, one of his warm, soft arms around your neck, you find your heart growing soft and tender toward him, and you would single handed wage war against a host or lay down your life for the love of him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Advertising Aphorisms.

Too little advertising is like planting too little seed.

A can of printer's ink is not to be fooled with any more than a can of dynamite. Both are as effective and useful if used carefully, as they are dangerous and destructive if used carelessly.

The successful advertiser not only gives particular attention to the wording of an advertisement, but is also just as particular about its typographical construction and display, so that a casual glance tells the story; while the "make up" and general arrangement is pleasing and catchy to the eye.

The great secret of success in newspaper advertising is the careful selection of the proper journals and a properly worded and correctly displayed aduertisement. No little interest and attractiveness is added by the judicious use of cuts. An attractive illustration excites the curiosity of the reader, and he reads to satisfy his curiosity.

The progressive merchant of to-day owes his success to advertising; without it one might as well take down his sign and invite the sheriff to walk in and close up his business. The wisest business men and the most successful ones are those who keep their names prominently before the public when trade is good as well as when it is dull. Constant and continuous advertising, gotten up in an attractive style, is like the constant dripping of water upon the flinty rock; slowly but surely an impression is made.

HOW A SONG WAS WRITTEN.—Mrs. Caroline A. Mason, author of "Do They Miss Me at Home?" wrote that song in 1889 when a pupil in Bradford academy, Massachusets. At that time she was a young lady, heartsick and sighing for her Marblehead home. Her father was Dr. Brigge, an esteemed and able physician of Marblehead. One of her sisters, Harriet, married the Rev. David Stoddard, a missionary of the American board, and died in a foreign land. At the time the sweet song was written Harriet was a teacher in the academy, and it was of this motherly sister teacher that the younger sister asked many times, "Do they miss me at home?"—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Here and There.

Here and there and everywhere may be found persons who have used and now honestly praise Burdock Blood bitters for its wonderful blood purifying, cleansing and tonic effects in all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A Child's Victory.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eye, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but I don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied that I could do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I got him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating his horse and nothing was being done about it when a little girl about 8 years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but meeting with only pleasant looks he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—*New York Sun.*

The Coming Mechanic.

Our industrial development has made such rapid strides and assumed such gigantic proportions that very many incompetent and untrained workmen have found their way into the higher departments of skilled industries that do not belong there. Employers in every direction are complaining of the difficulty of obtaining competent mechanics. This is owing mainly to the want of any regular system of apprenticeship which might be secured by proper co-operation on the part of the managers. A young man picks up a few ideas here and there and after a brief experience undertakes to fill the places of more competent workmen, thus injuring the standing of the trade and preventing its being learned by those who would develop into good workmen under proper training. The pre-eminence of America in mechanics will be a thing of the past, if the younger and coming type of mechanic exhibits less skill than his predecessor. The subdivision of labor for the purpose of increasing and cheapening production, tends to lower the tone of industrial ambition and make a man what the manufacturer prefers—a specialist in a certain department. His skill and knowledge of a trade is consequently limited, and he can never be an all-round thoroughly instructed artisan, such as is always in demand and able to command good wages. To counteract these tendencies some system of apprenticeship needs to be adopted which shall be regular and uniform in its operation.

The New Tariff on Eggs.

Some one has advised the Canadian egg raisers to get the eggs from their hens when they command high prices in Boston and New York; and then they won't feel that extra five cents a dozen which the new tariff imposes.

We think we hear them reply, "well that's pretty poor comfort when the hens and pullets too instead of laying are simply standing around looking and asking for more corn." Please keep in mind if you feed them much corn you won't get an egg, that is a certain fact.

If we could only get an egg a day or even every other day at this season we would soon get rich, says many a party who keep hens. John T. Porter, of Swathmore, Pa., offers hints to such that they might profitably try.

He writes I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass. "In the contest which began on the 1st, of January last I began under many difficulties. I had never used Sheridan's Condition Powder and was pretty much out of conceit with any food or powder to make hens lay. My hen house was not well heated but for all that I determined to give the matter a full vote and a fair count. I soon saw increase enough to encourage the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder, prize or no prize. The result proved I was the sixteenth winner. I kept on using the Powder about three times each week after the contest and find that during the first 23 days of this month my 22 Black Minorca Hens did what I should have presumed an impossibility. I will make affidavit that under the influence of your Powder the product was 457 eggs. Now I am fully aware that this means nearly 21 eggs per hen in 23 days; but these are the facts never the less and facts which would have made me the first prize winner could it have occured during the contest. I challenge the world to excel it and am willing to enter the lists with any who will agree for a prize of $200.00 and to use a given quantity per hen of your incomparable Powder. I would not be without it though it cost five dollars per lb." I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., will send free to any one keeping hens, full particulars of this years premium offers, on request.

The Phonograph.

Edison is constantly improving his wonderful invention, the phonograph, rendering it more and more simple and effective. He believes that the instrument will be brought to such perfection as to displace the stenographic reporter, taking down a speech with perfect mechanical accuracy and repeating it for the compositors in the printing office. Cylinders with messages recorded on them will be mailed in appropriate cases as letters now are. The tedious methods of writing may, in time, be largely superseded by the more rapid and satisfactory method of speaking to a friend.

The next step will be to electrotype the impressions from the many cylinders so that copies may be multiplied of any desired music or speech and sold like other wares. Prof. Burchoff, the blind organist, uses it to record the melodies he composes. It is proposed that records be made of the songs of birds by means of this instrument, so that it could be reproduced at leisure and scored by a competent musician.

In the far West.

Away West in British Columbia, Hagyard's Yellow Oil is known and valued highly, as at home in Toronto. Miss Eleanor Pope, of Port Hanley, B. C., says: "For sore throat, coughs, croup, Bruises, etc., Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best thing I have ever used."