Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11.00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

Insolvent Act of 1875,

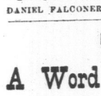
and Amending Acts.

In the Matter of R. D. Macdonald, an Insolvent.

ALL persons indebted to the said Insolvent, are hereby requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

W. J. SHANNON,
Assignee.

Annapolis, July 17th, 1878. n13 tf



BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN

are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones

Of Italian and American Marble.

ALSO:

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN

A Word to the Wise!

Just received at

Moir's Musical Warehouse

from the first makers and largest Factories in England, Germany, America and Canada, $5,000 worth of

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

consisting of:—

First Class Grand, Square and Cottage

PIANOS,

First Class Palace and Uxbridge

ORGANS;

FIRST CLASS GOTHIC ORGANS,

Made especially for Churches, Schools, Lodges, Public Halls, etc. Persons wishing Organs for the above purposes will find it to their advantage to call and examine for themselves.

☞ The arrangement of the Action, and the Scroll and the Fret-Work in the back of the case is such that the tone, which is of great power, is thrown out of the back towards the auditorium of the building in which it may be placed.

Prices of Pianos, - from $200 to $500.
do Organs, - from $100 to $350

We simply invite an inspection. Great Bargains will be given. A portion of purchase taken in Trade if required.

GEORGE MOIR.

South Farmington, Wilmot, April, 1878.

Chaloner's Drug Store,

DIGBY, N. S.

THE Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby N. S. He keeps a superior stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Soaps, Combs, Spices, Fancy Toilet Goods, Feeding bottles with Extra fittings, &c., &c., The Proprietor is also a large manufacturer of Flavoring Extracts, Fancy cheap Perfumes, and the Aniline Dyes in packets, these were originated by him, the genuine bear his name, and are kept up to the proper standard of purity and weight. All other kinds of Dye Stuffs on hand. He also claims Poor Mans's Cough Syrup, the cheapest and best remedy known—Chaloner's Worm Lozenges—Chaloner's Tonic Extract, the great Antibilious Medicine—Eureka Liniment, called by one who used it "the best Liniment in the world"—Furniture renovaters—Stove Varnishes—Salt Rheum Ointment and other reliable preparations. Garden seeds in season.

Address, J. CHALONER, Druggist.

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

WHOLESALE

Hardware!

Clarke, Kerr, & Thorne.

In addition to our large stock of

Hardware, Cutlery, Etc.

we have received, during the last month:

86 Packages, Am. Hardware,
15 Casks and Cases Eng. do.,
40 Barrels Pitch, Tar & Rosin,
250 Rolls Dry & Tarred paper,
4 Cases Planes, 10 cases slates,
9 Cases Saws and Saw Frames,
48 Bundles Shovels,
7 Casks and 116 packgs. Paint,
5 Casks Chain Traces,
28 Cases assorted Goods.

NOW LANDING,

Per S. S. Hibernian:—

43 Packages Eng. Hardware,
234 Pieces Bake Ovens,
128 Pieces Castings,
20 Barrels Paint Oil.

ALWAYS IN STOCK:

ROPE,
GLASS,
POWDER,
SHOT,
ZINC, &c.

ALSO:

LETTER AND NOTE PAPER,
ENVELOPES,
WOODEN AND CLAY PIPES,
PURSES,
NEEDLES,
SPECTACLES,
VIOLIN STRINGS,
PLAYING CARDS,
PENS,
THIMBLES,
PENCILS,
HAIR PINS,

and a variety of LIGHT GOODS, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.

For Sale at very Lowest Prices.

☞ **Remember the Place.** ☜

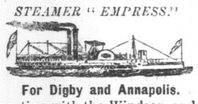
Nos. 42 and 44 Prince William Street, Old Stand of Messrs. I. & F. Burpee & Co.

St. John, N. B., October 9th, 1878. 9it34

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS!"



For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and Western Counties Railway for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and intermediate Stations, and with Stages for Yarmouth and Liverpool, N. S.

Until further notice steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock returning TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax and Intermediate Stations.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50
Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd '78.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6, p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is **12,154**, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is **10,200**, exceeding by **2,000** copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents **2,000** families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late Chas. Bartaux, of Nictaux Falls, Annapolis County, are notified to present the same, duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to John McKeown, Jr., of Wilmot, to whom I have given Power of Attorney for the transaction of said business.

GEO. E. BARTEAUX,
Sole Executor.

September 6, '78.

NOVA SCOTIA LLOYD'S

MARINE INSURANCE

ASSOCIATION,

—OF—

Annapolis Royal.

THE undersigned are Insuring on MARINE RISKS, at the lowest current rates that the business can be done with safety to the assured. All losses promptly paid on receipt of proof and adjustment.

THOS. S. WHITMAN, Attorney.

ROBT. MILLS,
SAML. McCORMICK,
W. M. WEATHERSPOON,
A. W. CORBITT,
WM. McCORMICK.
} Directors.

Saml. J. Bogart,	John Stairs,
Saml. Pickup,	James B. Duffus,
Robert Delap,	John P. Mott,
John Mills,	E. C. Twining,
W. B. Troop,	F. E. Rice,
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Albert Delap,	David Walsh,
John Johnson	Samuel Potter,
J. M. Gilliatt,	C. D. Pickles,
Lawrence Delap,	Albert D. Mills,
H. D. DeBlois,	Howard D. Troop.

NEW GOODS.

New Store.

I HAVE this day taken the store next the Intercolonial Hotel, where I intend keeping on hand a very choice lot of

Groceries, Small Wares, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ladies' Collars and Ties, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Hats and Caps,

in all the latest styles. Also

POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY,

together with a select stock of

BOOTS and SHOES,

besides a large variety of other articles too numerous to mention, which will be sold for the smallest living profits for cash.

MINNIE I. WADE.

Bridgetown, May 1st, 1878.

N. B.—The friends and Customers of Mr. R. H. Bath, who has retired from business, are respectfully requested to give me a call.

n4 tf M. I. W.

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN

BOOK STORE

So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN,
124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

July 17th, 1878. n13 y

Take Notice!

That I now offer at private sale my horse the "Flying Frenchman" "Frank," on account of my declining health. He is six years old, perfectly kind and sound. Any further information may be acquired by applying to Mr. James Carleton, Bridgetown, or Mr. John Hall, Lawrencetown.

For price &c., apply to the subscriber.

WILLIAM L. LEONARD.

Paradise, Nov. 2nd, 1878.

Call and inspect the

New Stock

—OF—

JEWELRY

—AND—

PLATED WARE,

now being shown at the

Bridgetown Jewelry Store

Diphtheria Conquered!

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

—OF—

DR. J. D. DAVIS'

NEWLY DISCOVERED REMEDIES & ORIGINAL METHOD OF TREATMENT.

FACTS FOR PEOPLE TO CONSIDER.

5000 CASES treated during the past twenty years; not one failure when taken in its first stages. Nine-tenths cured when taken in its advanced stages.

Dr. J. D. Davis will pay one thousand dollars for every case of Diphtheria in its first stages that he cannot cure.

For the small sum of two dollars Dr. Davis will send to any address, with directions, medicines that never failed to cure Diphtheria when taken in its early stages.

N. B.—The medicine may be obtoined at the office of this paper.

February 29th. n45 tf

Poetry.

WOMEN AND WINE.

Pop! went the gay cork flying,
Sparkled the gay champagne,
By the light of the day that was dying,
He filled up the goblets again.
Let the last best toast be woman,
"Woman, dear woman," said he,
"Empty your glass, my darling,
When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong brown fingers,
And held them tight in fear,
And through the gathering twilight
Her loud voice fell on his ear;
"Nay, ere you drink, I implore you
By all that you hold divine,
Pledge a woman in her tear drops,
Rather by far than in wine.

"By the woes of the drunkard's mother,
By the children that beg for bread,
By the face of her whose beloved one,
Looks on the wine when 'tis red,
By the kisses changed to curses,
By the tears more bitter than brine,
By many a fond heart broken,
Pledge no woman in wine.

"What has wine brought to woman?
Nothing but tears and pain,
It has torn from her heart her lover,
And proved the prayer in vain,
And her household goods all scattered,
Lie tangled up in the vine;
O! I prithee pledge no woman
In the curse of so many—wine."

LINES.

In memory of the late William L. Leonard, of Paradise.

Only sleeping, gently sleeping
Is the parent gone before;
Only resting, sweetly resting,
On the bright eternal shore.

Only waiting, calmly waiting,
Is the partner of thy life;
Fought, and gained the mighty battle,
Free, at last from sin and strife.

Only watching, for the loved ones,
Soon their earthly race to run,
Then to meet, 'neath God's high temple,
When the triumph they have won.

Only past in dark oblivion,
Are the sins, the woe, and loss,
When we pass from earth to Heaven,
'Neath the shadow of the cross.

Only absent from the spirit
Is the body, lowly laid,
In the grave of true affection,
'Neath the church's holy shade.

E. M. F.

Lawrencetown, Nov. 11th, 1878.

Select Literature.

"Time Sets all Things Right."

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

(*Concluded.*)

The moment came for him to depart. He kissed his sisters affectionately, and looked round for Sarah. Twice she was called before she could make her eyes presentable. Daniel did not notice it, as he bade her good-bye, he asked her to plead his cause with Miss Kingsley. She thrust off his hand from her arm, and ran out of the room. The last moment was up that he could stay, and he soon forgot that there was anything strange in the behaviour of his cousin; for in a very short time he was on board the steamer, and on his way to Europe.

Previous to his departure, he wrote to Miss Kingsley, and told her in what way a part of her character and life had been revealed to him. He described himself, his own virtues and failings, his admiration of a noble woman, his indifference to mere personal beauty, his utter disregard of wealth. He would not ask her to answer this letter, but should he write again, he would earnestly entreat her to answer him.

Miss Kingsley received the letter on the day after the steamer sailed, and her surprise at the unexpected contents was extreme. She had heard Sarah speak of her cousin, but had never seen him; and her first impulse was to blame Sarah severely for showing her letter. A few moments told her how foolish this feeling would be towards her friend, and she read the letter again carefully. It bore the impress of a good heart, and a correct appreciation of what is due to woman. It appealed to her best feelings, and it told her plainly and honestly how well such a man could love one who should carry out his ideal of female excellence. With this she was obliged, therefore, to be satisfied for the present—for the writer was far beyond her reach, and had bound her not to answer it until she should hear from him again.

To say that Isabel Kingsley was not pleased would be false. It was the first time she had been an object of love. It was through Sarah's partiality for her she thought that it had come about, and of course Sarah had told him all; she believed that he was fully apprised of her perfections and imperfections. Standing before her glass that night, she wept as she looked at the unfortunate eye that was shown to her shuddering gaze. It was a hopeless case, for wealth had been poured out like water to relieve or even to ameliorate its condition, but to no avail. Would the honest love which spoke out in every line of the letter which she held in her hand, stand proof against this terrible misfortune?

During the seven or eight weeks in which she waited for a letter, she saw Sarah only once. Only a brief word or two was said in reference to Daniel, for Sarah felt too deeply, and Isabel too conscious, for conversation respecting it. Sarah felt she had not carried out Daniel's injunction; but she thought it was hard enough to part with all her cherished dreams, to give up all that had made her happiness, without being called upon to beg another's acceptance of it. That was the feather too much; and even Sarah, good as she was, could not submit to that martyrdom of herself.

The letter arrived in due season—a letter which Isabel felt bound to answer, and which she did answer, with all the diction and beauty of expression that had so satisfied the fastidious Daniel Bailey, in perusing her letter to his cousin. Now the letters came thick and fast. A regular communication was established, and more and more lover-like on both sides; sometimes Isabel would feel that the first sight of her might disenchant her lover, but the subject was too painful to dwell upon, and she willingly dismissed it. A little frankness on her part with Sarah—an inquiry how much he knew of her personal appearance—would have set all right; but an indescribable sense of personal deformity haunted the poor girl, and the present was too delicious to her loving heart to give it up for an uncertain future.

Sarah, on the other hand, believed that Isabel would disclose everything, and she set herself to the task of rooting from her heart all the affection which she felt for cousin, and the brave and true-hearted girl strove long and well. If Daniel could be happier with another, she argued, surely she ought to rejoice in his happiness; and although she now believed that she could never trust again, yet she earnestly endeavored to fix her mind upon her other duties, and to forget, if possible, that she had ever suffered it to wander.

At length Daniel Bailey was expected home. Isabel's heart was in a fever of expectation, of love, and of dread — of love, for truly and earnestly had she learned, from the noble and manly sentiments expressed in his letters, to feel that she could not be parted from that dear hope; of dread, lest one unfortunate circumstance of which he had no knowledge, but which ever weighed upon her mind, should come between her and her happiness.

Sarah had neither hope nor dread; she had resigned all thoughts of her cousin, except as a friend; and if she sometimes sighed at the prospect of seeing another his wife, she still believed that she could better resign him to Isabel than to a stranger.

He came, and the moment he could command his time, he started for Overton. Sarah's hands assisted him to get ready for the journey; Sarah's lips bade him God-speed. If she went to her own room to weep, no one knew it, for when she came forth, there was a smile of peace on her countenance.

She was sitting, on the third day of Daniel's absence, at a window that overlooked the garden. It was midsummer, and the twilight dews came down gratefully on the parched earth, and brought calm and serenity upon human hearts. She was thinking of the absent, and imagining that Isabel was spending this hour with her cousin. A touch upon her shoulder, and she looked up to see Daniel. A change had come over his noble countenance since he went, full of hope and expectation, to meet Isabel Kingsley. He looked wan and subdued, and his air and manner were altered. Sarah guessed, but dared not give utterance to her thought.

'Why did you not tell me, cousin Sarah?' said he, after a pause.

'I answered all your questions, Daniel. Am I to be blamed, because I left you to test the truth of the ideal beauty with which you invested Isabel Kingsley? How did I know that the purity of her character, her intellectual attainments, her winning manners, would not compensate to you for one unfortunate defect, for which she is not responsible, and for which she has suffered a thousand fold more than you can imagine?'

'Had I known of it before, Sarah, it is barely possible that I might have been reconciled—and yet I hardly think it would have been the case. You know how much value I attach to beautiful eyes. They are the indices of the soul. You cannot conceive how it pains me at this stage of our pleasant intercourse, when my whole stay abroad has been brightened and cheered by letters from Isabel, to break up the dream I had cherished of a happy home when I returned.'

'And why not?'

'Why not? Ask yourself, Sarah. Could you love a being, however lovely otherwise, whose beauty was marred by such a defect?'

'I think I could.'

'No, Sarah, you mistake your strength of mind. At any rate, I have no such strength. Not all Miss Kingsley's wealth, nor her otherwise faultless beauty, could reconcile me to the fact that she has never hinted that I might be shocked at the horrible obliquity of that eye. Heavens! it haunts me yet!'

'Daniel Bayley, for shame! You are not worthy of Isabel!'

'I grant it; and she is not worthy of me. One moment was enough to disenchant me. I did not even speak to her.'

'Do you mean so?'

'I do. Miss Kingsley was absent at a large party; she did not return until late, and of course it w[illegible]re been presumption to approach her then. In the morning she was pointed out to me by a gentleman, who volunteered to introduce me. She stood with her back towards me. Her perfect figure, her well-chosen morning costume, her beautiful hair, were all seen at a glance as I entered; but a mirror before which she stood gave me back that eye, and shocked, miserable, and half-fainting (don't laugh at me, Sarah!) I left the room, and without a moment's delay I came away.'

'And this is your conduct to my noble-hearted friend?'

'I own it; but there was cause. I was deceived.'

'You were indeed, my poor cousin—and yet how could she tell you?'

'Sarah, tell me, would you have done as Isabel has done?'

'I have never been placed under like circumstances.'

'But I know you would not. You love the truth too well.'

'I do love truth, Daniel; but it would be hard to give you—I mean it would be hard to give any one up in the way she must have done. It is so pleasant to be beloved!'

'Sarah!'

'Well, cousin?'

'You shall not call me cousin! What a blind, senseless fool I have been not to see before what I see in those beautiful eyes this moment! You love me, Sarah! I see it in those quivering lips, and those beautiful eyes, that never looked so sweet to me until I saw Isabel Kingsley's. And believe me, I always loved you; but your quiet, sisterly conduct towards me made me think that it could not be. And then you were so interested for your friend, too—so willing to give me up! Such disinterested friendship ought to meet its reward. Sarah, you *shall* marry me!'

'Vain fellow! do you think I would condescend to accept the second place in any man's heart?'

'*First*, Sarah!—first! I loved you years before I thought of Isabel. But how could I think that the quiet little girl who moved about our household, performing the duties of a sister, and never looking or speaking aught but kind and sisterly words—how could I think that *she* could love me as I wished?'

Ah, Sarah, how will you resist this appeal? The most exacting friendship could not—ought not to require this *second* sacrifice. It would have been too much to expect of poor human nature — too much expect of woman's loving heart, had she not responded truly to his words of affectionate tenderness.

Poor, poor Isabel! We can only hope for thee, that some beautiful soul, whose outward eye is darkened, but whose inner eye can estimate thy many perfections, may one day be led to thee by that mysterious providence which "brings forth that unexpected hour," that unites hearts together in bands of love;—of love, in which the outward is but a shadow, and not the reality. 'Time sets all things right.'

THE UNKNOWN ARTIST.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF RUBENS.

One day, Rubens, while strolling through the environs of Madrid, entered a convent whose rules were exceedingly severe, and remarked, not without surprise, over the poor and humble altar of the monastery, a picture that disclosed the most wonderful talent. This picture represented the head of a monk. Rubens called his pupils, and showed them the painting; all shared in his admiration.

'Who could have been the author of this work?' demanded Vandyke, the favorite pupil of Rubens.

'There was a name written at the bottom of the picture, but it has been carefully effaced,' replied Van Shulden.

Rubens sent for the friar, saying that he wished to speak with him. When the old monk came slowly up the aisle, he asked him the name of the artist who had won his admiration.

'The painter is no longer in this world.'

'Dead!' cried Rubens. 'Dead! and up to this time no one has known him, no one has mentioned with admiration his name, which will be immortal, his name which will surpass mine! And yet,' added the artist, with a noble pride, 'and yet, my father, I am Peter Paul Rubens.' At this name, the pale visage of the friar was animated with a sudden glow. His eyes sparkled, and he fastened his gaze upon Rubens with an expression of more than mere curiosity; but this exultation lasted but a moment. The monk dropped his eyes, crossed upon his breast his arms, that in a moment of enthusiasm he had raised toward heaven, and repeated:

'The painter is no longer in this world.'

'His name, my father, his name, that I may make it known to the universe; that I may give him the glory that is his due.'

Rubens and Vandyke, Jordens and Van Shulden, his pupils, I might almost say his rivals, surrounded the venerable friar, supplicating him to instantly disclose the name of the artist.

The monk trembled; a cold sweat ran down from his forehead upon his emaciated cheeks, and his lips contracted convulsively, as if about to reveal the mystery that he alone knew.

'His name? his name?' repeated Rubens.

The monk made a solemn gesture with hand.

'Listen to me,' said he; 'you have misunderstood me; I told you that the painter of that picture was no longer in this world; but I never told you that he was dead.'

'He lives! He lives! O, let us know him! Let us know him!'

'He has renounced things of this world; he is in a cloister; he is a monk.'

'Monk! my father! monk! O, tell me in what convent, for he must leave it When God marks a man with such talents, this man must not be allowed to live in solitude. God has given him a sublime mission—he must accomplish it. Tell me the cloister where he is concealed; I will go and take him from it, and show him the glory that awaits him. If he refuses, I will cause him to be ordered by our holy father the pope to re-enter the world, and again take up his brushes. The pope loves me, my father! the pope will listen to my entreaty.

'I will neither tell you his name, nor the cloister where he is concealed,' replied the monk, in a resolute tone.

'The pope will command you,' replied the exasperated Rubens.

'Listen to me,' said the monk, 'listen to me, in the name of Heaven. Think you that this man, before leaving the world, before renouncing fortune and glory, had not striven against a similar resolution? Think you that he has not experienced bitter deceptions, cruel griefs, that have finally taught him,' said he, smiting his breast, 'that all below is vanity? Leave him to die in the asylum that he has found against the world and its despair. Your efforts will accomplish nothing. It is a temptation, in which he will come out victoriously,' he continued, making the sign of the cross; 'for God will not take from him his aid; God who, in his mercy, has deigned to call him to himself, will not thrust him away from his presence.'

'But, my father, it is immortality he renounces.'

'Immortality is nothing in comparison with eternity.' And the monk pulled his hood over his face, and changed the subject of discourse in a manner that prevented Reubens from touching on that point again.

The celebrated Fleming left the cloister with his brilliant group of pupils, and all returned silently and sadly to Madrid. The friar re-entered his cell, threw himself upon his knees upon the bundle of straw that served him for a bed, and prayed fervently. Then collecting his brushes, his colors and palate that lay in the corner, he threw them into the river that flowed so gently beneath his window. For some time he looked mournfully at the water that bore away its precious burden. When they had finally disappeared, he renewed his orisons upon the straw before the wooden crucifix.

☞ A man was crushed by a heavy waggon in Aurora, Nev., and left writhing in agony. His companion, reasoning that he could not recover, and that it would be merciful to end his suffering, deliberately shot him through the heart.

— The Western Union Telegraph Company have reduced their rates for ten word messages to and from the Upper Provinces. The charge will now be thirty cents instead of fifty.

EGYPT.

The land of the Pharoahs has made another remarkable stride in the right direction. Her ruler, the *Khedive*, as he is called, has adopted the European system of Government, promising to keep strictly within the limits of law and constitution. The Khedive has becomd involved in enormous debt—private and public, but he owned as his private property, about one-fifth of the arable land of the country! He also carried on manufacturing enterprises of all sorts, and thus managed to plunge the country as well as himself personally, into a sea of debt. The laboring classes, (*fellaheen*) have been treated as slaves, and ground down to the deepest wretchedness and poverty. The debt of Egypt and her ruler amounted last year to the enormous sum of £407,000,000 sterling! The population of the country is but five millions—mostly slaves. No wonder the debt was felt to be crushing. In his despair the Khedive asked for the counsel of the trustworthy English and French financiers, and these men have examined closely into the present state of the debts and receipts. The Khedive has promised to act on their advice. He has yielded up his private estate, his houses, lands, etc., and all the public property is henceforth to be under public control. Mr. Rivers Wilson, an eminent English financier is to be the Khedive's finance minister. This is an important revolution which bids fair for the future of Egypt.—*Witness.*

THE WILD MAN OF TENNESSEE.

There is now in Louisville, Ky., a truly mysterious and wonderful creature known as "the wild man of Tennessee." He is in the possession of Dr. O. G. Boyle of Sparta, a town in the last named State. The wild man was captured by means of a lariat in the Cumberland Mountains, after a long chase, on the 15th of September. He is known to have lived in the mountains for eighteen years, staying in the water most time and subsisting on fish and roots Close inspection shows that his whole body is covered with a layer of scales which drop off at regular periods, in the spring and fall, like the skin of a rattlesnake. He has a heavy growth of hair on his head, and a dark, reddish beard about six inches long. His eyes present a frightful appearance, being at least twice the size of the average sized egg. Some of his toes are formed together, which give his feet a strange appearance, and his height when standing perfectly erect, is about 6 feet 5 inches. A nervous twitching of his muscles shows a desire to escape, and he is constantly looking in the direction of the door through which he entered. His entire body must be wet at intervals, and should this be neglected he begins immediately to manifest great uneasiness, his flesh becomes feverish and his sufferings cannot be alleviated until the water is applied.

☞ In the late fight at Stolen between the Austrians and Bosnians, the combatants came to close quarters, when the bayonet and yatagban were used and no quarter was asked nor given. An Austrian stated to the editor of the "Nene Pester Journal" that as his regiment approached the enemy, a Turkish woman was observed in its ranks, firing with great rapidity, In subsequently fighting hand to hand, she showed great skill with her yataghan, distributing blows right and left, and parrying bayonets with surprising quickness and ability. She at last fell, severely wounded, and at the close of the struggle, as the ambulance arrived to collect the sufferers, she was found blood stained and apparently dead. When a doctor felt her pulse, she opened her eyes, and as he spoke withdrew her hand angrily, and pointed at him with the other the revolver which she had been tightly clutching. I was quickly snatched from her, as she cried: "Get out, you Christian dogs. I don't want your help. You killed my husband; let me die." She soon after expired. She was a very handsome young woman of about 23 years.

☞ The most cheerful, happy-looking evening home circles which we have been permitted to see were those where there was an effort made to have reading for the benefit of all—one reader—while others were devoted to what tasks they might do. Some good book, paper or pamphlet was the order. Now and then father would make an inquiry. And thus the evening passed happily and profitably along. Where the harmony of the home circle thus collects there must be some light of pleasure burning, the rays from which never shall be destined to go out from the recollections of those who go out into the busy marts of trade and the world. These benefits will be felt in many a moment in after life, and thought will be swiftly sped back to the old times so long past, so profitable, so homelike, so happy.

TEN RULES FOR YOUNG MEN.—Always pick up a hot poker by the cold end. Never spend your money when you can get things for nothing. Do not despise a 20 cent cigar or a $2 dinner because another man pays for it. Remember that it costs more to go to a high-priced theatre than it does to take a back pew in a free church. Nothing is troublesome to you that other people do for you willingly. Never pay today the man you can put off till to-morrow. Never trouble yourself to do for another what he can do just as well for himself. Never buy what you don't want simply because the man says he is just out of it. Do not poultice your neck for the boil on another man's neck. When angry, be sure you can handle your man before you call him a liar.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

☞ At Norwich Falls, Conn., the other night a man called Conlin was walking on the railway track where there is a double switch, and accidentally had one foot caught in a "frog" in such a way that he was unable to extricate it. A northern bound train was coming at full speed, and Conlan finding himself unable to escape his doom, half-turned, in his chained position, and faced the engine in a defiant way, and almost smiled as it struck him. His body was frightfully mangled—almost literally torn to pieces under the remorseless wheels—and when picked up it presented a horrible appearance. A part of his clothing, in which was his revolver, was torn from him by the engine and carried to Willimantic before it was discovered.

☞ The disaster at Wollaston will cast the Old Colony Railroad Company about $250,000 in the payment of claims of sufferers, the sums ranging from 75 cents to $1,000.