Weekly Monitor.

VOL 6. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 30, 1878. NO. 28

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

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.

Adress, J. CHALONER, Druggist,

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

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

Tuesday, 3rd June, 1878.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed. and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Tuesday, Thurs., and Saturday.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Windsor—leave	9 30	12 00	5 40
			P. M.	
7	Hantsport	9 52	12 27	6 12
15	Grand Pre	10 15	12 57	6 39
18	Wolfville	10 25	1 10	6 51
20	Port Williams	10 31	1 20	6 59
25	Kentville—arrive	10 45	1 40	7 15
	Do—leave	11 00	2 10	
34	Waterville	11 23	2 48	
37	Berwick	11 31	3 02	
42	Aylesford	11 44	3 24	
		P. M.		
49	Kingston	12 03	4 02	
53	*Wilmot	12 12	4 20	
56	Middleton	12 20	4 36	
62	Lawrencetown	12 36	4 58	
65	*Paradise	12 45	5 10	
70	Bridgetown	1 00	5 38	
78	*Roundhill	1 20	6 00	
84	Annapolis—arrive	1 35	6 30	
	St. John by Steamer	8 00		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed., and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Tues., Thurs. and Saturday.	Express Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	St. John—leave	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
	Annapolis—leave	.....	6 15	2 30
6	*Round Hill	.....	6 40	2 46
14	Bridgetown	.....	7 05	3 05
19	*Paradise	.....	7 26	3 17
22	Lawrencetown	.....	7 39	3 25
28	Middleton	.....	8 05	3 42
31	*Wilmot	.....	8 17	3 50
35	Kingston	.....	8 35	4 00
42	Aylesford	.....	9 03	4 20
47	Berwick	.....	9 25	4 34
50	Waterville	.....	9 45	4 42
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	10 25	5 05
	Do—leave	6 15	11 10	5 15
	Port Williams	6 35	11 32	
64	Wolfville	6 42	11 41	5 29
66	Grand Pre	6 55	11 54	5 35
69			P. M.	5 45
77	Hantsport	7 21	12 30	6 08
84	Windsor—arrive	7 45	1 00	6 30

N. B.—Express Trains run daily and when signalled, or when there are Passengers to set down, they will stop at Stations marked thus(*)

Steamer "EMPRESS" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 8 a. m., for Annapolis, and returns every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY on arrival of Express Train.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m., and 8.40 p. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

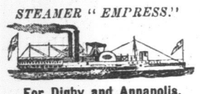
P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, May 29th, '78

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."

BILL-HEADS, VISITING, WEDDING and BUSINESS CARDS, &c., &c., neatly and promptly printed at this office. Call and inspect samples of work.

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 recept 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,
James E. Shaffner	Alpheus Marshall,
Alfred Troop,	H. H. Chute,
Wm. Croscup,	Richard Clarke,
Samuel Groves,	George F. Miller,
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

Stylish AND Comfortable

LADIES' AND GENTS' LINEN

ULSTERS,

FOR SALE BY

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, June 17th, 1878.

Call and inspect the

New Stock

—OF—

JEWELRY

—AND—

PLATED WARE,

now being shown at the

Bidgetown 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.

THE CANDIDATE.

"Father, who travels the road so late?"
"Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate."
Fit example of human woes—
Early he comes and late he goes;
He greets the women with courtly grace,
He kisses the baby's dirty face,
He calls to the fence the farmer at work.
He bores the merchant, he bores the clerk;
The blacksmith, while his anvil rings,
He greets, and this is the song he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy-do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can.
The horny hand of the workingman."

"Husband, who is that man at the gate?"
"Hush, my love, 'tis the candidate."
"Husband, why can't he work like you?
Has he nothing at home to do?"
"My dear, whenever a man is down,
No cash at home, no money in town,
Too stupid to preach, too proud to beg,
Too timid to rob, and too lazy to dig,
Then over his horse his leg he flings,
And to the dear people this song he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy-do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman.

Brothers, who labor early and late,
Ask these things of the candidate:
What's his record? How does he stand
At home? No matter about his hand,
Be it hard or soft, so it be not prone
To close over money not his own.
Has he in view no thieving plan?
Is he honest and capable! He is our man.
Cheer such a one till the welkin rings;
Join in the chorus when thus he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy-do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman."

Select Literature.

A Conductor's Story.

I was riding on a night train on the Pennsylvania Central from New York to Washington on a mission as newspaper correspondent.

We had passed Baltimore and within an hour's time would be at our place of destination. The conductor had finished collecting the fares, and seeing a vacant seat by my side, had dropped into it as if for a little rest at the end of a tiresome day's work. He made an entry in his note-book, closed it, placed it in his breast-pocket, buttoned his coat, folded his arms, and then turned to me with a friendly remark, as if now he felt at liberty to lay aside all official dignity, and be sociable. I was glad to while away the time as the train was rushing along in a darkness which concealed all objects of interest without, and so I encouraged the conversation.

'You must have met with some interesting experiences and perhaps some great dangers in the course of your life,' said I, the conductor's grizzly beard showing that he might have seen a long service.

'Well, perhaps the most exciting time in my experience was the night I was chased by an engine—a night which this one reminds me of,' said he, looking out into the darkness.

'Chased by an engine, said I, getting interested. 'How did that happen?'

'Well,' said the conductor, settling down in the cushions and bracing his knees against the back of the seat in front, 'many years ago I was running the night express on Long Island from Brooklyn to Greenport, a distance of ninety miles, the entire length of the road. The Long Island road was then a one horse-affair, having a single track, with switches at the different stations to allow the trains to meet and pass. On the evening to which I now refer I started from Brooklyn at ten o'clock with the old Constitution, long since broken up, but then the crack engine on the road, with a baggage or freight car and three passenger cars. The night was dark as a pocket, or, if anything a little darker,' he added, as if he had accurately tested the obscurity of that useful portion of the dress.

'It must have been very dark,' said I.

'We were then the only regular train upon the road that night, with the exception of the Greenport express to Brooklyn, which was to start at 10 o'clock and meet us at Lakeland station, in the middle of the Island, switching off there to allow us to pass.

'Well, we were six or eight miles on our way when I stepped out on the back platform of the rear car to see if it was growing any lighter. We were then going over a part of the road which was as straight as an arrow for a distance of four or five miles. As I was looking back over the stretch behind us, I saw at the distance of three miles or so, what I knew was the headlight of an engine, for it was too bright for anything else; for of course I did not suppose that the Government had been putting up any lighthouses along the road.'

'Probably not,' said I.

'You may be sure I was not a little surprised,' said the conductor, 'for there wasn't an extra train once a week upon that road, and I knew there was none going out from Brooklyn that night, anyhow. I waited for a few minutes until I saw it was really an engine coming, and, what was more, was rapidly gaining on us, although we were going at our usual rate of speed. When I was satisfied of this fact I hurried forward and said to the engineer, 'Jake, there is a train close behind us.'

'Jake dropped his oil-can and his lower jaw at the same moment, and looked to see whether I was crazy or joking.

'Well, let the fireman attend to the matters here, and come back and see,' said I.

'We hurried to the rear, and in a moment Jake saw as well as myself that if there was any joke in the matter we were the victims of one; and of rather a serious one too, for the train in the rear had gained on us a full mile while I had been forward. The red cinders were pouring out of the smoke-stack as if from a blast furnace; the headlight threw a glare along the road, burnishing the iron rails to our very wheels. Close as he was upon us, the engineer of the advancing train had not given us the slightest signal to warn us of his approach, and made no response to our repeated whistles of alarm. He was violating all rules, and if he had determined to secretly run us down he would act just as he was doing. Jake at first seemed to be struck dumb — not so much because he then thought of the danger, as at the cool impudence of the engineer behind. He looked as if he would like to throttle him. His tongue, after a while, got in working order, and he broke out, 'What does the crazy fool mean?'

'The engineer must be either crazy or drunk,' said I. 'If he keeps on in that way ten minutes longer he will surely be into us;' and I signaled the fireman to put on more steam. 'What business the train has upon the road to-night is what puzzles me.'

''That's the Franklin, sure,' broke out Jake, once more. 'No other engine on the road could overhaul us as we are going now. What can that fool of a Simpson mean by driving at such a rate? He must be drunk. If the boss doesn't break him to-morrow he won't get his deserts. He will be into us in two minutes.'

''You are right, Jake,' said I. 'Go forward and see if you cannot get up a little more headway. Empty a few of those petroleum cans on the wood and pitch it in, and see what can be done.''

'While Jake was forward on this errand, I thought over the situation. Here I was with a hundred or two passengers under my care, all ignorant of the danger which I knew they were in. If we should be overtaken and crushed in the rear, the disaster would be a serious one, and would probably cause the death or injury at least of some of the passengers. If we were not smashed in this way, there was another and perhaps greater danger before us. The train of which I have spoken, which left Greenport when we left Brooklyn, was on its way to meet us on the same track. It should switch off at Lakeland, in the middle of the island and allow us to pass an hour after we started, or at eleven o'clock. It was now half past ten, and we were close to Lakeland and would pass there long before the arrival of the Greenport train beyond Lakeland without warning our approach, and a collision in front as well as in the rear would be the consequence.

'I wonder if it isn't an engine the old man is sending down to Jamaica to the shops for repairs?' said Jake. 'I saw the Ben Franklin standing on the side track with steam up just as we started. From the way she overhauls us there can't be much of a train behind her.'

'I did not know but that Jake might be right, for I had seen the Franklin standing in the depot when we left. That engine was just as fast as our own, and if it was without a train attached, as Jake supposed, might easily gain on us, as it seemed to be doing. 'At any rate, we shall see when we pass Jamaica station whether Jake's theory is correct,' I thought and said to him.

'By this time the fireman, acting as engineer, had given our engine all the steam she would take, and we were slashing along at a lively rate, I tell you,' said the conductor. 'The good people along the road who were out of their beds must have thought that a railroad Gilpin was riding another race according to the new style. I was angry enough to have sent a bullet at the crazy engineer following us, and I determined that my first business the next day should be to complain to the superintendent of his foolhardiness. I thought that possibly, being for the moment his own master and no longer under the immediate orders of a conductor, he was indulging in a kind of railroad spree, for a lark, was driving us at the top of our speed, expecting to end the race and his day's work at the same time at Jamaica.

'The conductor rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, raised the window by his side and expectorated into the outer darkness, and became silent for several moments as if burdened by the recollection of his former perils. After a reasonable length of time for him to resume his story, I said: 'When the collision occurred, was it with the train in front or in the rear, or both?'

'Oh, the collision!' said the conductor. 'Well, now you come to the ridiculous part of the story. The collision did not take place at all," he said, in an apologetic tone, as if there ought to have been a serious accident after so much preparation. 'While I was on this platform thinking whether I had better warn the passengers to hold themselves ready for a shock, Jake came from the forward car dragging after him two large petroleum cans, each of which would hold a quarter of a barrel of oil.

'Now, then,' said Jake to me, 'If you will oil one side of the track I will try the other.'

I saw at once what his plan was. We each brought the mouth of an oil can as near as possible and commenced pouring on it the kerosene. In less than a minute a half mile of the iron rails on both sides was nicely oiled and as slippery as the tongue of a dealer in second-hand dishes.

'You have raised my expectations of a catastrophe so high that you have been obliged to grease the track so as to let them down again easily,' said I for I felt a little nettled at the unexpected turn the story had taken, and was inclined to believe that the conductor was drawing largely upon his imagination for the facts.

'Why, don't you know that an engine can no more make headway on a greased track than a tom cat can climb a steep roof covered with ice?' said the conductor with a pitying glance at one so profoundly ignorant of railroad matters as myself. I slapped Jack on the back, and said, 'Old fellow, your cuteness has brought us all out of a bad scrape.'

'We reached and flew through Lakeland depot nearly half an hour ahead of time. Of course the Greenport train was not there yet, but was coming down the road. Our speed was now a little ahead of any ever before made upon the Long Island road. The telegraph poles fairly danced behind us, and the bushes on either side of the track seemed a continuous wall of fire as they were lighted by the flame which was pouring out of our smoke-stack. But dangerous as it was for us to keep on, it was just as dangerous to slacken speed, and so on we went.'

'Well, we tore through that sleeping village without stopping long for refreshments, I can assure you, and then Jake and I looked to see our comical frrend in the rear pull up at the station and take lodgings for the night. But we were mistaken in our guess. Not a whistle was given by our pursuer as a signal that he intended to stop; not a signal of slackening was shown; but, on the contrary he was gaining on us when we were doing our very best. Sometimes a curve in the road would shut a moment from our view, but he would round in an instant, and every new turn brought him more closely upon us. Jamaica had been left far behind, and we were on the wide Hempstead plain. The old Constitution was on her muscle, I tell you. Our train was actually swaying and rocking with speed, like a yacht on the waves. The telegraph poles, upon which the light from our windows would glint in the dense darkness, were flying behind us at every second. The sound of our wheels as they struck the end of the rails was a continuous hum. But to do the best that it might, our engine, with its heavy train, was no match for the light weighted one behind. That was gaining on us and was not the eighth of a mile distant. The glare from its lantern shown brightly in our faces; I thought Jack's face looked a little pale, and perhaps mine did too. Now, that our pursuer did not stop at Jamaica, we were entirely off our reckonings, and we could not guess at the cause of our chase, nor where it would end. The prospect seemed that we might be driven to the end of the road, if wewere not overtaken and smashed before it could be reached.

'In a few seconds the lantern of the train behind us was getting dim in the distance. We slacked speed and backed down to see 'what was the matter with Simpson,' as Jack said. There stood the old Ben Franklin, puffing and snorting and pawing like a mad bull, the drive-wheels buzzing around on the greased track like all possessed, but not gaining an inch. We sanded the track and bore down upon the old machine. Jack was the first aboard spoiling for a chance at the engineer Simpson. But no sign of an engineer, fireman or any other human being was to be found. The engine had only a tender attached, and although there was a full head of steam on the fires were getting low. We made short work in pushing back to Lakeland. We reached the station and got fairly upon the switch when the Greenport train, which we should meet there, came in, and we were waiting as if nothing had happened, and as if we hadn't been fifteen miles out on the road to meet it a few minutes before.

'The telegraph operator at Lakeland handed me a dispatch which read as follows:

"To CONDUCTOR C——: The Ben Franklin has broken loose and is coming up the road. Turn switch at Lakeland and run her off the track.

BARTON, Supt.'

Brooklyn, 10.15, P. M.

'You see we did not have much time for turning switches at Lakeland,' he continued, 'so we did still better, and saved the old Ben—which was not responsible after all—from a smash-up.'

☞ Miskoloz, a town in Hungary, has been completely laid waste by a storm. Over four hundred dead bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the houses, and two hundred persons are still missing. The town of Erlau has been also devastated by a storm, rows of houses having been swept away and many persons killed.

☞ An exchange declares that a man who will read a newspaper three or four years without paying for it will pasture a goat on the grave of his grandfather.

HOUSES TWELVE STORIES HIGH.

In the West End of London, in a neighborhood known as Queen Anne's Gate, a banker named Hankey has built some enormous "mansions" overlooking St. James' Park, and not far from the metropolitan railway station of that name. The houses are the highest in England—twelve stories—perhaps the highest in the world. They are let by flats upon a new associated principle; and Mr. Hankey has chosen for his own apartment the highest story, where he commands the purest air, with a view of the parks, Surrey Hill and northern heights. The suites of apartments are so eagerly sought after by those who wish to avoid the cares of housekeeping, that Mr. Hankey is building a second block of houses twelve stories high. The tenants are chiefly bachelors, whose suites contain a bedroom and sitting rooms; but there are also suites of ten rooms. Elevators, of course, travel to each story and electric bells and speaking tubes are in every room. There is a "wine-cellar" for each tenant; the male servants are in liveries; the females wear a neat and uniform dress; and one quarterly payment covers the expense of servants, taxes, gas, water, and indeed every item of housekeeping, even down to the insurance of furniture.

☞ England no doubt possesses the champion jack-of-all-trades in the person of one who styles himself Professor Pullinger and lives near Chichester. He advertises himself as a contractor, inventor, fisherman, builder, carpenter, joiner, sawyer, undertaker, turner, cooper, painter, glazier, sign painter, wooden pump-maker, paper-hanger, bell-hanger, boat-builder, clock cleaner, locksmith, umbrella repairer, china and glass mender, net-knitter, wire worker, grocer, baker, farmer, taxidermist, copying clerk, letter-writer, accountant, surveyor, engineer, land measurer, house agent, vestry clerk, assistant overseer, clerk to the Selsay Sparrow Club, clerk to the Selsay police, assessor and collector of land tax and property and income tax, collector of church and highway rates. This astonishing personage has also served at sea in the four quarters of the world as seamen, steward, sail-maker, cook, mate and navigator.

A $600 CIGAR.— In December last Peter Frank an Italian peanut vender of Paterson, had $1,200 in a valise, which he was taking to New York to deposit in a city bank. On the way down in the cars a stranger offered him a cigar, which Mr. Frank smoked, and then he knew nothing till he wakened from an uneasy slumber at Pavonia Ferry to find that his valise and money were gone. The cigar had been drugged. Chief of Police Graul has been hunting up the matter ever since, with the assistance of Detective Von Gerichten of New York. On Monday morning they at last arrested the thief, an Italian, named Giovannio Romanio, and he was taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court, where the matter was compromised by his paying back $600 of the stolen money.

☞ In England the life of one man often stands between penury and splendor in the case of another. In a pot-house at Sydney, New South Wales, sat one evening a young fellow who, as a last resource, was going in the steerage next day to the New Zealand diggings, when, casting his eye down the columns of a paper, he saw a solicitor's advertisement calling upon him to assume the title of viscount and an income of more thousands a year than he had pennies in his pocket, in consequence of the sudden death of a relative in England. The present Earl of Harrington, also, who was formerly a hard-working civil engineer, came into his title and income of $200,000 a year by the sudden death of his cousin, who killed himself by overstraining for a steeple chase.

☞ It is somewhat singular that the loss of the Princess Alice will not in any event inflict a very great loss on the London Steamboat Company, which owned her. If the Princess Alice is found to blame for the collision, all that the owners will have to pay is less than $20,000, because by their charter their liability is limited by the tonnage of their steamer. The Bywell Castle, however, if found to blame, will have to pay more than $100,000 to the survivors and friends of those who perished by the collision. Three inquiries into the cause of the accident are now in progress, and it would seem that by one or the other of them the truth would be arrived at.

WORK FOR IT.

Ruskin never said a truer thing than this:

"If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure you must toil for it."

Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love a work his life is a happy one. Said a poor man in Brooklyn the other day, with a family of eleven to provide for, "If I were worth a million dollars I should not wish to do much different from what I do now every day, working hour after hour. I love it a thousand times better than to rest." He has for nearly half a century been surrounded by workers, and has caught the spirit of industry. He loves his work, as he loves his food and sleep. He is happy who has conquered laziness once and forever.