ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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Weekly Monitor

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A careful examination of the insruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are **AS LOW IN PRICE** as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

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Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

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On the Loss of
MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
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Post Office Box 4586.

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Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends in Annapolis County, that he has just returned from Kings County, and will be at his office in

BRIDGETOWN

for a few weeks. FRIENDS, PLEASE NOT DELAY.

Nov. 19th, 1879. a34tf

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FOUR ACRES OF LAND,

with comfortable

HOUSE AND BARN.

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Paradise, May 10th, '80.

DENTISTRY.

PRIMROSE BROS.,
Bridgetown and Lawrencetown.

MECHANICAL and OPERATIVE DENTISTRY promptly attended to in all its branches.

June 8th, '80. 6m

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THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence
at
LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrels. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment
of
FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.
Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very
LOW FOR CASH,
BEALES & DODGE.
Middleton, Nov., '78

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THE LOCAL MEAT MARKET.

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Registered Under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1879.

English, American, Canadian and Australian

MEATS
—AND—
Provision Depots.

CAPITAL - - - $100,000.

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BONDED WAREHOUSES—Cold Storage Wharf, Cousin Lane, E. C.
BANKERS:—The London and County Bank, 21 London Street, E. C. D. TALLERMAN, Esq., Gen. Manager.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of Shippers of Cattle, Poultry, &c., to the ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN PROVISION DEPOTS, 84 UPPER THAMES ST., LONDON. Furnished with Refrigerating Chambers of large capacity, where Produce of all kinds can be preserved for any length of time, at any season of the year. The advantages to shippers of live cattle are evident, inasmuch as by slaughtering immediately on arrival Expenses Cease, and the most advantageous moment may be seized for the disposal of the consignment.

To parties desirous of shipping apples, &c., to London, for sales and returns, the Company can offer advantages to be found in no other quarter. By use of the refrigerators, decay or deterioration is arrested, while every facility is afforded for sorting, sampling and laying out sound fruit, as well as for repacking such as may be injured on the voyage. Shippers who may wish more speedy returns than can be forwarded by regular mail, can realise an advance which will be ordered by Telegraph immediately on receipt of consignments landed in good condition.

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WM. HARE, Agent,
171 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

THOS. S. WHITMAN, Agent,
Annapolis, N. S. 43tf

Administrator's Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Andrew McKenna, late of Bridgetown, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to JOHN LOCKETT,
Administrator.

Bridgetown, Sept. 8th, 1880.

FOR SALE.

Iron and Steel, asstd. Sizes,
Hoop Iron and Rivets;
Horse Shoe Nails;
Nails and Spikes—Asstd. Sizes,
Sleigh Shoe Bolts, &c.;
Slate Roofing Paint, Various Colors, Ready Mixed;
Planed Clapboards, and Sawn Shingles;
A number of Abrams & Kerr's Patent Root Pulpers, in hand for Sale.

AGENT FOR
New England Boston Paint Co.'s Paints;
Walter Wilson, Saw Manufacturer, St. John, N. B.
Honey's Patent Fanning Mill,
H. FRASER.

Poetry.

As We Grow Old.

As we grow old, our yesterdays
Seem very dim and distant;
We hope as though in darkened ways,
Through all that is existent;
Yet far off days shine bright and clear
With suns that long have faded,
And faces dead seem strangely near
To those that life has shaded.

As we grow old our tears are few
For friends most lately taken,
But fall—as fall the summer dew
From roses lightly shaken—
When some chance word or idle strain,
The chords of memory sweeping,
Unlock the flood-gates of our pain
For those who taught us weeping.

As we grow old our smiles are rare
To those who greet us daily,
Or, if some living faces wear
The looks that beam so gaily,
For eyes long closed—and we should smile
In answer to their wooing,
'Tis but the past that shines the while
Our power to smile renewing.

As we grow old our dreams of night
Are never of the morrow;
They come with vanished pleasures bright,
Or dark with olden sorrow;
And when we make the names we say
Are not of any mortals,
But of those who some long dead day
Passed through life's sunset portals.

Select Literature.

Humors of the Telegraph.

The majority of the reading and all of the educated world are familiar with the accepted theories regarding electricity, and with the application of these theories by which we have the telegraph. But comparatively few have lifted the veil of the temple and witnessed the peculiar results of its practical working. And these are the employees of the companies whose business it is to control and make use of the mysterious agency and 'wonder-working wires, for the convenience and happiness of the public.

In the history of the Western Unnisn company I recall but two instances of the known betrayal by operators of the contents of important messages among the millions of opportunities and inducements offered.

In no other business are mistakes more common, or for many reasons so excusable. For instance, a compositor of a copyist has his manuscript to easily consult, and, to a certain extent, is master of his own time; but an operator's time, especially if receiving a message, is governed by the one at the other end of the line, and he must depend for accuracy upon the correctness of his ear and memory. Nearly every one has read of the indignation of the father who received a message that his sickly daughter who was absent at school, 'had a child this morning,' and the subsequent appeasal of his wrath upon finding out that the original message read 'chill,' not 'child.' Not long ago a certain charitable institution was considerably mystified by a message asking for the whereabouts of a 'Monkey Wrench.' The inquiry was instantly changed to 'Mother French,' however, upon being returned to the telegraph company for explanation, and apology made for the unintentional blunder. It was, I think, the same operator who, in taking an Associated Press article, innocently spoke of 'Mrs. Herman, as secretary of the treasury—a sudden advance in woman's rights to which the secretary, Mr. Sherman, would doubtless object. And a peaceful family circle ought not to be surprised, as it was, by receiving the following: 'John is dead beat. Depot this evening,' when a correct transmission of the despatch would have rendered it 'John is dead. Be at depot this evening.' I recall another family agitated by the telegraphic information that 'Brother lied last night,' only to ultimately find out that he had departed life instead of truth.

Some time since a message transmitting the intelligence that the Presbytery lacked a quorum to ordain, caused a prodigious amount of ecclesiastical wonderment and dismay on reaching its destination by announcing that 'the Presbytery tacked a worm on to Adam.' Comment is unnecessary.

The worthy and sedate Dr. Blank, of one of our eastern colleges, once accepted an invitation to lecture in a western city. His letter of acceptance, appointing an early date, omitted to state the subject of his subject of his discourse, and, to advertise in advance, the committee was obliged to telegraph him, requesting his subject. They were somewhat astonished at his reply, but not thinking of the possibility of a mistake, handed it over to the only daily paper, which in a highly eulogistic but misleading article advised all its readers to hear Rev. Dr. Blank deliver his celebrated and extremely humorous lecture—subject: 'A Flea for Activity.' The Doctor arrived too late to have the annnoucement changed to what it should have been—'A Plea for Activity,'—and the result was a disappointed house and a grieved lecturer.

The mistakes of the telegraph, often provoking and sometimes amusing, are occasionally in their results of great importance. It was not long ago that a wheat speculator in Chicago made $60,000 by a small order being accidentally changed to an immensely large one. I believe he has made no complaint. Had the market turned the other way though!

Some years ago the daughter of a well-known citizen of Central New York, named Jennie, had unfortunately, as the father then thought, formed an attachment for a young man named John. To separate them the father sent her to spend the winter with a married sister, Mary, who resided in New York. Spring approached and Jennie was expected home on a certain day, but, instead, the father received a letter from his son-in-law desiring that she might remain a while longer so that his wife could accompany him on a short southern trip, and requesting an answer by telegraph; whereupon the father sent the following despatch:

'Jennie may stay and Mary go, if she wishes to very much.'

The message as delivered in New York read: 'Jennie may stay and marry George if she wishes to very much.'

The father immediately received this from Jennie: 'A thousand thanks for your permission; John and I marry at once. The telegraph stupidly made his name George, but of course you meant John.'

How it happened that John was so wonderfully convenient is, probably, not our concern, and we can only hope, that the father and Jennie have never regretted this mistake of the telegraph. The hieroglyphical characters supposed to be writing in some messages handed in over the office counters is sometimes fearful and wonderful to contemplate.

The telegraph is only used in cases of importance or emergency, and the incorrect reading of a single word in a condensed telegram is apt to render it not only valueless, but is liable to lead to a serious misconstruction.

Business men especially should bear in mind that a plain, clear chirography not only lessens the liability to error, but helps to hasten the forwarding of a message.

To illustrate the carelessness of some men's writing is the story of the English nobleman who wrote to a friend in India to 'please send at once two monkeys,' but he wrote the two without crossing the t, and otherwise so blindly that his friend mistook it for 1,000, and on the first boat came thirty-five monkeys, with a note saying the balance would follow as soon as so large an order could be filled.

The members of the press are not exempt from this carelessness of untranslatable handwriting. I remember a special sent by a metropolitan reporter from a small town, describing an execution. The sending operator complained of the writing, and stumbled along slowly and grumblingly, finally capping the climax by saying the 'doomed man then arose, partook of a hearty breakfast, and went out and busied himself with his file.' The city operator requested a halt, and after a long silence and evidently much study, was told by the sender to change the last five words to 'busied himself with his pipe.'

Mentioning newspapers, recalls a message sent by an energetic Cincinnati editor who had heard a false rumor of a heavy rain and flood in the country editor's vicinity, to the editor of a country weekly. It read:

'Send us particulars of the flood.'

The reply was quite prompt:

'You will find a full account in Genesis.'

An operator gets accustomed to these messages, and also to such as: 'Send me two daughters of an outcast; or, 'We have no desperate men;' for he rightly concludes that the last-mentioned are either to or from some book-dealer.

Why telegraphers, as a class, are so seemingly careless and mirthful need not be discussed here. Perhaps the lively character of the fluid with which they are brought into constant contact is transfused and causes this effervescence of mental activity. One of their honored customs in the initiation of an operator, fresh and verdant from some small country place into his new position in a city office, with its babel of sounds and perplexing rush and hurry, reminds one of college hazing, or the sailor's baptisement on his first crossing of the line.

The victim is requested to take a 'special.' How timidly he sits down, and how nervously he sharpens his pencil to take for the first time in his life press for the papers. How the instrument buzzes when he says 'go ahead,' and closes his key. He feels the watchful eye of the chief, and he must not, he will not, fail in his first trial. And oh! what a despatch for a newspaper! It begins all right about a railroad accident, but in some mysterious way this connects itself with a temperance convention, which branches into a fire caused by a walking match, with Congress calling upon Mexico to prevent the duel between the polar expedition and the Pacific railroad which—

He stops matters for an investigation and wonders if it's he or the correspondent that is entirely daft. Then he rubs his amazed head, and looks cautiously around and discovers that he seems the sole object of interest to the others; and if he takes good naturedly the roars of laughter and the pointed questions that greet him when he also discovers that his wonderful despatch originated in the fertile brain, and by a clever switching of the wires, was sent by the fastest operator in the office from the other end of the room to test him, he has taken one long step towards fraternizing.

The all-night men while away the tedious hours after the dropping of business with conversation and stories; and the better the story-teller, and the fresher the jokes, the more popular he is. And how easy to dispose of a bore! It is said that on one of the circuits between New York and Chicago and intermediate cities, the all-night men had only to request one of their co-laborers who had no other fault than his long, pointless stories, to relate something, and then, unknown to him—for they had no desire to offend him—would cut him out of the circuit, and have a social good time for an hour or two. On readjusting the wires the honest and solitary story teller would be rattling along, unconscious of his loss of auditors, and perfectly happy in their remarkable attention. Perhaps the reader has in his youth told with much enthusiasm a capital story to a sleepy bed-fellow to find, on nearing the end, that his companion was sound asleep. It's rather depressing.

A story, first told by a San Francisco paper, I will venture to repeat here for no better reason than because it is strictly true. It often happens that telegraphers are called into service at the presentation of a stage play, in which occurs what is known as a 'telegraph scene,' such as the one shown in Byron's 'Across the Continent,' or Boucicault's 'Long Strike,' and at such times the operator behind the scenes manages to amuse himself by talking' to the audience, unknown of course to only those of the fraternity who are present. The drama of 'Across the Continent' was several years ago produced at a certain hall, and for the manipulation of the telegraph instrument which plays an important part in the most exciting scene of the play, an operator, whom we will call Frank, was engaged. His position was such that he could see the audience without being seen, and upon taking his position he discovered in the auditorium a brother operator from out of town, Spicer by name, who had that day arrived. Frank is fond of a joke, so when the time came for sending the first despatch he loudly sounded on the machine, 'How are you, Spicer?' The professional ear of Spicer instantly caught the words, and, wondering who it was, straightened up and stared at the stage as if he would give two dollars and a half to know something more.

'Spicer, how's your mamma?' quickly followed from the instrument, and the mystified Spicer confidingly turned to his fair partner to express his astonishment at the most singular circumstance. As luck had it the auditorium held quite a delegation of operators, who knowing Spicer and his great characteristic of bashfulness, with one accord began to look around the theatre for him.

Spicer had hardly began telling the young lady about it when there came another message:

'Aho! old Spicer! Don't fool that confiding creature with any of your nonsense.'

This aroused the telegraphers to a pitch of curiosity, and many of them stood gazing about them as if their only object in life was to discover Spicer. And he felt that they saw him, and the conclusion which had been gradually covering his features grew into mortification when he saw so many eyes levelled on him, and at last culminated in his hasty withdrawl from the theatre.

But Frank sent a parting shot, for as he faded from view he heard

'Good-bye, Spicer; but don't forget her tendency for ice cream.'

When it is considered that this scene forms the climax of an exceedingly thrilling point of the play, and Mr. Byron is dramatically explaining with wild gesticulations to the audience what the instrument is supposed to be saying, the modest Spicer's embarrassment can be understood.

Hastily we have glanced at the brighter and cheerful side, there is now room for the darker one. But messages of sorrow and death burden the long slender wires and trip through the clicking instruments. Living dramas are constantly wrought through the mute agency, and of this perhaps they are speaking when at the quiet of midnight we hear that strange Æolian music from voices from a spirit land, that deep within us finds a responsive chord, thrilling and saddening us.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Mr. Kelly Teaches His Wife Fencing.

'There!' exclaimed Mr. Kelly, looking up from his paper, 'that would be a good thing for you.'

'What would?' asked his wife.

'Fencing,' replied Mr. Kelly.

'Fencing!' she echoed in surprise. 'I never could build a fence.

'What's the use to be an idiot?' retorted her husband with considerable asperity 'I mean the art of sword playing. Here—let me read you: 'Fencing is now regarded as fully introduced into fashionable circles for the amusement of the ladies. It is a wholesome, fascinating exercise, admirably adapted to women. Married ladies are more benefitted than the unmarried'—and lots more to the same effect,' said Mr. Kelly. 'How d'ye spose you'd like it?'

'Well, I don't know,' said his wife doubtfully. 'How is it done?'

'Oh, they generally use small swords—foils, they are called, but you might begin with a stick, and I'll show you how if you want me to.'

'You say it's fashionable?' Mrs. Kelly hesitatingly asked.

'Says so right here,' exclaimed her husband. 'What d'ye say,' he went on enthusiastically, 'shall we begin now? You need exercise, Martha, and I've noticed for some time that you was becoming sedentary—that's what the paper says right here in this piece. Shall we begin?'

Mrs. Kelly reluctantly consented and her husband, inspired with the idea, dashed out into the shed and presently returned with two laths which he had wrenched off the hen-coop.

'Now, then,' he exclaimed, pulling off his coat while his wife moved the tables and chairs out of the way, 'this is the way it is done,' and he instructed his wife how to hold the representative foil, while he made preliminary passes in the air to demonstrate the method of exchanging blows. 'Now, to make it more real and pleasant,' he continued, 'We'll call it the fencing scene in Hamlet.'

'Oh, that will be ever so nice,' Mrs. Kelly exclaimed, 'and I'll be Mr. Hamlet.'

'Oh, yes,' sneered Mr. Kelly, 'a healthy Hamlet you'd be. Who ever saw a Hamlet with red hair and a mole on his chin. I'll be Hamlet myself.'

His wife graciously yielded the point to save dispute, and contented herself with acting as 'Mr. Laertes.' the other character.

'Come on, now,' said Mr. Kelly assuming a jaunty position, with his lath in the air and his left hand behind his back for protection.

His wife grabbed her lath with both hands, threw it energetically aloft, and knocked a globe off the chandelier,

'Oh, that's the way,' growled Mr. Kelly as he stooped to pick up the debris. 'Hamlet would have done just that way.'

'I didn't know I was right under the burner,' protested the wife as she threw the broken glass in the stove and resumed her lath.

'Now be more careful this time,' said Mr. Kelly, as she again took up her position. 'No don't hold your foil like that—you ain't going to beat no carpets. There—that's more like it—now then.'

The laths rattled against each other a few times, and Mrs. Kelly received a terrific crip on the hand that removed the skin from three knuckles and evoked a loud yell from that lady.

'A hit—a palpable hit,' gracefully exclaimed Mr. Kelly, as his wife dropped into a chair and hugged her hand.

'I almost broke my fingers,' wailed his wife.

'Mustn't mind a little thing like that,' Mr. Kelly remarked, as she bound up the injured member.

'I guess you wouldn't call it a little thing,' protested his wife.

'Pooh!' retorted Mr. Kelly; 'a man wouldn't notice a dozen cracks of the sort. Come on, now.'

His wife picked up her lath again in a dispirited sort of way, and crossed Mr. Kelly's foil.

'Look out, now,' he said excitedly, 'I'm coming for you with the death blow, and you want to look out for me.'

This bit of information had the effect of stimulating his wife to extraordinary efforts, and the foils struck fire at every blow, while Mrs. Kelly performed a variety of gyrations simply marvelous in their eccentricity

'Here I come,' shouted the excited Mr. Kelly, as he lowered his foil for the finishing stroke. At that instant his wife's lath was performing a most astonishing evolution in the air, and in the confusion of the moment that worthy lady brought it down with a degree of spirit totally unlooked-for in one of such sedentary habits, catching her husband neatly across the ear and knocking him with great precipitation over a chair.

'What d'ye do that for?' he yelled as he struggled to his feet and hung on to his aching head.

'I didn't go to,' pleaded the wife, abashed and awed by the unlucky termination of their pleasure.

'Oh, no, you didn't go to,' shrieked Mr. Kelly in a passion-torn voice, dancing about the room and rubbing his injured ear, 'oh, of course not—you wouldn't have done it for the world.'

'You musn't mind a little thing like—'

'None of your back talk round here,' shouted Mr. Kelly; 'you take and lug them laths out in the shed, and the next time you want any exercise don't you ask me to help you out with none of your foolish notions,' and as his wife meekly gathered up the remains of their encounter, he jumped into his boots and went outdoors to rub some snow on his swollen ear.

Original Sketches.

Bert Kendal.

No. 2.

The first time Bert went travelling for the firm of ———— he purchased at one of Riddles' Saturday sales in Boston, a light concord wagon and harness which he forwarded to Nova Scotia, then he fitted himself out with a good sized trunk of samples, and, with a valise containing his apparel, started for Annapolis via St. John, arrived there he purchased a horse and commenced operations. He took the Post road for Halifax and succeeded in getting an order from almost every dealer of good standing on the route. He then started East and went as far as Cape Breton, then back to Pictou and then North to Miramichi. Returning to Halifax, he took the shore route for Yarmouth, doing a good business at every town on the way. One evening as the sun went down he found himself within a mile or two of Yarmouth, with his trunk in the back of the carriage and his valise under the seat. Going leisurely up a hill he saw an Irishman sitting on a rail fence with his elbows on his knees and a short dirty dhudeen in his mouth. As Bert approached the man took his pipe out of his mouth, and looking at Bert asked, 'are ye pedlin' sir?' The question seriously effected Bert's dignity, to be taken for a peddler was rather more than he could stand, so he replied, "Go to thunder, you cursed old fool." The Paddy laughed and Bert drove on. 'Well,' said he to himself, 'do I look like a peddler? by Jove if I thought so I would quit this business and go to sea before the mast. A peddler indeed! well that *is* rich. I will give away that infernal trunk to the first pretty girl I meet, the samples will make patchwork for her." Thus pondering Bert drove slowly along He had not proceeded far when he observed a number of young ladies in the front garden of a pretty, new cottage. There were about a dozen of them, most of them quite young and pretty. Leaning over the gate, looking up the road was a man apparently about forty years of age. 'Now,' thought Bert,' is my chance to get rid of this trunk,' so he pulled up before the gate and said to the man, 'good evening, sir.'

'Good evening sir,' he replied, 'this has been a splendid day for driving.'

'Yes, tip top, What is going on here, a party?'

'Oh not much, the girls dropped in to help my wife at quilting, will you come in?'

'Thank you,' said Bert,' just the chance I want, do you know I have been taken for a peddler, I have a trunk of samples here and I am bound to carry it no farther, here's my card, my name is Kendal.'

Bert drove into a side passage through a large gate and the man called a stable boy and had the horse taken to the stable. He then took Bert into the house and introduced him to his wife and the young ladies. Tea was just ready and Bert took a seat between two pretty girls, and as usual kept the company in roars of laughter with his anecdotes. After tea he told the story of the Irishman, and asked leave to bring in the trunk and leave its contents with the mistress of the house to be turned into patchwork,' and I hope I will come around in time for the next quilting frolic,' said Bert. So the trunk was brought in and emptied on the table. There were large books of prints, dress goods, &c., sufficient to make a dozen quilts.

'Now what do you intend to do with the trunk?' asked one of the girls.

'Oh,' said Bert, a bright idea striking him, 'I will sell it at auction.'

'Where?'

'Here and now, and I will take kisses for bids.'

'You won't get many,' said one.

'Yes he will,' said the hostess.

'Well we will try at all events,' said Bert, so he stood on a foot stool and commenced the sale.

'The terms of sale,' said Bert,' are, the trunk will be knocked down to the Lady who bids the highest number of kisses, and must be paid to me on delivery.'

At this there was a general clapping of hands and shouts of laughter.

'Now ladies, what am I offered for the trunk? You see it is new, I assure you I paid ten dollars for it just before I left Boston,' began Bert, with a serious face,' What am I offered? 'Is it worth fifty kisses?'

'No.'

'It is worth thirty, twenty, shall I have ten?'

'One,' was bid.

'One kiss for a trunk worth ten dollars, one only? Why ladies I attended a fancy fair in Boston last winter where the prettiest girl in the room sold kisses at one dollar each, and she made more money for the fair than any other lady in the room, and I am only offered one kiss for this new trunk, one, one, one.'

'Two.'

'Two, two, two, say five, going at two, say five.'

'Five.'

'Six.'

'Six, six, six kisses only for the trunk.'

'Ten.' Said a funny little black eyed girl.'

'Ten, ten, ten, ten, fifteen,' said Bert, striking on a five, 'say twenty, shall I have twenty?'

At this stage the laughter and merriment was at its height, and the host and hostess urged on the girls to bid.

'Now Mary, it is against you, don't let Nellie have it, that's right Nellie, now Kate give him another bid.'

'Twenty,' said Kate.

'Twenty, twenty, going at twenty.'

'Twenty-five.'

'Twenty-five, thank you, twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five, going at twenty-five, positively going.'

'Oh psha! fifty,' exclaimed a very pretty little girl of eighteen summers.

'Fifty,' said Bert, 'done the trunk is yours, you deserve it for your courage, and Bert stepped down off the stool and took her by the hand.

'Not now, oh not now,' she said, looking up into Bert's face, her eyes filling with tears.

'Pay for your trunk Gertie,' said one.

'Let us see how you will do it,' said another.

'No, ladies,' said Bert, I have too much respect for the young lady's feelings to compel her to make an exhibition of herself for the amusement of so many. Her credit is good, and I will take another opportunity to get my pay.'

'He's a gentleman,' Bert overheard the hostess say.

'Now Miss Gertie,' said Bert, 'where do you want the trunk delivered?'

'I live in Yarmouth, and I will get Mr ——— to send me in pretty soon, trunk and all, by the man. I want to get it there before it is late, although I intended to walk in with the others by moonlight.'

'I have to go into Yarmouth to-night, allow me to take you,' said Bert.

'I think you will have to, Gertie,' the host said,' for my mare is too lame to go, we can trust you with Mr. Kendal.' So it was decided that Bert was to take Gertie home with the trunk. About half past eight o'clock his team was got ready, the trunk put in the wagon and Bert and Gertie started for Yarmouth. After Bert had thanked his kind host and hostess for the 'best evening's enjoyment he had ever had,' and received a pressing invitation to call again.

When they had got a short distance from the house Gertie said, 'you were very kind Mr. Kendal, not to make a fool of me before the other girls. You won't exact those fifty kisses, will you?'

'Why did you bid so high, if you did not want to pay?' asked Bert.

'I would not have done it for myself, but I wanted the trunk for another person and I was determined to have it.'

'For whom do you want it?'

'Oh well, I suppose I must tell you, one of my neighbors is a poor woman, the wife of a sailor, and she heard this morning that her husband is very ill in the hospital at Halifax, and he wants her to go to him. She is going to-morrow, and I know she has not got a trunk to put anything in to take with her.'

'And you intend to give her this trunk?'

'Yes, and that is why I want to get in to town so early.'

'Why you dear, kind-hearted little girl. You shall have the trunk and welcome, and I won't exact payment either.

'Oh thank you, you are so good.'

'But,' said Bert,' you don't know the sacrifice it is to me to resign my claim to all those sweet kisses. You won't mind letting me take one for friendship's sake, will you?'

'I honestly owe you fifty, and of course I can't refuse you *one*,' and she put her arms round his neck and kissed him heartily, before they got to Yarmouth.

Mr. Bert had got his fifty with interest, but not in payment for the trunk. From that day he never carried samples, a price list and order book was sufficient for him.

(To be continued.)

— A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: 'Let any man who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it, place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in every case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken in