Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are Jewels

VOL. 4 — BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1876. — NO. 25.

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00.

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.

JOB WORK.

AT the office of this Paper may be obtained to order and at short notice:

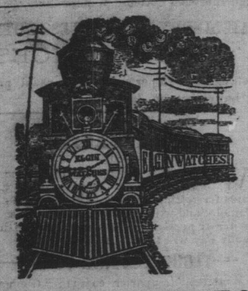
Pamphlets,
Circulars,
Programmes,
Bill-Heads,
Dodgers,
Business Cards,
Wedding Cards,
Visiting Cards,
Shipping Tags,
Posters,
Tickets,
&c., &c., &c.

Magistrates' Blanks

Kept constantly on hand.

Call and Inspect Samples of Work.

CHARGES REASONABLE



HARD TIMES Are Upon Us.

OWING to the hard times I am determined to sell at

LOWER PRICES

THAN EVER BEFORE,

and I now offer at my store on Queen Street a nice selection of

JEWELRY

—AND—

FANCY GOODS,

below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
TIMEPIECES,
RINGS,
BROOCHES,
EARRINGS,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
STUDS,
GOLD & PLATED CHAINS.
SPOONS,
FORKS,
SPECTACLES,
PURSES,
CHARMS, &c., &c.

All parties now owing the subscriber are hereby notified to pay up.

N. B.—OUR WATCH DEPARTMENT we make a specialty, and parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

J. E. SANCTON.

Bridgetown, Oct. 27, '75 y

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Thursday, 8th of June, 1876.

HALIFAX to ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Exp.	Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.
			A. M.	A. M	P. M.
0	Halifax	Leave	8 00	9 15	3 00
8	Bedford	"	8 22	9 43	3 30
13	Windsor Junctn	"	8 35	10 35	3 55
26	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 08	11 25	4 43
36	Ellerhouse	"	9 35	12 05	5 20
				P. M.	
39	Newport	"	9 43	12 18	5 32
45	Windsor	"	10 02	1 00	6 15
52	Hantsport	"	10 21	1 28	6 40
63	Wolfville	"	10 50	2 17	7 18
			P. M.		
70	Kentville	"	11 25	3 25	7 45
82	Berwick	"	11 55	4 26	....
87	Aylesford	"	12 08	4 47	.....
98	Wilmot	"	12 36	5 29	.....
101	Middleton	"	12 44	5 41	.....
107	Lawrencetown	"	12 59	6 04	.....
110	Paradise	"	1 07	6 16	.....
115	Bridgetown	"	1 20	6 36	....
122	Round Hill	"	1 37	7 03	.....
			1 55	7 30	.....
129	Annapolis—Arrive				
190	St. John by Steamer		8 00	.....	....

ST. JOHN to HALIFAX.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.	Exp.
			A. M	A. M	A. M
	St. John by Steamer		.....	.....	8 00
					P. M.
0	Annapolis	Leave	.....	6 15	2 10
7	Round Hill	"	.....	6 40	2 26
14	Bridgetown	"	.....	7 05	2 43
19	Paradise	"	.....	7 26	2 56
22	Lawrencetown	"	.....	7 39	3 04
28	Middleton	"	.....	8 05	3 18
31	Wilmot	"	.....	8 17	3 25
42	Aylesford	"	.....	9 08	3 53
47	Berwick	"	.....	9 28	4 05
				P. M.	
59	Kentville	"	6 20	11 10	4 45
66	Wolfville	"	6 57	11 41	5 04
77	Hantsport	"	7 39	12 29	5 33
84	Windsor	"	8 20	1 15	5 55
90	Newport	"	8 42	1 40	6 10
93	Ellerhouse	"	8 56	1 54	6 18
103	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 50	2 36	6 42
116	Windsor Junctn	"	10 40	3 45	7 15
121	Bedford	"	11 00	4 00	9 30
129	Halifax—Arrive		11 30	4 30	7 55

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Annapolis and Halifax run daily; trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Kentville and Halifax run daily.

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Halifax and Annapolis, run daily.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 8 a. m. for Annapolis, and returns from Annapolis every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, on arrival of 8.30 a. m. Express Train from Halifax.

Intercolonial Railway trains leave Windsor Junction daily at 8.56 a. m., 5.17 p. m., 6.22 p. m., and 7.30 p. m., for Truro, Pictou, Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, and all places West.

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 8.15 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, at Richmond, and the principal Stations on the Railway.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, June 8th, '76

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

On and after MONDAY, June 12th, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, at 8 o'clock. Returning on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

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., June 5th, '76.

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.

CARDING! CARDING!

The Subscribers have now their

CARDING MILL AT LAWRENCETOWN

in good running order, having been fitted up by Mr. John Robertson. The management of the Mill is under Mr. Brown, who is thoroughly acquainted with the business, and we feel confident of being able to give entire satisfaction in the work done at our Establishment.

ISRAEL BOWLBY & CO.

May 30th, '76. tf

W. H. OLIVE,

Custom House, Forwarding, COMMISSION,

Railroad and Steamboat Agent,
Prince William St.....St. John, N. B.
May 3rd, 1876. y

GEORGE WHITMAN,

Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent,

Round Hill, Annapolis, N S.

Parties having Real Estate to dispose of will find it their interest to consult with Mr. Whitman in reference thereto.

No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered so to do.

may 22 '73 tf

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills,

Barrister, &c., &c.,

Bona Vista House,

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS)

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.

sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Plater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B

sept30 y

Great Bargains

—IN—

DRESS GOODS.

A LOT OF

SUMMER DRESS GOODS!

Now Being Offered at Cost, by

M. C. Barbour,

18 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

THOMAS PEARNESS,

Manufacturer of

Monuments, Grave-Stones

TABLE TOPS, &c

South Side King Square,.....St. John, N. B.

P. S.—Mr. Pearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders. oct y

June Importation.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Fringes; Seal Brown, Cream and Ecru Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecru Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Ecru Nets, Ecru Laces, Ecru Scarfs; Muslins of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Irish Linens; Cream Damask; Linen Tea d'Oyleys; Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs, New Styles; Black Trimming Velvet; Mantle Velvets; Matalasse Cloths; Matalasse Braids; Black Dress Buttons; Gentlemen's Linen Collars and Cuffs; Linen Tassos, for Costumes; Narrow Plaid Ribbons; Plaid Sash Ribbons; Ladies' Josephine and Cuff Kid Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Girls; Crumb Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

27 King Street, St. John, N. B.

NOW LANDING.

200 PACKAGES LONDON CONGOU TEA; 6 bags Ceylon Coffee; 75 boxes Corn Starch; 20 boxes Diamond Gloss Starch; 40 boxes Colman's Starch; 2 cases Nixey's Black Lead; 1 case Shop Twine; 15 cases Mustard, Spices, etc.; 5 tons Brandram's White Lead; 2 tons Colored Paints; 5 cases Preserved Milk; 10 bbls. Currants; 100 bbls. Dried Apples; 50 bbls. American Refined Sugar. For sale at lowest market rates by

GEO. S. DEFOREST,
11 South Wharf.

St. John, N. B., May 2, '76

JUST PRINTED AND IN STOCK

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS!

25 Cts. per Quire.

Merchants and Manufacturers should send us an order for

Shipping Tags

A large stock on hand.

Just Printed

HYMNS FOR SOCIAL SERVICE!

$1.00 per hundred. Send for sample copy.

SANCTON & PIPER.

Bridgetown, April 25th, 1876.

LAWYERS' BLANKS!

A LARGE STOCK ON HAND AT THE "MONITOR" OFFICE.

Some material improvements have been made in the SUMMONSES. Call and inspect them. SANCTON & PIPER.

TO MAGISTRATES!

A large lot of MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS, for sale at this Office.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.

Wholesale Merchants,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dry Goods Department

93 & 95 PRINCE WILLIAM ST.

Keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

from the English Markets, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.

—ALSO—

AMERICAN GOODS.

such as Prints, Grey & White Cottons, Cotton Flannel, and Roll Linings, sold by the case or small quantity.

Canadian and Domestic Goods.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT,

34 & 36 *Water St.*

A full stock kept constantly on hand, of Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Rice, Soda, Cream Tartar, Nuts, and an assortment of Spices, for sale in bulk at the lowest prices.

August 2nd, 1876. 517 y

THE BANKRUPT

STOCK!

—OF THE—

Estate of Lansdowne & Martin

HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at

BANKRUPT PRICES!

and will be continued until May 1st, 1877, at the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

Cor. King & Prince William Sts.

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring

CHEAP DRY GOODS

at this establishment. Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at

COST PRICES.

MAGEE BROTHERS.

St. John, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

BEARD & VENNING,

Albion House.

WE have received per Anchor and Allen Line steamers

95 Packages

Containing a Full Assortment of FRESH and SEASONABLE

DRY GOODS,

which we offer WHOLESALE AND RETAIL at the Lowest Possible Prices, and solicit inspection.

BEARD & VENNING,
PRINCE WM. STREET.

St. John, N. B., May, 1876

BOOK AGENTS AND GOOD SALESMEN

Are "COINING MONEY" with the famous

BIDA DESIGNS,

The French Edition of which sells for $165, and the London Edition for $200. *Our Popular Edition* ($5.50), *containing over One Hundred full-page quarto plates*, is the CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT PUBLICATION in America, and the BEST TO SELL. Critics vie with each other in praising it, and the masses *buy it.*

From local agent in Southport, Conn.: "In our village of eighty houses I have taken sixty-five orders; have canvassed in all about twelve days (in village and country), and have taken orders for *One Hundred and Six Copies.*

FULL PARTICULARS FREE. *Address*

J. B. FORD & Co., Publishers,
11 Broomfield St., Boston.

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

BARNES, KERR & CO.

INVITE especial attention to their large and varied stock of STAPLE GOODS and General House Furnishings—Sheetings, damasks, and repps in silk and worsted, table covers and cloths, and a large assortment of dress materials, ladies' fancy costumes, black and colored silks, turquoise and satins, embrellas and parasols jet and silk buttons, trimmings.

3 and 4 Market Square,.....St. John N. B.

Just Received.

1 BBL. SCOTCH SNUFF;
SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE;
POWDERED TUMERIC;
BORAX, SALTPERTE;

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Liniment, C. Brown's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very fine, Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by

J. CHALONER,
Cor. King and Germain Street.

St. John, N. B., May, '76.

NEW GOODS!

Victoria House,

Prince William Street,.....St John N. B.

Spring, 1876.

NOW receiving per Freight and Mail Steamers a Choice Stock of

DRY GOODS

in every department.

The attention of the Trade as well as of Retail buyers solicited.

E. D. WATTS.

195,000. The DAILY and WEEKLY Editions of the

MONTREAL STAR

have now (it is estimated) an audience of One Hundred and Ninety-five Thousand Readers, which makes them the most widely circulated and influential newspapers published in Canada. ly t45

Bill-Heads.

Different sizes and styles promptly and cheaply printed at the office of this paper.

Select Literature.

The Pastor's Confession.

All the village was excited over its great good luck, for not only had they just completed one of the handsomest churches in the state, with its cosy parsonage adjoining, but the bishop had sent them as a pastor a young, handsome, and talented young man, whose eloquence had already drawn to hear him preach large numbers of fashionable people in the metropolis, where he had first entered upon his ministerial duties.

Evan Eldred, the pastor, had arrived in the village just at dark, and driving him at once to the parsonage, he was there welcomed by his congregation, who had assembled to do him honor.

In that concourse of people every eye turned critically upon Evan Eldred, as he was ushered into the parlor between two of the vestrymen, who had met him at the stage, brushed from him the dust of travel, and then devoted themselves to the pleasant duty of presenting him to his assembled parishioners.

Young and old, grave and gay, maids and matrons, youths and men, all felt that in Evan Eldred they beheld no ordinary man, for their eyes fell upon a tall, elegant form, attired in a stylish suit of dark cloth.

His face was frank, fearless, and perhaps shadowed by his large, dreamy, sad eyes, with lashes that swept his cheeks.

Every feature was faultless, and his side whiskers, silken and brown, were worn long.

His hair was also brown, wavy, and had no ministerial plaster about it.

A more magnificent looking man, with his small feet and delicate hands, his graceful manners, and sad, handsome face, none in the village had ever met before, and every fair maiden present beheld in him, minster though he was, her hero, her *beau ideal*, while old maids and other gossips settled it that he was all that they could wish, for did not the language of names make Evan mean 'God's gift,' and Eldred: 'Reverend by many?' they argued.

In a courtly manner, that fascinated all, Evan Eldred met the congregated flock over which he was to serve as shepherd, and when at last he was left alone in his new home, he felt that his life could be far happier in that quiet village than it could have been in the din and confusion of the crowded city, for often he longed to fly from the town, man's make, to the country which God had made.

* * * * *

The following morning the Sabbath broke bright and beautiful, and cheerily the church bell pealed forth its call to its people to come to worship, and ere time to commence, the edifice was crowded, even to the aisles and gallery, for the other ministers were at a discount that day, for a new star had arisen above the religious horizon, and dimmed the lustre of the old established ministerial planets.

When Evan Eldred ascended the pulpit there was a hush, as though it were the house of death; but, unmoved, his beautiful sad eyes swept over the vast congregation, and the deep toned voice penetrated the farthest corners of the building.

Then those there assembled listened to such eloquence as they had never heard before, and received a lesson of their duty towards their fellow men, which caused a quaking in many a heart.

A burst of eloquence one moment would be followed by a scathing rebuke upon their lives, which in turn would be followed by an impressive pathos that touched their inmost souls.

* * * * *

From the day of that first sermon, Even Eldred became the idol of the villagers, and stirred up venom in his brother clergy, who were rapidly losing their lambs from the fold, in spite of their having brushed up their rhetoric, committed poetical quotations to memory, thrown more power into their voices, and practiced gestures, while they drew heavily upon old magazines and long forgotten sermons for beautiful passages.

All was of no use—the gates seemed still ajar, and the lambs, sheep like, followed the stream of deserters, who sought greener pastures of theology, and clearer streams of eloquence.

* * * * *

As the months glided by, Evan Eldred became thoroughly domesticated in his new home, and many were the fair maids that endeavored to entrap the young pastor into a matrimonial alliance.

And yet one, a fair young maiden of eighteen, lovely in form, face and character, strove not to draw the pious prize, but nevertheless had won the heart of the pastor, for often was he seen visiting the pretty little cottage where Della Doane lived with her widowed mother.

Then disappointed old maids began their daily gossips, and poor Della was severely handled by their cunning and bitter tongues, while the pastor also came in for censure, for want of taste and discretion.

But Della, happy in the love of Even Eldred, cared little for rumors founded on envy, and her lover appeared to be perfectly indifferent to all gossip.

But each day the rumors increased, until a dark side was put upon them, and strange whispers went around, first among others congregations, and then gaining a hearing in Evan Eldred's church.

Then the cruel rumor reached the ears of the widow Doane, and she told Della, who intended to tell her lover that very night.

But Evan was called suddenly away to the city, and Della wrote him of all that was said, and as he could not return by Sunday a brother clergyman took his place, and gave out that it had come to his ears, that he was secretly maligned by many in the village, and that on the next Sunday he would address his congregation upon the subject of the reports circulated against him.

This certainly created a sensation, and set many a gossiping tongue to wagging during the week that followed.

* * * * *

The Sabbath again rolled round, and when Evan Eldred ascended to the pulpit he found the church as densely packed as on the first Sunday he preached in the village.

His sad face was calm, stern, and determined, and his manner quiet, as he arose, amid a breathless silence, and glanced over the crowded edifice.

Every eye was upon him, and the heart-beating of the audience could be almost heard, for all present had heard cruel rumors of their young pastor's former life.

A pause of a moment, and in his deep, but clear tones, Evan Eldred began, after one quick glance towards the pew where sat Della Doane.

'It having come to my ears that I have been accused of many crimes in my past life, and am unworthy to preach the word of God, I have determined to make a full confession to my people of the causes that gave rise to these rumors, circulated by persons under the cloak of christianity, endeavoring to speak ill of a neighbor—nay, to blast his life for future good, and drive him hence a crime-stained wretch.

'Years ago my parents died, leaving myself and sister a fair and equal income, but comparatively alone in the world.

'I was then eighteen, and my sister three years my junior, and hence, as her protector, I sent her to school, and then left for college.

'Of a gay disposition, I soon became wild, and then fast, until after two years I was expelled from college, and recklessly indifferent, sailed for Europe, where I passed two years in continued dissipation, until a letter received from my poor sister told me a sad story, and seared my very soul; the letter I have here, and will read it aloud, though it has never been opened since the day of its reception.'

Taking from his pocket a worn letter, Evan Eldred read aloud, in the same distinct tones, though his voice now and then trembled:

NEW YORK CITY,
October 10, 1858.

'*My Dear Brother*,—When your eyes read these lines, you will be wholly alone in the wide world, for I shall be at rest in the grave.

'No longer do I care to live now, for I have no hope of happiness, and the future is a dread blank to me.

'One year ago, I ran away from school with the Italian music teacher of the academy, who professed to love me, and whom I loved dearly, and believed him all that was true and noble.

'We were married upon our arrival in this city, and the year went by most happily for me, until a death-blow came upon me, for I was not the wife of Carlo Patrucho, whom I had thought was my husband.

'No, he had cruelly deceived me, for already had he a wife living, one whom he had deserted three years before.

'She had tracked him, and I discovered that I was dishonored.

'Brother, I will not live under this disgrace and misery so this night I die by my own hand.

'My property I leave to you, and I have written to those who will take charge of my body, to have it buried in Greenwood—there you will find my grave, and I know you will seek it, brother, and shed a tear of pity over your unhappy sister.

'ELVINE.'

Still the same quiet hush rested upon the congregation, and after a pause Evan Eldred resumed:

'At once I returned to America, and a changed man, for no longer did I touch the wine cup, or join in gay society.

'I sought and found my poor sister's grave, and there took an oath of revenge to seek out the man who had dishonored her and destroyed her young life.

'I found him at last, the husband of an heiress, living in a western city.

'I made myself known to him, and challenged him to meet me in deadly combat.

'He dare not refuse, and referred me to his friend, and two days after we met upon the duelling field just at nightfall, he accompanied by his second, I by a friend who gladly acted for me.

'He had selected pistols as the weapons of death, and we took our stands, fifteen paces apart.

'The word was then given, and both pistols flashed together.

'I remained unhurt. Carlo Patrucho fell upon his face—a dead man.

'For a year after that fatal meeting I wandered around, until, with a changed heart, I turned to the ministry, confessed my life's errors to my bishop, and was admitted to the church as a clergyman.

'You have heard that a lady left you the funds to build this church—it was built with the riches that had been left me by my poor sister Elvine. I erected it as a monument to her, for here, fifty years ago, my mother was born, and I have ever loved your quiet village.

'Now, you know my story—you have heard my confession, and there may be those among you who would not follow Christ's example, and forgive the thief upon the cross; and to those I say, let the man or woman among you, that is without sin, cast the first stone upon me.'

* * * * *

The congregation in that church were subdued, conquered, and went home with thoughts, not tongues busy, and Della Doane was the happiest of the happy at the noble confession of her lover.

* * * * *

From that day Evan Eldred was more popular than ever with his people, and when, three months after, he made Della Doane his wife, one and all said, fervently:

'He has sinned, suffered and repented; now may he be happy, and God bless him, even though he hath broken His most awful commandment:

'Thou shalt not kill.'

For the Children.

JOHNNY AND HIS DOGS.

BY ANNIE R. WHITE.

"Good gracious, Hetty, what's Johnny bringing here now?" said Mrs. Calder, as she gazed anxiously out of the kitchen window, as she ceased kneading her dough, to look at her little boy.

"Why, mother, if it isn't another dog!"

Johnny came in, half-leading half-dragging a dog, who winked and blinked, with an appealing look, as if he was not sure what sort of a reception he would meet.

"See, mamma, what I have got! Another—"

"Don't tell me; I can see. What do you mean, Johnny, by bringing home so many dogs?"

"And such looking dogs, too," interposed his sister Hetty. "Lame, sick, and deformed,—you never did pick up a pretty one yet."

"Because there are no pretty ones to pick up," answered Johnny, quickly. Then seeing the smile in his mother's eyes, at his convincing answer, he considered that he had gained his point, and followed it up with,—

"Say, mamma, I can own him, can't I?"

"I don't imagine anybody else will care to 'own' him, so I'll have to consent. Well, it is a good thing we have a big barn, and it's a long way from the house, else you would turn the house into a canine asylum, and we'd either have to build extra rooms, or move out altogether, to give them a chance.

Johnny ran and kissed his mother, telling her she was the "best mamma in all the world," and, hunting up some scraps of bread and meat, he was soon out in the barn, with his treasure, where he made him a nice bed of the sweet-smelling hay, in one corner of the stable. "So as to be near the horses, mamma, you know," he told her afterward, "for he'll always go with us to town, then; he'll run behind the waggon."

She made no reply, for she didn't wish to disparage her boy's taste too far; but she decided in her own mind that when they were going to town, she should take particular care to look him up. She didn't want such an ugly-looking dog as that going to town with her.

It was true that Johnny had picked up nearly a dozen such pets as this one in his brief ten years of life, already; and his taste did not seem to be very highly cultivated on this point, either. There was Rover, a dog so old and rough-looking, some inhuman person had turned him out to die. Johnny took him in, and made his last hours comfortable; then there was Jack, who was nearly blind; and Stump, who had no tail; and Friz, who was so cross Johnny himself was a little afraid of him; and Spot whose hair was all off in patches. These pets had all had their day,—some had proved ungrateful and run away again, some had died, and one or two yet lingered about, making trips back and forth, to enjoy his hospitality.

This new dog was no beauty,—cross eyed (did you ever see a cross-eyed dog?) and a little lame, with a rough, wiry, yellow coat, he certainly was not very engaging to look at; but his little master was as fond of him as if he was. Many a ramble and frolic they had together through the long summer days which followed. Hetty called him Fright, because he was a fright to look at; and Johnny, who was quite pleased to think he stayed on any terms, didn't object to his title.

One morning the little boy told his mamma he was going into the woods to pick raspberries; so taking some lunch, and a bright little tin pail to pick the berries in, he started. He found the berries as thick as the leaves, and he soon gathered his pail full. Then he played tag with the dog, only Fright would catch him nearly every time, and when Johnny chased him, he would run as fast as he could, and then stop suddenly, right in his path, throwing the little fellow down, and causing some hard knocks. That would vex Johnny a little, but then he would remember that Fright was only a dog, and had no reasoning powers, and so knew no better, and so he would throw down the stick he had seized to punish him with, and they would have another trial of speed together.

He had played until he was tired, and had sat down on a log to rest. He leaned his head back against a tree and fell asleep while Fright curled up at his feet. He had not slept long, when the sun got round into his face, and woke him. He sprang up quite startled for a moment, and as he jumped he heard a strange hissing, singing noise, which he thought was a spider making his web.

'He sounds awful loud, anyway,' thought the little fellow.

Nearer and louder it sounded, and he stood upon the log to see if he could see it in the bushes, when to his horror he saw a huge rattesnake coiled, ready to spring. He screamed as loud as he could and Fright bounded up, and in a breath he had seized the snake behind the neck, and was biting and shaking it with wondrous vigor. The snake writhed and twisted and lashed its tail madly in the leaves, striving to bite the brave dog who held on, and tossed it around until it was dead.

Oh how Johnny laughed and patted his head, and promised him ever so much good dinner for saving his life. The dog had not received any injury. Johnny's mother was so thankful that her dear boy's life had been saved by the fidelity of the dumb brute, that from that day forth she made an especial pet of the rough, ill-favored animal, and henceforth no dog ever lived that fared better, or was more beloved than Johnny's once despised *Protege*.—*Western Rural.*

Drink nothing without seeing it, sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means no more than it says.