Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 14. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1886. NO. 14.

ANOTHER

LARGE IMPORTATION

—OF—

TWEEDS

—AND—

English WORSTEDS,

Just received at the

BLUE STORE.

Call early and secure the best patterns for your SPRING SUITS.

JOHN H. FISHER,

March 18th, '86. Proprietor.

$400,000

New Business in Three Months!

The Mutual Relief Society

—OF—

NOVA SCOTIA!

THE members of the Society are hereby informed, that notwithstanding the the keen competition offered by the large number of Life Insurance Companies which are so ably represented by their respective agents, our increase for the first three months of 1886, was $400,000.

This will compare very favorably with the amount of business done within Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, by any Life Insurance Company.

Members, with few exceptions, respond promptly when assessments are made.

The Society pays all its bonds in full on proof of claim.

Individuals desiring Insurance are invited to make a comparison between the merits of this Society and those of other companies, before giving an application.

For particulars please write to, or see our agents.

Yarmouth, April 3rd, 1886.

THOMAS B. CROSBY, Manager.

W. H. FAIRN, Gen. Agent, Lawrencetown, N. S.

BRIDGETOWN

FOUNDRY COMPANY

(LIMITED.)

THE above Foundry Co., having just opened its new premises, on the site formerly occupied by Craig's Foundry, lately destroyed by fire, is now prepared

TO MANUFACTURE

STOVES, PLOWS,

HAY CUTTERS,

MILL and Other Castings.

All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.

W. A. CRAIG, MANAGER.

Bridgetown, March 10th, '85 y

1885. 1885.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,

ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.

MONUMENTS,

HEADSTONES,

TABLETS.

—IN—

Marble, Freestone & Granite,

of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.

ALSO:

Furniture Tops!

Call and inspect work.

OLDHAM WHITMAN.

Bridgetown, Jan. 12th, 85'

JUST RECEIVED.

Two Carloads

FLOUR AND MEAL,

which will be sold LOW FOR CASH.

Also.—A well assorted stock of

Groceries!

MOLASSES AND SUGAR,
SPICES, SALT, TOBACCOS,
BROOMS, SOAP,
RAISINS, CURRANTS,
CANNED GOODS,
BISCUITS, SYRUPS, ETC

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, July, 1885

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

Also, United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

FLOUR! FLOUR!

The Cheapest in the Market!

THE subscriber offers for sale 75 bbls. Best Brands of Patent Flour, cheaper than can be got elsewhere.

Apply to JACOB FOSTER, Bridgetown, or to PHINEAS CHESLEY, Granville.

MONEY TO LET!

MONEY to let on good mortgage security in sums not less than five hundred dollars. Apply by letter to this office.

March 30th, 1886. n51tf.

ADVERTISERS

can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,

Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Soareness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

Equals all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure

MAKE HENS LAY

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00, by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Good Workmanship.

Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

A. E. SULIS.

B. Lauranceo Optician.

B. LAURANCE'S

Spectacles & Eye-Glasses,

—ARE THE ONLY—

Genuine English Articles in the Canadian Market!

:0:

REAL PEBBLES are kept in stock. Tests are given to purchasers to prove Genuineness. They are recommended by and testimonials have been received from the President, Vice-President, Ex-President, and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University; the President and Ex-Presidents of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, &c., &c.

These recommendations ought to be sufficient to prove their qualities, but if further proof is needed call on

J. E. SANCTON. Watchmaker & Jeweller, Agent. - - BRIDGETOWN

LAWRENCETOWN

PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

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

Guns,

AMMUNITION,

HEAVY

WOOL SHIRTS,

Shirts & Drawers,

A SMALL LOT OF

GENTS' GENUINE

Plymouth Buck Gloves.

Apple Barrels.

B. STARRATT.

AUCTION SALES!

The subscriber will attend

AUCTION SALES,

throughout Wilmot Township, as Auctioneer.

TERMS.—$2.00 per day.

F. L. MURPHY,

Licensed Auctioneer.

South Farmington, Jan. 19th, '86 41tf.

The Standard Bred Stallion,

VOLUNTEER PRINCE.

—ALSO:—

Flying Frenchman,

will stand in

ANNAPOLIS COUNTY

or services, for season of 1886. See handbills.

JOHN HALL.

Bridgetown, April 6th, 1886. 52tf

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing

and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonial, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

CORN IN EGYPT!

Roop & Shaw

Beg to notify the public generally that they always keep on hand an assortment of

CARRIAGES

of the latest styles, made from

First Class Stock,

which will be sold on easy terms and reasonable prices.

Middleton, April 20th, 1885. n2tf.

Poetry.

Be Careful What You Say.

In speaking of a person's faults
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone;
If we have nothing else to do,
Then talk of those who sin,
'Tis better to commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure
Ere others' faults I tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember—curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens—'roost at home;'
Don't speak of others' faults, until
We have none of our own.

Select Literature.

A Terrible Night.

'How lonely the house is with Edward away!' said Mary Reeves to her friend Isabel Morton; 'I always feel as if the place were haunted unless he is here at night.'

'There is certainly an 'eerie' look about this room,' replied Miss Morton, glancing round the spacious apartment, with its black oak wainscoting and old-fashioned, sombre furniture, on which the firelight was playing fitfully, the candles on the mantelpiece only serving to emphasize the gloom of the background; 'I wonder you do not have gas laid, on and make your drawing-room a blaze of light on such occasions.'

'That would cost money; we cannot afford to do so. You forget how very poor we were left owing to papa's debts.'

'And his extravagance,' thought Miss Morton.

'Well,' she said aloud, 'I hope and trust that Edward will only be away for one evening, or I shall be obliged to go away. The furniture in my room creaks in the most awful manner in the middle of the night, and the shadows are something terrific. If I hadn't a night-light I should go out of my mind.'

'But it is the light which makes the shadow!'

'All the same, I should die without it. But for the consciousness that my room is between yours and Edward's, I really could not stay here.'

'It is a pity you came!' said Mary shortly. The entrance of the servant with a supper-tray put a stop to the conversation.

Oldby Manor was an ancient and large house, which had been handed down from the father to son, generation to generation. But while its revenues had decreased, the passion for spending money with its owners had steadily increased, so that by degrees the old acres and timbers had been sold and only the house remained. Money was spent on personal pleasure, gambling, horse racing, and so on; very little was ever bestowed on the dwelling and gradually it fell into decay.

There were long, rambling corridors, huge, faded looking rooms, ancient suits of rusty armor; altogether it was a fit habitation for a ghost, as Mary Reeves often said.

On their father's death, Edward found himself left with next to nothing, and one solitary domestic was all they could afford to keep, for the young man had a righteous horror of debt. Most of the rooms were locked up and deserted; it was hopeless to try to keep them clean and in a state of preservation, therefore Mary and Edward made no attempt to do so, but devoted all their energies to keeping some five or six tolerably habitable.

Supper over, the girls drew their chairs to the fire and talked.

It was a wild night, the wind was blowing a hurricane, while a storm of rain and sleet dashed against the windows.

'Ugh, this is awful,' said Isabel Morton, whose fear was now growing; I wouldn't live in such a place for any sum of money you could offer me.'

'It would be a delightful place if it were renovated, and there were plenty of servants and company,' returned Mary, sharply.

Now, Miss Morton was not only a very pretty girl but an heiress in addition, and Mary had invited her down in the hope that she and Edward might eventually captivate one another, for he was a fine, handsome young man.

Up to the present moment, however, though friendly enough, they had not given any apparent token of mutual regard. In reality he loved her, but being poor was too proud to propose to so rich a girl.

'Oh, yes, if,' said Isabel Morton.

The ivy was now tapping against the windows, making a horrible sound.

'Suppose we light some more candles and sit up all night?' she continued.

Mary shook her head. 'We should look so washed out to-morrow, and you know Edward is going to bring his great friend, Mr. Parker.' Isabel smiled. 'And we must look charming in order to fascinate this rich and beautiful young man.'

'Here is your candle,' said Mary, rising; Susan has gone to bed, and we must go also.'

Isabel gave a shiver as the mantelpiece candles were all blown out.

Stepping into the corridor they heard the wind wailing along the passage and by the corners of the house. The girls said good night and parted; Isabel feeling strongly inclined to ask Mary to sleep with her. The ivy made such a fearful noise against the casement that, after a pause, she heroically nerved herself to push aside the curtain and look out.

But the view added to her fears, for through the black night she could just see the tower of the old church near, and the glimmer of the white gravestones. She replaced the curtains, and, in fear and trembling, went to bed, leaving her candle burning in addition to the night light.

But sleep she could not, every nerve seemed alive. She was in a state of terror as the wind boomed down the chimney, and almost extinguished the lights. More than once she knocked at the wall, hoping to arouse Mary, but that lady was fast asleep and did not hear. Twelve o'clock struck, then 1, 2, 3.

It was just after the church clock had solemnly sounded three, that Isabel sat up in her bed, her eyes staring with horror. For she had distinctly heard a loud report in the house, the report of a pistol, and she knew that there were no firearms in the house except Edward's, which were always locked up. Who, then, was this who in the dead of night, had invaded the premises?

The sound had aroused Mary, who came in the next minute in her dressing gown, her face white with terror.

For a few moments the two girls clung to one another and said nothing. Then Mary spoke.

'We must go and see what it is.'

'We can't,' said Isabel.

'But suppose some one has attacked poor old Susan?'

'What good could we do? We can't go.'

'If some one has broken in, he will probably murder us also if we make no effort to escape,' said Mary, whose spirit was now roused. 'Let us now dress and then look around.'

With trembling fingers they managed to attire themselves hurriedly, and in deadly fear; then, armed with the firearms, made their way to Susan's room, which was at some little distance, near the kitchen.

Isabel's limbs shook so she could scarcely walk, and yet she knew that it would have been worse to remain behind. The armor on the walls clattered horribly, the windows rattled. Arm in arm the girls advanced slowly, Mary shading the candle she carried with her hand.

But within a few paces of Susan's room she stood still, appalled, for, from beneath the wainscot of the apartment adjoining, a stream of dark red blood was slowly oozing.

With a shriek they both fled down the corridor, throwing away the weapons, clinging to one another in mad terror, and trying to make their way to the front door.

Then Mary remembered the many and heavy fastenings to the door, and knew that her hands would refuse to undo them quickly enough.

'We must break out of the drawing-room windows,' she said; and after much stumbling over the furniture, they managed to traverse the large room.

With a desperate courage Mary took up a footstool and dashed it through the glass. The aperture thus made admitted of the egress of both, although Isabel cut her hand somewhat badly. Quite unheeding this, she ran across the garden with Mary, the blood flowing on to her dress. But in her excitement she did not notice this, and felt no pain It was not until the girls had left the grounds and gained the high-road that they spoke to one another. The wind was still raging, the rain falling, and the road very lonely, but anything was better than remaining in that dreadful house where murder had been committed.

'Poor old Susan,' said Mary mournfully, 'she was such a faithful, good creature.'

'Where are you going,' asked Isabel.

'We must make our way to the police station at Everton, the nearest town, for we are quite away from any neighbors here; most of them live on the by-lanes at some little distance.'

The girls walked on steadily for three miles, their trepidation too great for conversation.

The morning began to dawn when, lo! the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and the figures of two horsemen loomed dimly in sight. They would have passed by rapidly had not Isabel screamed 'Stop! stop! we want your help.'

The two gentlemen reined in their horses and one dismounted.

Without another word Isabel threw her arms around his neck and sobbed. It was Edward. In great amazement he recognized her, quite at a loss to account both for her appearance and the warm greeting she had given him. And then he saw the blood on her dress, and in great alarm exclaimed: 'Why, my darling, what is the matter? What has happened?'

Meantime, his friend had also dismounted, and was questioning Mary.

On hearing the facts, a brief consultation took place between the two gentlemen. Mr. Parker was in favor of taking the young ladies into Everton and returning with the police, but Edward urged that poor Susan might not be killed but only wounded, it would be inhumane to leave her longer alone.

'If there are any ruffians about, you and I will have to show fight!' he said. 'We shall go quicker if we take the girls up on our horses.'

So he lifted Isabel up in front of him, and Parker did the same with Mary.

'But how did you come here?' she asked.

'We took the night train and discovered, too late, that it stopped ten miles from Everton. There was nothing for it but to ride.'

'You could have stayed at the inn.'

'Ted insisted on going on.'

The conversation between the other pair had become very tender, although as approaching Oldby Manor, Isabel again began to shiver. They walked the horses up to the house and left them, making their way to the drawing-room window.

'So you two valiant young women were afraid to see poor Susan, afraid even to unbolt the door,' said Edward; but at the same time his face wore a look of grave concern, for he was aware there might be peril in store for them all.

The struggling light caused every object to look black. In silence the quartette wended their way through the corridors to a short distance from Susan's room.

'Now,' said Edward, 'if any ruffian comes out to tackle us, Parker and I will settle him, and you girls had better scream; screaming has rather a good effect on burglars, I believe.'

He had a very heavy stick in his hand, while Mr. Parker held a pistol.

The girls' hearts beat to suffocation as they saw the red stream, and the young men had a very uncomfortable sensation. Edward stepped across, followed by the others. He grasped the handle of Susan's door, turned it resolutely, and went in.

To all appearances the old woman was sleeping peacefully still in her bed, but the light was uncertain and it was possible she might be dead.

He laid his hand gently on her shoulder, and shook her slightly.

'Dear, dear, dear,' she exclaimed, looking in wonder at the solemn faces around her, 'whatever is the matter, Master Edward?'

'I am truly glad to find you alive and unhurt,' he exclaimed with feeling, 'have you been disturbed in the night?'

'No, sir, but it looks as if I ought to get up with so much company up before me.'

With hearty relief they left the room. But how was the blood to be accounted for?

Edward prepared to enter the room whence it flowed, but Isabel threw her arms around his neck and implored him, for her sake, not to do so.

'I must my darling,' he said resolutely, and entering, shut the door.

Silence ensued, a long, dreadful silence. None of the party moved until Mr. Parker said:

'It is absurd of Ted to have shut the door; I will go and see what he is about.'

The girls accompanied him. There was Edward sitting down on a chair convulsed with laughter, unable to speak.

'What is it, Ted?' asked Mr. Parker, looking anxiously round.

Edward pointed to a huge jar, his laughter still uncontrollable.

And then the explanation of their fright occurred to every one. The room was a store room, a jar of pickled cabbage had fermented and burst, and this was the cause of the red stream!

* * * * * * *

Oldby Manor is no longer eerie and desolate; it has been completely renovated, while merry children run about, and hosts of guests and servants fill the deserted chambers. Edward does not forget the joke against his wife, while Mary, who is now Mrs. Parker, declares that it is only a man who could see a joke in the affair at all.

A Colossal Log Jam.

[From the Boston Herald]

TAYLOR'S FALLS, MINN., June 22, 1886.—Some 50 miles to the northeast of St. Paul, Minn., at a point called Taylor's Falls, on the St. Croix river, there is just now a log jam of such tremendous size, and involving such feats of skill, activity and daring on the part of the lumbermen at work to break it up, that thousands of spectators flock from all quarters to enjoy the excitement of watching the operations. The Dalles of the St. Croix, as the rocky gorge is called through which plunge the fall and rapids of the river, are a marvel of scenery worth a long journey at any time, but just at present, for a space of three miles, not a particle of water is visible, nothing but a vast chaos of logs jammed in between the rocky jaws of the gorge and representing 150,000,000 feet of lumber. Huge trunks of trees, 30 to 50 feet long, they lie heaped in every kind of indiscribable position, some bolt upright like piles, some at angles of 45°, some headed down stream and others straight across it. Meanwhile, the whole force of the falls and rapids of a great river has to work its way through and under the enormous mass. Of course, the problem is how to dislodge this tremendous block, so that the logs can float down to the Mississippi, and the whole work has to be done at the lower end. As the visitor camps down on the rocks overhanging the river to watch the sight, he feels for all the world like a spectator in an old Roman amphitheatre about to witness a fight between men and the ugliest specimen of the brute creation. Indeed, the choice between grizzly bears, lions and tigers, and the terrible forces of such huge tree trunks with the pressure of an avalanche behind them, and rapids that can make them individually leap and spin like so many howling dervishes, is not one worth drawing lots for. The combatants are taken in at a glance as a hundred or more men,

STRONG AS LIONS,

and spry as cats, clothed most of them in bright red flannel, and armed each with a long pole, shod with a steel pike and a hinged semi-circular lever, for clamping round the logs and rolling them over. Three hundred yards below the jam lies a powerful steamboat, with a capstan capable of exerting a pull of 200 horse power, and around which is wound a hawser, the end of which is carried on to the jam, and attached to what is called the key-stone logs, that is, the laws that evince the most obstinate, dogged and absolutely rebellious temper. These are the head anarchists, the fellows most desperately bent on keeping the river highway blocked, and who will see the St. Croix and the Mississippi and all creation in the pit before they will budge an inch or allow anybody or anything to move up or down. And now the tug-of-war begins. The capstain slowly revolves, the hawser lifts from the river, fine jets of water spinning from it under the fierce tension. The upright tree trunks writhe and groan and twist, their anarchical bark clothes torn off under the irresistable police grip in which they are held, till they are left all white and naked, and at last slowly, sullenly, and with groans and curses of despair, a detachment of perhaps 500 logs is torn away from the main body. And now the fun comes. Nimble as so many cats, the red-shirted, and red-trousered lumbermen leap on to it and break it up. Here a dozen are shouldering away with their levers to roll off a huge trunk at the top, here they are pushing down under water to head the right way a cross-binding log. As the units of the mass get more and more dislodged, huge holes of trees shoot up from underneath, and fairly leap like enormous fish out of the water. Everything is now spinning and plunging, and an unlettered layman would as lief attempt a promenade down hill on the sides of so many rolling barrels, as essay the feats these agile fellows are easily up to. Down below stands reads and manned a row-boat, for the rescue of any who should fall into the rapids. But the thing is not to fall in, for the risk of drowning is as nothing to the risk of being caught and ground up between the logs. Only once did we see a man tumble off, but, while women shrieked and his mates tore round to a point of the ledge where they could

DRAG HIM OUT.

the brave fellow himself seemed to take it as a simple little incident in the profession. Every other time, there were logs enough left between the torn-off and captured detachment and the main army, to enable the men to leap back from point to point. Billy the Kid, as the universal voice had christened one lithe, graceful, yet powerful young fellow, was always in the lead. He wore a white rose in his hat. But even without this plume of Navarre he would have beat Blaine every time in centering all eyes on his brilliant personality. Leaping like a deer from log to log, he was always at the point where effective work was to be done, and so great was the glow of admiration he awakened in envy outlooking feminine breast that he would only have had to leap dripping ashore and fling himself, a soused Leander, at the feet of any Hero of them all to have borne her off as his forever. Indeed, in the Taylor's Falls Sunday school, it will prove hard work for many a day for teachers or superintendent to awaken any genuine glow in the souls of the boys over saint, prophet or apostle, so long as vivid memories survive of Billy the Kid.

Artists in this country are always complaining, and perhaps complaining rightly, that they have no chance to study anything exciting and stimulating from the life. The Greeks were able to do so much they say, because they had always such splendid specimens of strength, grace and agility before their eyes in the gymnasium and at the public games. Well, the next best thing for such purposes to the Olympian games is a log jam, like that at Taylor's Falls. Probably no work in the world gives a finer development to the human frame than the lumberers. Hewing wood all winter, his arms, shoulders and loins acquire herculean proportions, while piloting the logs down the streams and rivers in the spring and summer calls for a deer like agility and a quickness of eye and instantaneous command of nerve power that puts spring and fire into the whole bearing. In half an hour an artist of

KEEN EYE AND SWIFT HAND

would get a score of attitudes and motions that would be the making of any picture, and would himself be sympathetically thrown into a state of admiration for physical beauty that would act as an inspiration in his very blood. Very curious is to observe how, whenever a chance is given for seeing splendidly developed human bodies in vigorous action, a perfect fascination sets in for watching the sight. There was one old lady, of a singularly bright and intelligent face, sitting on the rocks, who said she could not tear herself away from it, that she sat there all day long and day after day. On my gravently and materially saying to her that I must really go up to the hotel and get something to eat, she broke out in the most reproachful tone, 'Oh, let your dinner go; the men may any minute start a quarter of a mile of the jam, and then it will be the greatest sight in the world. I've ordered my dinner to be brought out to me on the rocks.' Such enthusiasm was truly admirable. She was old enough to be Billy the Kid's grandmother, but I have no doubt that, unless already otherwise disposed of, she would have accepted him on the spot, and followed him round the world from jam to jam, to the age of 90. Contagious as was her example, I must, still in contrition, confess that I did go up to the hotel—some five minutes away—and had just sat down to a bowl of soup, some beef and canned corn, when a cry was raised: 'The whole jam is moving!' Billy the Kid himself would have been put to it to make better time than I for the river ledge. What a sight it was! For fully a quarter of a mile in lenght and 600 to 700 feet in breadth, the vast press and throng of the mob of giants were in furious motion. I could think of nothing but a countless herd of frantic buffaloes leaping over and another and trampling one another under foot, the

IRRESISTABLE AVALANCHE

of motion and terror from behind sweeping before it everything to the front. Indeed, the tremendous jam, 30 to 40 feet in depth, was working perpendicularly up and down as well as forward along all its line. Whenever a temporary opening was made, enormous trunks that had been submerged deep down would leap out into the air and on to the backs of the others with precisely the motion so often witnessed in herds of cattle. Meanwhile the wrenching, straining and groaning was such that it seemed as though the whole mass must be ground up into pulp for the paper mills, furnishing enough to run the Herald for the next century. For perhaps 15 minutes this striking scene lasted, when finally the vast body of logs became consolidated again in another jam a quarter of a mile further down the gorge, at the extreme end of which the same process must be begun over again. It will be a Grant campaign of all the summer to get these 150,000,000 feet through, and will coast a large sum of money. Certainly, as mere spectators, we were in luck that day. Not often does a man get a chance to see such a spectacle of colossal forces in conflict. Before the whole mass is disposed of, some artist with a real eye in his head ought to make a series of sketches for a genuine American picture to be called the "Breaking Up of the Jam." For when the shout is once raised, 'She's starting!' 'She's starting!' if there is any posture or motion of strength, agility, grace or vigor the bodies of men can possibly take on as they leap from log to log to escape, one will have to go far to see it more vigorously displayed than here.

Schr. Ivica,

Capt. Longmire.

This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between

Bridgetown & St. John

about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.

LIME

will be kept constantly on hand and for sale. Apply on board or at residence of subscriber.

JOHN LONGMIRE.

Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 48tf.

The Mastodon of Books.

THE GREAT ENGLISH DICTIONARY IN PREPARATION NEAR LONDON.

'Just outside of London they are at work on the biggest book in the world,' said a New York publisher yesterday, who has recently returned from a trip to England. 'It will be more than four times as large as Webster's Dictionary, and will contain something like 8,000 pages. It is to be the ideal dictionary of the English language, and will supersede all pre-existing authorities. It has long been realized by scholars that the English language is deficient in this respect. The French have two dictionaries, that of M. Litre and of the Academy, that are far superior to our own. The Worterbuch of the German brothers Grimms is still more exhaustive and authoritive. Even the Portuguese dictionary, by Vieria, decidedly surpasses anything in English. But the British Philological Society propose to fill this yawning gap in our reference books. They hold that a dictionary should be an inventory of the language and that its doors should be open to all words, good, bad and indifferent. This new work will not be confined to definitions and cross references. The life history of each word will be fully given with a quotation from some standard writer, showing its shades of meaning and the variations in its usage from one generation to another. The work was originally started in 1859, but the death of editors, financial embarrassments and changes in the plans have interrupted its progress. It is now hoped that the book may be pushed to its completion without unnecessary delay. The amount of research and reading yet to be accomplished is very great, and there are on hand some 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 slips which require patient classification. The next century will probably open before the dictionary can be placed in complete form upon the the library shelves. But the advance sheets, devoted to the first letters of the alphabet, which have already been issued, have met with the most favorable comment from scholars, and give promise that the English language is to have at least a lexiography worth of its literature.

The Ruin of British Agriculture.

[From Demorest's Monthly.]

It seems now to be settled that under existing conditions it does not pay to grow grain or raise cattle in the best part of the Continent and the British Isles. For this curious and alarming state of things the world is indebted to the extension of steam navigation to all parts of the earth. Wheat, barley, oats, etc., can be grown on almost any arable land. It follows that wherever the factors are most favorable that region gets the benefit of this cheap access to the consuming market. A few years ago India contributed but 90,000 bushels of wheat to countries outside of the peninsula. Its export supply is now about 50,000,000 bushels, and with the extension of the railway system it will have fully 100,000,000 for outside consumption.

The secret of India's ability to sell in distant markets is the extraordinary cheapness of labor, which does not command more than ten cents a day of our money. The United States, Australia and New Zealand can produce wheat and lay it down in Liverpool at a price which is simply ruinous to the English and European wheat grower. This is because of cheaper and more fertile lands, and the use of machinery on the broad prairies and and fields, which dispenses with costly labor. Recent statistics show that tenant farmers in the British islands who confine themselves to cereals and cattle raising cannot make both ends meet if they undertake to pay their rent. This accounts for the distress among the agricultural classes in the Old World, and more especially for the abject misery of the Irish people who have no diversified industries, because the island is without coal or iron, and British laws discourage manufacturers of any kind in that unhappy country.

This inability to raise grain is effecting a social revolution. It has struck a fatal blow at the authority and prestige of the peers, who are the great land owners and it will end in agricultural land being transferred to the peasants, in England and Scotland as well as Ireland. These agricultural workers, having no rents to pay, will be able to make a living out of the soil, for they can raise perishable vegetables, poultry, eggs and dairy products, as these are safe from foreign competition. In the meantime the cities of Europe are growing rapidly and are yearly consuming more and more, not only of the grain and cattle raised in distant regions, but also of the vegetables, poultry, fruit and dairy produce of near by production. This explanation of the agricultural situation throws a good deal of light upon the political and social changes now taking place in the Old World.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.—A good lady employed a deacon of one of the Baptist churches to do some carpenter's work which amounted to quite a large sum of money; and she said, when speaking of the job, 'I would just as soon hear Deacon ——— pray now as I would have before he did that piece of work for me.' That's it! We want deacons and all other members of our churches to do in all business relations just what is right. We believe in a practical religion. Spurgeon asked a young girl, who served as a domestic in one of his families, when she presented herself for membership in his church, what evidence she could give of having become a christian, and she meekly answered, 'I now sweep under mats.' And the renowned preacher said it was good evidence, and we agree with him Real religion leads one to do work thoroughly. — *W. M. Taylor.*

A USEFUL BOOK.—The Minister of Agriculture has just issued a nicely bound handbook for circulation at the Colonial and Indian exhibition. It has been prepared by Mr. George Johnston, who is an old Nova Scotia journalist, and one of the ablest statisticians and best informed writers in the Dominion. Every phase of Canada's commerce, growth and financial condition is treated exhaustively by Mr. Johnston in this most interesting work.

—Str. Wilham, at Boston from Baracoa, while at anchor at quarantine, was run into by schooner T. B. Harris, Newport for Annapolis, N. S., at ten o'clock last Thursday morning. The steamer had her stanchions carried away and bridge damaged. The schooner was slightly damaged.

—'Annex Canada!' cried the N. Y. bank cashier. 'Heavens, no! I hope not. It would just take away all chances of success in my profession.'