Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 11. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1883. NO. 26.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

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

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.

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A Proposal.

All those owning a horse should be thoroughly posted in the different diseases this noble animal is liable to be attacked with, and the different remedies for the same. A horse that is worth having at all is worth being taken care of. The better the care the better the horse. In order that all interested may become possessed of the above information, we will send to each and every present subscriber of the MONITOR who will pay up all arrearages and a year in advance a copy of DR. KENDALL'S TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES, post free. Every NEW SUBSCRIBER who will send in a subscription for the ensuing year shall receive this book of 96 pages free.

The most successful Remedy ever discovered as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. Read proof below.

SAVED HIM 1.800 DOLLARS.

ADAMS, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1882.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had as speedy a colt as ever was raised in Jefferson County. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thorough-pin, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it took the bunch entirely off, and he sold afterwards for $1800 (dollars). I have used it for bone spavins and wind galls, and it has always cured completely and left the leg smooth.

It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Witherington & Kneeland's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

From the Arkon Commercial Ohio, of Nov. 25th, 1882.

Readers of the "Commercial" can not well forget that a large space has for years been taken up by Kendall's adverisements—especially of a certain Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for many years, and we know of some large business houses in cities near by, who have also dealt with him for many years, and the truth is fully and faithfully proven, not only that he is a good honest man, and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only all that it is recommended to be, but that the English language is not capable of recommending it too highly.

Kendall's Spavin Cure will cure spavins. There are hundreds of cases in which that has been proven to our certain knowledge, but, after all, if any person confines the usefulness of this celebrated medicine to curing spavins alone, they make a big mistake. It is the best medicine known as an outward application for rheumatism in the human family. It is good for pains and aches, swellings and lameness, and it is just as safely applied to men women and children as it is to horses. We know there are other good liniments, but we do believe this spavin cure to be far better than any ever invented.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Colton, Cal., Oct 3rd, 1882.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—While in the employ of C. C. Hastings, the well known horseman, of San Francisco, in the year ending 1880, we had a young horse two years old that contracted a bone spavin and seeing your liniment known as Kendall's Spavin Cure advertised, upon my own responsibility I commenced using it and within thirty days from the time and after having used only three bottles, the Spavin was removed entirely, and therefore I naturally have the utmost confidence in its merits. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all who have occasion to use the medicine, and should any one desire to confer with me I shall be glad to answer any communication relating to the case in question. Respectfully yours, JOHN RODMAN.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 16th, 1882.

MESSRS. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Through the recommendation of a friend about a year ago, I was induced to give your Kendall's Spavin Cure a trial, and I am pleased to say that I was fully satisfied with the results. I used it several times on splints, which after a few applications were removed. I also used it on a Spavin with the same results. The medicine has grown in popularity in this vicinity in the past few months, and what is sold here to-day I believe is put out upon its merits. ALEX. McCORD,
Foreman for City R. R. Co.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
On Human Flesh.

Vevay, Ind., Aug. 12th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with my imprint printed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers in our county, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he had expected. Cured the sprain in very short order. Yours respectfully, C. O. TAIBBAND.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

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 of every youth and every man in the land.

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Post Office Box, 450.

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EDWIN J. H. MORSE,
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General agent for N. S. and P. E. I.

New Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT AT MIDDLETON.

THE subscriber has pleasure in announcing to the public, that he has opened a Tailoring Establishment at Middleton, where he is prepared to execute all orders in first class style, and with despatch.

A Fit Guaranteed Every Time

Having had forty years experience in the business he is confident he can give good satisfaction to all who will favor him wish their patronage.

JOHN F. GOODERE.
Middleton, N. S., April 30th, '83. n3

WISDOM & FISH,

Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Suppiies,

41 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber and Linen Hose, Lace Leather and Cut Lacing, Cotton Waste and Steam Packing, Lubricating Oils, Mill Files, Emery Wheels, Emery Cloth, and Emery, Wrought Iron Pipe, Cast Iron Water Pipe, Steam, Gas, and Water Fittings, Steam Pumps, Steam Gauges, Injectors, Bolts, Nuts and Washers, Babbitt Metal and Antimony, Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer, for Grinding Saws.

Estimates furnished; Lowest Quotations given on Special Supplies. [n8

Various Causes—

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light or red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weak, or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its results, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is colorless; contains neither oil nor dye; and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous, imparting an agreeable perfume.

For sale by all druggists.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,
240 Union Street, St. John, N. B

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And an at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names.

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable"

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters." A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*), CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. **MAKE HENS LAY** Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'nful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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NOW OPENING.

NEW HATS, BONNET,

Ornaments, Flowers, Parasols, Cashmeres, Merinos, Nuns' Cloth, Nuns' Beige,

LACE GOODS, HOSIERY,

Trunks, Valises, Satchels, &c.

—ALSO—

A NEW ARTICLE IN

Black Wool Serge,

Suitable for Ladies' Suits, or Summer Mantles, Dolmans and Jackets.

Balance of Spring Goods expected shortly.

MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK.
Lawrencetown, April 9th, 1883.

Forest and Stream
—AND—
ROD AND GUN.
The American Sportsman's Journal

A twenty-four page weekly journal, devoted to the interests

Gentlemen Sportsmen and their Families.

TREATS OF

Natural History, Shooting, Yachting and Canoeing, Fishculture, the Kennel, Fishing, the Rifle.

and all the gentlemanly out-door sports. It is without a rival.

Price, $4.00 a Year.

TRY IT. A SPECIMEN COPY WILL BE SENT POST PAID FOR SIX CTS.

For sale by newsdealers everywhere.

Forest and Stream Publishing Company,
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THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice. VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a speciality, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

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Portraits copied, enlarged, framed and finished, either in oil or colors. The portrait to be copied must be either a good tintype or photograph.

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

☞ Charges reasonable.

Please call and inspect samples of his work at his rooms,

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.
J. N. RICE.
Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

The Subscriber
HAS REPLENISHED
HIS
HARDWARE
DEPARTMENT,

in which will be found:—

Nails, Spikes, Screws, White Lead, Glas Putty, Machine and Burning Oil, Cow and Ox Bells, Monkey Wrenches, Lanterns, Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Iron and Steel, Shovels and Spades, round pointed and Square Sickles, Gong Bells for Sleigh Shafts, Hames, Horse Blankets, Halters and Sircingles, Curry Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail, Shaving, White Wash, Paint, Scrub, Shoe, Horse, and Dandy BRUSHES. Brooms, Whisks, and Pails, Axle Grease, Rope, Mill Saw Files, Axes, Emery Cloth and Sand Paper, Carpenter's Bitts, Chalk & Lines, Shoemaker's Knife Sharpeners, Knives and Forks, and Spoons, Spectacles, Pocket and Butcher Knives, Razors, Straps, Apple Parers, Whips and Whip Lashes, Horse Nails, Brass Rivets and Burrs, Tin Ware, Breech Loading Guns, strong, safe and good Shooters, only $5.00 Powder, Shot, Caps, Shells and Cartridges, &c., all of which will be sold at REASONABLE PRICES.

B. STARRATT.
Paradise, Aug. 30th, 1882.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.
Jan 2nd., 1882.

SCHOONER

"IVICA,"

J. H. Longmire, Master,

Will run during the season of 1883, in the old trade as packet between

Bridgetown & St. John, N. B.

All Freight carried cheap and handled with the best of care.

LIME. Best of GREENHEAD Lime always on hand at vessel, or out of store. Apply on board vessel or to MRS. LONGMIRE, Bridgetown. n51tf

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

Bridgetown, N. S.

FIRST-CLASS Accommodation. Modern improvements and appliances. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests.

6mt42] W. J. GLENCROSS, Prop.

Poetry.

The Baggageman.

With many a curve the trunks I pitch,
With many a shot and sally;
At station, siding, crossing, switch,
On mountain grade or valley,
I heave, I sling, I push, I toss,
With vigorous endeavor—
And men may smile and men grow cross,
But I sling my trunk forever!
Ever! ever!
I bust the trunk forever!

I grumble over travelling bags
And monstrous sample cases,
But I can smash the makers' brags
Like plaster-paris vases.
They holler, holler, as I go,
But they can stop me never,
For they will learn just what I know—
A trunk won't last forever!
Ever! ever!
A trunk won't last forever!

I tug, I jerk, I pant, I sweat,
I toss the light valises;
And what's too big to throw, you bet
I'll fire round in pieces.
They murmur, murmur everywhere,
But I will heed them never;
Though women weep and strong men swear,
I'll sling their trunks forever!
Ever! ever!
I'll bust their trunks forever!

Select Literature.

A Drawing-Room Comedy.

Mr. Thomas Bilbury, the junior partner in the great firm of Bilbury, Blackthorne & Co., tea merchants, of Calcutta and London, was suddenly called to Calcutta to wind up the affairs of the firm—the resident member having died. Mr. Thomas Bilbury had on the day previous married a very charming young lady, Lydia Lapples by name; and the intelligence of his uncle's sad condition necessitated that the newly-made husband—who, by the way, had only become acquainted with his bride about six weeks before marriage—should, without a moment's delay, go by the quickest route to Calcutta.

Two years elapsed ere he was able to return to England; and then he returned, as he had gone out, at a moment's notice. Unforeseen circumstances suddenly left him free; and unwilling to lose a day, he took the first homeward bound steamer. He neither wrote nor telegraphed a single word of preparation.

It was a fine sunny morning in summer; Mr. Thomas Bilbury had scarcely seen his new home, which he had taken in a hurry immediately before his wedding; and he was walking eagerly up the short carriage-drive leading to the house, when, happening to cast his gaze toward the upper windows, he caught sight of a fair, white-draped figure, which was watering some flowering plants that stood in a row on the sill. He at once recognized the figure as that of his wife, and was about to utter a cry of salutation, when he became suddenly conscious that she did not recognize him; for, with graceful modesty, she withdrew from the window and disappeared as soon as she became conscious that he was watching her. An idea struck him. It was a foolish, but not wholly unnatural one. He would pretend to be some one else—a friend, say, of her husband's, and would ask to see her as such. Of course she would at once recognize his voice; but then the surprise and the consequent pleasure would be the more complete if he thus deferred them. He knocked, therefore, at the door; and, to the servant who appeared, announced that he had just returned from India and desired to see Mrs. Bilbury. He gave no name; but he was admitted and shown into the drawing-room, where, in some perturbation of mind, he awaited the advent of the wife from whom he had been so long and cruelly separated.

"I suppose that she will know me," he reflected, as he stood with his back to the window; "but it is true that I have grown a tolerably big beard since I went away, and that I have become considerably tanned. However, the beard ought to make no great difference. I suppose that she would know me if she saw me in my shirt-sleeves, or with both legs cut off at the knees. On the other hand, she thinks that I am still at Calcutta, for she must have had my last letter this morning. I hope my sudden appearance here won't upset her. I must be careful."

Here his thoughts were switched aside by the unmistakable sound of rustling skirts in the passage without; and as the door opened he involuntarily turned and gazed into the garden, at the same time coughing nervously.

"May I offer you a chair? I am afraid that you find the open window too much for you," said a soft voice behind him.

"O, no; not at all!" he returned, facing his wife for an instant, and then hastily resuming his survey of the garden.

Mrs. Bilbury did not in the least recognize her husband. "Do let me order a fire to be lighted," she urged.

"Oh, no; not for worlds!" ejaculated Tom, as he turned slowly round, conscious at last that even his nervousness was no excuse for his rudeness. "But the fact is Mrs.—"

"My name is Mrs. Bilbury!"

"Oh! thank you!—yes. The fact is, Mrs. Bilbury, that I am not entirely reconciled to this abominable English climate. I—ah—that is to say a man who has existed in groves of mango—ah—has lived on curry and chutnee—ah—with the thermometer standing doggedly at 102 in the shade, is—ah; but I daresay you understand."

"Oh, perfectly, Mr—. I think I have not the pleasure of knowing your name."

"Who am I?" thought Mr. Thomas Bilbury. "My name," he said, after a slight pause, "is Bilbury."

"What a curious similarity," said his wife. "Yes; I can readily believe that people coming home from India find this climate very trying at first, even in summer. My husband writes that the heat in Calcutta has been excessive. Possibly, Mr. Tilbury, you may have called to give me some news of him? I hope so. I thought that his last letter was not written in very good spirits."

"That is satisfactory," thought Mr. Bilbury. "The lapse of two years has not altered her love for me."

"Yes," he said aloud, "I can give you some news of him, for a month ago I was at Calcutta."

"Indeed! How delightful! Do sit down, Mr. Tilbury. It is very pleasant to meet any one who has seen my husband so recently: for I gather from what you say that you have seen him. How was he?"

Mr. Bilbury was by this time much exercised in mind as to what to say next. On the one hand, he was afraid to declare himself, for fear of frightening his wife; on the other, he rather enjoyed the situation. He therefore determined, for the present, to retain his incognito.

"He was," he said, with deliberate hesitation, "as well as could be expected."

"As well as could be expected," repeated Mrs. Bilbury, with alarm. "Do you mean that he has been ill?"

"Well, not exactly ill," prevaricated Tom, who had not quite made up his mind as to what he should say.

"But I do not understand you. Tell me, please, what has happened to him?"

Mr. Bilbury wondered what the end would be. He heartily wished that his wife would recognize him and settle the difficulty by throwing her arms round his neck.

"Nothing very serious," he said. "I daresay he has told you that he has become very fond of tiger-shooting?"

'Ah, tigers! Tell me Mr. Tilbury, tell me!'

'Well he went out tiger-shooting one day as usual—ah—he was accompanied only by his servant. They entered the jungle! Suddenly without warning, a huge female tiger sprang upon your husband and bore him to the earth. The native fled for assistance; help arrived; and the victim was found faint from loss of blood, with right arm torn out at the socket, his left eye distroyed, and the calf of his left leg—ah—deeply scared by the cruel jaws of the ferocious monster.'

'Dear me how alarming!' commented Mrs. Bilbury; and the exclamations seemed so out of proportion to the gravity of the story, that Mr. Bilbury felt seriously disappointed. 'That fully accounts,' continued Lydia, 'for his bad spirits. His right arm—'

'Yes, torn out at the socket, Mrs. Bilbury. He has learned to write with his left hand.'

'Ah! dreadful. And his left eye destroyed?'

'Yes; he wears a glass eye, poor fellow!'

'It must be agony. And the calf of his leg deeply scared by the cruel jaws of the ferocious monster! Terrible misfortune! And when you left him Mr. Tilbury, how was he? Will he survive?'

A new light seemed to break upon Mr. Bilbury. Did his wife want him to survive? He felt by no means sure of it.

'It is impossible to say with certainty,' he said: 'but you must hope for the best. Let me beg of you, my dear Mrs. Bilbury, to keep up your spirits.'

'Oh, Mr. Tilbury, I don't see why I should be miserable. There is very pleasant society down here at Richmond; and, you know, there is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.'

Tom's worst suspicions were by this time more than confirmed. 'The heartless woman!' he thought. 'This is how she receives the news of my being mangled and disfigured.' But still unwilling to give up hope, he continued aloud: 'Poor fellow! I assure you that in his delirium your name was very often on his lips.'

'Indeed! Then he has not quite forgotten me.'

'Forgotten you? repeated Tom, his feelings getting the better of him. 'Oh, no. I think it is the lot of but few women to have a husband so utterly devoted to her.'

'And of few men to have a wife—'

'So charming,' said Mr. Bilbury, finishing the sentence.

'Oh, Mr. Tilbury!—but excuse me. Of course you will stay to luncheon. Do; to please me. You know that a woman hates solitude little less than smallpox. One moment. I will just go and give the necessary orders.' And Mrs. Bilbury rose and quited the room.

'Well, this is awful,' reflected her husband as soon as he was left alone. 'She don't recognize me; and apparently she doesn't seem to care for me much. She reminds me that there was as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. That, I suppose means that if I should only die and liberate her, she would promptly marry some one else. A nice instance of the faithlessness of women! Perhaps I should do well to leave her at once and never let her know the truth; but I can't do that. I love her still; indeed, I'm afraid I love her more than ever I did. No, I will find her out, and then—'

His meditations were cut short by the return of his wife, who informed him that that she had ordered some luncheon, and that he must meanwhile do his best to amuse her, as there was no one else in the house except the servants. This style of conversation made Tom more and more reckless; and at once he launched out into an account of an imaginary moonlight picnic at Aden—here he let it so appear—he had broken the hearts of several charming girls, and upon the whole had behaved in a highly reprehensible manner

'It must have been very delightful, said Mrs. Bilbury. 'I wish I had been there! sometimes we have very pleasant evenings here. Of course, I know every one in the neighborhood; and as a married woman, I ask whom I like to my house. You must come one night, Mr. Tilbury, and sup with us afterwards'

By this time Tom was perfectly frantic. 'I'm afraid I shan't be here for long,' he said bitterly. 'I am going abroad. I cannot rest anywhere.'

'You are worried, I see, said Mrs. Bilbury. 'I can sympathize with you.'

'Yes family matters and disappointments you know!'

'Disappointments! But you are young; and, if you will excuse me not bad looking. Perhaps you have merely lost your heart to one of the young ladies at Aden.'

'Oh, no,' he replied. 'And, to tell the truth, I am doubtful whether any woman would be worth worrying about.'

'Don't be cynical,' said Mrs. Bilbury, with a smile. Perhaps you expect too much from women.'

'I expect sympathy, fidelity and consideration,' answered Mr. Bilbury gravely.

'But, let me ask you, do you yourself indulge in those virtues? Ah! men are very inconsistent, I fear. However, I hope that you do not believe that women are bad as a rule.'

'Well, I know to my cost that some are bad Yes; some even betray their husbands.'

'And in such cases I'm afraid the husbands are also to blame.'

'I don't think so,' said Tom curtly.

'But you are worrying yourself, I see, although you try to affect indifference. What is it?'

'Worrying myself? Not a bit,' cried Mr. Bilbury.

'I am glad to hear you say so,' returned his wife. 'I don't worry myself. Cosey suppers and—'

'But the probable death of your husband!' interjaculated Mr. Bilbury.

'Oh I'm philosophical. We only lived together for two days; we only knew each other for a few weeks. What am I to him? What is he to me? Life is still before me.'

'That is rather plain speaking.' thought Tom. 'I wonder whether she would like to get up a flirtation with me? I will draw her on a little.'

'Ah!' he said aloud, 'you have happiness within your grasp, and you can make another happy. It is not every man who is so fortunate as to meet with a woman like you. Now, I confess, I have been unfortunate in my experience. But if I thought that I might hope for your sympath—'

'Surely, Mr. Tilbury; it would be unwomanly of me to refuse it.'

Tom drew his chair nearer to that of his wife, and continued: 'Oh! if I might hope for your sympathy, and look for your regard and pity, my dear Mrs. Bilbury, life, I assure you, would soon assume a new complexion to my eyes. Let us be plain. Can you not make me happy, and bestow your sympathy, your love and your pity upon one who will value such gifts at their true worth.'

Mrs. Bilbury, evidently agitated, rose, 'Really,' she exclaimed. 'I was not prepared for all this. I fell the need of love, love such as yours; but——' And she buried her face in her hands.

'This,' thought Mr. Tilbury to himself. 'is my faithful and devoted wife!' yet he was unable to refrain from seating himself beside Lydia and putting his arm round her waist. 'Dear Mrs. Bilbury,' he said, 'I love you! Do you, can you love me?'

She gave a scarcely perceptible gesture of assent, and Tom, now thoroughly convinced of his wife's untrustworthiness, sprang up and confronted her.

'Mrs. Bilbury,' he said, 'what would your husband say to this? You have disgraced him!'

She looked up and held out her hands imploringly.

'You are a vicious woman!' he continued unrelentingly.

'Then why, just now did you ask for my love?' she demanded.

'Because I wanted to assure myself that you were so vicious and worthless as I know you to be. As for loving you—I despise you! Ah! if you were only a good woman!' And he approached her and he took her by the hand. For an instant he stood thus: then he raised the hand and kissed it, and finally he kissed his wife on the cheek.

'Are you going Mr. Tilbury?' she asked.

'Yes I had better go; it is for the best. We could not be happy. Good-bye! He kissed her again and then moved slowly away to the door, where he stood, painfully regarding her.

'Good-bye!' she echoed. 'But,' she continued in another voice, 'Tom?'

'Tom!' repeated Mr. Bilbury, starting and coloring. 'Who told you my name was Tom?'

'You did you foolish fellow, about two years ago.'

'And you knew me, Lydia?' he cried, as he quickly returned to her. 'You have known me all along?'

'No; I did not know you until you told me that tremendous story about the tiger. There was no mistaking you then!'

By this time, Mr. and Mrs Thomas Bilbury were embracing each other so affectionately that the conversation was rendered very fragmentary and disjointed. It is therefore almost impossible to chronicle what they said; but it is certain that they forgave each other, and it is a matter of notoriety that there has since been no happier couple on Richmond Hill.

Life in the Lumber Camps.

The buildings in which the lumbermen pass the winter are usually warm, commodious and comfortable. They are built of round logs, the opening between being filled tightly with moss gathered from the trees. They are covered first with long shingles, sometimes with round poles, then a covering of earth two or three inches in thickness, and the whole is then covered with shingles so as to keep out water. This makes the roof almost air-tight and prevents the heat from escaping which arises from the stove. The camp is lighted during the day by a couple of small windows and by lamps at night. The floor is of rough plank hewn from the trees and is generally kept carefully swept, but this is all that is done towards keeping it clean, One cook I met who scrubbed his floor, and I heard of one, but I will not vouch for the accuracy of this statement, who scrubbed his floor once every Wednesday and twice on Saturday.

There are one or two stoves in each camp, according to the size of it and the number of men. In very few I find the primitive fashion of a fire-place, and a large hole in the roof through which the smoke can escape at pleasure, but usually its pleasure is to get around the inside of the camp and draw tears from the eyes of the inmates before it takes its departure. I am glad to say that this style of camp has almost entirely disappeared.

The men usually carry their dinners out and eat them in the open air. They boil the kettle, and have a more enjoyable meal than a person unaccustomed to it would suppose.

There is the "boss" who takes a general supervision of the whole concern—the "Faller" whose business it is to cut down the trees—the "Swampers" who make the roads—the "Teamster" who drives the horses—the "Team-tender," who assists the teamster; and last, though by no means least, the "Cook," and when there is a large crew, the "Cookee."

The supper is ready when the men come in from their work, which during the short days in the first part of the winter, is a short time after dark. Immediately after putting off their outer garments and removing the snow and frost which may be still clinging to them, they sit down to supper. In some cases the men wash before sitting down, but this seems to be the exception.

In most camps tables are provided. Where this is not the case supper is handed round to the men in pans, while they sit on a bench which reaches across the camp. I would here say a word about the board, which in all cases is excellent. Too much praise cannot be given to the cooks, for the way in which they prepare the food. But one dish I would especially mention is "beans." Robert Burns spoke of a certain dish as being the "great chieftain of the pudding race," but I think the great poet would have lost faith in the "Haggis" could he have enjoyed a breakfast of beans as prepared in the lumber camps of New Brunswick.

After supper there are usually a number of jobs to do, such as grinding axes, making axe-handles, washing and mending clothes, etc. Those who have nothing to do lie in bed and rest. About nine o'clock all retire to rest. The bed consists of a blanket spread over a quantity of fir boughs, which, when properly made, forms a very comfortable place on which to rest. There is usually sufficient covering to keep them warm.

Between five and six in the morning, during the short days, the men are aroused from their slumbers by the cheerful voice of the cook calling with all the energy his lungs are capable of exerting—"Turn out." It has been said that a certain celebrated orator could make a person weep by pronouncing the word "Mesopotamia," but there is something wonderful in the different inflections and variations which some of those old cooks will put upon their voices while pronouncing these words. Sometimes the men show a little tardiness, but usually they all start up at once, and set to work getting on their clothes and preparing themselves for their day's work, as if they felt—"Here is a new day, we have a great deal of work to do, and a short time in which to do it." Some are quite particular as to their toillette: they will wash their faces and comb their hair as neatly as if they were going to see their sweethearts, yet I am sorry to say such is not always the case. I have seen some remove from their faces the accumulations of the past week, and I have thought what a pity this was not done oftener, for the face is often a very agreeable one when we can see it.

You may imagine that where there are twenty or twenty-five men in one camp, some little confusion will arise in each obtaining his clothes in the morning. A great deal of forbearance and good nature are shown on these occasions, and often a good deal of sly drollery. As an instance of this, one man calls out to another, "Tom—why did you take *your* socks this morning and leave *mine* here?" while Tom with all earnestness declares he did no such thing."

After all are ready, breakfast is partaken of in about the same manner as supper, after which they quietly leave for the scene of their day's labours; one, two, or three men, according to the number in the camp, carrying a bag of provisions prepared by the cook the evening before, or early that morning.

—A good deacon, not a thousand miles from Oil City, being late at church, where it was his duty to hold service, asked the congregation to excuse his tardiness, as he had been up late the night before opening the finest lot of dry goods ever brought to town.

Job Work!

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province. Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention. We endeavor by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Don't.

Don't go to bed with cold feet. Don't sleep in the same undergarments that are worn during the day. Don't sleep in a room that is not well ventilated. Don't sit or sleep in a draught. Don't lie on the left side too much. Don't lie on the back to keep from snoring. Don't try to get along with less than 7 or 8 hours' sleep out of twenty-four. Don't jump out of bed immediately on awaking in the morning. Don't forget to rub yourself all over with crash towel or hands before dressing. Don't forget to take a good drink of pure water before breakfast. Don't take long walks when the stomach is entirely empty. Don't start to do a day's work without eating a good breakfast. Don't eat anything but well-cooked and nutricious food. Don't eat what you don't want just to save it. Don't eat between meals nor enough to cause uneasiness at meal time. Don't eat the smallest morsel unless hungry if well. Don't try to keep up on coffee or alcoholic stimulants, when nature is calling you to sleep. Don't stand over hot air registers. Don't inhale hot air, or fumes of any acids. Don't fill the gash with soot sugar or anything else to arrest the hemorrage when you get cut, but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive plaster. Don't wear thin hose, or light-soled boots, in cold or wet weather. Don't strain your eyes by reading on an empty stomach, or when ill. Don't ruin your eyes by reading or sewing at dusk, by a dim light, or flickering candle, or when very tired. Don't sing or hollow when your throat is sore, or you are hoarse. Don't drink ice water when you are warm, and never a glassful at a time, but simply sip it slowly. Don't take some other persons medicine because you are similarly affected. Don't bathe in less than two hours after eating. Don't eat in less than two hours after bathing. Don't call so frequently on your sick friend as to make your company and conversation a bore. Don't make a practice of relating scandle, or stories calculated to depress the spirits of the sick. Don't forget to cheer and gently amuse invalids when visiting them. Don't call on your sick friend and advise him to take some other medicine, get another doctor, eat more, eat less, sit up longer, go more frequently, stay a week, or talk him to death before you thing of leaving.

A WONDERFUL QUILT.—A feature of attraction at the picnic at Westville, was the Exhibition by Mr. Fleming of his Bed-quilt, which took the first prize at the Truro Exhibition. The quilt is composed of nearly 2400 separate pieces of cloth, but that is a secondary feature of the work. Its value results in its artistic beauty and the harmonious blending of colors. In the centre of the quilt is placed the British coat of arms, with motto *Dieu et mon droit*; over the lion there is a branch of a rose bush with a full blown rose, and over the unicorn a real Scotch thistle. Surrounding the British coat of arms, and forming a square, are the different flags of some eighteen nationalities. Lower down are the signs and symbols of the so-called secret societies, masons, oddfellows, orange and templars, all of which are not only perfect in shape, but are beautifully colored. Towards the lower left hand corner is a soldier on guard with a drum near by, and meant to represent the army; while on the right hand corner is the navy represented by a life-like jack-tar holding the pointer in his hand ready for the word of command. A capstan is at his side. On the upper left hand corner is a representation of Britannia, and on the other corner the figure of Victoria. Between these are the British lion, faced by an Indian chief, surrounded by a wreath of Mayflowers, the figures having reference to the possession of the red man's territory by the white man. To have a proper conception of the time and labor that must have been spent on the quilt, people must see it for themselves. It took five years of Mr. Fleming's spare time to finish the work. That it is valuable may be guessed from the fact that he refused an offer of $500 for it. —*Trades Journal.*

MOHAMMED APPEARS AT HIS TOMB IN MECCA.—There is some agitation in Mohammedan circles in Calcutta just now, growing out of a report published in the Amurul Akhbar to the effect that Mohammed had appeared to the guardian of his tomb at Mecca, and announced that from the date of the commencement of the next Mohurrum, which will complete the fourteenth century since the Hijra, the sun will begin to rise in the west, confusion will break out in the world, many people will die, a great cyclone will deluge the land, the printing in every koran will be effaced, and the final end of all things be ushered in. It is added that as the terms in which these predictions are stated are such as challenge the devout respect of all orthodox Mohammedans, it is not to be wondered at that many should be found near prospect of such terrible events. —*Indian Witness.*

—The romance of real life is being illustrated in the person of a young German girl who lived in a small town on the Hudson River. When the Empress of Austria opened, not long ago, a new school for the education of young ladies of limited means, this young girl applied to her by letter for a place there as a scholar. The Empress was so pleased with the style of the letter that she granted her request, and after the young girl's arrival took a personal interest in her and showed her a great deal of favor in the institution. A certain Count among the royal visitors also met the young scholar, and became so pleased with her beauty and good sense that he made her an offer of marriage. She is now at her father's home in the United States, getting ready for her marriage with this nobleman, who is a man of immense wealth.

—The total number of stated ministers of religion in England and Wales is 36,000 of whom 23,000 are in the Church of England. Every Sabbath 80,000 sermons are preached. There is a stated minister for every 700 people, comprising 140 families; a place of worship for every 500 individuals, or every 100 families; and a communicant for about every eight of the population. The annual cost of the various efforts for the social moral, and religious reform is roundly estimated at sixteen millions sterling.

—'Well, madam, how's your husband to-day?' 'Why, doctor, he's no better.' 'Did you get the leeches?' 'Yes, but he only took three of them raw; I had to fry the rest.'