Weekly Monitor.

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The Weekly Monitor

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor

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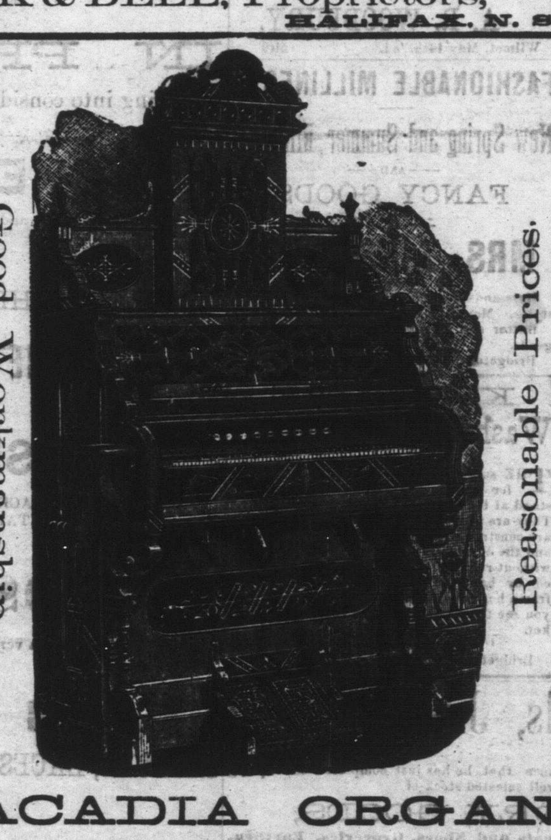

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HALIFAX.

Sept. 5th, 1882.—tf

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THE FIRST OF MAY NEXT.
51tf

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PEASE & OATS,

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John Ervin,

Barrister and Attorney at Law.

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Home Items.

—"All your own fault
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—*Fail*.

The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

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Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth.

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—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters.

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AND will be ready for delivery at the Book Stores in the leading towns and villages throughout the Province, about the 15th day of May ensuing, a pamphlet of about 50 or 60 pages, printed on good clear type and on tinted paper of good quality, and entitled

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Annapolis Royal, April 18th, 1884 3it5

ANNAPOLIS, SS.,

In the Supreme Court, 1884.

CAUSE:

JAMES MANCHESTER, JAMES F. ROBERTSON AND JOSEPH ALLISON, Plaintiffs,

vs.

CALEB WILLOUGHBY SHAFFNER, Defendant,

To be Sold at

Public Auction

By the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his Deputy at the Court House, in Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, on

Saturday, 31st May, 1884,

at 11 o'clock, a. m.

ALL the right, title and interest of the above named Defendant, of in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of

LAND,

situate, lying and being at South Farmington, in the Township of Wilmot, in the County aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, that is to say, beginning at the corner of the fence at the south west corner of Elias Phinney's orchard on the mill road, thence running northwardly by the fence on the west side of the spruce hedge, 56 rods more or less, to the Annapolis River, thence west by said river 32 rods to a stake and stones on George More's north-east corner be the same more or less, thence southwardly by the line fence to the mill road, aforementioned, thence by said mill road 26 rods more or less to the place of beginning, containing by estimation, 8 acres, more or less, together with the dwelling house, store, barn, and other buildings and appurtenances to the said lot of land, belonging, or in anywise appertaining, the same having been taken and levied upon under an execution issued in the above cause on a judgment duly registered more than one year.

TERMS.—Twenty per cent. deposit at the time of sale, remainder on delivery of the deed.

J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff.

T. D. RUGGLES, Plaintiffs' Atty.

Sheriff's Office, Annapolis, 21st of April, A. D. 1884. 5it7.

Poetry.

Resignation.

'Life's mystery—deep, restless as the ocean,
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O God, in Thee.

'Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human hopes and loves fly as the chaff.
Born by the whirlwind from the ripened grain
Oh! When before that blast my hopes shall flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee.

'Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest; loving, guiding, not explaining;
We ask, and Thou art silent; yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining.
No crushing fate, no stony destiny,
Thou 'Lamb that hath been slain!' we rest in Thee.

'The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground swell that rolls up from other hands,
From far off worlds, from dim eternal shores,
Whose echo dashes o'er life's wave-worn strands;
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in Thee.

'Thy pierced hand guides the mysterious wheels,
Thy thorn crowned brow now the crown of power;
And when the dark enigma presseth sore,
Thy patient voice saith, 'Watch with me one hour.'
As sinks the moaning river in the sea,
In silent peace, so sinks my soul in Thee.'

Select Literature.

A Night of Terror.

'Let me see?' said the chief,, as the telegraph operators gathered around the fire one evening after their day's work of dots and dashes was done. 'Did I ever tell you how I outwitted the robbers when I was a young 'plug' working on the railroad?'

'No! no!' 'Fire away!' 'Give us a story.' were the answers, and the boys assumed comfortable positions in their chairs, ignited their weeds and prepared to listen to a yarn.'

'Well began the chief, 'I was about sixteen years old when I got my first job of telegraphing, and a happy boy was I, though the position was only that of a night operator at the little station of Kenelsville on the New York and Erie Railroad. But it was a stepping stone to something better, and the pay, though small, was sure, and helped very materially in the support of my widowed mother and sister. But of all lonesome, isolated offices I ever worked in, I think Kenelsville was the worst. It was at least half a mile from any human habitation and almost entirely surrounded by woods. The only companions I had from seven o'clock in the evening until the same hour in the morning were my instruments and my books, except when some long freight train would stop for orders and I could have a short chat with some of the dusty train men before they hurried along on their way and disappeared in the darkness, leaving me ten times more lonely than before. The day operator at Kenelsville also performed the function of ticket and freight agent, and had charge of what little express was handled at that small station. One night when I came on duty at seven o'clock, he called me one side and said: 'Carl, I have an express package here for Mr. Churchill with $3,000 currency in it that came up on No. 11. He has been expecting the money for some time, and will probably call for it on his way home, before nine o'clock. Do you suppose you can take care of it until then?' I felt a little uneasy about keeping such a valuable package in such a lonely place, but as he seemed so anxious that Mr. Churchill should not be disappointed when he called and as I knew he had an engagement with a certain young lady that evening in which any delay might be detrimental to his hopes, I told him I thought I could take care of it, and so after placing the package in the old safe and instructing me regarding the receipts, etc, he took his departure for the village a mile away, and then began one of the toughest nights' experience I ever had, and—my story. The first part of the night I was kept busy repeating messages train orders and other telegraph business that I had hardly time think of the money. But as time wore on and nine o'clock was reached and passed, I began to be a little uneasy for fear Mr. Churchill had given up expecting the package or gone home another way and I should have to worry about it all night, though I laughed at myself for my fears. Mr. Churchill was an extensive live stock buyer and often received considerable sums of money by express to use in his business, and as he usually knew when the remittances were forwarded, he was generally at the station to meet them; but, for some reason, this package had been delayed and he had called for it a number of times without success and seemed considerably worried in consequence. Ten and eleven came and went and still no Mr. Churchill appeared (being detained, as I afterward learned, by the laming of his horse in a distant part of the country while on one of his stock buying trips). It was a nasty night outside. A drizzling rain fell with ceaseless patter on roof and the wind raising in violence dashed the water against the window in great sheets and shook the little depot to its very foundations. My imagination became very active, every sound was maginified a hundred fold and transformed into something terrible. When the great gusts of wind would make the little building groan and tremble, my heart almost jumped into my mouth and I could feel my hair fairly raise on end in very excess of terror. But as the hours wore on and nothing happened, I at last became more calm and turned my attention to my nightly practice of copying the through messages as they flashed over the wire, for I was anxious to become a good operator and never lost an opportunity of improveing my telegraphy. It is pretty hard work for a young operator to 'catch on' to the flying messages when two 'brass pounders' are at work trying their best to break each other up, and the best I could do I would often get hopelessly behind and have to leave off and commence anew. But I stuck to it and scribbled up sheet after sheet of the railroad company's paper and became so absorbed in the work that I forgot all about the money, my fears and everything else until a noise behind me caused me to look around, and there, not six feet away from my chair, stood three of the most villainous looking men I ever laid my eyes on. Each of them wore a half mask, and the one who appeared to be the leader held a brace of revolvers in such a manner that I could look directly into the muzzle, and as the weapons were at full cock the vista was not at all pleasing. They had easily picked the old door lock under cover of the noisy elements and entered so quietly that I was in their power before I became aware of their presence.

I was almost frightened out of my wits, but managed to ask in a tremulous voice what they wanted.

'What do we want? cried the leader. 'You know well enough what we want; that $3,000 that came to-night for old Churchill, and the less fuss you make about it the beter it will be for you. Tie up this kid, you fellows, and let's go in for the swag.'

Two of the men seized me, and despite my resistance (which was not enormous) I was quickly bound hand and foot and thrown on the floor beside my instrument table. The leader made a critical examination of the safe and tried a number of times to pick the lock with some small instrument, but seemingly without success. It has always been a mystery to me that he didn't ask me for the key, which was hanging all the time on a secret nail under the desk; but I suppose he thought I was so young that the agent would not intrust it with me (as indeed he had never done before.) At last the villain at the safe became disgusted, and throwing down his tools exclaimed with an oath:

'It's no use, boys; we'll have to salt her and let her blow.'

'A drill was produced from a black bag which one of them carried, and the entire gang, working alternately, set about drilling a hole in the safe door, near the lock, but meanwhile I had not been idle. As soon as the robbers had overpowered me and I lay bound on the floor they paid no more attention to me, and after the first fright wore off I began to cudgel my brains for some plan to outwit them and save the money, though I confess my position seemed rather hopeless for any extensive efforts in that line. If I could only get to the instruments and telegraph the train despatcher to stop the through express. But I might as well have been a mile instead of a few feet from the key for all I could do to reach it. As I lay on the floor with my back to the wall, my hands which were tied at the wrists, pressed directly upon the insulated wires that ran along the baseboard from the instrument table to the outdoor connections. Suddenly a thought flashed through my mind, for there, right under my hands, was a place where two wires had been spliced together. If I could only untwist the wires, I could, by tapping the ends together, telegraph the dispatcher to have No. 7 stop at Kenelsville, save the money and perhaps capture the robbers. Glorious thought. I glanced at the clock. It was 12.45. No 7 was due at Aldine, six miles away, at 1.05. I had twenty minutes to work. My hands being bound at the wrists, I had a partial use of them, or rather cramped place to work, after long and patient labor I succeeded in separating the wires. I heard the instruments on the table click as the circuit was broken. I brought the end together again and click—the circuit was complete. I now began slowly and laboriously, to carry out my plan. Taking a wire between my fingers in either hand I brought the ends together again, making a dash and a dot, or the letter 'N,' which has the dispatcher's call. I repeated this a few times and in a moment the response came, 'I, I, N.' Now, carefully and with long, straggling letters, I tapped out this message:

' ' KNL.

' ' E'sp'r.—N.—Robbers bust'n safe—send help No. 7—' I'm bound on the floor sending this tapped wires.

OPERATOR.'

' ' O. K' came the answer with a few words of cheer from the despatcher, who seemed to comprehend it all in a minute, and a moment after I heard him send the following message, brief but to the point.

' ' Conductor No 7—Aidins—Stop at Kenelsville—Capture robbers bursting safe—Be quick, but cautious.

'RENNIE, Train Dispatcher.'

'Meanwhile the burglars had succeeded in drilling a hole in the safe. A piece of fuse was produced and one end inserted in the hole, and after lighting it the party adjourned to the freight room to await developements. I listened in an agony of suspence for the explosion, but three—five—ten minutes passed and still the safe remained intact. I heard No. 7 reported as leaving Aldina two minutes late at 1.07. Would she reach Kenelsville in time? At last the robbers returned cautiously and there was considerable swearing when it was found that the fuse, dampened by the rain, had gone out just before reaching the powder. A fresh piece was placed in position and the leader had just taken his cigar from his mouth to light it when suddenly the door was burst open and in a moment the room seemed full of men in railroad and police uniform. A short sharp battle ensued, I was stepped on, kicked and walked over until I almost wished no aid had come.

The robbers, seeing they were cornered drew their revolvers and fought desperately, but were quickly overpowered by force of numbers after wounding two of the rescuing party. I was quickly released, related my story, and learned how the train had been stopped some distance below the station and the rescuing party had come the rest of the way on foot, arriving just in the nick of time. The three rogues were taken on to the next station and one of the train men was allowed to keep me company until morning, when I had the pleasure of seeing the money package safe in the hands of Mr. Churchill. The burglars were sentenced to long imprisonment at the next term of court, though they never could be made to tell how they knew the money was in the depot, but I suppose they must have been in the express office when the money was shipped and followed it up on a venture.

'I did not work at Kenelsville long after that. The express officials took considerable interest in me and at their recommendation I was advanced as fast as my ability would warrant until I reached my present position. But I never wake up at night and hear the rain paitering on the roof and beating against the window panes without thinking of my night of terror in the Kennelsville depot.'

—The following paper was read by W. H. Magee, Vice President before the Teachers Association held in Bridgetown, at its last meeting, and the motion was passed unanimously; but as several of the members were absent, and the paper might be of interest to teachers who are not members, Mr. Magee was requested to publish the paper in the local press.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentileman.

It is my intention in rising to move certain resolutions concerning the Provincial Normal School, and Normal trained teachers, but before so doing, I wish, with your permission, to offer a few remarks on the subject.

The Provincial Normal School, founded in 1855, has now nearly attanied to its thirtieth year. The present, is an age of progress, and considering the rapid changes everywhere taking place, thirty years is a long period. Our country has improved wonderfully during that time, and he, who had been absent, would with difficulty recognise the once familiar place. Has the Normal School attained a growth, a success commensurate with its age; has it become as useful as its founders hoped and intended? Has it kept pace with the needs of our province? Has it returned to us, benefit proportionate to the money expended on it? It has grown, it has been successful, it has given great benefit to us; but it has not done what, had it been properly upheld, it could have done, what we trust it will do in the near future. Has the fault been either in itself, or in the system when used? Perhaps to a certain extent, but we must look for the main cause of its slow growth, and its accompaniment the slow progress of Normal teaching, to outside obstructions. Where then, does the fault lie? If we plant a tree, especially an exotic, in any soil, and then neglect it, we can expect only slow growth or speedy death, unless it be very hardy. When, in addition, we place hindrances in the way of its growth, soon the hardiest may fail. The Normal School was an exotic, it may have been planted under favorable conditions, but it has been neglected and in some ways has been directly acted against. That it has not only lived, but grown, though slowly in public esteem, speaks volumes for it and its system.

Why do we claim it has been neglected? Money has been freely provided, apparatus and a fine building; the teachers are men of ability and enthusiastic in their work. It has been neglected, in that the standard of entrance has been allowed to remain so low, that a great part, I may say the greater part, of the session must be spent by the students in preparing for examination in scholarship. No students should be allowed to enter till they showed themselves qualified to pass the test without farther study; then the whole time could be devoted to training—to practice. How can they expect trained teachers, when only a few hours, or at best a few days out of the term of nine months, are given up to actual practice? Yet, such is the case, Normal School students will seem, when we examine closely, to have not so very much better training than our large Academies afford.

What direct obstructions are placed in its way? Students, in order to attend, must devote a year of their time, they must pay their board for nine months, and, when they leave, the Government makes no distinction between them and untrained teachers, no difference between the Normalite, holding a superior diploma and the country school scholar with an average of 50. Till students can plainly see some distinction made, they can not be expected to give up their time and money. The other provinces are ahead of us; New Brunswick, with a school system of but few years standing, has surpassed us. Are we to remain longer in the rear, allowing that tide 'which taken at the flood leads on to fortune' to ebb? No? Let it be known that trained teachers will receive trained teachers pay, let them be encouraged and not neglected, and in the course of a few years, such a change will be wrought in our schools that even the sanguine will be surprised. A few years of encouragement to trained teachers a few years furlough to those not holding diplomas, and compulsory attendance at the Normal School, a much desired end,

Therefore I would move the following resolution: (this resolution we published in our notice of Association: in issue of 7th inst. ED. MON.)

Glycerine.

The name is derived from a Greek word signifying 'sweet,' and has reference to the taste. As oil consists of acid and glycerine, the latter is obtained by separating the oil—the same is true of fat—into its component parts.

The uses of glycerine are becoming more extended and valuable. There is no application that is better than a few drops rubbed daily over the hands, to keep them moist and smooth. The hands should be first moistened with water, as the glycerine otherwise absorbs moisture from the skin.

Glycerine and carbolic acid—three ounces of the former to fifteen grains of the latter—are the most efficient applications for chapped hands, and equally for a scurfy skin. It may be used two or three times a day.

Glycerine is also said to be exceedingly effective in some cases of piles. A gentleman who had suffered with them for years, and whose case appeared to defy medical treatment, was cured by taking it daily with his food. A dose would be from a half to a whole tablespoonful.

Writers in the *London Lancet* strongly recommends it for acidity of stomach. Its use for this trouble was first discovered by a private gentleman, who had long been a sufferer from it. Having read in a paper that glycerine kept milk from souring, he said to himself, 'Why won't it keep me?'

He tried it with complete success, and was able thenceforth to take food from which he had been forced to abstain. It was subsequently employed by physicians with like results.

It does not remove acidity; it only prevents its occurrence. Take from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful immediately after eating; or take it in the tea in place of sugar.—*Youth's Companion.*

—'I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months,' said a saloon keeper boastfully, to a crowd of his townsmen. 'You have made more than that,' quietly remarked a listener. 'What is that?' You have made wretched homes—women and children poor, and sick and weary in life, You have made my two sons drunkards,' continued the speaker, with trembling earnestness; 'you made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken hearted woman. O, yes; you have made much—more than I can reckon up, but you'll get the full count some day—you'll get it some day!

Gems of Thought.

When a man dons a red flannel night cap the honeymoon is over.

The best hand to hold in the game of life is that of your best girl.

'I am wrecked on the rock,' thought the baby whose cradle was tipped over.

'I'm man's bosom friend if I do occasionally give him a cuff,' says the laundress.

Beecher says the angels hold their noses when they look down on a Wall Street man.

'Oh, I'm up to the scratch, and you can't sit down on me!' says the barbed wire fence.

There's nothing startling about a clove, but it fairly takes a man's breath—between acts.

The New Orleans Picayune says the tax dodger howls loudest for public improvement.

Drunken men are seldom hungry, but the man who is sleepy drunk is possessed of a happy tight.

—Using a rubber comb is often deterimental to the hair. Persons with a great deal of electricity in the hair should use a bone comb.

—Business failures throughout the country in the last seven days number 158 for the United States and 33 for Canada.

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.

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