Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 20. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY AUGUST 10, 1892. NO. 19.

NOTICE!

A few manuscripts are wanting to complete the History the late Mr. Calnek spent so many years in compiling. Any person having in their keeping notes or papers bearing upon the subject will hasten the object upon which Mr. Calnek heart was so set by handing them into the Monitor office, or to the subscriber,

F. H. S. CALNEK,
Westville, Pictou Co.

Bridgetown, June 17th, 1892. 12 tf

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of TIMOTHY BAKER, late of Melvern Square, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within nine months from the date; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to

JOSEPHINE BAKER,
Administratrix.
E. F. McNEIL,
Administrator.

Melvern Square, April 18th, 1892. 3 17i

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of Stephen Edward Bent, late of Bentville, in the County of Annapolis farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

HERBERT BENT,
HOWARD BENT,
JOHN BENT,
Administrators.

Dated Bentville, May 19th, 1892. 8 6m

Executor's Notice.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of JAMES LONGLEY, late of Granville, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to

W. F. PARKER,
ANDREW WALKER,
Executors.

Granville, May 25th, 1892. 9 13i

Executors' Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN O. PINEO, late of Wolfville, in the County of Kings, Esq., are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from this date: and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to WILLIAM S. PINEO, Wilmot, N. S.

ROBERT V. JONES,
Wolfville, N. S., *Executors,*
Or to E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY,
Proctor for the Estate.

Wolfville, March 31st, 1892. 1 6m

NOTICE!

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late GEORGE W. HUDSON, of Phinney Cove, in the Township of Granville, County of Annapolis, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

EMMERETTA A. HUDSON,
Administratrix.

Phinney Cove, April 30th, 1892. 6 1y

Executrix Notice!

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JACOB FOSTER, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested to, on or before the 21st day of July, 1892; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

SERETHA FREEMAN,

Bridgetown, June 21st, 1892. *Executrix.*

Administrators' Notice

All persons having legal claims against the estate of the late WILLIAM ROY, Esq., of Margaretville, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same, duly attested to, within three months from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to.

FLETCHER A. ROY,
A. BENSON ROY,
Administrators.

Margaretville, May 27th, 1892. 913i

Administrators Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN W. ACKER, late of Nictaux Falls, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to

Wm. J. H. BALCOM,
Administrator.

Nictaux Falls, August 1st, 1892. 18 6m

LOOK!

Here is a chance to buy one of the best ALL-PURPOSE MARES in the County; dark bay, four years old, good style, fine traveller, perfectly kind in single or double harness. Apply to

E. B. FOSTER, Hampton.

Wood Mantle-Pieces
and
OVER MANTLES

made to order. ALSO:

Side-boards, Desks, Sheffoniers, Newel Posts, Art Furniture, Easels, Fire Screens, Fancy Tables, Picture Frames and Mirrors.

All kinds of **REPAIRING** promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

ALBERT BENSON,
DENNISON BUILDING.

Bridgetown, Sept 2nd, 1891 22 6m

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE

A COMBINATION OF
Cod Liver Oil Cream
WITH
HYPOPHOSPHITES

FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION,
PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,
Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

ECONOMICAL IN USE.

One teaspoonful of *Phospholeine* being equal in nutritive and blood-making value to ten times its bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the *Cheapest* preparation in use.

Phospholeine is THE ONLY PREPARATION that we know of which has effected actual cures in *bona fide* cases of Consumption, Scrofula and other Wasting Diseases.

IT IS SO PLEASANT that some mothers have to put it out of the reach of their children to prevent them from drinking a whole bottle.

☞ See last and next issues for Certificate.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT 50C. PER BOTTLE OF 60 DOSES.

WORTH YOUR ATTENTION!

My **SPRING GOODS** have arrived, consisting of a nice line of Dress Goods, Mantle Cloths, Lace Shoulder Capes, Gloves, Hosiery, Laces, Braids, Fancy Goods. A fine line of Carpets from 15c. upwards. Ladies' Undervests from 12c. upwards. Also a nice line of Gents' Ready-made Clothing. Also a line of House Furnishings, such as Curtains, Bedroom Setts, Chairs and Lounges. A special line of Millinery; as usual MISS FOSTER will be in attendance, on and after the 11th inst.

The public is cordially invited to inspect my tock, but, as usual,

"THE NO CREDIT SYSTEM"
will be in force.

MRS. WOODBURY.

Professional Cards.

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

Dr. M. E. G. MARSHALL,
DENTIST.

Offers his professional services to the public. Every branch of Dental Science executed with skill, according to the latest and most approved methods.

Nitrous Oxide Gas and Other Anæsthetics used for PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
Queen Street, - Bridgetown.

THE ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE

ST. JOHN, N. B.,
JULY 1st, 1892.

I beg to intimate to the public that I have this day transferred all my interest in the Shorthand Institute heretofore conducted by me at Odd Fellows' Hall, in this city, to Messrs. Kerr & Pringle, proprietors of the St. John Business College, who will carry on the business in connection with their College, and for whom I respectfully solicit the kind patronage so long enjoyed by me.

J. HARRY PEPPER.

NOTICE!

LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON

WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, Esquire.
Office open at 9 a.m.

49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49 tf

O. T. DANIELS. O. S. MILLER

DANIELS & MILLER,
BARRISTERS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
☞ United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
☞ Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

G. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.

Office and residence in the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. L. G. deBlois.

Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.

Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

James Primrose, D. D. S.

Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.

Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton,
he last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

DR. W. A. MORGAN,
DENTIST,
Rooms over "Monitor" office.

Teeth extracted without Pain

by the use of Vegetable Vapor, which is far superior to Ether, Chloroform, or Nitrous Oxide Gas, and is safe, reliable, and pleasant in every respect.

☞ Office days at Bridgetown from first until fourteenth of each month, commencing December 1st. 31 tf

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.

Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings. Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

G. O GATES,
PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pianos & Organs.

Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

For Sale!

The BRICK STORE and DWELLING at Annapolis, known as the
"HARRIS" BUILDING.

A part of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.

For terms apply to the Agent of the Union Bank of Halifax at Annapolis.

FARM FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers his valuable farm for sale.

For particulars apply to
IRA B. NEILY,
42 Middleton.

FOR SALE!

THE property now owned and occupied by the subscriber, at Granville Ferry, consisting of a House of ten rooms, a Grocery-store and Barn, a good Garden set with Fruit Trees, and two never-failing wells of water.

For terms apply to
ROBT. W. INGLIS,
On the Premises.

Granville Ferry, August 3rd, 1891. 18 tf

FOR SALE.

That beautiful place, "THORN COTTAGE," situate at

Middleton Corner,

formerly owned by Fowler and Chipman, containing 4 acres of good land, and also Orchard, all in good state of cultivation.

Also, good comfortable House and other Outbuildings, all in first-class state of repair. If not sold will be rented Nov. 10th. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

MILLER BROS.,
116 and 118 Granville St.,
24 tf Halifax.

FARM FOR SALE!

The large and valuable farm in Granville, half mile west of Bridgetown, called

"THE CHUTE FARM."

Immediate possession, with all the crops. Terms easy.

T. D. RUGGLES.

May 16th, 1892. 7 3m

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

A GREAT CHANCE TO BUY FURNITURE

The subscriber acting as agent for Messrs. Runciman, Randolph, and Shaw, now offers the public

Extra Value

in all the Furniture to be found in the Warerooms. It embraces Parlor and Bedroom Suites and a General Assortment of Household Articles usually found requisite for the Trade.

Among the special bargains may be found

Parlor Suites, in plush, from $40 to $75.00
Ash Bedroom Setts, from $10 to $40.00
Walnut Setts, with Develle Glass Mirrors, complete, $65.00
Antique Oak Dining-room setts, $45 to $80
Side Boards, from $18 to $30.00

UNDERTAKING.

As has been the custom of the subscriber for years past, he begs to state that he is now in a better position than ever before, to give his personal attention to the Undertaking business, and is able to furnish all kinds of Coffins, Caskets and Trimmings.

J. B. REED, *Agent.*
September 7th, 1891. 23tf

IMPERIAL
Fire Insurance Company,
OF LONDON, ENGLAND,
ESTABLISHED 1803.

CAPITAL, - - - £1,200,000.
ASSETS, - - - £1,631,015.

AGENTS:

EDW. RUGGLES, at Bridgetown, N. S.
T. A. PEARSON, at South Farmington, N.S.
J. M. OWEN, at Annapolis, N. S.
June 21st, 1891.

New Goods!

In Millinery Department:

The Largest and most Stylish assortment of Millinery to be found, at

LOWER PRICES than usual.

LADIES' and CHILDRENS'

CORSETS,

including best makes, at reduced prices.

KID GLOVES,
IN FOSTER LACINGS,
JOSEPHINE & UNDRESSED,
VERY CHEAP.

Also, Ladies' and Childrens' SUMMER Undervests, Hosiery, Stamped Goods, etc.

Trimmed Bonnets & Hats.

Trimming done at short notice at very moderate charges.

CRAPE WORK A SPECIALTY.

B. LOCKETT.

FARMERS!

We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season
At Best Possible Advantage.

Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,

FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
HALIFAX, N. S. ja92

WANTED—Good wide-awake agents to sell for the Fonthill Nurseries of Canada. Good pay and regular and constant employment to the right men. No drones need apply. We have 700 acres under stock, every department fully equipped. Address STONE & WELLINGTON, Temple Building, Montreal, J. W. BEALL, Manager. Name this paper. 9 3m

SUPERIOR

to all other medicines for purifying the blood and restoring the health and strength,

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

is the standard specific for Scrofula, Catarrh Rheumatism, and Debility.

Cures Others will cure you.

CALL AND SEE US!

I HAVE OPENED,
in the store recently occupied
by A. D. CAMERON,
The Finest Assortment of Goods
ever placed upon the market.

A New, Choice and Carfully-selected
Stock of GROCERIES.
An Excellent Line of
CANNED GOODS.
A Splendid Display of
CROCKERYWARE,
in all the latest designs,
and a fine selection of GLASSWARE that will suit the taste of the most fastidious.
Confectionery and Xmas Novelties.

My Goods have been obtained from the most reliable houses in Canada, and are warranted to be fresh and first-class in every particular.

Motto: Quick Sales and Small Profits.

Inspection invited. Satisfaction guaranteed

BURPEE E. CHUTE.
December 1st, 1891. 35 1y

J. H. CHUTE.

I would beg to announce that my importations for Spring are now complete, and customers will find my stock

WELL SELECTED.

We spare no pains in our selection of Goods, as to Style and Quality, and we pay especial attention to

LADIES FURNISHING,
Dress Goods, Trimmings,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

This season these lines are unusually fine

IN OUR MILLINERY DEP'T,
we claim to lead ALL COMPETITION.

☞ Our goods are bought in the best markets and on the most favorable terms.

An inspection of my stock is most cordially invited.

J. H. CHUTE
MIDDLETON.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Just Received:
Black Georgian Silks,
Black Satin de Lyon,
Black Indian Silk,
Black Surah Silk.

DRESS GOODS,
Black Henrietta Cloths and Cashmeres.
Newest Shades and Designs in
Satteens, Delaines, Muslins, Etc.
BLACK and FANCY
CLOTHS
suitable for Ladies' Suits, Jackets and Cloaks.

ALSO:
SPRING MILLINERY,
in Hats, Bonnets, Laces, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, etc., etc.

L. C. WHEELOCK
Lawrencetown, March 14th, 1892.

Must be Sold Out!

I HAVE A FEW SETTS OF

Double and Single Harnesses, Working Harnesses in parts to suit, Collars and Harness Furniture, which

I WILL DISPOSE OF AT GREAT BARGAINS.

Liberal credit given. Special cash discount.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Having been favored for the last forty years with a large patronage in my Harness business, and now as I am about closing up said industry, I take this opportunity of sincerely thanking my many friends and the public in general for the many favors bestowed throughout that long period.

Yours very respectfully,
GEO. MURDOCH.

N. B.—Mr. Legg hes rented my Repair Shop and will be glrd to supply Harnesses, etc., in the best styles and at lowest prices.

TEA. TEA.

JUST RECEIVED,
Direct from London, on Consignment,
25 Half-Chests Choice Quality
BLACK TEA.

Parties wishing a good article at a low price, will please apply to

Geo. E. Corbitt.
Annapolis, April 11th, 1892. 2 tf

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

☞ Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia

Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Established 1873.

THE WEEKLY MONITOR.
ISSUED ON WEDNESDAY,
At Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S.

M. K. PIPER, Proprietor and Publisher.

TERMS $1.50 per annum, if paid within three months; if not, $2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, (1½ inches), one insertion.....$1.00
Twenty-five cents each continuation.
One square, one year,.....................$10.00
Two squares, one year,..................... 15.00

A liberal discount to regular advertisers, and full information given on application.

Advertisers are respectfully requested to hand in their matter as early in the week as possible.

Copy for changes, to secure insertion, must be in our hands not later than TUESDAY NOON.

JOB PRINTING

of all kinds, plain and fancy, executed at short notice. Neat work, good paper, and reasonable prices. Pamphlets for lodges, societies, and catalogues, put up in any style required.

News items from all parts of the County respectfully solicited.

Births, deaths and marriages inserted free of charge.

Address all business letters or correspondence to "MONITOR" Office, or

R. S. McCORMICK, Manager.

Poetry.

Found Dead.

Found dead in a doorway on Chestnut street,
Just when the night and morning meet,
An elderly man with scant white hair;
And all that told what had brought him there
Was a bottle of brandy, or gin, or rum,
To show that the murder, by drink had come,
Drifted the cruel snow over his form,
Pelted adown the merciless storm,
Icicles formed in his tangled hair,
Froze to his temples, and clustered there.
Stiff were his fingers, so wrinkled and thin,
Through rags, rents and tatters the ice breath crept in.
Blue, cold and frozen the poor tired feet,
Covered alone by the bitter night's sleet,
And down in his face the bright gas light glared,
And nobody knew him, and nobody cared!
Out in the whirling, blinding snow—
Who is this outcast? Does nobody know?
Nobody knew him and nobody cared
How either his soul or his body fared,
Only his bottle the story told,
Helpless and hopeless, friendless and old,
Stupified, starving, suffering, sick,
Begging a bed and getting a kick,
Shoved to one side by a careless world,
Careless how soon to eternity hurled!
O the ushering out of that lonely soul,
No bell in the tall, grand steeple to toll!
No mourners to gather and weep around!
Only the wind with its wailing sound!
Only the trees tossed their skeleton arms
Up to the sky at the wind's alarms!
Long, long ago, on a fond mother's breast
He may have been fondled to innocent rest,
Mother-love bent over him, over him wept,
Over him many a long vigil kept,
Handled him tenderly, lovingly smiled,
For at that time he was somebody's child.
Sure mother-love then was as mother-love yet.
Lift him up tenderly bear him away,
Jeer not at his weakness nor cruel words say
For the sake of those white hairs, though fallen so low,
How much he was tempted we none of us know,
After him long years the foe may have crept,
Watched him while waking, still watched as he slept,
Robbing him, torturing, stealing his youth,
Sowing the seed for this last hour's ruth.
We only see with our earth-vision weak,
As mortals we judge and as mortals we speak,
Above, there is One, all-true and all-wise,
Who looking adown from the upper skies
And reading each heart in its inmost thought,
Understands, comprehends, when we discern not,
And out in that lonely night, starless and cold,
With the poor wanderer, weary and old,
He may have seen and forgiven all,
Heeds He not even the sparrows fall!
Saved He not even the thief on the tree?
Such was the lesson dear Calvary,
But weep for the fallen! Aye, shudder for them!
Moan! moan for the widows and orphans rum makes!
Moan! moan for the hearts that the rum-seller breaks!
In the cup's honeyed depths there is direst of woe;
Do you doubt, do you doubt that dead men found it so?
Found dead in a doorway on Chestnut street,
Thence to a final judgment seat,
Up to the steps of the great white Throne,
Into His presence who sits thereon.
The greatest maker of the greatest laws,
The truest Judge of criminal's laws,
Dead, dead in the doorway alone, all alone,
Only the night wind to echo his moan,
But above, from His throne, the great Judge saw,
The just judge who judges the liquor law.

Select Literature.

What Was in the Box.

BY CLEMENT V. SCOTT.

It was in the depth of a dark and dreary winter. But it was in the middle of a warm and beautiful summer when the deed was done.

As yet I am not alluding to anything mysterious at all, but at the same time I am very anxious to explain how it was that I, a humble and not altogether solitary Englishman, found myself located in the Hotel Drei Liebchen at Anannasberg within a few hours of Christmas day.

I was traveling alone one summer time full of health and uncommonly full of spirits, and I rashly got out of the Rhine steamer at Anannasberg in order to pay a flying visit to a miniature Paris, hedged round with avenues and consecrated to the military, and deliver some letters of introduction to an enthusiastic English engineer, who was doing his best to make the stolid Germans energetic, and make a fortune during the unenviable process.

Strange to say he took to me. There was no beating about the bush. We were friends at once, and a few hours after my credentials were read and thrown aside, I found myself walking with my arm in his towards that cosy and hospitable mansion in which he lived and where he had introduced that delightful home feeling, and those pleasant family associations, so dear to the English—so strange to the foreign mind.

Here was a miniature English home planted in a strange land, and I can tell you that it was by no means objectionable to enjoy my cut of joint under his management, in the company of men worth talking to, and women decidedly worth admiring.

I am now gradually nearing the poing. Before the next sun sank my portmanteau was moved up from the hotel to my friend's house, and the first night I slept under his hospitable roof I was dreaming, strange to say, of his daughter.

There was no help for it. It was the very place of all others to make love in. It was the very weather of all weather for the operation.

A house surrounded by a wilderness of varied trees overarching one another, and making love in their quaint and fanciful fashion; a lake at the end of the garden full of desolate weeds and owning a crazy old boat; a soft croquet lawn for the more worldly and bright flowers for the lovers of nature; a sun which perpetually gleamed upon the warm white house, and laughter forever ringing out of it—surely such a place as this was the one of all others to make love in.

They called her Annabel, and I called her so first on the brightest of all the moonlight nights, when half a dozen of us had been frightening the girls in the shrubbery, and we found ourselves alone—I deny that it was accident—by the gloomy lake.

There we were. The one word Annabel came trembling from my lips, and the one look which her answering eyes gave me, pursuaded me that I had not made a mistake.

We were engaged, and a few days after I left for England with all the parental diffculties got over—the husband that was to be of as true and sensible and as pure a woman as ever fell to a young fellow's lot.

This was in the summer time, and at Christmas I found myself, of course, at the Drei Liebchen at Anannasberg.

It was a bitterly cold winter, but I heeded it not. The thoughts of seeing her again almost warmed me. My excitement to get away from London was tremendous. We all know that pleasant time, those few days before Christmas, when every cab dashes past us with a portmanteau on its roof, taking little hearts and happy faces to kindly homes far away.

I was bound for Germany and my love. My holiday was short, but, under the circumstances, where in the whole world could it better be spent?

And what with sleeping and smoking, and dreaming and thinking, and fidgeting and longing, I arrived after midnight on Christmas eve at the Drei Liebchen.

It was too late to present myself at the white house. Beside, I was not presentable. I was dirty, unshaven and woebegone with constant travelling. A quiet night at the hotel I thought the best plan, that I might present myself spick and span the next morning.

Such precautions as these should never be forgotten. The female mind is generous but susceptible, and this susceptibility not unfrequently conquers generosity. I determined to be on the right side of the hedge, and made up my mind for a refreshing sleep at the Drei Liebchen.

But I reckoned without my host.

It was after midnight when I drove up to the hotel from the station, and though as luck would have it, mine host had not retired for the night, I found anything but pleasant news awaiting me. I was absolutely thunderstruck. There was no room in the hotel.

"What! at this time of the year?" I asked, with something like irritation.

A stupid and very positive "ja" answered me incontestably.

"But have you no corner in which you can squeeze me for the night?" I asked.

The landlord consulted his slate. He also consulted a very sleepy and obstinate servant—the kind of man who seemed determined not to smile or be genial, and appeared to take a quiet and fiendish delight in my misery.

"Yes; there was one room."

There was one room; but should I object? There was not somebody, but something in it.

"What is that?" I asked, curiously.

"A black box."

I looked astonished.

"Oh! there's nothing to be alarmed at," said my host, wondering at the curious expression of countenance I had assumed. "The fact of the matter is this. An officer who is to be attached to the calvary regiment quartered in the town, telegraphed to me only this morning for a particular room which he always uses. He said that he would send on his luggage beforehand, and arrive by the last train to-night. The luggage, consisting of this one black box, arrived, not beforehand, but by the last train, and as the officer has not, up to this moment, made his appearence, and as I cannot imagine that he is remaining so late with any friends in the town, there will surely be no harm in your occupying his room."

Accordingly I went very gratefully up to bed; and too tired even to take the precaution of locking my door. I surveyed the black box for a few minutes, wondered how officers could use such ridiculous and unsightly coffers for conveying their impedimenta, and very shortly after turned into bed.

I was dead tired, but strange to say, I was restless and could not sleep; indeed, I was, if anything, overtired.

I was excited with my rapid journey, excited with the thought of seeing Annabel, worried with the prolixity of the landlord, and curious about the black box.

I was gradually becoming excited about this box. I fancied all sorts of horrors. My mind wandered from Greenacre, the murderer, to the horrible Pantin tragedy; from Portia to Bluebeard; from the dramatic narrative of the Mistletoe Bough to the thrilling tragedy of the "Iron Chest," which I had seen during Mr. Charles Kean's management at the Princess Theatre.

And then I suppose from sheer fatigue I must have dosed.

A sudden and sharp click awoke me!

I sat bolt up in bed and listened.

Not a sound.

The box again fascinated me; so, shrinking down between the sheets again, I watched it.

Slowly—very slowly—inch by inch, I saw the lid of the box move.

There was no use denying it—I was in a terrible fright. I don't mind the natural, but I have a holy horror of the supernatural. I was in a fevered, nervous and an unfortunate state; and in that horrible condition between sleeping and waking I hardly knew what I was about.

Still the lid of the box rose gradually, There was no doubt about it.

Then a head appeared and it looked stealthily around the room.

I instantly pretended to fall asleep, and gave a very good imitation of a snore.

The head lengthened into a body. The lid of the box flew back, and a short, thick-set man stepped out of his hiding place.

It was no ghost.

He paid no attention to my jewelry, but made at once for the door.

He walked as noiselessly as a cat, and slipped quietly out of the room.

There was no time to be lost. I hurried on a few articles of clothing, provided myself with a stout walking stick, the only thing I had handy, thrust my money and my jewels into my pocket, and started off on the pursuit.

I was wide awake by this time, and was now terribly eager to arrest my midnight visitor.

I was determined not to arouse the house until it was absolutely necessary.

The clock struck three as I darted into the passage to surprise him.

Down stairs I went in less than no time.

But I was too late. Those minutes occupied in collecting my valuables and slipping on my things were all wasted time. There was no trace of him. It was terribly dark in the passages, and I was rather nervous of a sudden encounter in the dark.

Besides he might have firearms, while I was compartively unarmed. The notion of coming flop up against him in the pitch darkness extinguished some portion of my enthusiasm.

Besides, while I was reflecting what to do and where to go, I found that I had lost myself entirely. I knew nothing about the ins and outs of the rambling old hotel, and I had not taken my bearings and quite forgot the number of my room.

I wandered about the passages for quite half an hour, and at last, after a fruitless search for the mysterious man in the box, I happily discovered a half-open door, and found out my room by my boots.

Now came the question what to do? There was no trace of the man in the room. The door of the room was open, as I left it, but the black box was shut!

What should I do! Should I alarm the house, and get called a fool for my pains, supposing the box was discovered empty? Should I lift the lid, and risk everything in a final tussle? Should I lock the door from the outside, or lock the door from the inside and go to bed again.

I went deliberately up to the box and struck it violently with my stick. It was not quite closed after all, and I heard to my surprise, a howl of pain from the inside.

As luck would have it, I had got my man after all. My mind was instantly made up. I darted suddenly back, gave the box another violent crack with my stick, rushed out of the room and locked the door.

And then I shouted with might and main. A bell pull was handy and I pealed at it. Up came half a dozen waiters, and, lastly up came the pursy landlord of the Drei Liebchen.

Having collected my forces, I opened the door. We were only just in time, for the window was wide open, and with one bound across the room I just managed to secure his last retreating leg.

I dragged the culprit back into the middle of the room and made him show his guilty face.

"Max!" cried the landlord and the waiters with one voice.

They knew the object of his visit when they looked into the black box, for there were secreted every atom of silver—knives, forks, spoons and dishes—which the household possessed.

The mystery was soon explained. The midnight visitor was a discharged waiter, and he had hit upon the happy expedient of the black box and the false telegram in order to conveniently rob the house on Christmas eve.

The thief was immediately handed over to the police, the detestable box was dragged out of my room into the passage; I locked myself into the room, and slept without a break until every bell in Anannasberg woke me out of my slumbers, and reminded me it was Christmas morning.

As for my dear Annabel, she made far more of a hero of me—as all good women do—than I really deserved, and after dinner that night, over the walnuts and the wine, with a dear little hand resting cosily in mine—under the table—I told the assembled guests, with as much picturesque force and dramatic intensity as I could muster, the true and authentic legend of "A Night at Drei Leibchen; or, The Landlord, the Lackey and the Black Box."

Written for the MONITOR.]

The Autobiography of Joshua Grumps.

X.—POETRY.

After my rather hasty departure from Chebucto I made my headquarters for a month at a small town on the shore of Fundy Bay. Here various adventures befell me. Of the times without much number that I was subjected to an unexpected salt water bath, I will not speak. Much less will I speak of my fishing experiences, and as for my many boating trips—I won't—say anything about them. But I'll say something about something. About this time I became alarmingly poetic, so to speak. I went around the place day by day making rhymes and couldn't help it. And soon I began to think that it was a mean shame that none of these exquisite rhymes should be transcribed to paper and given to the world, that future generations might read and learn and profit and govern themselves accordingly. So as this thought grew upon me I resolved to do some writing on my own account. I saw that I was a natural poet and I saw that it was my duty to do some writing; and so it happened that after six weeks' trial and afflictions of penmanship I turned out the following:

ODE TO BIRCH-BARK.

"Oh ye sweet birch-bark; ye birch-bark!
Trophy of woods so dense and dark;
How Light, *how* exquisite, HOW sweet!
Fain would I clothe with thee my feet,
That I might thus become more light
And be smarter by a great sight.

For why! I'm most awful clumsy;
If I try to jump I tumble all bumpsy.
Hence, oh birch-bark, would I resemble thee,
And so, more lively, active be.
And oh—but words cannot express
What upon thy mind I would impress."

The night after I completed this I dreamed that it brought $50 at the office of a magazine. When I awoke in the morning I was at first highly joyful, but I soon began to consider that dreams go by contrairies, so I decided not to send my poem to the Editor. Accordingly it has reclined in my waste-basket till this time.

After this I turned my attention to the composition of songs, taking a musical inclination. My first effort in this line was as follows:

"When the sun shines out on top of the moon,
And you hear the cries of the solitary coon,
Then's your time to act like a loon.
CHORUS—Like a loon, loon—l-o-o-n,"

I also had a little tune fixed up for this which I wish I could show you here on paper, but you see I can't. It was pretty, though—very pretty. Half way between a Scottish and a Sonnety, as the musicians of to-day call them.

Well, someway or other my desire for poetic fame died out—*expired* would be a more poetic expression, perhaps—from this date, and it never kindled up again.

P. S.—I will have to ask pardon again for brevity as my pen is broken.

(To be continued.)

Dying Sayings of Notable People.

Addison—See how a Christian can die.

Arria—My Pœtus, it is not painful.

Dr. Hunter—If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.

Louis XIV.—Why weep ye? Did you think I should live forever? (Then, after a pause.) I thought dying had been harder.

Byron—I must sleep now.

Charles II. (of England)—Don't let poor Nellie starve. (Nellie Gwynne.)

Charles IX. (of France)—Nurse, nurse! what murder! what blood! Oh, I have done wrong! God pardon me!

Chesterfield—Give Day Rolles a chair.

Columbus—Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.

Lady Jane Grey and Tasso also used the same words.

Cromwell—My desire is to make what haste I may to be gone.

Demouax (the philosopher)—You may go home; the show is over.

Lord Elden—It matters not where I am going, whether the weather be cold or hot.

Fontenello—I suffer nothing, but feel a sort of difficulty in living longer.

Franklin—A dying man can do nothing easy.

George IV.—Wathy, what is this? It is death, my boy. They have deceived me, (said to his page, Sir Wathen Waller.)

Goethe—More light.

Talma—The worst is, I cannot see.

Hadyn—God preserve the emperor!

Jefferson—I resign my spirit to God, my daughter to my country.

Knox—Now it is come.

Louis XVIII.—A king should die standing.

Marie Antoinette—Farewell, my children, forever. I go to your farther.

Charles Matthews—I am ready.

Napoleon III. (to Dr. Conneau)—Were you at Sedan?

William Pitt—Oh, my country, how I love thee!

Pizarro—Jesu!

Rabelais—Let down the curtain; the farce is over.

Schiller—Many things are growing plain and clear to my understanding.

Sir Walter Scott (to his family)—God bless you all!

Socrates—Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius!

Lord Thurlow—I'll be shot if I don't believe I'm dying!

William III. (of England)—Can this last long? (to his physicion).

Gen. Wolfe—What! do they run already? Then I die happy.

—Horses may need in the matter of watering all the care hereby urged, but they very rarely get it: "Feeding a horse principly on grain and driving it five hours without water is like giving a man mackerel for dinner and not allowing him to drink before supper time—very unsatisfactory for the man. If you know anything about the care of horses and have any sympathy for them water them as often as they want to drink—once an hour if possible. By doing this you will not only be merciful to your animals, but you will be a benafactor to yourself as they will do more work and look better and live longer," says an exchange.

—Cuttings of currant and gooseberry are better rooted in September than at any other time. Strip all the leaves from them except at the tip and bury the cutting in a slanting position with only the end sticking out. In the spring cuttings thus treated will be rooted and ready to grow much more rapidly than they will if preparing them has been deferred to that time.

—Oats cut as a hay crop may be fed liberally, especially to cows up to February. The value will be seen in all that feeds upon them, as well as in the milk pail. Then, if enough is left to carry through until March, cows will go to grass with coats as fine as silk. Oat hay has been pronounced the best fodder for calves and yearlings known.

Father and Daughter

Restored to health by the use of ST. LAWRENCE BITTERS. Mr. C. A. Easson, of Factorydale, Kings Co., writes: "A short time since I procured two packages of your Bitters and have used one and started on the other. Our daughter of fifteen years had been quite poorly for two years, so much so that she was not able to attend school. Since taking the Bitters, however, she is much better in every way, so that she is now able to go to school again. I myself was troubled with sleepiness so much so that it was hard to keep my eyes open while at work and I awoke mornings with a bad headache. These troubles have all left me since taking your Bitters. If this is of any use to you, you are welcome to use my name." For sale at DeBlois and Primrose's, Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse's, Lawrencetown.

—The Cunard Company, it is announced, is to call its two new steamers the "Campania" and the "Lucania." These names, it will be noted, end in the "ia" to which the Cunard Company has sworn eternal allegiance. It is an interesting question to know what the company will do when in the course of its expanding business, it has exhausted the list of names in "ia". It has just about run through now with the catalogue of Roman antiquities.

"Tired All the Time,"

Is the complaint of many poor mortals, who know not where to find relief. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses just those elements of strength which you so earnestly crave, it will build you up, give you an appetite, strengthen your stomach and nerves. Try it.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cures constipation and assist digestion.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.