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.

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GREAT OFFER!

As we are desirous of increasing the circulation of the MONITOR as much as possible, we will make the following offer to canvassers:—

To any-one sending us 35 new subscriptions accompanied with the cash for the same, and $60.00, we will have sent to him or her, a New Dominion Cabinet Organ direct from the factory at Bowmanville, Ont., the regular list price of which is Two Hundred and Fifteen Dollars.

To anyone sending us 18 new subscriptions accompanied with the cash, and $30.00, we will send one of the Knitting Machines advertised on our first page, the value of which is $40.

To anyone sending us 15 new subscriptions accompanied with the cash, and $17 00, we will send one of the New Raymond Sewing Machines, advertised in our columns.

The above offers are open to all, and are bona fide. The organ, knitting and sewing machines are all new; and the names of their makers guarantee the quality.

Subscriptions may be sent in as taken and will be placed to the credit of each canvasser. The one who reaches the required number for which he or she is working, first, will be at once notified; and upon the receipt of cash, the order for the organ or machines will be forwarded immediately. We have only one of each to dispose of; therefore, in order that those who fail to reach the required number, shall be paid for their time and labor, we will allow all such, a commission of 33⅓ per cent, and will immediately refund this commission to all those who have failed to win the prize.

SALESMEN WANTED

—FOR THE—

Fonthill Nurseries,

415 Acres. The largest in Canada.

Head office, Toronto, Ont. Branch office Montreal, Que.

We want Agents to sell our Hardy Canadian Nursery Stock. Steady employment at fixed salaries to all willing to work. Men and women can have pleasant and profitable work the year round. Good agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,
MONTREAL, P. Q.

J. W. BEALL, 64 Consort Street, Manager Branch Office.
J. E. LOCKWOOD and DAVID DUNCAN Agents for Annapolis County. 313m

To Loan.

ON first class Real Estate security, $35,000. None but first class security will be taken.

J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Dec. 23rd '84.

The Dominion Organ and Piano Co.

Has the largest and most complete factory in the Dominion—150x155.

Highest Honors ever Awarded to any Maker in the World. Medal and Diploma at Centennial, 1876. Medal and Diploma at Sydney, Australia, 1877. Gold Medal at Provincial Exhibition, Toronto, 1878. Highest Award at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879-80-81.

WE ARE NOW MANUFACTURING
SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.
BEST IN THE MARKET.
Correspondence Solicited. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free. Address
DOMINION ORGAN AND PIANO COMPANY.
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

OUR

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES.

Recognized to be the BEST FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE in USE.

And the ONLY MACHINE That will KNIT RIBBED and PLAIN WORK Perfectly.

A few of the many articles that can be made on our Family Machine are Underskirts, Drawers, Mitts, Hosiery, Gloves, Caps, Cuffs, Tidies—all these can be made any size.

OUR RIBBER IS PERFECTION.

Makes the Pearl Rib-Stitch one-and-one, one-and-two one-and-three, etc., perfect in elasticity, beautiful in appearance, more durable and perfect than Hand Knitting.

Our Machines make the only perfect seamless full fashioned

HOSIERY IN THE WORLD.

With more stitches in the top than in the ankle. Knits the coarsest Farmer's Yarn, Cotton, Silk, or Thread.

Hand girls can knit and finish one dozen pairs of Socks in one day; and $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00 can be easily made in one day.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue and Testimonials from the Field.

GREELMAN BROS.,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are Jewels

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1885. NO. 50.

Real Estate FOR SALE.

ALL that Property in Bridgetown, situated midway on Queen Street, Bridgetown, occupied by F. C. HARRIS, consisting of a Two Story Dwelling and large store alongside with Outbuildings; a fine garden; size of lot 180x290. Streets on three sides. As a residence and business stand, this property is second to none in town, and is too well-known to require further description.

Price moderate and terms to suit purchasers. If not sold this property will be let in of May next. Apply to

ALBERT MORSE, Solicitor,
41tf Office, Queen St, Bridgetown.

W. H. Fairn,

GENERAL AGENT FOR

MUTUAL RELIEF SOCIETY
OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Also, Agent for the

"QUEEN" INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool and London.

Capital, Two Millions, Stg.

Fire and Life Insurance effected at the cheapest current rates.

ADDRESS:

LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.

Jan. 15th, 1885. 41tf

Chemical Fertilizer Works!

HALIFAX, N. S.

Great Success with our Fertilizers.

Good crops grown on them notwitnstanding the wet, cold season where otherwise crops were almost a total failure.

We offer for the seventh season our Celebrated Fertiliser which no farmer can afford to do without.

"CERES" SUPERPHOSPHATE,
(The complete fertilizer.)
GROUND BONE, MEDIUM BONE, BONE MEAL.

Best quality. Finest mechanical condition. Fertilizers analyzed by Prof. George Lawson. Send for circular and Price list.

JACK & BELL,
Pickford & Black's Wharf, Halifax, N. S.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.
Halifax, Dec 23rd, '84. 6m

APPLES!

APPLES! APPLES!

Charles Donald & Co.,

79, QUEEN ST., LONDON, E. C.,

WILL be glad to correspond with Apple Growers, Merchants and Shippers, with a view to Autumn and Spring business. They will also give the usual facilities to customers requiring advances. [aug6m]

SAMUEL LEGG,

Watch and Clock Maker,

Opposite

Bridgetown Drug Store

Also Agent for the

HARTFORD LIFE
—AND—
ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.
Of Hartford, Conn.

Bridgetown, July 16, '84.

New Store!

NEW GOODS!

The subscriber has opened a store on Water St., adjoining his dwelling, where he will keep on hand a large quantity of the Best Brands of

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, AND OATMEAL,

which will be sold at low prices for cash. Also.—A well assorted stock of

GROCERIES,

in Sugar, Spices, Salt, Tobaccos, Brooms, Soaps, Raisins and Currants. Canned Goods, Biscuits, Syrups, &c., &c. A quantity of Cow Corn.

A REFRESHMENT TABLE, where lunches can be had at all hours will be found on the premises.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, June 19th, 1883.

Celebrated Rubber Bucket CHAIN PUMPS!

ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

Pumps Complete,

or in parts to suit.

FLOUR AND MEAL AT 25 CENTS ADVANCE ON COST.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO

per N. H. PHINNEY.

J. G. H. PARKER,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, CONVEXANCER, and REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Practise in all the Courts. Business promptly attended to.

OFFICE—Fitz Randolph's NEW BUILDING, Bridgetown. 7ly

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

John Ervin,

Barrister and Attorney at Law.

OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING,

503mpd BRIDGETOWN

JOHN L. NIXON,

Margaretville.

Licensed Auctioneer

Sales attended to promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. 3mos

CARD.

W. M. FORSYTH

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

Office in
LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.
Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84. 51tf

Notice.—All notices of Births, Marriages and deaths inserted free. Obituary poetry, 10 cents per line.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Cholera Infantum, Colic, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints, these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill."—Dr. T. Ewell, Long Island, N. Y. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

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

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00, by mail, $1.25. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CUSTOM TAILORING!

FIRST PRIZE DOMINION EXHIBITION, 1881!

—AT—

CLAYTON & SONS,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

HALIFAX, - - - - N. S.

Beg to notify the inhabitants of

BRIDGETOWN, and Vicinity

That a Complete Line of

SAMPLES OF CLOTHS,

—FOR—

GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS'

CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING,

IS ON VIEW AT

J. W. BECKITHW'S - - - BRIDGETOWN,

Where orders will be taken, and Goods delivered at the SAME PRICES as we charge in HALIFAX.

A good fit guaranteed in every instance. All work done promptly on time.

TERMS.—Cash Only.

Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

JOHN P. RICE. A. E. SULIS.

Poetry.

Waiting.

The day is done:
Soft as a dream the sunset fades and dies,
And silent stars amid the dusky skies,
Shine one by one.

The shadows wait:
And climbing upward over spires and towers,
Seem drawing softly this dull earth of ours
To heaven's gate.

We wait the night
With no vain thought of darkness or of dread,
But dreams of peace for weary heart and head,
And slumbers light.

We wait, nor fear
The few short hours of silence and of gloom,
Before the eastern hills shall blush with bloom,
And morn be near.

My God! my all!
When the dim hour draws near us by thy grace,
To meet thy white death-angel, face to face,
And hear thy call;

When life lies low—
Gasping shadow by the altar stairs
That leadeth up from darkness unawares,

Then let us wait
In faith and trust with prayers and blessings fond,
All mindful of the morning light beyond—
Before the gate.

Not sore distrest;
But calmly folding life's dull garb away,
Lie down in peace to wait the coming day,
And find our rest.

Select Literature.

Molly's Peril.

HOW THE BANITES TRADED A HUSBAND WHO HAD A PRETTY WIFE.

It was at the close of a pleasant day, when a party of sportsmen were sitting at the door of a substantial farmhouse, chatting with our host, a sturdy specimen of manhood, whose winter of life was frosty, but kindly. One of the party had started on the Mormon question, when another pointing at the old man, said:

'Adams was a pioneer Mormon, and can tell you all about it. Ask him why he apostatized.'

No sooner suggested than acted upon, and old John, smiling good naturedly, consented to give us the story. Would that I could give the quaint phraseology, the rough yet tender pathos, and the kindly humor which gave the narrative its great charm. The former I will preserve so far as I can 'and tell the tale as it was told to me.'

'Yaas, I have been a saint,' began Adams, and continued; 'I went to Utah in '58 and walk'd most the way. Ye see, I was a young feller then, an' had a good farm an' a purty wife, who hain't got over bein' purty yet, ter my way o' thinkin'. My heart was jist tied up in her, an' I work'd airly an' late for us both, an' we was happy an' comfitable when one o' them Mormon mishoners cum along, an' he was slickest talkin' coon ye ever heerd, an' he put up at my house. He didn't have pus nor scrip; but th' devils is arter ye, an' ye'd better make yourself mighty ak erow. If ye don't want a hole in yer skin. I tell ye this train ain't healthy. They've got ye mark'd.'

'I didn't skeer very much in the m days but wan I heard that the cole sweet bruk out all over me, for I knew if that gang got after me I was a gone coon Then I thot o' Molly, an' I jist gritted my teeth an' swore I'd see her agin enyway, an' find out what the row was.'

'I look'd mighty keerful to my arms that night; I had a good rifle an' two pistils an' I had a fust-class American hoss. I wasn't afeard o' ingins' an' I know'd most every trail over the mountains; so I jist laid my plan an' without sayin' a word to eny man, I laid in some rations, an' that night, wen ivery thing was dark an' quiet, I lit out torts the mountains. It was purty sharp work gittin' out without enybody knowin', but I did, an' at sun up I was miles away, an' close't to the Wasatch Range, makin' for a pass I know't that 'ud bring me out close to my ranch.

'Arter I got into the hills I went slower, sparin' my hoss, but hurr'in all the same, an' about sundown the third day after leavin' the train, I looked down the ken von an' thar was my farm below me.

'Now, ye see, they was e'pecting o' me at Salt lake fast, an' if they was a layin' fur me it 'ud be out the road har, and I little mouth as was jist a livin' kiss, an' know't I was clar ahead o' the train, but thar wa'nt no use in hein' too fast, so I jist pick'd a my hoss in a side kenyon, an' laid low till arter dark wen I started down the pass jist like an' ingin or a thief. I don't know wot made me do it, but somehow I had an idea the quieter I kep' the better it 'ud be fur me. An' I was jist about as near right as a man cud be fur that time enyway.

'Thar was a light in wan of the rooms that shun thro' the winder an' I crawl't up an' look't in, and thar was a sight as jist tuk away my breath. Thar was Molly, an' thar was some hin' else too, an' when I see that little thin' in a sort o' box, I nearly hollart right out, for it was a babby—a reel live babby; an' ivery thin lookin' sweet an' humlike in the room.' An' I was jist thinkin' o' makin' myself known wen Molly gits up from whar she was a sittin' an' I seed her face for the fust time an' sich a sad, careworn face it was. She leent over that kid, and then knelt down an' clasps har han's tergither, an' she was a rockin' back an' forrits I tell ye, ef she wa'nt rav'lin' in prar then nobody ever was. An' I jist stood thar an' look't an' was jist goin' in ter put my arms around her an' tell her that her old Jack had come agin, wen I heert v'ices, an' I see her g'in a start an' a look o' fear cum into her face as she stood listenin'.

'I crawl't up ter the corner o' the house an' I see two men comin' torts the door, an' wen the got purty close they stopt and wan says to 'tother:

'"Well I reckon we've got the durned cuss now, fur Bill Hickman's got a hint he's to be removed."

'"Ef Bill is arter him," says 'tother feller, "he'll be whar no man'll iver see him. I s'pose bishop ye'll consel the widder an' be a father ter the fatherless, won't ye?" An' the cuss give a sort o' chuckl that made me grit my teeth.

'Then the fust man spoke up agin an' sez he:

'"Keep yer durn mouth shet, ye fool; she mought hear us. Ye go 'long hum, an' I'll go in an' break the sad news."

'"Wal, I tell ye, I way layin' low, an' keepin' dark then, an' I watchet the feller go to the door, heem him knock, an' the door open't an' he went in, an' the other feller arter seen him in' gave an' other chuckl, an' started right torts me, an' before he knew war he was I had him down with my hand on his throat an' a pistol in his mouth. He jist give wan skeert look an' whispered, 'Jack Adams, by God!' then he laid still.

'"Yes its Jack Adams I sez I; 've didn't expect for to see him here, did ye, Tom Hentz?"

'"Now wot's goin' on here?" sez I 'jist yer tell me, an' don't talk too lond or git excited, kase this gun's mighty easy on the trigger."

'"Jack," sez he, quiet like, "let me up and I'll tell yr iverything. I was allers yer frien', Jack, an' its me as sent the man ter tell the train cap'n to give yer notice. Dum that bishop! I hate him, and I'll git quitz with him it I die fur it."

'"All right," I sez; "cum to the barn, but walk keerful, kase this gun mought go off."

'Wen we gits to the barn, Hentz sez, in a whisper: "Jack, they want ter put yer outen the way. They've been tryin' ter make Molly take a bishop's divarse an' marry the bishop in thar, but she wouldn't. Then they kept tellin' har ye was ded an' she wouldn't believe 'em, kase I kept tellin' her ye wasn't; jest ask her if I didn't. then I got on to Bill Hickman's bein' sent for, an' s'pishsn't was for ye, an' I got word to a gentile trapper to go out an' warn ye an' now ye're here, wot ye goin' to do? I'm ver fren' an' I'll stan' by ye an' go with ye, fur I'm sick o' this. Jack,—an' his v'ice had an awful whisper—Jack I want ter kill the bishop; he rob't me o' my gal. I swore to kill him, but I've been watchin' yer wife an waitin' fur ye ter cum back, I made up with him an' he thinks I'm a fool, but I hate him, ye can bet."

'Wal, ye see gents, I know't that Hentz had been a good fren' in mine old days, an' I know't the bishop had taken away his sweetheart, besides which thar war truth in the way that he talk't, so I jist up and sez:

'"Tom Hentz, I'll trust ye! Now what shall we do?"

'"Leave," sez he; "leave ivervthin' Yer life, yer wife, an' yer babby are all gone ef ye try ter stay here. I've laid awak o' nights thinkin' it out, and I've tolt Molly time an' time agin about it. Ye've got nigh onto three thousan' dollars hid up in the house. That's wot ye left with Molly, what Molly has made sence, an' all o' mine—its all thar. That's five good saddle horses here, two rifles, an' an' plenty o' powder an' ball. Molly ken ride an' shoot with eny one—I larnt her—an' ye an' me can take turn about a takin' the kid. That's lots o' grub reddy, fur the time, an' the time has come."

'"Wot about the bishop?" sez I.

'"Jist yer leave him ter me, an' he won't trubble ye. We'll pack two hosses, an' we'll strike over the mountains an run up the nat fur a tradin' post, an, then to the states."

'"Injins?" sez I

'"Mormons is wus," sez he.

'"I'm yer man Tom! Now for the house an' the biship."

'"The biship's mine," sez Tom, as we walk't softly to the house, him leadin.'

'"Go in fust," sez Tom 'an' skeer the biship, I'll do the rest."

'So we mount up an' open't the door sof'ly and I heert Molly's v'ice a-sayin';

'"It's a lie! He ain't dead; an' if he is, it's you that killed him."

'An' thin' I jist steps in the door an' sez I solem like:

'"He ain't dead!"

'Wall ye ought ter seen that bishop's face. He jist turnt white'n a sheet, an' sort o' staggert back, an' the nex' minit Tom was on top o' him, an' he was down with a gag in his mouth an' a lariat aroun' his arms.

'Molly jist give wan screech an' she was hangin' on my neck, cryin' like her heart'd break.

'Tom finish't tyin' up the biship, an' thin he sez to us:

'Time ain't no time fur cryin', Molly, it's tim-t-r go Y'll have lots o' time fur huggin' Jack' 'tween here an' the States.'

'Wall, how that gal did fly around Y-see, she an' Tom had talkt over so much that seemt all right to her fur me to be thar, an' in less timn'n it takes to tell, the packs was made up an 'iv'ry thin' was reddy for the hosses. All the time we was fixin', the bishop laid thar an' follow't us with his eyes. I'd jist a lief kilt him as a snake, but he was Tom's, so I didn't say nuthin' to him but jist kept on fixin' the packs; an' wen Tom fetcht the hosses aroun' we got iv'rythin on, an' I put Molly in her saddle; she was dress in boy's clo's an' rid man fashion. I jumps on another hoss with the babby, an Tom gits on hian. Molly takes wan lead line, Tom tother, an' off we goes torts the kenyon, an' wen we cum to the fut o' the trail Tom sez:

'Now I'll leave ye here to go to my cabin an' git my thin's. Ye wait for me in Rattlesnake Gulch 'an Jack kin get his horse down an' I'll jine ye with a s'prise party in an hour. It's airly yet, an' by sun-up we'll be far 'nuff off. Besides I want ter put 'em off the trail,' an' he went off laffin.'

'Well, we rides up Rattlesnake Gulch—Molly, an' me, an' the babby—an's I gits my Mex'can hoss, an' we waits fur Tom, an' in about an hour he cums along, an' durnest of he didn't hev a s'prise party; for thar on another hoss, in boy's clo's, and riddin' man fashion, was the biship's wife number two—Tom's ole sweetheart.

'Ye see, she'd allus hated the bishop an' b-in' forced into takin' him, she'd tole Tom she'd run wenever he cum fur her, an' they was jist wattin' fur me.

'"Tom," sez I, "wot did ye do with the biship?"

'"Wall," sez he, "I jest left him lyin thar tied, an' Jane, she stuck a notice on the door sayin' as how the'd all gone to Salt Lake to go thro' the Endowment House with Molly."

'Then ye didn't kill him, sez I.

'"Kill him? Naw! He'll eat his own heart out when he gits loose an' fin's we's all gone, an' Jane bez tuk all the money he stolt from her father when he died. But he'll be awful hungry wen they fin' him an' that won't be fur three days at the quickest.'

'Wall, gents, we starts, an' we'd some rough times, but got through all safe Tom an' Jane was married all sez'lar by a justice o' peace, an' are on this farm, an' that's my s'perience with Mormons

'I've prospered sence, an' I kin jist tell ye, gents, that ef eny man wants ter jin the Latter-day Saints he kin do it, but I don't want any in mine. I'm a'po-tate from way back So's the ole 'oman.'—*Argonaut.*

The Home in Winter.

Friends and home, it appears to us, are more fully appreciated when the chills of winter are making us seek the fireside than at any other time. When the earth lays off her royal robe of green to don the drab garb of night, the heart of man goes out for some cheering and there is no place where he can find the solace he needs so fully as at the hearthstone of a happy home. The degree of comfort realized is, of course, dependent upon what the home is made to be. Cheerful surroundings lend a charming influence, yet they cannot do all that is required to fill one with contentment, for more genuine happiness is sometimes enjoyed in a hut than in a palace.

The labors of the whole family should be so systematical that usually when night comes the cares of the day may be laid aside and the evening devoted to things of an educational nature. The man who labors twelve or fifteen hours out of the twenty four in any any vocation, and then takes the burden of his cares to his fireside and frets over them there until sleep hushes his murmurings, is an abject slave to himself and a continuous discordant note in the domestic choir.

This habit of never resting, ever toiling, on the part of the housewife, is no less criminal and injudicious. It is not the hard laboring man or woman who accumulates most wealth; it is the thinking people; and to have a clear brain and healthy muscle, there must be frequent cessations from laborious activity, and the thoughts thrown off from wearisome toils, and the nerves allowed to relax for the renewal of vigor.

The home in winter time should be a home indeed, the happiest of the year, because heart then can look at heart, more directly for sympathy and love. The fields have lost their flowers, the trees their foliage and fruits, and the birds have gone away; that which for months animated has left us to ourselves

Children's love for home will change with the seasons just according to what the home is. If cold and desolate at the hearth, they will welcome the coming summer, that they may shake off the trammels which bind them, and bound away into the fields, where joy is unrestrained. If the home is made bright and happy, the coming of winter is to them the beginning of a season of gladness, and the long evenings at the fireside the sweetest of life. There is no reason why a man or woman should be a drudge, for more is accomplished by stated hours of faithful labor and recreation than by a close and continued adherence either to physical or mental exertion, and as night is the season of rest, man should leave the outside world at the door step when he goes in at night, and not take it up again until he goes out to battle for the preservation of his family in the morning.—*Tribune and Farmer.*

Pew Rents and Free Churches.

Quite an earnest crusade has for some time past been waged against the whole system of pew rents, and gradually, but surely, the "free and open church" plan is being adopted in its place. The agitation in favor of this change is being carried on with special earnestness within the borders of the Church of England. By "free churches" we are to understand those which have not only no pew rents but no sittings allocated to particular individuals or families. This is what is aimed at in the whole agitation—that literally "first come first served." If anyone has a particular liking for some special part of the church he has nothing to do but come early and so, in all likelihood, secure his prize. But it is to be understood that no one has any priority of claim. The church in short, is absolutely free, and anyone, rich or poor, can take the first vacant place and welcome. The plan advocated is scriptural, and, therefore, when fairly tried and in the right spirit, will be successful When anyone's heart is opened there will be little fear of his hand. And where literally rich and poor meet in the House of God on exactly the same level, the necessary funds for carrying on church work will not be wanting.—*Toronto Globe.*

Railway Return Tickets.

It is said that a bailable writ has been served on a Conductor of the I. C. R. who runs on the Northern accommodation train between Moncton and Campbellton, for putting off a passenger who tendered a return ticket the date of which had run out and who had refused to pay the extra fare. Probably no regulation on the road has caused so much trouble and annoyance to the travelling public and to the passenger department of the I. C. R. as the enforcement of the rule respecting the time of use of return tickets. Since it has been put in force the general ticket agent at Moncton has been repeatedly threatened with legal action for the recovery of extra fares exacted from passengers, and it is said settlements have been made in order to prevent the matter going into court. Conductors have several times been instructed to give one, two and three days grace to passengers travelling on return tickets with the view to arriving at an amicable settlement of the difficulty, but there seems to be as much difficulty experienced now as before. The public will watch with interest the result of the case in which proceedings have been taken.—*St. John Globe.*

Habits of the Abyssinians.

Mr F. Villiers, the well known artist of the London *Illustrated News*, accompanied the English Commissioners to Abyssinia, and he gives an interesting account of the customs of the people. He states that they are great consumers of milk, but never use it in a fresh condition. They do not artificially sour it, but the vessels in which it is placed are never cleaned, and thus immediately when the fresh milk is poured into these, fermentation commences. Meat, of which the Abyssinians are great consumers, they eat raw, and when guests are invited to sit down at a feast a bullock is slaughtered in an adjoined apartment as they wait, and strips are cut off while the flesh is still hot—sometimes, indeed, before the animal is absolutely dead. In eating, the native puts one end of a strip of meat into his mouth, holding the other in his left hand, and with his sword or dagger cuts off piece by piece close to his nose, cutting from left to right.

—It was discovered upon examination not long ago, that a chimney 80 feet high at a machine shop at Holyoke, Mass., was about 42 inches out of perpendicular. The method employed in righting was quite simple. A harness located under the cornice, and two others below the first. Two lever jack-screws were placed under the girders of one of the harness on one side, and six jack-screws similar on the other side. The earth was then carefully loosened about the chimney on the opposite side from that of its inclination, and water poured in, after which the jack-screws were turned gradually, and the earth again loosened and dampened with the hose. After this process had been several times repeated the earth was puddled, and the whole stands now properly righted.—*Scientific American.*

—A new horse-shoe is now being made, which is in two parts, the upper designed to remain permanently upon the foot, where it will last for an indefinite time and no wear comes upon it; the other, that which contains the corks, and which is joined to the upper in an ingenious manner. The lower halves of the shoes are interchangeable—sharp corks for icy weather and dull ones for heavy draft horses, or they may be removed entirely at night to prevent injury to the animal while in the stall.

—The term "Mahdi" is a familiar one in Islamic history. An eminent Arabic scholar recently wrote to the *Times* that the name should be "Mu'dhi," but other writers showed immediately that Mahdi is correct, explaining that the word is the passive participle of an Arabic verb meaning to guide, and a Mahdi is therefore not a leader of the faithful, but one who is himself guided by divine grace and inspiration.

—A terrible accident occurred in the Charleston S C, bagging factory on the 7th inst. Julia Bagley, one of the operatives, while in the act of cleaning a spinning frame, had her hair caught in a portion of the machinery. The entire scalp, including the eyebrows and one ear, was torn from her head. She is still alive, though little hopes are entertained of her recovery.

A MUCH GOVERNED WORLD.—The British Parliament is sitting in London, A Parliament is sitting at St. Johns, Nfld. There are three Parliaments in session in the Maritime Provinces. The Parliaments of Quebec, Ontario, and British Columbia are in session; and the Manitobians—we I we are not sure about Manitoba. Then, there is the Federal Parliament at Ottawa. It seems to take much speaking to govern the Anglo-Saxon world.—*Presby. Witness.*

—Mr. Henry M. Stanley has written a letter urging the completion and maintenance of the railway to the Soudan as a commercial highway under British protection. He points out that otherwise the future development of the Congo region will be greatly retarded. Unless the Soudan is opened to commerce it will be a constant menace to the peaceful commercial development of the West African nations with which its warlike tribes came in contact.

—I give a Scotch drover's remedy for choking cattle which I have practised for 35 years with unfailing success: take a piece of soft wood 2½ inches in diameter and 6 inches long; bore a hole near the end, through which pass a rope. Place the stick in the animal's mouth, as a bit, and the rope over the head, as a head stall. Any choking bovine may be left with the bit in the mouth, with perfect safety, and relief will take place in a few moments or hours, depending upon the time the obstruction has remained in the throat; the longer the obstruction has remained the more time required to give relief. Cattle becoming bloated from eating fresh clover can be relieved in the same manner.—*N. Y. Milton, N. Y.*

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