Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

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HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

C. T. Bohaker,

Barrister & Att'y-at-Law,

Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.,

has opened a new office in the store now occupied by E. H. Phinney, Esq., at Middleton Corner, where he will promptly attend to all kinds of legal business.

Middleton, March 1st '79. 1y

The LATEST POPULAR MUSIC

CALL AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER and select any piece of Music you want. We have a Catalogue of 2500 pieces of the prettiest music for Piano, Violin, and Voice.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention, and Music remitted FREE OF CHARGE.

H. S. PIPER.

Bridgetown, Feb. 9th, 1880.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the each four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

20 Locomotive Engines,
10 First-class Cars (a proportion being sleepers),
20 Second-class Cars, do
3 Express and Baggage Cars,
3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
240 Box Freight Cars,
100 Flat Cars,
2 Wing Ploughs,
2 Snow Ploughs,
2 Flangers,
40 Hand Cars,

THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, on and after the 10th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 7th February, 1880. 19it2

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Saint John to Halifax and Yarmouth, via Steamer and Rail

STEAMER "SCUD."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from

KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations, and at Digby with the Western Counties Railway, for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

UNTIL further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and return same day.

St. John to Digby $1.50
" Annapolis 2.00
St. John to Halifax, 1st class 5.00
St. John to Yarmouth, 1st class ... $4.00

R. B. HUMPHREY, AGENT
Union Line Office,
41 Dock St.

PHEASANT
Freight agent,
Empress Warehouse,
Reed's Point. sep29

Printing in best style at this office.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the Instruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

At Middleton

FOR 40 DAYS ONLY!

I will sell the whole or any part of my stock, consisting of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, OVERBOOTS, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS, DYES, DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES &C., &C.,

At Unprecedented Low Prices for Cash

Or its equivalent, being fully persuaded of the impossibility of doing business under the credit system, and be at peace with my customers. I have decided during forty days to come, to close all my outstanding accounts, and take this opportunity to inform my friends that in view of the change determined upon, you will find it largely to your advantage to examine my stock on hand, and prove to your own satisfaction the great difference in prices between the "Open Account and Ready-Pay System."

Thanking you for the liberal support given me during the past year, I again respectfully solicit a continuance of your esteemed and generous patronage, and hope by strict attention to business and low prices to merit the same.

E. H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Jan. 14th, 1880. 3m3

Prang's Easter Cards for 1880, AT CONNOLLY'S

Floral Designs,
Ecclesiastical Designs,
Flowers and Figures,
Ferns and Butterflies

And hundreds of new and attractive designs to suit all.

Call and see the Best Assortment in Halifax at

THOS. P. CONNOLLY'S,

Co. George and Granville Streets.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

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

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

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

Vincent & McFate,

240 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

CAUTION!

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy!

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

35 PER CENT!

AS 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture, the Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that

HE DOES NOT INTEND

raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making

Still further Reduction,

as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his now large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from $60.00 to $120.00.
BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from $25.00 to $40.00. A good suit for $28.00.
SOFAS, $19.00 to $24.00.
WALNUT CHAIRS, $3.50 to $6.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, $8.00 to $16.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in Marble Tops, $14.00 to $16.00.
BEDSTEADS, $2.50 to $3.00.
WASH STANDS, $1.00 to $1.25.

Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and be times are hard I will sell at Prices that will DEFY COMPETITION.

JOHN B. REED.

Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879. 30tf

L. H. S.

THE HIGH SCHOOL, at Lawrencetown, opened for THIRTY YEARS' work

OCTOBER 8th, 1879,

—WITH A—

FULLY EQUIPPED STAFF OF TEACHERS.

Liberal Courses of Study.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO TEACHERS' COURSE.

Room, Board, Fire, Light, and Plain Washing, $2.00 per week.

For particulars, address for Circular,

C. F. HALL, Principal,

or C. S. PHINNEY, Associate Principal.

Carriage-Hardware AND Carriage STOCK EMPORIUM,

MIDDLETON,

Annapolis County, N. S.

OUR IMPORTATIONS this season have been unusually large, and our Stock in the following lines is very heavy. To those who are building, or who contemplate doing so, will find it to their advantage TO CALL ON US FIRST BEFORE SENDING AWAY FOR THEIR

Building Materials,

—SUCH AS—

CUT NAILS, 3dy FINE LATH to 40dy, FLOOR BRADS, FINISHING NAILS, 6dy to 10dy.

CHANCES SHEET; AND BELGIAN GLASS, 3rds and 4ths, from 7x9 to 30x40.

BOILED AND RAW OILS, PRESSED BY THE CELEBRATED "BLUNDELL & SPENCE, LONDON."

SHEET, ZINC, DRY AND TARRED SHEATHING, SHEET LEAD, LEAD PIPE ⅜ to 1¼ IN BORE.

—TOGETHER WITH—

Brandram's Celebrated

London Lead,

in which we keep two grades—No. 1 and Extra—the latter taking EIGHT GALLONS OIL TO THE HUNDRED.

Our Stock for Inside Furnishing is also replete with everything needed, such as

Mortise Locks, Mineral and Porcelain Mortise-knobs, Inside Silver Glass Knobs, Loose Pin and Loose Joint Butts, in Plain, Japanned, and Silver Tipped; Sash Fasts, Thumb Latches, Top and Bottom Bolts, &c., &c., &c.

ALSO:

GRAINING COLORS

In Light Oak, Ash and Walnut. Dry Colors for Tinting, &c., &c., &c.

The above comprises one of the Best Bought and Best Selected STOCK of BUILDING MATERIALS in the Lower Provinces, and is well worth inspection. Come and see us, or send for our Price List.

With our general full assortment Carriage-Bent Stuff, Bar and Bolt Iron, Mooney's Horse Nails, &c., &c., &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

BESSONETT AND WILSON.

Middleton, Annapolis Co. aug 6

TO RENT!

THREE HOUSES.

Possession 1st of May.

APPLY TO

Washington Chesley.

7it3

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

Special

NOTICE!

E. C. Lockett,

Wishes to inform his numerous customers and the public in general, that as his business in the repairing of

CLOCKS, WATCHES AND Jewelry,

Has so largely increased that he has secured the services of a

GERMAN WORKMAN

Who, in addition to Serving a thorough Apprenticeship at the Business in his native Country, has long been employed in the Waltham, Watch Factory, Waltham, Mass., and other well known firms in the United States and Canada, who will give his whole attention to the Repairing of Clocks Watches and Jewelry which will be promptly and thoroughly executed at

REASONABLE RATES!

He also wishes to call their attention to the fact that he keeps

The Best Selected Stock

AND SELLS AT CHEAPER RATES THAN ANY ONE IN THE TRADE.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND:

A Fine Assortment of

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, FANCY GOODS, KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, &C. &C.

At Lowest Rates.

SEWING-MACHINE NEEDLES, POCKET CUTLERY, WALLETS, HAIR BRUSHES, &c.

At Lockett's Jewelry and Fancy Goods Bazaar. You cannot miss the place,

Sign of the GOLDEN WATCH.

21 CASKS

Refined Sugar!

Received This Day, ex. Steamer via. Halifax:

J. & W. F. Harrison.

11 and 12 North Wharf, St. John, N. B. mar2

Poetry.

Drunk in the Street.

'Drunk, your worship,' the officer said,
Drunk in the street, Sir!' she raised her head.
A lingering trace of the olden grace
Still softened the lines of her woe, worn face.
Unkempt and tangled her rich brown hair;
Yet with all the furrows and stains of care—
The years of anguish, and sin and despair—
The child of the city was passing fair.

The ripe, red mouth, with lips compressed,
The rise and fall of the heaving breast—
The nervous fingers so taper and small,
Crumpled the fringe of the tattered shawl,
As she stands in her place at the officer's call.
She seemed good and fair, she seemed tender and sweet,
This fallen woman found drunk in the street.

Does the hand that once smoothed the ripple and wave
Of that tangled hair lie still in the grave?
Is the mother who pressed those red lips to her own
Deaf to the pain of their smothered moan?
Has the voice that chimed with the lisping prayer
No accent of hope for the lost one there,
Bearing her burden of shame and despair?

Drunk in the street!—it the gutters found—
From a passionate longing to crush and drown
The soul of the woman she might have been—
To fling off the weight of a fearful dream,
And awake again in the homestead hard by
The wooded mountain that touched the sky;
To linger a while on the path to school,
And catch in the depths of the limpid pool,
Under the willow shade, green and cool,
A dimpled face and a laughing eye,
And the pleasant words of the passer-by.

Ye men with sisters and mothers and wives,
Have ye no care for these women's lives?
Must they starve for the comfort ye never speak?
Must they ever be erring, and sinful, and weak—
Staggering onward with weary feet,
Stained in the gutters, and drunk in the street?

Select Literature.

Country Cousins.

BY MRS. S. A. SHIELDS.

(Concluded.)

I left him at length, feeling that my life was not wholly valueless, deprived of every hope, stripped of every pleasure. There seemed no future for me, but a hopeless drudgery to earn bread to support a life scarcely worth the pain of enduring. But for my fear of the Creator, my reliance upon His mercy and goodness, I think I should have walked to the river and ended my weary existence then and there.

I watched anxiously for a letter from Sibyl, and wrote one to her old address, hoping that it might be forwarded to her, but no word or line from her dear hand reached me. Two more long years passed away and I was of age. In the three years passed in a counting-house, I had become so far familiar with the routine of mercantile life, that, upon my attaining my majority, the firm under whom I had been employed offered me a lucrative position in a branch house in Boston, promising further advancement in time. There was nothing to keep me in New York; Sibyl, wherever she was, had certainly never returned to her uncle's house. I had made but few friends, none who were so dear that it would cause pain to leave them, so I thankfully accepted the offer and went to Boston. Could I have dreamed then of the peril of her whom I had never ceased to love, with what different emotions I should have left the city. But I had heard nothing for two long years, and I had gradually accustomed myself to the idea that I was forgotten, that the rich heiress had found some newer, more attractive admirer than the poor clerk, the humble cousin who had lived under the same roof with her only by the claim of charity. In some gay metropolis in Europe, Sibyl was doubtless a star and belle, perhaps before this the wife of some foreign nobleman, who weighed her republican birth against her gold.

She had been to me the angel of a lonely life, she was still the one fond memory of my youth, but I had lost all hope that she could ever be anything more.

I had been a year and some months in Boston, when I was recalled to New York by a letter from my Aunt Mary, announcing the death of my Uncle Lucius, and begging me to come and aid two helpless women in managing the funeral and other necessary arrangements. My Cousin Harriet added a short postscript, saying that her mother's health had given way under the shock and grief, and that her whole time was passed in her bed-room, and also begging that I, the nearest, if, indeed, not the only male relative, would come at once to New York. I obeyed the summons at once; but it was a long journey in those days, and the length of time already consumed between the writing of the letter and its receipt by me made it impossible for me to reach my old home in time for the funeral.

I found, however, that, by my aunt's request, all papers relating to my uncle's affairs had been left untouched until my arrival. As his father and brothers had died, so my Uncle Lucius died of heart affection, carried away suddenly, and Aunt Mary seemed to have a horror of having his private papers examined by strangers. I found her, indeed, in a state of great mental excitement, nearly frantic at her loss, utterly helpless now that the prop of her own gentle dependence was taken away, keeping Harriet constantly in her sight, and prepared to throw upon my shoulders the whole of that burden of responsibility she felt herself unable to support. Harriet, too, in spite of her old dislike to me, was eager to have me assume the direction of business affairs, and place the fortune of the family upon some footing that women could understand and make available.

My first task was in the counting-house, and for a fortnight I was kept busily at work. Suddenly called from the scene of his money-making schemes, my uncle had made no preparation for death, and his business affairs were complicated and unsettled. I found clerks, salesmen, lawyers, all in a state of uncertainty about their own responsibility, and eager to thrust the whole burden of care upon my shoulders. Long days and evenings, that extended far into the nights were spent in the counting-house; but at last I had placed affairs in such order that my actual presence was no longer required more than an hour or two each day.

It was during one of these hours that I missed an important paper, which one of the clerks said my uncle had taken home with him. It was very necessary to have the paper, so I went to my aunt for permission to look in my uncle's private secretary.

'O Rolf!' she said, 'if you will only look over all those papers for me. I cannot do it! It kills me to tear open my heart by looking over your uncle's letters. Do take them all, and destroy what you think he would have wished to keep from other eyes than yours.'

I undertook the task more willingly in a hope that these papers would give me some information about Sibyl. I had asked Aunt Mary about her, and had been assured that since my Uncle Godfrey's death she had known nothing of Sibyl, excepting that she was in a convent in France, still, as she supposed, engaged in her studies.

It was evening before I could commence the examination of the secretary. I knew that all my uncle's papers were kept there, for I had often seen him seated before it for hours, busily engaged in writing or reading letters. The secretary was a large, heavy piece of furniture, that stood in the library, filling one corner with its bulk. It was full of small drawers, pigeon-holes, narrow shelves, and, in fact, all the contrivances of an old-fashioned stationary writing desk.

I easily found the paper for which I was seeking, and had spent several hours reading over and sorting letters of various descriptions, some important, some trifling, but nothing that in any way referred to my Cousin Sibyl. Every document before me, however, proved more conclusively what I had already suspected, in the arrangement of my uncle's business, that money was his idol, the one object for which he toiled, and for the attainment of which, I was already convinced, he would sacrifice principles, friends, every obstacle that was in his way in his eager race for wealth. Even I was amazed at the immense sums he had accumulated and invested.

The night was far spent, and I was beginning to despair of finding any clue to Sibyl, when, in putting a small drawer I had taken out to empty, back into its place, I noticed a brass spring in the back of the secretary. I pressed heavily upon it, when a whole row of drawers opened like a door, revealing another row of open shelves, upon which were piled packages of papers and letters, tied up and evidently placed there for great security, if not secrecy.

The first of these piles which I opened made me eagerly anxious to examine the others, for there before me, the seals unbroken until my hand tore them apart, lay all my father's letters to his father, while, with the withheld petitions for forgiveness and renewed love, was my grandfather's last will, dated the year of his death, restoring my father to his full share in the property, and desiring that his dear son Rolf be assured of his undying love and full forgiveness.

I was stunned for a moment at this unexpected revelation. Of course, if the will was genuine and could be proved, Mattie and I were as rich now as our cousins. I was no longer only a poor clerk, and now I was equal in wealth as in birth to my Cousin Sibyl.

The thought of Sibyl made me turn again to the concealed papers. I shudder yet to think of the revelations in those papers. I will not describe to you all the letters I found, but tell you only of my uncle's plan.

Uncle Godfrey, about a month before his death, had taken Sibyl to a convent in the South of France, where the opportunities for the study of languages were considered the best in Europe. Upon his death Sibyl had written to her Uncle Lucius for permission to return to New York, as the ablest of the convent was unwilling to send a young girl alone across the ocean, unless directed to do so by her guardian.

Uncle Lucius had written in answer to the address, desiring that his niece be received as a novice, and subsequently a nun in the convent, knowing that if this could be accomplished, he would have the sole control and possession of her father's wealth. I think, as Sibyl evidently clung to her own faith and freedom, that my uncle even suggested force to retain her, for there was an indignant letter from the abbess assuring Mons. Celphane, that, although her regard for what she believed the surest happiness of *chere* Sibyl would induce her to leave no persuasions unattempted to win her from her heresy, never could she be received into the holy sisterhood except by her own free will and consent.

I wept like a child over Sibyl's letters imploring her recall home, begging for some news of me, and still more over the touching letters directed to me, begging my intercession and influence to bring her to New York. She said that everything was done for her comfort and happiness in the convent, and she was interested in her studies, but she longed for home, for faces she loved, for *me*.

It seemed to me the voyage would never end that took me to Sibyl. I left my claims in the hands of my uncle's lawyer, who perfectly remembered my grandfather's will, which he had himself drawn up, but supposed to be subsequently destroyed. Provided with full credentials to satisfy the good abbess of my identity, I proceeded to the convent.

Ah, Lily, I can never describe that meeting. She loved me still, and we were married at once. Two happy years we spent in Europe, and then returned to New York. Mattie, your grandmother, easily persuaded her husband to remove to the city after she took possession of her inheritance, and my sad, lonely boyhood was succeeded by a life of happiness; happiness with Sibyl, our children, and grandchildren; yes, dear, and our nephews, nieces, and their children.

They are all scattered now. Sibyl waits for me in heaven, where are two of my boys; others are married, and I am alone again; but memory peoples the hours, and I know that it cannot be long before I join my wife. Have I tired you with my long story, Lily?

'No! No, indeed; but I must go up stairs now, for it is almost time for the arrival of your text.'

'My text?'

'Yes! Was it not 'Country Cousins!'

A Pretty Rhine Legend.

Once upon a time there lived beside the Rhine a beautiful young lady. She had a lover who loved her, and whom she loved in return. But, after he had wooed her—for one year, but three—he asked her to marry him; and she, anxious to show her power, merely answered:

'Wait.'

'I have waited three years,' he said, 'but at your bidding I will wait once more—just once more.'

Then he went away and became a soldier, and praise of his bravery filled the land; but the lady was piqued by the thought that he had been able to leave her for even a year, and when he returned she determined to punish him, though all the while she loved him well.

He knelt at her feet, and took her hands in his, and said:

'Lady, I have come back to claim you for my wife.'

But all she answered was:

'Wait longer; a patient waiter is not a loser.'

'I will wait two years longer,' he said, calmly. 'If I do not lose, all is well.'

Then he left her again. She had hoped that he would plead for her, and that she would be forced to change her mind; but now he was gone—gone for two long years. How she lived through them she could not tell; but they passed, and again her lover was before her.

'I have waited patiently,' was all he said.

The lady yearned to cast herself into his arms, but pride was strong within her.

'Wait longer,' she said.

'No,' he answered. 'This is the last time. If I wait now, I will wait forever.'

At this she drew back haughtily.

'Then wait forever,' she said coldly.

He left her without a word. And now her heart sank in her bosom. She wept bitter tears, and repented in dust and ashes. When a year had gone by, she could bear her woe no longer, and sent her little foot-page to her old lover, bidding him bear this message: 'Come back to me.'

But the message the little foot-page brought was just this: 'Wait.'

Again she was left to her sorrow, and two years glided by; then once more she bade her page ride over the mountains to her lover's castle.

'Tell him I am waiting,' she said.

The page rode away and rode back. He stood before his lady and doffed his cap, and repeated the message that had been given him:

'The patient waiter is not a loser.'

'He is punishing me,' thought the lady, and for two years longer she remained in her castle. Her heart was breaking, her health failed; she knew death was near.

Again she sent her cruel lover a message.

'Tell him,' she said, 'that I am near my end, and that if I wait longer before I see him, I shall wait forever.'

The page returned, and stood beside his lady's chair. His eyes were full of tears; his head was bent upon his breast; he sighed and hid his face in his plume cap.

The lady lifted her wan face.

'Speak!' she said; 'the message!'

'Alas!' sighed the page; 'I would it were a more tender one.'

'Whatever it may be, speak?' gasped the lady.

'The only message that I have,' replied the page, is, 'Wait forever!'

'I am well paid in my own coin,' said the lady. 'At last I have received all my own answers back.'

In a little while she died, and they buried her in the old churchyard, with a stone at her head and a stone at her feet.

When spring came there was grass upon the grave, and there also was a new plant strange to those who looked upon it; a plant with dark, glossy leaves, that crept slowly but surely along, clutching fast to every rough surface it met.

There had never been a plant like that on earth before. Now we call it the ivy, but this is what those who saw it for the first time said of it:

'It is the lady whom her lover bade to wait forever. In this form she is creeping toward his castle, slowly but surely. So she will creep on until she reaches the heart she threw away.'

Generations have passed from earth. The castle is a ruin, covered with ivy, and the peasants will tell you that it has crept there from the lady's grave, point by point, over stone and rock, through the grave-yard and over gates and fences. You can trace it, if you choose, they say, but you do not try.

Models of the Milliners' Art.

BONNETS MORE GORGEOUS THIS SEASON THAN THEY HAVE BEEN FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

Should the sun dance in the heavens next Easter Sunday the day will be remarkable for a display of bright-colored and gorgeous bonnets, the like of which, modistes affirm, have not been seen on the heads of decorous women and inside houses of worship for at least a quarter of a century. The fashions of the past three seasons have been such as to prepare ladies for a superabundance of color and rainbow-effect combinations, so the gay head-dresses displayed at the openings occurring during the last week do not astonish so much as they delight the patrons who are culling them over. Strangely enough, bonnets overlaid with full-blown flowers and wound about with scarfs and rich Oriental stuff or real gold lace need be neither outre nor startling in effect. Indeed, it is quite possible to gain a simplicity of style with ecru-colored poppies and gilt trimmings. This was proved at the opening yesterday in the millinery parlors of Aitken, Son & Co., Broadway. The models on exhibition exemplified the artistic arrangements of color and designs noticeable in all lines of fabrics this year, and in none more than millinery goods. The bonnets seen here are much smaller in size and come oftenest in the cattage and cupola shapes. Round hats show a pleasing diversity of styles, and yet after all they may be said to belong to the Gainsborough family—only a little smaller than the original models. Fancy braids abound, and among these are noticeable bonnets in which cashmere effects are imparted by introducing colored threads in lace-like design. Open straws there are and rich yellow tuscans. There is also a lustrous stain straw that promises to become fashionable. Chips appear for such as desire them. Occasionally a bonnet is seen with a crown of chip and a brim of straw lace heavily beaded with fine jets. Satin de Lyon is much used in millinery in place of silk, and gilt ornaments were never more in demand. These last, by the way, are large, and a favorite design is ball-shaped. Among new colors what is known as the medium shade of heliotrope is already a favorite. Artificial flowers, which are lavishly employed on bonnets, show Spanish tricks of color; roses with gold hearts shade out to scarlet and crimson, and pansies—for which there is a decided preference—run from violet to orange-brown, yellow and cream-white.

Among the many artistic bonnets exhibited at this opening were those showing embroidered crowns of crepe lisse worked with straw and stimulating sheaves of oats or wheat. A capote covered with pearl-beaded lace and having snow flake net ties was garnished with a white marabout pompon. Marabout pompons are a favorite trimming, and almost the only feather ornament seen on the new bonnets, though feathers are much worn on hats. A capote of Oriental silk interwoven with gold threads and valued at 20 dollars a yard attracted deserved attention, not only on account of the richness of its material but the harmonious effect of its garniture of illuminated fringe and warm cardinal ties. Spanish lace bonnets are a favorite fashion for summer and evening wear. These are made with both black and white Spanish scarf, and are trimmed with flowers massed on the top of the bonnet or at one side, with a wreath running across the front of the crown. Evening bonnets composed of white Spanish lace and in capote shape often show a fringe of beaded lace drooping over the edge of the brim—an arrangement especially effective when worn by brunettes.

Now that young unmarried ladies have affected breakfast caps to be worn with negligee morning dress, the variety of styles in this sort of headdress is greater than ever.—*New York World.*

When a Colorado man enters the office of a local paper and stands his rifle up in the corner while he reads the editor his poem, the editor dosen't tell him they never use poetry, but promises the piece shall go in, and the poet tightens his belt and says he'll call round next day to get a copy of the paper.

USEFUL.—'I suppose you miss your husband very much?' he remarked to the charming relict.—'Miss him? Of course I do. He was very useful in attending to the fire, winding up the clock, and turning out the gas.'