If you are growing Gray or Bald;

If your Hair is Thin, Brashy, Dry, Harsh, or Weak;

If you are troubled with Dandruff, Itching, or any Humor or Disease of the Scalp,

USE

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

It heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp, checks the falling out of the Hair and prevents it from turning gray, and is an unequaled dressing and toilet article.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month $1.00; two months, 1.50; three months $2.00; six months, 3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches)..First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00 twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN..First insertion, $6.00; each continuation, $1.50; one month $12.00; two months, $6.00; three months $18.00; six months, $25.00; twelve months, $45.00.

A COLUMN..First insertion, $12.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $24.00.

Special rates for longer terms.

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

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

We have recently published a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address

The Culverwell Medical Co.
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 0. 45

1885. 1885.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,

ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS.

—IN—

Marble, Freestone & Granite,

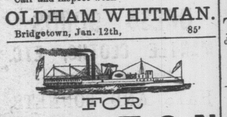
of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.

ALSO:

Furniture Tops!

Call and inspect work.

OLDHAM WHITMAN.
Bridgetown, Jan. 12th, 85'



FOR

BOSTON

VIA

BOSTON DESPATCH.

ANNAPOLIS LINE.

Commencing Oct. 1st, the Steamer, "NEW BRUNSWICK will leave Annapolis for Boston Direct, calling at Digby, every Thursday, p. m., after arrival of W. & A. Ry. Express from Halifax. Passengers from Yarmouth and other stations on the W. C. Ry. connect with this Str. at Digby. Returning, will leave Boston for Annapolis every Monday, at 8 a. m., connecting with the trains of the W. C. Ry. and W. & A. Ry. the following day. The Str. "SECRET" leaves Annapolis and Digby every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, p. m., for St. John, connecting with the regular trips of I. S. S. Co's., new and elegant Stmrs. "State of Maine" and "Cumberland," which now leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock, a. m.

For tickets or further information apply to your nearest ticket agent or to

GEO. E. CORBITT,
Agt., Annapolis, N. S

November 3, 1885.

SAMUEL LEGG,

Watch and Clock Maker.

—IN—

Murdoch's Block.

Also Agent for the

HARTFORD LIFE

—AND—

ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.
Of Hartford, Conn.

Bridgetown, July 1, '85.

A. G. SHARP, SHOEMAKER,

Has on hand some first-class Calfskin, Cold Liquor Tanned and Oak Tanned English Balmorals—two assortments.

Repairing done in first-class American style.

A specialty of SEWED WORK both new and repairing.

All at Lowest Prices.

Bridgetown, April 8th, '85. 6m.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1885. NO. 32.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Bruises, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Complaints. Circulars free. 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. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." 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 Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. 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.

TAILORING AT CASH PRICES!

—:o:—

BY connection with manufacturers we exhibit fine goods at economical prices, and with vast resources of working department, we make ordered Clothing economically, carefully, promptly, systematically and satisfactorily.

Heavy All-Wool Homespun Suits to Order, $10
Real Scotch Tweed Suits, - - - 16
Our Latest Specialty Pants Order, - 3.50

JUST TRY OUR.

BEST READY MADE CLOTHING,

Manufactured by us. If you want any, please look at it, no matter whether you purchase or not. Latest styles. All sizes Men's, Youths', Boys' Juveniles.

Terms of this house, CASH in buying and selling.

Samples of Goods sent to any address on application, with prices per yard, or garments made to order.

CLAYTON & SONS.
HALIFAX, N. S.

Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

A. E. SULIS.

To Let!

THE House and premises recently occupied by Mr. A. Drysdale, near Providence Church.

Possession given immediately.

W. W. CHESLEY.

Bridgetown Sept 1st, 1885. 2m.

Administratrix Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late CHARLES E. MORTON, of Centreville, in the county of Annapolis, farmer deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested, within three months and all persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

LUCY A. MORTON,
Administratrix.

Centreville, Oct. 13th, 1885. 3mpd.

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.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber being desirous of giving more attention to his

GROCERY and PROVISION TRADE,

has decided to sell his valuable FARM, situated in Beaconsfield, three and a-half miles from Bridgetown, and directly under the North Mountain.

The property comprises about 300 acres of splendid land, 25 or 30 under cultivation, and 200 abounding in valuable Hard and Soft Timber.

There is also between 200 and 300 healthy and bearing Fruit Trees, in Apple, Plum, Pear, &c.

A good House, Barn, and other Outbuildings, together with pure and never-failing water privileges are among the inducements.

For full particulars apply to the subscriber.

T. J. EAGLESON.

Bridgetown, Oct. 9, 1883. tf

F. C. HARRIS,

Licensed Auctioneer,

Commission Merchant and Real Estate Agent

Special rates for Sales of Real Estate and Farm Stock.

Bridgetown, March 26th, 1884. n50

NOTICE!

The subscriber having met with a heavy loss by fire, will esteem it a favour for all who are indebted to him to call and settle their accounts.

W. A. CRAIG.

WE SELL

Cordwood,

SPILING, BARK,

R. R. TIES, LUMBER, LATHS,

PRODUCE,

Potatoes, Fish, etc.

Best Prices for all shipments.

Write fully for Quotations.

HATHEWAY & CO.,

General Commission Merchants,

22 Central Wharf, BOSTON.

Members of Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic Exchanges. jan28ly

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

Can be obtained from the

N. S. P. B Building Society and Savings Fund,

On real Estate Security, payable in Monthly Instalments extending over a period of about eleven years.

For particulars apply to

J. M. OWEN,
Agent for County of Annapolis.

Annapolis 27th Feb 1883.y

JOHN Z. BENT,

UNDERTAKER.

Bridgetown N. S., near Presbyterian Church.

Coffins and Caskets, and Coffin trimmings, of all styles, always on hand. All branches of this department of his business will receive the most careful attention. 361yr

J. G. H. PARKER,

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

Practise in all the Courts. Business promptly attended to.

OFFICE—Fitz Randolph's NEW BUILDING, Bridgetown. 71y

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

ANNAPOLIS, SS.

In the Supreme Court in Equity, 1885.

BETWEEN, STEPHEN E. BENT, Plaintiff,

AND

ALDEN CROCKER and JANETTE ELIZABETH CROCKER, Defts.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, in front of the office of J. G. H. Parker, at Bridgetown, in the County aforesaid on

Saturday, December 5th,

next, at 12 o'clock, noon.

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein, dated the 29th day of September, A. D. 1885, unless before the day of sale the said defendants shall pay the said plaintiff or his solicitor, or into court the sum due on the mortgage herein and costs.

All that certain tract or parcel of

LAND,

situate, lying and being in Wilmot, in the County of Annapolis, bounded and described as follows:—

FIRST.—Beginning at the south west angle of a lot of land conveyed by William J. Spinney to Arthur Spinney, by a deed bearing date the 1st day of November 1874, from thence running north nine degrees west along said Arthur Spinney's land, thirty-eight chains and fifty-three links, thence north eighty-seven degrees east four chains, thence north nine degrees west, two chains and fifty links, thence south eighty-seven degrees west four chains, thence north nine degrees west eight chains, thence south eighty-one degrees west eight chains and thirty-seven links, thence south nine degrees east forty-nine chains and three links, thence north, eighty-one degrees east eight chains and forty-one links, to the place of beginning, containing forty-five acres more or less.

SECOND.—Beginning at the north-east angle of said tract or parcel of land, and running south nine degrees, east forty-nine chains and three links, thence south eighty-one degrees, west eight chains and forty links, thence north nine degrees west thirty-eight chains and fifty-three links, thence north eighty-seven degrees east four chains, thence north nine degrees west two chains and fifty links, thence south eighty-seven degrees west four chains, thence north nine degrees west, eight chains, thence north eighty-one degrees east eight chains and thirty-seven links, to the place of beginning, containing forty-three acres more or less, together with all and singular, the easements, tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances to the same belonging, or in anywise appertaining, with the revision and revisions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, interest, claim, property and demand, both in law and in equity of the said Alden Crocker and Janette Elizabeth his wife, of, in, to or out of the same or any part thereof.

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

J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff.

J. G. H. PARKER, Solicitor of Pltff.

Bridgetown, Nov. 2nd, '85. 5i

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION!

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the name and style of

OUTHIT, EATON & CO.

was dissolved by mutual consent, on the first day of August, inst. C. W. Outhit will continue the business, assume the liabilities and collect all debts due the firm.

C. W. OUTHIT,
C. L. EATON.

In reference to the above I will continue the Produce Commission Business at the old stand, 116 to 120 Barrington Street, and would respectfully ask a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed on the firm of Outhit, Eaton & Co.

C. W. OUTHIT.

Halifax, Aug. 15, 1885. tf

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing

and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonial, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

Poetry.

Tennyson's Vastness.

The literary sensation of the past week in London has been Tennyson's poem, called Vastness, printed in Macmillan's Magazine. It is apparently a satire on various contemporary political and social movements. The following are the most striking verses:

A hearth upon our dark globe sighs after
many a vanished face;
Many a planet by many a sun may roll
with the dust of a vanished race.

Raving politics never at rest as this poor
earth's pale history runs.
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the
gleam of a million million suns?

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side,
truthless violence mourn'd by the
wise;
Thousands of voices drowning his own in
a popular torrent of lies upon lies.

Faith, her zenith, or all, but lost in the
gloom of doubts that darkens the
schools:
Craft with a branch of all-heal in her hand
follow'd up by vassal legion of fools.

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glorious
annals of army and fleet.
Death for the right cause, trumpets of
victory, groans of defeat.

Innocence seethed in her mother's milk,
and charity setting the martyr
aflame,
Thraldom who walks with the banner of
freedom, and reeks not to ruin a
realm in her name.

What is it all if we all of us end but in
being our own corpse coffins at last?
Swallowed in vastness, lost in silence,
drowned in the depths of a mean-
ingless past.

The fourth stanza is supposed to refer to the Salvation Army, the sixth to the Pall Mall Gazette exposures.

Select Literature.

A Barrel of Soft Soap.

'Hain't you put that rack in the cellar yet, to hang that ere dried beef on?' asked Mrs. Stutson.

'No, Judy, I thought mebbe 'twould rain in a day or two, and then Jabe could be spared to help a little about the house, for I must get my work ketched up while we have good weather.'

'Yes, there's allus something ye can't do if it don't rain, and ye can't if it does; I declare for it; I'd like to know what on arth would become on us all if 'twsnt for me to look after things.'

'Come, come, mother, don't fret any more; we don't want a cloud in the kitchen when there ain't none outside."

'Wal, I've got something else to do beside peekin' at the weather; and if you ain't it's time that you had.'

Giles Stutson was a farmer—a man of good habits, honest in his dealings with his fellow men—who in his youth had married Judith McIntosh. 'A smarter girl never trod shoe leather,' so said the elder Stutson on the morning of their marriage.

They had by the closest economy acquired a small fortune, in the shape of a farm located about two miles from the village of M——. Only one child had been given them to brighten their home, and this was a daughter, who at the time of our story had reached the age of twenty years.

Mrs. Stutson, as you will observe by this conversation, was one of that peculiar type of women whose very life seemed to depend upon scolding and working, all at the same instant; and the more she fretted and scolded, the more work she accomplished.

The whole family had become so accustomed to this that its effect was, as Mr. Stutson once said, 'it went in one ear and out 'tother.'

'Wal, Giles, there's jest this much about it; if that ere rack ain't up by ten o'clock, I'll git some nails and drive up, to hang that beef on myself. I've got to clean the cheese room to day, and I want that pile of beef out of my way.'

So saying she went into the milk-room, to strain the morning's milk.

'It's no use arguing,' said Mr. Stutson to Jabe, the hired man. 'When Judy gets set on anything she'll have her way, and if she says she'll do a thing, she'll do it every time. I guess that cheese-room won't spile if t'aint cleaned to-day, and the beef is well enough where it is; I can't bother with it to-day, anyhow.'

Having thus expressed his opinion he followed Jabe to the field, leaving Martha Ann to clear away the breakfast.

Having cared for the milk, Mrs. Stutson appeared and exclaimed, partly to herself and partly to Martha:

'Whoever see sich men folks? They think a woman can git along any way, no matter how. Here is biled dinner to git, them starch clothes to iron, pies to make, cheese-room to clean, and massy knows what, I don't. Yes, and there's the donation party to the parsonage to-night. Was ever a woman so put to it to know what to do fust? I never was. Wal, I sha'n't go to the party, that's one thing sure.'

'Why, mother, of course you'll go.'

'Of course I shan't go! I've got something else to do beside going skylarking round nights. There will be enough on 'em without me. Let them go that ain't got so much to do as I have. Here, Martha, you go into the shed, and behind the door git me some nails, and go out on the wood pile and fetch me the hatchet, and I'll see what I can do.'

All things now ready, Mrs. Stutson, with a hatchet, nails and beef in hand, started for the cellar, stopping on the top stair to tell Martha to "be sure and wash the greens clean, and not be a-gapping out the winder to Tom Ryder.'

Thomas Ryder was the son of a neighboring farmer, who had at sundry times shown Martha Ann some attention at apple bees and candy pulls, these incidents being sufficient to impress the mother with the great responsibility which devolved upon her to keep a watchful eye upon Martha, lest Tom, whom she deemed unworthy the prize, should rob them of their precious treasure.

On reaching the cellar she found a suitable place over the pork barrel, where to her mind the beef would be 'out of the way of rats, and yet be handy to get at,' as she afterward told Mr. Stutson. Having armed herself with hatchet and nails she mounted the barrel and prepared to drive the first nail, when the barrel cover slipped, and splash she went—into what?

It seemed that Giles and Jabe had been there before her, and in getting out some cider barrels, had changed things about in such a manner that the barrel of soft soap stood where the pork should stand; and she, in her haste, not noting the change, had mounted the former.

'Land o' massy! What won't that man do next, I'd like to know?'

Making a plunge for the top of the barrel she tried to extricate herself, but each successive attempt proved only a failure.

'What on airth's a body going to do in this fix? Martha! Martha Ann! What can that gal be about that she don't come when I call her? Hanging on the fence, I warrant, a-talking to that Tom Ryder I will Tom Ryder the hull lot if I ever git out of here!'

Just at this moment Martha came through the hatchway.

'Where are you, mother?'

'Where be I? I should think you'd ask! Go ask Tom Ryder! Mebbe he'll tell you—that's all you think on—and leave me to git along alone.'

'Where are you mother? I didn't hear you call. I was washing the greens.'

'Here I be, I tell you, in the soap barrel. Where do you s'pose?'

'In the soap barrel?' queried Martha.

One glance was sufficient. Convulsed with laughter, she seated herself on a stone jar to recover sufficiently to render the needed assistance.

'Martha Ann Stutson! What do you mean? Haven't I learn't you never to laugh at other folks' calamities? And here you be a-laughing right in your mother's face.'

'But, mother I never saw you in a soap barrel before.'

'Taint noways likely you ever will again if I get out of this one. Go out into the lot and call your father and Jabe to come here quick as their legs'll fetch 'em. But you needn't tell them what's happened; they'll find that out quick enough when they get here.'

Martha, once out of her mother's sight, enjoyed another hearty laugh and ran for the men, who dropped their rakes, hastened toward the house. Martha waited at the top of the stairs, trying to compose her countenance before entering the presence of her mother; at last she led the way for Jabe saying:

'Mother has met with an accident down here.'

Peering through the darkness, honest Jabe exclaimed, on beholding her mother's situation:

'How did you get in there?'

'It's none of your business how I came here. I'm here, and have got to be got out some way or other. Where's your manners, Jabez Hovey, that you'll stand there and laugh at me in this perdickerment?'

'Perdickerment! I should say it was a soap barrel, if I was any judge.'

'What if 'tis? Do you think I'm so big a fool that I don't know what I've got into? Martha, where's your father? Why don't he come along?'

'He is coming.'

'Yes, so's Christmas. I s'pose if the house was on fire he wouldn't hurry a mite quicker.'

'Why, Judy,' said Mr. Stutson on entering the cellar, 'where on arth be ye, any way?'

'Where be I? Can't you see nothing? Better put on your specks and look in the soap barrel. Wal, I declare for it! Er I hain't got to stand here and wait for another to haw-haw and giggle! For my part, I don't see nothing to laugh at. What are you thinking on, Giles Stutson, a-standing there laughing like that at me? What kind of use is it for me to learn Martha Ann to be respectful when you, her father, don't show no respect.'

'Come, come, mother, don't scold, if you could see yourself as we can, you'd laugh yourself; you couldn't help it.'

'But how came you to get in there, Judy? Guess you must got foul of that cider barrel.'

'Giles, what do you mean a-talking so when you know I was one of the leading wimmin in the temperance cause, and the idea! accusing me right afore my own child of doing sich a thing.'

'Wal, Miss Stutson, how are you going to get out?' asked Jabe.

'That's what I'd like to know, Jabe; you get that bench around here so that I can have it to step on to; and you take hold of this side, and Giles, here you take t'other, and when you two hist me up, Martha Ann can scrape off the soap. Here, Giles, you ain't good for nothing! Ye never was knee high to a toad. If I ever git another man, I'll git one that won't have to stand on a sheet of paper to reach a soap barrel!'

After numerous attempts, Mrs. Stutson was partially outside the barrel, with one knee resting on the top, when splash she went back again, spattering the soap in every direction, a goodly portion lodging on Giles shirt front, while he, with the others, was enjoying another hearty laugh.

'Did I ever see sich a pack of fools?'

'There's no use crying over spilt milk, Judy.'

'Spilt milk and a woman in a barrel of soft soap are two different things and you'll find it out so afore you get through.'

'I always told you Judy, if you'd do a little less scolding, and use a little more soft soap, you'd make a good many more friends than you do now.'

'Wal, I guess I've got enough of it this time to suit you, and don't you never say soft soap to me again as long as you live.'

After spending a great deal of time and strength, Mrs. Stutson was at last as far out of her dilemma as the wash bench, and commenting upon her personal appearance.

'Who ever see such a looking critter? Calliser dress all spilt, shoes, stockings, and the hull rig.'

She then ordered Jabe to get a tub of water and Martha to bring clean clothes. Mr. Stutson had already gone for the meat rack, thinking it would have been cheaper to put it up in the first place than have been hindered in this way, and wishing women folks would mind their own business and let the men folks alone.

'Jest look at this cellar bottom,' Mrs. Stutson exclaimed, 'and this bench and things! It'll take a hull day to clean it up as it ought ter be, and all this because the men folks didn't tend to things they'd orter.'

But from that day to this, whenever Judy begins to scold, Mr. Stutson says, 'A leettle more soft soap, Judy,' and Judy is silent.

Cranberry Culture.

HOW THEY DO IT

(For the Chronicle.)

Cranberry culture to some extent is a very general thing on Eastern Maine homesteads. This year the yield for the area has been prodigious—a bushel to the six feet square as reported in some patches. This, perhaps, may seem exaggerated, but having seen for myself their abundance in some places, I can testify to the wonderful productiveness. Cranberry culture is a very simple thing, and might and ought to be as general in parts of Nova Scotia as it is here. A bit of swamp upon the farm is drained, stripped of its coating of moss and miscellaneous herbage, root and branch, or sand and gravel, and cultivated or uncultivated plants of the vicinity transplanted therein. Some put the plants pretty close together in rows, say twenty inches apart, others stick them in here and there helter skelter; these increase and multiply, and soon the exposed, black, murky surface is again covered with vegetation. Transplanting may be done spring or fall; if in the fall, winter-killing may occur if the plants have not rooted. Cranberry culture has perils like other undertakings. Frost may, some spring, skill the blossoms; it may, some falls, render much of the crop worthless. There may be one season, as this, a big crop and a poor market, and the next a small crop and a better market. However, once planted (ordinarily) they are planted for many a year and the top soil and herbage removed is worth something in the hog pen and in the compost. Again, swamp land left as it is of little account. Generally the cultivated berry—which is bigger and better than the uncultivated—is worth in local market here from $2 50 to $4 a bushel; this season it is a drug at $1 to $1.50.

At Cape Cod, as everybody knows, cranberry culture is a busines; cranberry soil is there worth several thousand dollars an acre. Cranberries are shipped from Cape Cod to China, India and Cape of Good Hope, in kits, in quarter and half barrels—shipped in their natural state in water. A piece of swamp with a brook running through it, which latter may be made to overflow the surface at pleasure any evening, spring or fall, when frost is anticipated, the water to be let off when danger is past, is a most eligible place for cranberry culture.

Here, as in the Provinces, there are two sorts of natural cranberry bed and two sorts of cranberries. There is marsh which produces the bigger sort and there is savannah, or heath, growing the speckled smaller sort, here called the heath cranberry. The former is alone cultivated so far as I know. It grows much larger and in substance is firmer than the uncultivated.

Now I would not have every Nova Scotian farmer to sell out and buy a swamp and go to "sass" the universe, but I would have some few and there to try their hand upon a few square yards of marsh, where such is at hand, and learn by experience what they had better do about it. As cranberries will not grow far from the sea, Ontario and the Great Lone Land ought to afford a market for all the cranberries Nova Scotia can produce till time shall be no more.

Yours for the common good,

BLUE-NOSE.

East Maine, October, 1885.

The Severn Tunnel Completed.

(From the London Times.)

Overcoming at one time what seemed almost overwhelming difficulties, the Great Western railway company and the engineers, Sir John Hawkshaw, and Mr. Richardson, associated with Mr. Walker, the contractor, have at length completed the prodigious work of driving four miles and a quarter of tunnel beneath the mouth of the Severn and have thus connected South Wales directly with the Great Western railway company's system on the Gloucestershire side of the river. They have by this means reduced the distance from London to Cardiff by thirteen miles, and the time occupied in going from Bristol to Cardiff is one and a quarter hours. The tunnel is 26 feet wide, 20 feet high from the rails to the crown of the arch inside the brick work, and has a double line of rails laid on longitudinal sleepers. More than a mile of it has been excavated through the hard pennant sandstone and the coat measures half a mile through conglomerate overlying the pennant; half a mile in the shale of the coal measures, with some beds of coal 12 inches thick, and the rest was through the red marl of the new red sandstone. About four and a quarter miles of actual tunnelling are beneath the bed of the river, and in the journey on Saturday, the whole of this was found as perfectly dry as the floor of a room. Seventy-five millions of bricks have been used in lining the tunnel throughout with Staffordshire or vitrified brick set in cement. This arched crown or wall has a thickness of three feet in the deepest part of the work beneath the "shoots," but as the tunnel rises from the lowest point this thickness is gradually reduced to two feet three inches; 70,000 cubic yards of material have been excavated, chiefly through rock, and from commencement to finish the work has in all been spread over a period of 12 years, but the present contractor has been in possession of the work only five and a half years. A powerful fan, 40 feet in diameter, has to be erected to complete the ventilation, and some cutting on the Gloucestershire side, together with the junction with the main lines and the doubling of portions of the line from Patchway, have to be finished before the tunnel will be opened for traffic, probably in two or three months.

A Boston Sensation.

A Boston despatch dated Oct. 26th, says that a morning paper tells a sensational story in connection with the mysterious arrest of a woman on Saturday night. The prisoner is said to be the principal in a conspiracy to murder a prominent young lady of the West End, who is said to be heiress to considerable property, and by getting rid of her the property would fall into their hands. Some time ago the conspirators started to put their plan in operation by attempting to poison her. Although the young lady suffered by the infamous work, she finally recovered. Her would-be murderers then decided to adopt another means of taking her life; their plan was to have the young lady enticed to Baltimore, where the next attempt to kill her was to be made. They then hired a fellow of this city to perform the work, advancing him money to carry out their schemes. The man's heart failed him, however, and he acquainted the police with the story, still pretending to his employers that he was willing to do their bidding. For two weeks the detectives have been watching every move made by the conspirators and on Saturday afternoon they had such a strong case against the woman that they decided to arrest her. The police are hard at work collecting evidence and startling developments are expected.

Pure Cider Vinegar.

A sign in a Third avenue grocery window reads: 'Pure Russet Cider, 4 c. a quart.

'That cider was never moved by a breath of country air,' said a man in a blue check jacket, who was passing the window, yesterday, 'and it was never any nearer an apple than it is now as it stands in the barrel at the rear of the grocery.'

'Made of sulphuric acid and glucose then?' suggested a companion.

'No, that's too expensive.'

'What is it made of?'

'Sawdust. I work in the shop where it is made. Pure apple cider is worth thirty cents a gallon. Sawdust cider costs about one-fourth of that. We take the sawdust from a couple of wood yards—hemlock, hickory, maple—every kind, just as it comes. We dump it into a big retort and heat it with a coal fire. Just 47 per cent of what boils over is crude vinegar. It has to be purified a bit and boiled down a little, but it is pretty good vinegar. When the wood reaches a certain point in the heating process it becomes charcoal, and is cooled off and sold to filter makers. We can beat the growers on the vinegar business and not half try.

The Length of Sermons.

An editor recently addressed to several clergymen a query as to the desirable length of sermons. The replies, which were duly published, cannot be said to settle the vexed question. The Episcopalian, who amongst others, was asked, 'Do you believe in long or short sermons?' replied, 'short sermons by all means. Less preaching, more praying, more worship. Mine house shall be called a house of prayer, never a house of preaching.' The Presbyterian replied, 'That the average sermon of the average minister had better be thirty minutes long than forty. Sermons should not be made to the yardstick, for all themes cannot be handled with the same brevity.' The Methodists believe in both long and short sermons. The Baptist, in a lengthy reply, confessed that for years he had made this same subject a matter of special study and observation. He thus sums up the results of his experience: 'As a rule, the less a man has to say the longer he takes to do it. I am fully persuaded that, save in very exceptional instances, whatever else a sermon is about it ought to be about half an hour. I know men, otherwise gifted, who are failures in the ministry, because they hit the nail on the head the first time, and then keep hammering until they split the board.'

—Some interesting statistics of the world's population have just been published, which contain tidings of comfort and joy for the fair sex. It appears that women have a greater tenacity of life than men. Nature very properly worships the female in all its varieties. Among insects the male perishes at a relatively earlier period. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man the woman endures longest and will bear pain to which the strongest man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than female. The proportion dying suddenly is one woman to seven men. One thousand and eighty men in the United States in 1870 committed suicide to two hundred and eighty-five women. Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, affections of the heart and liver are more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption is more deadly to the latter. All old countries, not disturbed by emigration, have a majority of females. Royal families show more daughters than sons. The Hebrew woman is exceptionally long lived, the colored man exceptionally short The married state is favorable to prolongation of life among women.

THE GLORIOUS CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent writes of California that he was employed in the orchards and vineyards of Elwood Cooper, the well-known manufacturer of olive oil, fourteen miles from Santa Barbara, and was very glad to return to the East. Almost every day the sun may be seen, excepting in the morning, when the fog hides it until ten o'clock during which time a good coat is needed After four in the afternoon the trade wind blows, and one must look for his coat and button it up. This change while at work is the cause of more cases of bronchitis than the winters of any other State. The weekly mortality list in San Francisco shows a greater number of deaths from consumption than any other city of the same population in the United States. So much for the exhilarating climate of California. Pear and apple trees had both fruit and blooms, but the fruit, fair in size and appearance, is so insipid in taste as to be unworthy of being eaten. Visiting all the fruit stores in San Francisco, he could not find a single orange worth eating. While there this correspondent had the care of twelve traps set to catch gopher, a small animal that lives mostly on the roots of trees. Coons, polecats and wildcats also infest the place and often visit thechicken houses. The fevers of the Sacramento Valley, of Fresno County and others are as malignant as those of the Roman Campagna.—*Colman's Rural Journal.*

—The steamship Great Eastern was sold at public auction at London, on the 28th inst., for £26,200. Her construction was begun on May 1, 1854, and the work of launching her, which lasted from Nov. 3, 1857, to Jan. 31, 1858, cost £80,000, hydraulic pressure being employed. Her extreme length is 680 feet, breadth 82 1-2 feet, and, including paddle boxes, 118 feet; height 58 feet, or 70 feet to top of bulwarks. She has eight engines, capable in actual work of 11,000 horse-power, and has, besides, twenty auxiliary engines. She was sold in 1864 for £25,000, and was employed on several occasions with success as a cable-laying vessels.

—The beard about the mouth and nose, among men engaged in dusty work, catches and holds a vast amount of dust which would otherwise enter and irritate the lungs. The back of the neck should be protected in the winter against great cold and in summer against great heat. Nothing can accomplish this uniformly and perfectly but the hair. The custom of shingling off the hair from the back of the neck is unphysiological. It should be allowed to fall low enough to cover the nape of the neck or to meet the usual dress.—*Dio Lewis.*

—Milk, when swallowed rapidly by the glassful, is very unwholesome. A quantity entering the stomach at once is changed from a fluid by the acid juices of that organ into a hard, cheesy curd, through which the gastic juices cannot pass; it is turned over and over, and, as its surface can only be reached, it digests very slowly. It is sometimes fatal to a weak stomach. It should be taken slowly, eaten with something else or sipped by the spoonful.

—Advices from Melbourne say it is rumored there that the natives of Fly River have murdered all members of the Sydney geographical association's expedition in New Guinea.