

Poetry.

ADDRESS TO THE MUNIA.

I wandered first by Munia's stream but four short years since then, When solitude and wildness swayed over every hill and glen.

Oh, Munia! what a change since then, The trees in ashles lie, That had for ages numberless yel'd them from the blue sky's eye.

Liet Munia! it's not Sabbath now, nor is the great Name spoken, Or was't but daily prayer of them whose struggling hearts are broken?

But Munia! will thy waters speak and tell how many tears From hearts of Scottish immigrants you've drank in three brief years?

Oh Scotia! enthroned in the grandeur of thy mountains, thy cities and fam'd Enshrined in the halos of glory that history has gilt round thy name.

A lady in Bedford, who lived near a church, was sitting by the window listening to the crickets which were loudly chirping, the music from the choir heard being faintly audible.

Miscellaneous.

SATURDAY NIGHT.—How many a kiss has been given, how many a caress, how many a love, how many a heart has been lowered, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven, how many a crib or cradle stand silent now which last Saturday night held the rest of all measure to the heart.

AN ELEPHANT FIGHT. The first elephant fight during the reign of the present Emperor took place at Bangalore, India. A large arena of about 1,500 yards by 100 was inclosed by a pukka wall of about ten or fifteen feet in height.

The report of the Commissioners of the London Police for 1875, just published, shows that during the year upward of 10,000 houses were built in the metropolis, and thirty miles of new thoroughfares handed over to police protection.

POISONOUS SPIDERS.—Dr. Mead, in his "Mechanical Account of Poisons," says: "I took a small frog, whose body was about an inch and a half in length, which I put into a glass tube, together with a large spider in order to see the action of the animal when brought together, and I observed the spider pass over the frog without hurting it, though with its fangs displayed as if to attack the frog.

THE last surviving native of Tasmania is dead. It was the Queen, Lidgwidji Tancunini, called Lalla-Rookh, by the white population. Tasmania, or the Island of Van Diemen, which became in 1805 an English colony, had in 1815 a native population of 5,800; in 1847 there were only 45 left, and now the last of the race is dead.

The English Government will, before renewing its subsidies to steamship companies, insist that each vessel shall carry one or more powerful whistling or arm-piercing guns, and that the officers and crew shall be trained to handle it.



T. RANKINE & SON'S STEAM BISCUIT MANUFACTORY, MILL ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

E. T. KENNEDY & CO., 37 Prince William Street, ST. JOHN, N. B., STEAM HEATING ENGINEERS, RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING. Agents for Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer.

Parks' otton Warp. White, Blue, Red, Orange & Green. THE COTTON WARP made by us for the past fifteen years having proved so very satisfactory to consumers, we feel justified in recommending it to all who use the article as the BEST IN QUALITY.

FRED. LEAVITT, LAWRENCE TOWN, INVITES the attention of purchasers to his Large and Complete Stock of Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, BOOTS AND SHOES, Hats and Caps.

THE SHEPHERD HOUSE, Market Square, St. John, N.B. Jewelry and Watch Department. THE SHEPHERD HOUSE, having engaged the services of First-class Manufacturing Jewelers, is prepared to make to order.

DRY GOODS VIA HALIFAX, June 2nd, 1876. W. G. LAWTON, Has Just received his second importation of Summer.

DRY GOODS COMPRISING DRESS GOODS, BLACK LUSTRES, BLACK COBURGS, BLACK HENRIETTAS, Black Cashmeres, Josephine Kid Gloves, Black Silks, Black Acheok Hernani, Black Grandine, REAP BALBRIGAN HOSIERY, AMERICAN WHITE, GREY AND PRINTED COTTONS, WHITE COUNTERPAINS, BROWN HOLLANDS, ENGLISH OIL CLOTHS, BLUE WORSTED COATINGS.

Job Work Neatly executed at the Monitor Office. BUSINESS CARDS Neatly and promptly executed at the "M" of this paper.

Notice. ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of BURPEE BALCOM, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, Maryland, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within one year from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to SAMUEL E. BALCOM, Executor.

NOTICE. AT THE "BEE-HIVE" Will be found the usual variety of CLOTHS, TWEEDS, COATINGS, &c., For Spring and Summer Wear, All of which will be made up at the USUAL LOW PRICES.

Farm for Sale. The subscriber will offer for sale the Farm in Annapolis, in the Vicinity of POAT GEORGE, consisting of about 70 Acres of GOOD LAND, well watered, with House, Barn and other Outbuildings.

THE SPRAGUE CHURN! Important to Farmers and Dairy-men of this Province! J. L. SPRAGUE, INVENTOR OF THIS CHURN, SEEING the failings of other Churns has lately constructed a CHURN which is the NEAREST PERFECTION ever yet constructed, and that is taking the lead wherever it has been introduced.

AGENTS WANTED To canvass the Counties of Annapolis, Kings, Haris, Calchester and Pictou. D. H. SHAW, BERWICK, N. S. November 17th, 1875.

Notice. ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of BURPEE BALCOM, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, Maryland, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within one year from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to SAMUEL E. BALCOM, Executor.

Notice. ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of BURPEE BALCOM, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, Maryland, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within one year from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to SAMUEL E. BALCOM, Executor.

Notice. ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of BURPEE BALCOM, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, Maryland, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within one year from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to SAMUEL E. BALCOM, Executor.

Agricultural.

INTENSIVE AND EXTENSIVE AGRICULTURE.

The sewerage farm of four hundred acres near Leamington, is the most typical in its details of any of which we can speak. The owner has a contract with the city for the sewerage for thirty years, to be delivered on the farm at the cost of \$2,250 per year. It is pumped by two sixty horse power engines through fifteen inch tiling, a distance of two miles, up an elevation of 137 feet, and the annual cost to the city to get rid of its sewerage is about \$5,500.

The principal crops are Italian ryegrass, mangold wurzels, cabbage, wheat, beans, etc. Eight crops of Italian ryegrass are grown in one season, and each crop is irrigated twice. Three crops of cabbage are grown in one season, and each crop is irrigated twice. Fifty tons of mangold wurzels are produced in one season, per acre, beets averaging usually twelve or fifteen pounds each.

A farmer near Edinburgh, Scotland, on one of the Duke of Buccleuch's estates, says that unless he expands annually for seed cultivators, harvesting and rents the sum of \$75 per acre, he can realize no profit. He grows wheat, barley, oats and potatoes and keeps only enough live stock to perform the labor of the farm. He purchases the stable manure of Edinburgh, and keeps three carts drawing all the time. He is obliged to produce the greatest possible quantity of wheat, barley, oats and potatoes yearly, or financially fail and give up his beautifully situated home.

Every farmer will admit the advantage of tillage of the top soil, but we never hear of the tillage of the sub-soil or subsoil and that is why the subsoil is poor, dense, unimproved, and unworked. But draining and steam plow are correcting this error. As a more perfect intermixer of the soil, we prefer the steam plow to the steam cultivator, but care must be taken not to bury the cultivated soil under a mass of poor subsoil. The cultivator afterwards crosses the plowed land. Some prefer plowing to the surface the bare soil, and then, after a time, plowing it down again. I am firmly of opinion that the double plow—that is one under and following the other—is the safe and true principle. Thus the subsoil and upper soil become gradually intermixed, and have become my practice for 30 years. Libbig is eloquent and impressive on the benefits derived from tillage.

The attraction for soil for the heated portion of the sun's rays is very great, and has a most important influence on vegetation. The want of sunshine, and consequent low temperature during the last three weeks of July, 1875, had a fatal effect on our crops. On a fallow the portion of the air in contact with it becomes heated and expanded, and struggles upwards through the superincumbent cooler air in visible wavy lines. During sunshine on a cool day I have felt the heat from the soil through the thin soles of my boots. The earth is from 24 deg. to 31 deg. warmer than air in the shade.

Mr. Mechi has been in the habit of cultivating wheat after the mangel, hohi-rabi, cabbage and turneps. For the preliminary crop he sows subsoil deeply and manures heavily, but for the subsequent wheat crop he breaks the ground only with a single plow, and with one pair of horses. He finds that deep culture just before wheat sowing enlarges the straw product at the expense of the grain. The heavy foliage of the plant is often very deceptive in regard to its yield, while light-looking fields generally produce largely in quantity and of a very superior quality. He quotes Libbig in support of his views as follows: "In proportion as the condition for the formation of the straw becomes favorable, so did the quality of the seed deteriorate as the quality diminished." He cites the practice of some successful farmers, who, on finding their crops too rank, tread them with men and horses. Salt stiffens the straw and checks a milk vegetation, but it should be used in moderation. He always scattered it in connection with guano.

Jokers' Corner.

A PERTINACIOUS INTERVIEWER.

He was a nice young man, with a fine little cane, polished boots and stand-up collar, and he wore a button-hole bouquet, composed of a rose and two or three violets. Button-hole bouquets are all right. They don't cost anything to speak of, and the wearer is generally certain to be taken for the son of a millionaire, or the head clerk in a wholesale tea store. The nice young man sat down beside a motherly old lady in a street car. She had a market basket on her lap, a nickle between her fingers, and did not even scowl when a boy tramped on her horns. She gave the young man a motherly smile as he sat down, and pretty soon she asked— "Them can't be artificial flowers, can they?"

He didn't reply. He had lots of dignified artificial ones? "Can't them be—artificial—flowers?" she inquired, raising her voice much higher. "No," he growled. "He gave a little start of surprise, mumbled over something, and partly turned away. "My biggest girl had deafness come on her once," she continued, sending her voice a peg higher, "but we cured her, by rubbing goose oil into her ears. Is it a case of long standing?" "I am neither deaf nor inclined to hold conversation," he muttered, flushing very red. "Oh! that's it. Then you don't need any goose oil. Did you say them flowers were artificial ones?" "No," he growled. "Natural, eh?" she queried. "Well, I thought they smelled like natural ones, but there's such a crowd and so much noise that I can't trust my nose. You didn't grow em, did you?" He didn't reply. "Did you grow them flowers?" she emphatically demanded. "No," he growled. "Well, why didn't you say so in the first place, then. I kinder thought you growed em and then I thought you didn't. Do you put salt water on 'em to keep 'em fresh?" "No," he growled. "I didn't know whether you did or not. I was going to say that a little weak vinegar would take the dust off and make 'em look like new. Do you wear a kokay as a general thing, or are you going to see somebody?"

He turned his head away and tapped the tip of his boot with his cane. "Boy," she remarked, pushing her basket against his knee, "I asked you a civil question and I want you to answer. This isn't a country like Japan, where some folks are stuck up above other folks, but we're all alike. I'm afraid you haven't been brought up right." "I do not wish any conversation or discussion with you," he whispered. "Why don't you?" she demanded. "Because what, sir? Dare you say a word against my character? I'm going to hear you, sir, I want you to understand that I could buy a whole ton of them flowery gewaws and then have lots of money left. When I ask you a civil question it is your business to speak right up in answer. Now, I'll ask you just one more: Have you been brought up right?" He laid for the rear platform, and in grasping for his flying coat tails she upset her basket, and four cups of cherries rolled over the floor of the car. "I don't care one cent—let 'em go," she remarked, as she tried to scrape the pile under the seat with her foot. "When any one sticks up their nose at me two quarts of cherries aren't nothing to my feelings."

What piece of capriciousness was a gun as soon as it is fired?—A game. Good headquarters for young men—On the shoulders of their sweethearts. Why is a compositor like a cripple? Because he can't get along without a stick. Made a bull-shit—The marksman who went out to Creedom, and shot a cow.—N. Y. Com. Adm. A catfalque is very much like a mousetrap. Both imply demise.—New York Graphic. "Be content with what you have," as the psalmist said to the tramp when he left his tail in it. A St. Louis man ran six blocks after his nose, thinking he was going to a fire.—N. Y. Herald. Awkward ornaments.—A well-mottled arm is prettier without bracelets; besides, they are liable to scratch a fellow's ear. Here is the verdict of a Kansas jury: "Died of a kick in the stomach from his wife, and he never knew what hurt him."

Look factories are the best places to work for amateur pugilists. The employes are constantly engaged in boxing matches. George L. Fox, the clown, is recovering. When he got hold of a bad egg, the other morning he made up one of those old faces just as easily and naturally as ever. "Oats wanted, enquire within," was inscribed on a placard hung to the ribs of a scenery wag, that some wag had thrown fast in the streets of Rochester the other day. "I don't think," says old Mrs. Prawn, "that book-keeping is a very sedate employment. They must get," she added thoughtfully, "1400 much exercise running up and down the columns." They said to the father of one of the prize-winners at the Conservatory: "So your son has earned his spurs?" "Yes," replied the practical old man, "and now he has got to earn his boots."

"Does our constant chatter disturb you?" asked one of the three talkative ladies of a sober-looking fellow-passenger. "No, ma'am; I've been married high on 30 thirty years," was the reply. Only one hundred and seven new newspapers were established in America last month, and as long as the number doesn't go over 8,000 per year, each paper can be certain of fifteen or twenty subscribers.—Detroit Free Press. Along about ten o'clock in the morning, he comes up with apples and pears, and as he put his basket on a chair and wiped his young forehead he remarks: "Four for five cents, and blast them stairs.—Detroit Free Press. The following which is suggestive to coffee drinkers, is from a kombosme in Connecticut: Here lies, cut down like unto fruit, The wife of Deacon Amos Shupe; She died of drinking too much coffee, Ann Dornay eighteen forty.