ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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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.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1884. NO. 3.

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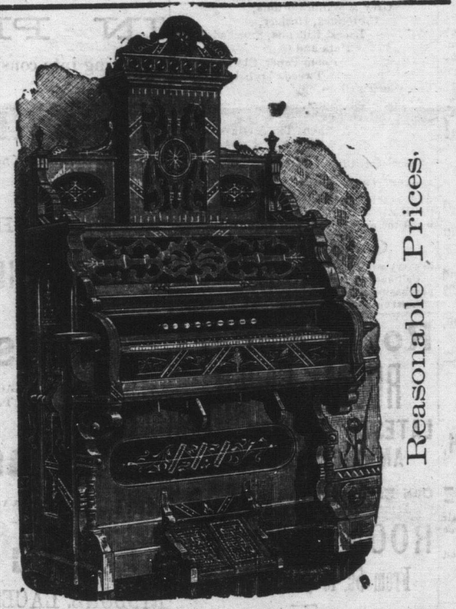

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If you remain sick when you can
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—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth.

—Malarial fever, Ague and Billiousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"—My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters"—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

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—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters.

Poetry.

The Beautiful Land of Nod.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear—
Your head like the golden rod—
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.

Away from life's worry and hurry and flurry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
We will float off together to a world of fair weather,
Where blossoms are always in bloom.
Just shut up your eyes and fold your hands—
Your hands like the leaves of the rose—
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an alias shows.

On the north and west they are bounded by rest
On the south and east by dreams.
'Tis the country ideal where nothing is real,
But everything only *seems*,
Just drop down the curtain of your dear eyes—
Your eyes like the bright bluebell—
And we will sail out under star-lit skies
To the land where the fairies dwell.

Down the river of sleep our barque shall sweep
Till it reaches the magical isle
Which no man has seen, but where all have been
And there we will pause awhile.
I will croon you a song as we float along
To that shore that is blessed of God,
Then, ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare land,
The beautiful Land of Nod.

—*E Wheeler.*

Select Literature.

A Jolly Lark.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

If you were to have picked your steps carefully across a certain muddy alley and opened the door of a stable, where at night a pair of well-kept horses stood (or lay down) and were you to have crept into the hayloft across the hay and down into a snug corner you'd have found three soft, fat little kittens with round eyes and sharp tails.

If they caught you looking at them, no matter how kindly, they would have scuttled off and tumbled heels over heads into their warm nest. They were shy kittens, for they came of a long line of ancestors who had never risen to the dignity of house cats, whose arched backs had never been stroked into a less defiant angle by a friendly hand. They had descended from cats given to prowling around back yards and howling their wretchedness at night on fences or old rickety sheds. Forefathers and parents had never had anything given to them but bad language. The whole genealogical catenation had been roughly handled. The family had been stoned and persecuted, and had not thriven on this treatment. A race it was of ill-looking beasts, whose legs seemed too thin to support their lank bodies, and morally they did not hold elevated views of life. Whether in blood they were intrinsically bad, or whether under similar treatment and a full allowance of food they would have been as good as the demure-looking cats they sometimes saw sunning themselves in the same windows with accessible and tender looking canaries, I cannot say. I only know that under their own circumstances they would have eaten the canaries, and felt no regret, save for their not being much larger.

But whatever extenuating reasons the deep students of cat nature might have found for certain thievish acts, and ejaculations which sounded very much like oaths—uttered, when for no good reason they were stoned away from mess barrels just as they were securing a tempting bone—I, who have only a superficial knowledge of the subject, will not attempt to persecutors at a pace to realize their highest expectations.

They bent up and down, and yelled with laughter, and cheered her on with loud shouts.

The cup leaped and rattled over the hard ground, and caught upon obstructions along the way which caused the panting outcast to roll over in a way that fairly convulsed these humorous fellows.

When she had disappeared they gathered up their books and went on to school. There were late and got tardy marks, but as they said, they'd 'take a lickin' any day rather than miss such fun as that.' They could hardly study just for the remembrance of it.

* * * * * * * *

Late that afternoon through a partly opened door stole a cat. She was bruised and draggled and torn, and from her mutilated tail hung a string and the remains of a tin cup. She was staggering with hunger and weariness, and burning with thirst. She had reached the stage where life had no more terrors for her. A moment before she had tried to steal into the stable to her kittens, but the coachman was just driving in, and he cut at her with his long whip—more to see whether he could hit her from his high place, than from any malice he felt towards her—so she fled in an opposite direction, and the kittens hearing the heavy tread of the horses upon the stable floor scampered into their nests and hid themselves.

The cook—it was a kitchen into which the cat had come—was busy preparing the evening meal, and when she saw the wretched beast staring wildly at her, flung her the trimmings of a juicy steak, telling her to take it and be gone. The poor animal had never before enjoyed the boon of even an ungraciously offered gift, and this one came too late. Instinct made an ineffectual attempt to gain the meat, but the cat fell choking in a fit.

The cook leaped upon a chair and shouted for help. All the ladies of the house responded, and from safe perches, where, with moans and little wails of terror, they watched the cat writhe awhile, then straighten stiffly, and breathe her last.

When they made sure she was safely dead, they gathered around and looked at her. In sympathetic voices they called her a poor creature. One of them confessed that she had seen her before, and had thought at the time she looked very hungry, and had intended to give her something to eat, and then—had forgotten to. The cook lifted her up tenderly, and informed them that she was 'nothing but skin and bones,' at which they all cried out with one voice, 'poor starved, hunted creature.'

So, as sometimes happens in this strange world, the miserable creature who had never had a kindly word spoken to her in her life, by her tragic death drew over herself a flood of sympathy.

* * * * * * * *

In the stable it began to grow dark. The kittens came out and frisked about as kittens love to in the gloaming. Now and then some noise would give them the excuse for a grand alarm, and they would rush off pell-mell to their nest, where they would crouch, scarcely breathing. But after a while they grew rather tired, and sat demurely about on the hay waiting for their mother to come back. Then they grew sleepy and sat awhile longer, nodding their chuffy heads—finally they cuddled together and tried to sleep.

But they missed the protecting paw, the evening meal, and the warmth of their mother, so it was a sorry night they passed.

After a kitten fashion they dreamed she was there; that they were smoothing and dressing her rich, beautiful fur, and, taking pleasant little liberties with her graceful ears and tail—only to awaken to the amazing consciousness that they were alone, and to feel awfully hungry.

Next morning they began their watch again, crying pitifully for the missing cat, and the next day and the next. Then came a stinging cold night, and the following morning, when the coachman went up into the loft to close a window which had blown open, he found the three little kittens cuddled together frozen to death.

And so the jolly lark ended.

A DOG DIES BROKEN-HEARTED.—A singular exhibition of fidelity on the part of a house dog was witnessed in Stapleton, S. I., yesterday. On Tuesday morning of last week Mrs. Walter Odell, wife of a tinware merchant in that village, died. A Scotch terrier named Fido had been a pet of Mrs. Odell for twelve years. During the two months that Mrs. Odell was sick Fido remained continually beside her bed. After her death the dog persisted in lying beside the coffin, and followed the casket to the hearse, into which it tried to jump. When the funeral cortege reached the grave, Fido was there, having followed the hearse. Fido returned home and took up his former position beside the bed lately occupied by Mrs. Odell. The dog from that time refused to eat and gradually grew weak and was evidently irritated at any efforts to disturb or feed him. At times the animal moaned in a low tone. Two days ago Fido came across a pair of shoes that formerly belonged to Mrs. Odell and had been thrown out of doors. These he took up in his mouth and carried to his self assigned post near the bed, and placing the shoes on the floor laid his forepaws and head across them, in which position he remained several hours. During Monday night Fido roused the household by his mournful howling, and at 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning, exactly one week to an hour after Mrs. Odells demise, Fido suddenly ceased his whining, looked up, rose to his feet, barked quickly and wagged his tail as if pleased, and then instantly dropped his nose on his late mistress's shoes and died.—*Boston World.*

A Morning Paper.

Sometimes a man throws his morning paper down on the seat and leaves the car. Each man that has no paper wants it, and each man would grab it, if alone and unobserved. The one who appears to be looking out of a window in an opposite direction is the man who sees that paper more distinctly than anyone else. And he being the man who seems less interested in it is really the man who wants it most. As soon as that paper is thrown down it becomes an object of interest. The man sitting next to it looks straight ahead, and doesn't seem to know anything about it. But he is just quivering with excitement. He is wrought up to the highest pitch, and is prepared to grab for that paper just as soon as the man on the other side of it makes a similar attempt. Just at this period a man sitting opposite the paper gives it a sharp exciting look as though he has seen his name printed wrong. Then he gives another sharper look, and his eyes snap with excitement, and he reaches over and picks it up to see if he is right. You can tell by the way he handles it that he never paid for it; and he gradually gets it up in front of his face, and turns it at intervals, and is as much at home with it as though it was his own. And the other men look at him sourly, and silently condemn him as being largely porcine in his nature.—*Puck.*

A Race with a Whirlwind.

AN EXCITING CHASE THAT CAUSED TERROR TO THE PASSENGERS.

A remarkable and thrilling incident recently occurred on the Chester and Lenoir Narrow Guage Railroad, says the Charlotte N. C. *Observer*. The train had passed Lowerysville and was speeding in the direction of Lincolntown, when all on board were startled by a roaring sound that could be distinctly heard above the noise of the train and on glancing back they saw an immense whirlwind tearing along the railroad track, following directly behind the train at a rapid rate. The engineer was among the first to see it and realizing what the consequences would be should the whirlwind overtake the train, he pulled the throttle wide open and an exciting race began. The whirlwind was not more than five hundred yards behind the train and the anxious passengers soon became aware of the painful fact that it was gradually gaining upon them. There were several ladies in the car and they cried and carried on in a terrible way, while the men danced about the car in their excitement, vainly yelling at the engineer to put on more steam.

The race was kept on this way for two miles, when the train turned a curve in the road. As the whirlwind struck the curve it left the railroad track, speeding its way straight through the fields. At the time it left the track it was not more than three hundred yards behind the train. It was a thrilling race and all the passengers blessed that curve from the bottom of their hearts.

Lucky and Unlucky.

Bill Nye is a lucky and an unlucky dog. He picked up a bit of paper in the street on which was inscribed 2684. He bought a ticket in a lottery of the same number and drew $20,000. This he invested in a gold mine, and at the end of six months he took the poor debtor's oath. He then went to Cape May, and while walking on the beach he discovered a young lady sinking for the third time. He rescued her and received $1,000 from her rich father. That night he fought the tiger and had to borrow a quarter to get a breakfast. He then took a job to put up a telephone wire, and while doing so hit upon an idea, which he sold to the company for $5,000. He spent $3,000 in solving the worthlessness of a new electric light. He concluded for first time in his life that he would salt the balance down in good real estate, and so he bought a farm and went to work. He resolved to dig a well, and the third day he struck a vein of coal, and has been offered $50,000 for one-half of his farm. Such is life.

—"The price of pork this year, did you ask?" responded a york dealer to a Herald reporter's queries. "It is high. Why? Because our farmers won't raise enough pigs. It is a disgrace to the farmers of Nova Scotia that we have to bring our pork from Ontario to Halifax, a distance of 1000 miles. Yes, during the past winter we have imported over $20,000 worth; just think of it! We have recently sent $20,000 hard cash out of this city to Ontario for pork, while there are hundreds of thousands of bushels of potatoes rotting in Nova Scotia, which ought to be fed to pigs. Farmers ought to raise pork just as they raise cattle or poultry. They ought to raise it cheaper than we can import it from Ontario. But they wont take the trouble. And because we have to send the money away out of the country that ought to go to our own farmers, they growl about hard times. The truth is the farmers have only themselves to blame that money is not more plentiful among them. And you ought to tell them so pretty plainly.—*Hx. Herald.*

—While Samuel McDaniels was trudging along behind his plough on his farm at Island Shoals, Ga., last Friday, he turned up a jug which had evidently been buried a great many years. He pried the stopple out and found some rare old brandy. An hour later Samuel lay on his back on the ploughed field, with the jug in one hand, his hat in the other, and a serene smile upon his face. Not a drop of brandy remained in the jug. His mother, observing that the horses had stood in one place for a long while, went out into the field and gazed with anger at her son. Then, in a rage, she seized a huge stone which lay hard by, and with it shattered the jug. It proved to be a double-decked jug. The upper half had held some of the brandy for which the lamented grandfather of Samuel had been famed, and the lower half was packed solid with rows of musty $5 gold pieces. It had been buried by the grandfather. He was killed suddenly by an accident, and no one knew of the buried treasure.

THE COAL OUTLOOK FOR 1884.—Besides the contracts previously announced the *Trades Journal* has learned that the C. P. R takes 15,000 tons of the Intercolonial, 10,000 tons of Albion and 5,000 tons of Vale coals, in all 30,000 tons. This added to the quantity to be taken from the C. B. colliers, International (10), Gowrie (5) Caledonia (5), gives a total of 50,000 tons for the C. P. R. There must have been some very keen competition to secure the contracts, and it is curious to note that while of the Nova Scotia collieries Intercolonial gets the largest quantity, it also gets the best price. In the Cape Breton contracts the reverse of this order is the case.

The coal mine owners of the province have not made so good a thing out of their contracts this year as last. The price in most cases are considerably less, luckily for the miners not any lower if not higher than the price obtained in 1882, Pictou coal was contracted for in Montreal in 1882 at $4.05 and C. B. coal at $3.60. This year the contract price for coal to C. P. R. is in the case of Pictou coals a shade over 1882, and in the case of Cape Breton coals, the average gives the exact price at which they sold in 1882. The contracts may be recapitulated as follows:

Grand Trunk railway.....60,000 tons.
Canada Trunk railway.....50,000 tons.
Montreal gas company.....30,000 tons.
—*N. Sydney Herald.*

—The throne of England, so splendid when covered with silk velvet and gold, is, in fact, only an "old oak chair," over eight hundred years in use for the same purpose. Its existence has been traced back to the days of Edward. The wood is very hard and solid. The back and sides were formerly in various colors, and the seat is made of a rough-looking sandstone 26 inches in length, 17 in breadth and 19½ in thickness, and in this stone lies the grand peculiarity of the chair. Numberless legends are told in connection with it, the truth probably being that it was originally taken from Ireland to Scotland and served at the coronation of the early Scottish kings.—*Pall Mall. Gazette.*

—The late Chas. Delmonico said few people knew how to cook water. The secret, he remarked, "is in putting good, fresh water into a neat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee or other drinks, before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water was all in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs only left in the kettle—bah! that is what makes a great many people sick, and is worse than no water at all."