ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor

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The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a 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.

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

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Bridgetown, Dec. 23rd '84.

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SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.
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Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1885. NO. 48.

REAL ESTATE REGISTRY
—AND—
ADVERTISING AGENCY
FOR
The selling and purchasing of Farms and Real Estate in the Annapolis Valley.

MONIES INVESTED
AND
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2.—166 acres; Situated at Round Hill.
3.—120 acres; Situated near Annapolis.
4.—220 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
5.—150 acres; Situated at Paradise.
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7.—100 acres; Situated in Middleton.
8.—300 acres; Situated in Bentonsfield.
9.—4 acres; Situated in Bridgetown.
10.—22 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
11.—50 acres; Situated in Victoria Vale.
12.—200 acres; Situated near Carlton's Corner.
13.—100 acres; Situated at Melvern Square.
14.—150 acres; Situated at Clementsport.
15.—75 acres; Situated near Bridgetown.
16.—200 acres; Situated at Paradise.
17.—50 acres; Situated near Berwick.
18.—150 acres; Situated in Granville.
20.—53 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
21.—100 acres; Situated at Paradise.
22.—140 acres; Situated at Havelock.
23.—175 acres; Situated near Bridgetown.
24.—200 acres; Situated in Granville.
25.—150 acres; Situated at South Farmington.
26.—150 acres; Situated at Wilmot.
27.—40 acres; Situated at Granville.
28.—202 acres; Situated at Brooklyn.

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Attorney at Law.
Notary Public and Conveyancer, Bridgetown, N. S.

SAMUEL LEGG,
Watch and Clock Maker,
Opposite
Bridgetown Drug Store
Also Agent for the
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—AND—
ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.
Of Hartford, Conn.
Bridgetown, July 16, '84.

New Store!
NEW GOODS!

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

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, AND OATMEAL,

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

GROCERIES,

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P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, June 19th, 1883.

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CHAIN PUMPS,
ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
Pumps Complete,
or in parts to suit.
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LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO
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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. 7ly

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BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
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50 LOVELY Chrome Cards, with name and a prize, for 10c and this slip.
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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, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.
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FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

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MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.
For rapidly cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, 25 cts. JOHNSON, 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. D. M. Palmer, Monticello, Ill." As an appetizer I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, 25 cts., or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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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. Neither it nor Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder; 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, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

CUSTOM TAILORING!
FIRST PRIZE DOMINION EXHIBITION, 1881!
—ON—
CLAYTON & SONS,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
HALIFAX, - - - - N. S,
Beg to notify the inhabitants of
BRIDGETOWN, and Vicinity.
That a Complete Line of
SAMPLES OF CLOTHS,
—FOR—
GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS'
CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING,
IS ON VIEW AT
J. W. BECKITHW'S - - - - BRIDGETOWN,
Where orders will be taken, and Goods delivered at the SAME PRICES as we charge in HALIFAX.
A good fit guaranteed in every instance. All work done promptly on time.
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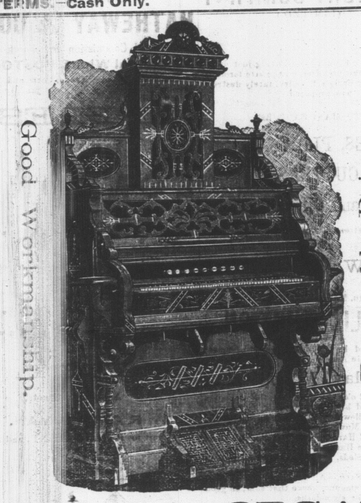

Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,
Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
JOHN PRIDE. A. E. SULIS.

Poetry.

Spliced.

Eh, but it's grand to sit at one's door with one's own wife at one's side,
Schoolin' her what she ought to know—how to strip shape knot is tied:
See the ropes be equally matched, lass. A wise hand a cable won't splice;
For the strongest at sea you may, the weaker will give in a trice.

That's just what the Good Book means, when it says two will not speed,
Tho' set out to travel together, yet are in nothing agreed;
But take two ropes like these, now—this is softer you see, it's tough,
And that's as good in it's way, though it feels a little more rough.

Now swing 'em and twirl 'em—and there!—which couldn't you follow my hand?
Strange how it's easy to do, what's not easy to understand!
Two easy your falling in love—but ask how we did it, and why?
You may answer (for women are clever!) I don't tell you, not I!

Then to make sure that the ropes are spliced, just tuck 'em at either end,
If that knot be tight and the ropes be sound, there will be nor slip nor rend;
There will be, as it were, one rope, only stronger because it's two,
And that's the way it's to always be, my Kate, with me and you!

Then songs will come, lass, as sure as life, when young days will pass away,
When Care will tiptoe around us, while our heads grow bowed and gray;
For those knots be tied in the sunshine, Kate, they're meant to hold in a gale;
And from all that we see around us, life is a summer sail!

And the time must come at last, Kate, when the knots will dip out of sight,
Only the ropes drawn safely in God's hand—I love and light,
But some of us still left dragging in life's cold enough and cold,—
Yet the widow may sing out "All's well!" Kate, for our Father's knots will hold.

—L. T. Meade's Leisure Hour.

Select Literature.

The Texas Riflemen.

During the war for Texas independence there was no battle or fight in which the Mexicans did not suffer losses in killed and wounded out of all proportion to those which they inflicted. Some writers have intimated that the Texians exaggerated the losses of the Mexicans, but in this they are mistaken. The great losses sustained by the Mexicans are capable of a very simple explanation. The Texans were men, for the most part, of the Southern or Western States. They were unerring marksmen. They were accustomed to handling the rifle from boyhood up. Men who rarely missed shooting off the head of a squirrel or a wild turkey, were not apt to miss when they were firing at Mexicans.

On the other hand, the Mexicans knew nothing about the rifle. They were armed with bell-mouthed blunderbusses called *escopetas*, which bore wide of the mark, even at a short distance. When they came in contact with the Americans they did not fare any better than did the British veterans at New Orleans, or more recently in the Transvaal. This explains why some of the Mexicans ran, and also why some of them did not run.

When Gen. Cos, who was captured at San Jacinto, was asked, when a prisoner, at Galveston, how he came to surrender a fortress with twenty-five hundred regular troops at San Antonio to less than three hundred American civilians, without discipline, and almost without officers, he replied:—

'Why, sir, what could I do? We could not even show a finger but it was shot off. My men could not stand it any longer. They would have as soon fought the devil himself, I had to surrender.'

Some of the old inhabitants of San Antonio still remember the pile of skulls in the Mexican *campo santo*, west of the San Pedro creek. They were the skulls of the Mexican soldiers who fell in the fight on the Salado with Captain Caldwell's men. Almost every skull was perforated with a rifle bullet.

The following graphic description of one of the many battles that were fought around San Antonio, will convey an idea of what a terrible weapon the rifle was in the hands of the men who made the names of San Jacinto and Alamo immortal.

'But of all the fights that ever I was in, give me the battle on Conception, or, as it was better known at the time, the battle of the Horse-shoe. It seems now to be quite forgotten at home, and was never known of abroad. The capture of the Alamo made so much noise as to completely swamp the glory of my pet scrimmage.

'The truth about the battle is this: Burlison, with eight hundred men had taken post on the San Antone, and there he lay waiting some distance below the town waiting for reinforcements before he should attack a place, that defended by as many Americans, as it had Mexicans would have been impregnable.

'It was deemed advisable to advance nearer to the town, and accordingly volunteers were called for to reconnoitre the country about the enemy's position, and search for a safe and convenient spot for the army to advance and encamp upon.

'Ninety two men stepped forward, and I among them. We were ordered to proceed up the river until within six or seven miles of San Antone, and after selecting a proper spot to return before night. The army was to march and take up their new position on the next day. So off we started every man on his own hook, for although we had some among us who afterwards distinguished themselves as officers, yet with the exception of an old Indian fighting general no one assumed any particular command. We had special orders to avoid any collision with the enemy and to retreat upon the least symptom of danger. As the men, however, were fairly 'froze for a fight' there was little chance of these orders being obeyed, if fortune should send the Mexicans in our way.'

'Not finding any within the prescribed distance, we determined to advance nearer upon the town, and pushed on until we found, near the old mission Conception, and three miles below Bexar, as lovely a camp-ground as ever fell to the lot of weary travellers. A bend in the river, known as the 'Horse Shoe,' had upon its shore a piece of bottom land, above which the prairie rose like a line of wall, so as to form a perfect breastwork, and although the latter was not more than four feet higher than the 'bottom,' yet, as it curved around on either side until it met the river, a better position for infantry could hardly be conceived of. Wood and water on the spot, the river for our rear defence, and the prairie wall for our front, no wonder that we gave a cheer when we found it, and no wonder, either, that we determined not to return to the main body, but to send back two messengers, and for ourselves to camp for the night and await Burlison's arrival.

'All notion of fighting passed away, and we foolishly imagined that our present situation was unknown to the enemy. We were about as wise as the silly bird that hides her head in the bush, and thinks herself perfectly safe until 'a fire in the rear' convinces her too late of her error. We had not been at our new camp more than an hour before Mexican women began to come in, with 'polonces' and 'tortillas' for sale. We bought of their wares, and they immediately after leaving camp, went up to Bexar and reported our exact number. I found afterwards that they had stated our force as ninety-two, which it was at the time, although two men were subsequently sent back to Burlison.

'Night drew on. We made our fires, cooked our suppers, ate, drank, smoked, and were merry. A guard was set, and one by one the rest departed for the land of Nod. Although I camped on a "bottom" I slept like a top. Toward morning my neighbor—I almost said bed-fellow for our blankets touched—grasped my leg gently and woke me up.

'Hist!' he said, in low voice.

'What is it?' inquired I in a half-asleep and thoroughly cross tone.

'Hush, for your life!' he replied in a whisper; 'listen, do you hear anything?'

'Like Bottoms, I was all ears in a moment. Above the noise made by the rushing waters at our feet, I heard a mournful and dismal sound, as like the low moan of a dog as anything I could compare it to.

'Pshaw!' said I, 'It's nothing but a wolf or a hound.'

'Yes,' replied my companion, who was no other than the noted Col. Bowie, 'Yes you are right; there are wolves about, but the sound you hear is the creak of artillery wheels.'

'Let us alarm our men instantly,' said I.

'No such thing,' he answered; 'keep still; those rascals are upon the opposite side of the river and they expect to surprise us. Let them think so, if possible, until they make the attack. That wheel has saved us. You do not hear it again and you will not, for if they have no means of quieting it they'll send back for grease. I'll bet now that those wheels are bound round with straw or rags, and that the horses' feet are covered with cloth or buckskin to prevent any sound from reaching us. Unless something goes wrong with them when they ford the stream, you will hear nothing further until the artillery speaks.'

'It was a fortunate thing for us that they were obliged to cross not more than two hundred yards below the camp, for had they come down on the prairie side, we would probably not have heard them, as we would then have been to the windward.

'Bowie went quietly about the camp and arousing a few old scouts to help him, soon had every man awake and prepared, without the least noise being made in the premature reveille.

'We spread ourselves entirely around our small piece of bottom land, facing the prairie, knowing that thence must come the attack. Presently we heard the enemy cross the river. Had our senses not been sharpened to the utmost by a knowledge of the impending and imminent danger, we probably could not have distinguished the slight noise attending their crossing, from the rushing sweep of the river; but so preternaturally acute did our hearing become, that the low-toned words of command could be distinguished separately from the other surrounding sounds.

'There was just air enough to convey the slightest noise to us without there being sufficient to disturb even a leaf.

'At last they were all over, and then slowly and carefully did they march round to take post on our front, preparatory to their intended attack. We could hear them range themselves, but a thick mist was rising from the river, and everything was by this time concealed from our eyes. We could even hear them unlimber the cannon, and were very sure that they were in reach of our rifles. What weary moments were those, as we lay, silent as the grave, expecting every instant to hear the roar, and feel the hurtling storm of their artillery. But the fog had disconcerted them, and although it was but little past three when we were first alarmed, the ruddy tint imparted to the dense mass of vapor, now told us plainly that the sun was rising.

'Never can I forget that weary watching, but its prolonged anxiety was as nothing to the dreadful feeling of suspense we experienced when the fog commenced lifting, and we could see the feet of the horses and the lower part of the wheels of the artillery. At this moment word was whispered cautiously throughout the rank for each man to pick out his mark, and to fire from a rest, at the word of command. Higher and higher the fog drew up. It was evident that the decisive moment was at hand. Officers passed in front of the line of horse, issuing orders.

'Take a tree,' whispered Bowie to me; 'take a tree, the nearest one to our breastwork that you can.'

'A cool breeze fans our fevered cheek, the dense mass of vapor rolls up as a curtain; there stand the horses fully revealed, there are the cannon, there the gunners whirling their matches, there the trumpeter with his instrument already at his lips to sound the corge. All this we saw, but only saw it, for, at this very instant the matches were extended towards the cannon, the horsemen drove their long rowells deep into the horses sides, but ere the iron storm burst forth, ere the horses had made the first leap or the trumpeter had blown his first note a stentorian voice from our ranks shouted Fire!'

'Down went horse and rider, down gunner and trumpeter, and rifle ball and grape shot met careering in mid-air. The confusion in their ranks was indescribable. Checked in full career, the horses wheeled and ran; every man at the guns was shot down and for a moment we thought that the contest was over. But no; they knew our numerical weakness too well, and having again formed, here they came dashing up in splendid style. The strife was now to obtain the mastery of the artillery. We dared not take them, and determined that they should not.

'Give it to them in the face and eyes, boys,' shouted Bowie, 'never mind their backs.'

'Up they came, and just as the leading squadron reached the guns, down went every man of the front rank, and away went the rest

'Another charge, and the same result; then came a bold attempt to withdraw the cannon without our line of fire, and here more courage was exhibited than I have ever seen in Mexicans since. They surrounded the guns, dismounted some men, and absolutely gave us a harmless salute; but again every artillery man bit the dust.

'The enemy, forced to abandon their field-pieces, once more retreated, and officers evidently held a long and warm consolation, in full sight, but out of our line of fire. Some of our men wished to make a rush for the cannon, but to have been caught upon the prairie would have been destruction, and the proposition was decidedly overruled.

'The enemy were in trouble; the men had apparently had quite enough of it, and we could see the officers whipping them into rank with their swords.

'On they came again, and as they drew near, Bowie's voice is heard once more:—

'Steady, boys, steady! wait your time!'

'We did; and I firmly believe that three out of four of our shot told. The destruction was awful; no Mexican could stand it. As they broke in confusion, a man—the Sargent Major—dropped from his horse, hammer in hand, and endeavored to spike one of the guns. He fell shot through the head. Our men no longer to be restrained, now dashed out upon the prairie, seized the guns, and the fight was over.

'Had they done this before the enemy were thoroughly disheartened and cut up, not one of us would have lived to tell the tale, but all the fight was fairly taken out of our foes.

'The field was won, with no greater loss upon our side than two men slightly wounded. Bowie approached me:—

'Colonel,' said he; 'I believe this is your first fight. What tree did you take?

'I could not tell for the life of me,' said I.

'Well come with me, and I will show it to you,' he answered, taking me a few steps, pointed out a sapling about six inches through. 'A pretty shield for a full grown man,' said he, and I thought so too.

'We did not wait for another visit from our Mexican friends, but, having spiked the cannon, we drew them in the river, carried off the ammunition, and made the best of our way back to Burlison's camp'

Hot Water as a Medicine.

A YOUNG MAN WHO CLAIMS THAT IT IS CURING HIM OF CONSUMPTION—AN OLD GENTLEMAN WHO WAS CURED OF DYSPEPSIA.

(New York Sun.)

A young man who was compelled to resign his position in one of the public schools of this city, because he was breaking down with consumption, and who has ever since been battling for life, although with little apparent prospect of recovery, was encountered several days ago in a Broadway restaurant.

'I see,' he said, 'that you seem surprised at my improved condition. No doubt you wonder what could have caused such a change. Well, it was a simple remedy—nothing but hot water.'

'Hot water.'

'That's all. You remember my telling you that I had tried all of the usual remedies. I consulted some of the leading specialists in affections of the lungs in this city and paid them large fees. They went through the usual course of experimentation with me under all sorts of medicines. I went to the Adirondacks in the summer, and to Florida in the winter; but none of these things did me any substantial good. I lost ground steadily, grew to be almost a skeleton, and had all the worst symptoms of a consumptive whose end is near at hand. At that juncture a friend told me that he had heard of cures being effected by drinking hot water.

'I consulted a physician who had paid special attention to this hot-water cure, and was using it with many patients. He said: 'There is nothing, you know, that is more difficult than to introduce a new remedy into medical practice, particularly if it is a very simple one, and strikes at the root of erroneous view and prejudices that have long been entertained. The old-school practitioners have tried for years to cure consumption, but they are as far from doing it as ever

'Now, the only rational explanation of consumption is that it results from defective nutrition. It is always accompanied by malassimilation of food. In nearly every case the stomach is the seat of a fermentative that necessarily prevents proper digestion. The first thing to do is to remove that fermentation, and put the stomach into a condition to receive food and dispose of it properly. This is effected by taking water into the stomach, as hot as it can be borne, an hour before each meal. This leaves the stomach clean and pure. Then put into the stomach food that is most nutritious. No food answers better than tender beef. A little stale bread may be eaten with it. Drink nothing but pure water, and as little of that as possible. Vegetables, pastry, sweets, tea coffee, and alcoholic liquor should be avoided.

This reasoning impressed me. I began by taking one cup of hot water an hour before each meal, and gradually increased the dose to three cups. At first it was unpleasant to take, but now I drink it with a relish that I never experienced in drinking the choicest wine. I began to pick up immediately after the new treatment, and gained fourteen pounds within two months. I have gained ground steadily in the trying climate of New York; and I tell you, sir, I feel on a sure way to recovery.'

Here an old gentleman who had been standing near, and evidently listening to the conversation, turned to the teacher and said: 'This remedy of hot water drinking has attracted my attention for some time. It has been of immense service to me in relieving me of a terrible dyspepsia that tormented me for many years. I tried numerous able physicians and there is probably no medicine that is prescribed for such an ailment which was not given to me; but none of them gave me any permanent benefit. But the simple remedy of drinking hot water, accompanied by rational regulation of the diet, has entirely cured me, advanced though I am in life. It was not the dieting alone that did it. I had tried that before. It was the use of hot water that cured me, for that made it possible to derive benefit from a judicious diet I have also found this treatment of great benefit in kidney diseases, which are largely due to a malassimilation of food.'

The teacher listened very attentively to the old gentleman's remarks.

'I am glad to learn that your experience,' he said, 'agrees so fully with mine. I have become acquainted with various cases in which this simple method of treatment has effected permanent cures after all the efforts of the physicians had failed. I am convinced, simply from what I have seen, that almost any disturbance of the human system that results from disorders of the stomach can be alleviated. The very simplicity of the thing may cause some to hesitate about attaching much importance to it; but, like the proper ventilation of your dwellings, it may prevent disease, and effect cures where all the drugs of the pharmacopœia will fail.'

Shall We Meet Again?

A PROBLEM THAT HAS VEXED THE PHILOSOPHERS FOR AGES.

The following from the pen of the late George D. Prentice was regarded as meritorious when it first appeared, and age seems to have added to its worth:

'The fiat of death is inexorable. No appeal from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monach that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to-day will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, though its dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with princes for bed-fellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of immortality, so eloquent uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks if they should meet again; to which he responds: 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that are eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars among those fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in love that mantles though its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe.'

Dying of Fright.

It cannot be doubted that every year thousands of people are frightened into their graves by unfavorable reports on the condition of their lungs. Each vital organ has its disorders and weakness peculiarly its own; and the lungs have their full share. Pain in the chest is always attributed, by persons afflicted, to diseased lungs, and the influence of the imagination upon the vital organs is so powerful that the malady may be quickly increased. There are some forms of malarial fever which induce terrible aching in the chest. The victim, knowing nothing of pathology, attributes the cause to either pneumonia or consumption and begins at once to break down. Consultation with an ordinary country practitioner usually verifies his fears, and unless he dines at a well spread table and has a good appetite—which seldom accompanies malaria—he either gives up and dies or hurries away to a health rest for consumptives. Heart disease is another popular humbug which physicians too often support. The heart is the most vital of the physical organs, but, like all the others, it can and does endure a good deal of abuse.

It is very easily affected sympathetically, so any temporary disorder of stomach, lungs or liver may make its action irregular or cause pain, which seems to be located directly in the heart. Almost everyone has many acquaintances, apparently healthy, who have told him in strict confidence that they have heart disease. The natural deduction from all this is that no person should keep the fears regarding the heart, the lungs or any vital organ until he has first tried the effect of absolutely regular and intelligent physical habits. Plenty of well-cooked food, few or no stimulants, regular rest, frequent bathing, and either steady work or plenty of moderate physical exercise, have in a short time restored to health thousands of persons who have been given up to die of vital disorders. Such treatment costs no more than the ordinary methods of life, and as soon as fairly begun becomes very pleasant. Beyond doubt it is far preferable to dying of fright.—*New York Home.*

Women for Business.

What women need to make them business-like, is to be brought into contact with business, to hear it talked about, to be expected to manage their affairs in a business like way. The farmer gives his little boy a calf and his little girl a lamb and accustoms them not merely to the care of the animal, but to note its market value at different times. So it seems to me, every business man should put into the hands of each of his daughters some small piece of property, a railway share for instance, and teach her to observe its fluctuations in value and ask their cause; and learn by personal experience the difference between principal and interest. I once heard Mrs. E. D. Cheney say that her father did this for his daughter, but I never heard of any other instance. It ought to be a very common thing. If girls are to be rich, they need this still more. It will not interfere with the ideal of their nature: poets and artists, so far as I have seen, are as practical as other people; but it will prevent that hopeless dependence for the simplest business matter upon the nearest man, which so often makes cultivated women the subjects either of pity or of fraud.—*T. W. Higginson in the Womans' Journal.*

How She Died.

The most grievous error is an unfortunate marriage. Mrs. Virginia Gertrude Stevens was a young heiress a few years ago. A New York newspaper says that she was admired and flattered in Berlin and Paris by nobles and princes. She was beautiful and accomplished, to much the daughter of an Ohio merchant who made a fortune in Texas. She was precocious, mentally and physically, was educated in Berlin and became an accomplished woman. She inherited a quarter of a million dollars from her father who died after having amassed it. Gertrude visited New York and Paris with her mother, and afterwards returned to America where the pair rented a cottage on Staten Island. Mr. Henry J. Fiske, a druggist clerk, met Miss Gertrude, and shortly afterwards married her. His wife gave him $50,000, which he lost in a fur business in Montreal. The couple lived here for a time, but were not happy, and Mrs. Fiske sued for a divorce, which, having been obtained, she went to the Continent, became reckless, and was refused admission to respectable American society there. She aged rapidly, returned to America, and died in a hospital at New York.—*Montreal Witness.*

A Curious Mode of Living.

The inventor, Silver, of Lewiston, Me., says a local paper, has been experimenting upon himself the past two or three years. For several months he has eaten but one meal a day, and that about ten o'clock in the evening, immediately before retiring. He works ten hours a day at his machinist's post without eating or drinking anything. Instead of pining away and dying, Mr. Silver has gained thirty-five pounds of flesh. He is not hungry until bed-time. He drinks nothing, neither water, milk, tea nor coffee. All the fluids his stomach receives are from fruits and vegetables, which make up the major part of his living. He eats no meat as he believes animal food is animalizing. He lives mainey on oatmeal and graham with some salt. His friends say he is extraordinarily good natured, strong, and healthy.

—Ell Perkins in a conversation with a Halifax *Herald* reporter speaking of reciprocity said:—

"We are in favor of it. You know the resolution to appoint a commission to confer with Canada in regard to reciprocity is already before congress. We want it now. We were foolish enough to reject it six years ago, but now a change has come over the American mind."

"How in your opinion would reciprocity affect Canada?"

"It would make prices cheaper here. It would raise the price of Canadian sheep, horses, potatoes, cattle and lumber, but would hurt your cotton and woollen factories. It would help your agriculturists, but it would hurt your manufacturers.'

—On the Irish and English coasts the lightships have recently been connected with the mainland by telegraphic cables, and in two cases where the lightships are nine and ten miles out respectively, telephone communication has been established and worked to perfect satisfaction. Different lightships have also been connected by telegraph, so that it is possible, in case of accident either to the lightship or to vessels, to summon aid from distant stations or from the mainland. The service is to be extended.

—A donation of $180 was made to Rev. J. Gaetz (Methodist) at Amherst the other evening by his friends in that vicinity. The Rev. gentleman is to remove from the Amherst circuit in June next. He will then go to Yarmouth north, and be succeeded by Rev. Dr. Lathern, of Windsor.—*Chronicle.*

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