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.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBURARY 25, 1885. NO. 46.

Job Work!

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a speality of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars, Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive promt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

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, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $10.00; two months, $14.00; three months, $15.00; six months, 22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN..First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, 3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $20.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

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 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.

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. 450.

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.

SALESMEN WANTED

—FOR THE—

Fonthill Nurseries,

415 Acres. The largest in Canada.

Head office, Toronto, Ont. Branch office Montreal, Que.

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

STONE & WELLINGTON,
MONTREAL, P. Q.

J. W. BEALL, 54 Coursol Street, Manager Branch Office.
J. E. LOCKWOOD and DAVID DUNCAN Agents for Annapolis County. 313m

To Loan.

ON first class Real Estate security, $3,000. None but first class security will be taken.

J. G H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Dec. 23rd '84.

Wanted Immediately!

A FIRST-CLASS Journeyman Tailor, to whom good pay and steady employment will be given. Apply at once to

A. J. MORRISON,
Merchant Tailor, Middleton, N. S.
Middleton, Feb. 4th, '84. tf

The Dominion Organ and Piano Co.

Has the largest and most complete factory in the Dominion—100x150.

Highest Honors ever Awarded to any Maker in the World.
Medal and Diploma at Centennial, 1876.
Medal and Diploma at Sydney, Australia, 1877.
Gold Medal at Provincial Exhibition, Toronto, 1878.
Highest Awards at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879-'80-'81.

WE ARE NOW MANUFACTURING

SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.
BEST IN THE MARKET.

Correspondence Solicited. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free. Address

DOMINION ORGAN AND PIANO COMPANY.
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

OUR

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES.

Recognized to be the BEST FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE IN USE

And the ONLY MACHINE That will KNIT RIBBED and PLAIN WORK Perfectly.

A few of the many articles that can be made on our Family Machine are Undershirts, Drawers, Mitts, Hosiery, Gloves, Caps, Cuffs, Tidies—all these can be made any size.

OUR RIBBER IS PERFECTION.

Makes the Pearl Rib-Stitch one-and-one, one-and-two, one-and-three, etc., perfect in elasticity, beautiful in appearance, more durable and perfect than Hand Knitting.

Our Machines make the only perfect seamless full fashioned

HOSIERY IN THE WORLD.

With more stitches in the top than in the ankle. Knits the coarsest Farmer's Yarn, Cotton, Silk, or Thread.

Blind girls can knit and finish one dozen pairs of Socks in one day; and $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00 can be easily made in one day.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue and Testimonials from the Blind.

CREELMAN BROS.,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

REAL ESTATE REGISTRY

—AND—

ADVERTISING AGENCY

FOR

The selling and purchasing of Farms and Real Estate in the Annapolis Valley.

ON THE

1ST OF DECEMBER,

I shall advertise a list of FARMS I have for sale in the

Toronto Globe,

Toronto, and will continue to advertise in that and other Newspapers abroad once a month, until next Spring. All farms on my Registry will appear in the list without charge to those Registering. Parties wishing to take advantage of this means of advertising abroad must send in a description of their Farms or Properties for sale previous to the

15TH OF NOVEMBER.

MONIES INVESTED

AND

Loans Negotiated

List of Farms now in Registry.

No.	Contents.
1.	130 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
2.	106 acres; Situated at Round Hill.
3.	120 acres; Situated near Annapolis.
4.	220 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
5.	150 acres; Situated at Paradise.
6.	Is a large farm Situated at Clarence.
7.	100 acres; Situated in Middleton.
8.	300 acres; Situated in Beaconsfield.
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	83 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
21.	108 acres; Situated at Paradise.
22.	140 acres; Situated at Havelock.
23.	175 acres; Situated near Bridgetown.
24.	300 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.

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

SAMUEL LEGG,

Watch and Clock Maker,

Opposite

Bridgetown Drug Store

Also Agent for the

HARTFORD LIFE

—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,

in Sugar, Spices, Salt, Tobaccos, Brooms, Soaps, Raisins and Currants. Canned Goods, Biscuits, Syrups, &c., &c. A quantity of Cow Corn.

A REFRESHMENT TABLE, where lunches can be had at all hours will be found on the premises.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, June 19th, 1883.

Celebrated Rubber Bucket

CHAIN PUMPS!

ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

Pumps Complete,

or in parts to suit.

FLOUR AND MEAL AT 25 CENTS ADVANCE ON COST.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO

per N. H. PHINNEY.

J. G. H. PARKER,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, CONVEXANCER,

and REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Practise in all the Courts. Business promptly attended to.

OFFICE—Fitz Randolph's NEW BUILDING, Bridgetown. 7ly

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

John Ervin,

Barrister and Attorney at Law.

OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING,

503mpd BRIDGETOWN

JOHN L. NIXON,

Margaretville.

Licensed Auctioneer.

Sales attended to promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. 3mos

CARD.

W. M. FORSYTH

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

Office in

LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.

Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84. 51tf

Notice.—All notices of Births, Marriages and deaths inserted free. Obituary poetry, 10 cents per line.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Sciatica, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Rheumatism, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. 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 Humors, Piles, and Skin Diseases (One Pill a DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. [illegible] find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Mantoville, 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 can equal it. It will make hens lay like a Shoddy's Condition Powder. Less than a 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!

—:o:—

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,

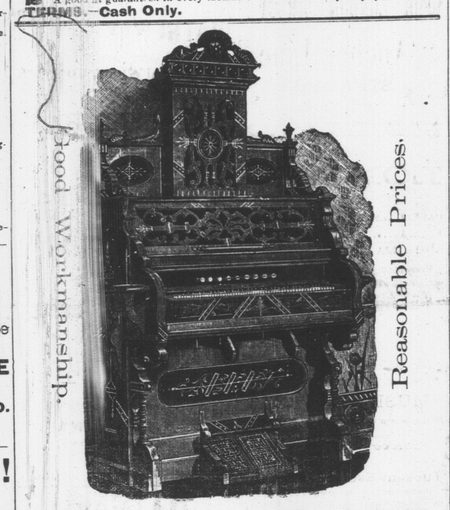
IS ON VIEW AT

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.

TERMS.—Cash Only.



ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

JOHN P. RICE. A. E. SULIS.

Poetry.

A Hundred Years from Now.

The surging sea of human life forever on shore rolls,
Beating to the eternal shore each day its freight of souls.
But those of our bark sails bravely on, pale death sits at the prow,
And few shall know we ever lived, a hundred years from now.

Oh, mighty brotherhood, who fiercely war and strive
While God's great world has ample space for everything alive,
Broad fields uncultured, and unclaimed, are waiting for the plough
Of progress that should make them bloom, a hundred years from now.

Why should we toil so earnestly in life's short narrow span,
On golden stairs to climb so high above our other man?
Why bow yet an earthly shrine our souls in servile bow?
Our graves will crumble, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the worlds applause? We crowd so much its blame?
A fitting echo is its voice, of censure or of fame,
The praise that thrills the heart the crime that does with shame the brow,
Will be a forgotten dream, a hundred years from now.

Earth's wrecks rise and fall, O, time! makers on thy shore,
They run on thy rocks of doom—are seen no more.
The stars of worlds that gem the radiant brow,
Will light spaces for other eyes, a hundred years from now.

O Thou whose sleepless eyes, the future stand
As open books, like babes we cling to thy hand,
Change, death, are naught to us, if humbly bow,
Beneath the low of Thy throne, a hundred years from now.

Literature.

An Unwilling Accomplice.

'Now, I'm not a bit afraid Mollie?' 'Afraid, what? I'm not a baby.' 'No, indeed, you're a hundred,' mockingly.

'And I have traveled all the way from Chicago to New York by myself, I don't know why I can't go from Leamington to London.'

'Yes, but this isn't America, you know, and girl's are so silly. I don't see what can happen to you, unless you put your head out of the window too far, and get it knocked off. Now, don't be dignified. I'm telling you this to keep up my spirits up. I'm afraid maybe the *mater* might cut up about my leaving you, but I can't let this chance for shooting slip and the fellows won't wait! Hello! here's the train! First class to London, guard. Nobody in the compartment? All right Molly, jump in. Make my peace with the *mater* if she is vexed. Tra, la, la, la,' cried my brother, giving me a hug and a kiss. The door slammed. I was going to London all alone, when it opened again. A man rushed in, pell-mell—gun, bag and fishing tackle.

'Just in time, guard?'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Here's a shilling for your trouble. All alone, eh?'

'No, sir; young lady, sir.'

This time the door slammed securely, the key was turned, and the guard disappeared.

It was half-past four o'clock. A damp, dull afternoon. I looked at myself in the little mirror opposite. It reflected a tall, brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, with a pretty complexion, and neat travelling dress. A very young person, eighteen at best, and a very strong and healthy one. We, my brother and I, had been to Warwick, Stratford, etc., and at the last moment he receives a telegram from some some college mates bidding him to meet them in the North; they had formed a shooting party, which was to start the next day. My mother was in London; so we determined, rather than disturb his pleasant trip, that I return to her alone. The train was going at full speed—fifty-five miles an hour. I could scarcely, in the dim twilight of the December day, distinguish the rapidly moving trees and the houses as we skirted along. After a little I turned my eyes on my companion. He was a tall, rawboned man, with grey eyes and long, red hair; heavy red whiskers covered his face. He wore a shooting jacket and a loose flannel blouse. He fixed his eyes on me for five minutes without speaking. At a certain station the guard, our guard that was, got out and passed the window. I saw another official shall the defaulting bank clerk; he scooped last week with £10,000. He was traced to Leamington to-day; they wired us from there. Say, your reverence?'

When I came to myself I was lying on my own little bed in the London lodging house, and my mother told me slowly and by degrees that when she entered the carriage, a moment afterwards, I was on the floor, and that I was ill a long time afterwards.

They found the grey valise, the shooting clothes, my bundle of hair, on the railroad track where they had been thrown; but his unwilling accomplice had rendered such good service to their quondam owner that we nor his pursuers ever heard of, or in any way traced him again.—*London Times.*

PETER COOPER'S ILLUSTRATOR OF USURY.—Mr. Cooper was always a careful and prudent business man. He was always opposed to the methods of many merchants, who launched out into extravagant enterprises on borrowed money for which they paid exorbitant rates of interest. Once, while talking about a project with an acquaintance, the latter said he would have to borrow the money for six months, paying interest at the rate of three per cent per month. 'Why do you borrow for so short a time?' Mr. Cooper asked. 'Because the brokers will not negotiate the bill for longer.' 'I will discount your note at that rate for three years.' 'Are you in earnest?' asked the borrower. 'Certainly I am. I will discount your note for $10,000 for three years at that rate. Will you do it?' 'Of course I will,' said he merchant. 'Very well,' said Mr. Cooper; just sign this note for $10 000, payable in three years, and give me your check for $800, and the transaction is complete.' But where is the money for me?' asked the astonished merchant. 'You don't get any money,' was the reply. Your interest for thirty-six months at three per cent per month amounts to 108 per centum, or $10,800; therefore your check for $800 just makes us even.' The force of this practical illustration of the folly of paying such an exorbitant price for the use of money was such that the merchant determined never to borrow money at such ruinous rates, and he frequently used to say that nothing could have so fully convinced him as this rather humorous proposal by Mr. Cooper.

Beauty that is Bought in Shops.

It is a question whether beauty, like goodness, must not necessarily be genuine in order to be admirable. The climax of this theory is reached when the old lady of eighty-five, the aged patroness of many charlatans, is held up to admiration because—at a little distance—she would pass for thirty. Proudly her "makers up" point out how this effect is produced; her hair is false, her skin is enameled—besides being 'tightened' to prevent wrinkles—her eyelashes are stained, her finger is 'made.' She is false all over. Now, this is admirable! Be this as it may, it is not very important. When a lady has reached the mature age of eighty-five her appearance troubles no one very much, except her grandchildren. But when it comes to the lady whom you love if you are quite certain that she was genuine, the case is different. It is bad to know that your dear Angeli must sleep in corsets, or she can never attain to the fashionable waist; it is sad to think of the inevitable results on her poor little feet of those Louis Quinze heels, which make her pretty boots look so bewitching.

Figure to yourself what it must feel like to take your beauty-sleep with a pair of pincers on your nose. That pretty old-fashioned expression has now taken a new and dreadful meaning. Any one who desires to possess the 'Mrs. Langtry nose' has but to sleep in torment for a week or two and the great result is obtained. If the figure of the would-be beauty is not as lovely as she wishes, 'the anatomical corset maker' will supply her with a nocturnal squeezing apparatus which will 'Thin her down' by degrees. If her stature is too low for beauty, she may remedy this by wearing what is mildly called an 'appliance;' in the days of the Inquisition it would probably have been classed as an instrument of torture. This appliance squeezes and stretches all the lower part of the body, and its use is said not to interfere with the comfort of one's beauty-sleep.

Once enameled, always enameled. The professed beauty can only afford to be yellow, 'gray and uncurled' in secret. She finds herself precipitated on the downward path. Why not make use of the marvels of modern inventiveness—remodel her ears, her nose and her finger tips? It is difficult to say why she should not carry her theory out to the full.—*London World.*

Died in Faith.

THE PEACEFUL END OF A LIFE IN WHICH THERE HAD BEEN MANY CLOUDS AND LITTLE SUNSHINE.

When the meeting of the Lime Kiln Club had been opened and the roll called Brother Gardner asked Sir Isaac Walpole to take the chair. The grand old gray haired man slowly ascended the platform, and greatly to the surprise of the majority of the members he announced the death Uncle Daniel Whitbeck, a local member who had been present at the last meeting.

'You knew him to be old an' feeble an' sort o' waitin' to go,' continued Sir Isaac, 'an yet the news surprise you. A week ago he sot heah wid us; to-night he am lyin' in his coffin. Sich am de onsartainties of life. Brudder Gardner an' me has knowed Uncle Daniel since we was all children togeder in the far-away days. When he realized dat de summons was drawin' nigh he sent for us, an' we sot beside him when de angel took his speerit an' flew away.

'Uncle Daniel was a poo' ole black man unlettered, unlearned an' lookin' back only to y'ars of toil an' privashun an' sorrow. In de days of slavery dey sold his wife away. He saw one of his boys shot down an' buried in a ditch. He had scars on his body an' scars on his soul. Men who heard him pray scoffed at him. Men who heard him say dar was a God an' a hereafter kicked and abused him. Men tried to whip his faith away. Men robbed an' chatted an' lied about him, an' sneeringly asked why his faith did not protect him. Men argued with him, an' though dey could not silence him dey could not shake his belief. He saw poverty, woe an' misfortune in almos' ebery month of his life, an' yit, how did he die?

'Dar' was sunthin' grand in dat death bed scene,' continued Sir Isaac in a whisper. 'Eighty y'ars of toil an' anxiety an' sufferin' was drawn to a close. A life in which dar' had been many clouds an' leetle sunshine was about to end. He remembered dat great lawyers an' doctors an' statesmen had said dar' was no hereafter. He remembered dat men had called him a fool fur thinkin' of Heaben an' prayin' to god. He was low an' ignorant—dey was learned and great. Dey could not read an' argue an' discuss—he could only cling to dat faith planted in his heart when he was a chile in de humble cabin. Now came de test. It was de faith of one poo' ole down-trodden black man agin de sophistry, argyments, assershuns an' deduckshuns of hundreds of infidels.

'I see him as de sinkin' summer sun crept inter de winder an' turned his white h'ar to color of gold. He woke from his soft sleep, an' dar was sich happiness in his eyes an' sich glory in his face as I neber saw befo.' He listened like one who h'ars de sounds of sweet music, an' de glory deepened as he reached out his hands to us an' whispered:

'I kan see my ole wife an' de child on up dar. I kin see glory an' restan' peace, can look across de dark valley an' see! sich happiness as men neither dream of!'

'An' he passed away like a babe fallin' asleep, an' you who go up dar' to-morrow wil fin' dat same glorious smile lighting up the face of de dead. He has suffered an' believed an' had faith an' gone to his reward. His words as he left de scenes of airth to walk de path leadin' frew de dark valley to de shores of Heaben am a mo' powerful argyment dan all dat infidels have spoken or will ever write. His smile as he heard the soft rustle of de angel comin' for his speerit was an answer dat will stan' above the sophistry of all unbelievers.'

Journalistic Mercenaries.

We gladly quote the following from the Ottawa *Free Press.*

At the present moment when Canada is proving such a strong competitor with the United States for the surplus labor of the world, the American journals are keenly desirous of obtaining every scrap of information—whether true or untrue—which is likely to prejudice the ill-informed against this country. The demand has called into existence a class of correspondents whose inventive genius is equalled only by their audacious disregard of all facts. They can under the shelter of the anonymous correspondent and in an alien journal which is practically beyond the reach of the civil law of this country, make with impunity, statements which would bereadily challenged here. What Swiss mercenaries were to the armed states of medieval Europe, most of these Canadian correspondents of American newspapers are to journalism, with the exception that the Swiss mercenaries would not turn their arms against their native land. Their attacks are copied in scores of papers and circulated not only on this continent but in the old world. The reputations of individuals are assailed; little personal spites are vented upon individuals born of petty malice; the commercial and financial credit of leading firms and communities are questioned; and generally the tone of these despatches is to 'bear' the prospects of our common country. To-day it is some social slander in which the priceless jewel of a woman's virtue is bandied about upon the breadth of a vulgar world, and an irreparable wrong done to her future in most cases, without sufficient evidence to warrant the attack being made. To-morrow it is the credit of the Canadian Pacific which is attacked, and despatches are sent to the New York papers to 'bear' its stock on Wall street. The next day there appears in a Boston paper, the great market for Ottawa Valley lumber, and where scores of agencies for Ottawa firms are to be found established with a prosperous business, a despatch insinuating that leadings firms here are on the verge of bankruptcy and that a general crash is imminent. The 'bear' despatch fulfils its mission and brings about the very crash it foretells by frightening this firm and that firm into closing upon debtors they otherwise would have befriended. This is not an imaginative sketch—it is the experience of the past month. Ask any one of the leading lumbering firms of Ottawa, and its answer will be decisive enough. This fact alone justifies our defence of Canada, and denunciation of the slander. Our morning contemporary can do as it pleases, but the policy of this journal is that in matters affecting the common interests of Ottawa in particular and Canada in general it will rise superior to all possibilities of gaining political advantage by 'bearing' the country and decrying its greatness.

Chimes, and How they are Rung.

Bells may be rung in two ways: first, by swinging them with the rope and wheel; and secondly, by striking them upon the outside with hammers, the bell itself being stationary. In England the former method of rope and wheel was almost universally adopted, requiring a man for each bell. From this method we get that interesting and peculiarly English kind of chime music known as the 'changes,' which gave England the name of the Ringing Island. In Belgium, however, the stationary method was used. Chime played in this manner were rung by one person and called carillons, because the Italian *Quadriglia*, or quadrille, 'a dreary kind of music,' was the first ever played upon them. To play upon carillons the performers used an instrument known as the 'clavecin,' a kind of rough key-board arranged in semitones. Each key was connected by rope with a hammer, which struck the bell when a sharp blow was given the key with a gloved fist. This machine was necessarily extremely crude at first; and since chimes have never been played half so well as in the days of this invention, it is all the greater wonder that the art ever progressed at all. Recently some great masterpieces in chime music have been found, which were composed and played at Louvain in the latter half of the last century, by the most skilful and wonderful chimer who ever lived, Matthias van den Gheyn. No one in Europe or America can now be found who is able to play this music, which rivals in the depth and subtety of its composition some of the finest works of Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven. Hence the art of playing carillons has sadly declined, with small prospect of ever recovering the lost ground.—*July Atlantic.*

PROFITS OF SHEEP RAISING.—Absolom Grant of Canterbury, York Co., last winter had thirteen sheep, five of which were lambs. He was offered by a drover eight dollars per head for the mature sheep but thought he could do better. The result proved him right. The expense of wintering was a trifle less than $2 per head. From the eight ewes he raised sixteen lambs, one bearing triplets, six bearing twins, and one a single lamb. The lambs produced four, of which two died.

Last fall he sold all but six, having butchered one. He received from the sale of wool, ewes and lambs $120, the carcass of the butchered one was worth $3, amounting in all to $123. He estimates the value of the remaining six at $60, and believes that they will net ten more. He has cleared $97 from his thirteen sheep in one year, and has six left worth $60—$159 net receipts, which is $12 per head from the thirteen sheep.—*St. John Sun.*

—As a result of the recent dynamite explosions in the London tower and parliament buildings the government has issued stringent orders and rules in regard to the future admission of strangers to the public buildings. Admission hereafter can only be obtained by card issued by the chief of police or some responsible official. These rules strictly prohibit members of the house of commons from introducing strangers and gaining for them access to the galleries or lobbies of the parliament buildings, and and restricts the power of issuing tickets to the speaker, who shall only issue such tickets after receiving a week's notice. Turnstiles have been erected at the entrance of all public buildings, and are so adjusted as to permit only one person to pass at a time.

—When, next July the fishery clauses of the Washington Treaty expire, the provisions of the treaty of 1818 will take effect again. These provisions prohibit American fishermen from taking, drying or curing fish on any of the British coasts, bays, creeks or harbors in America, or within three nautical miles thereof. Men living on the American side will not be allowed to fish and build wiers in Provincial waters, within the three mile limit, and their boats will not be allowed to take herring from the wiers, either by seining or buying. The vessels will not be allowed to catch or buy bait in those waters. It is provided, however, that the American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays or harbors for the purpose of shelter, and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever.

—The great fortune of Robert Dunsmuir, M. P. P. of Victoria, B. C., says a British Columbia paper, was the result of an accident. For many years he mined in the collieries of Nanaimo, toiling as a day laborer. One gloomy day walking, pensively in the woods contemplating his hard lot and wondering how he was to educate his many children, his eye caught sight of a giant fir, torn from its place by a midnight storm. The rain had washed the roots and clinging to some of the soil he saw clumps of black shale. His practised eye detected coal. He hastily marked the spot, and that very day he secured all the land in the neighborhood for a trifle, and began to work. He unearthed the great North Wellington and South Wellington beds, whose output this year amounted to 251,840 tons, valued at $8,008,344. Mr. Dunsmuir is a Nova Scotian.

—The Nova Scotian counties which have adopted the Scott Act contain a population of 202,500. New Brunswick has 202 000 of its population under the Scott Act; P. E. Island, 108 891 (the whole;) Quebec, 40,000; Ontario, 450 000; Manitoba, 25,000. Prohibition is also supposed to prevail over the North-West territories, with their population of 56,446. This gives a total population under prohibition of 1,254,337, while campaigns are in progress in cities and counties representing a population of 760,000 in Ontario, 100,000 in Quebec, 40,000 in Manitoba, and the whole of British Columbia. If there is any virtue in this form of prohibition it ought soon to begin to show itself in the decreased consumption of intoxicats.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

—The word "news" was not, as many supposed, derived from the adjective new; but from the fact that many years ago it was customary to put at the head of the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the compass, thus:

N
W— —E
S

Signifying that the matter contained therein was from the four quarters of the globe. From the letters came the word "news."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A Greek immigrant was searched in New York recently. He was found to be armed with a weapon which looks like a large ivory handled jackknife. When examined a pistol hammer was discovered on one side. This, when pulled up threw out a trigger on the other side. As soon as the pistol was discharged a four-inch blade ran out ready for use.

—A little girl attended church for the first time. The minister chose his text from the twenty-third Psalm. 'My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.'

At dinner the sermon was discussed, but none of the family could recall the words of the text.

'I know what the text was, mama,' said the little girl:

'Do you dear, what was it?'

'Mercy, goodness, my cup's tipped over.'

—There is trouble in the senate over the divorce business. Only about sixty-five members are in attendance, and of these twenty-seven are Catholics and decline to sit on divorce committees. These committees consist of nine members each, and as there are seven divorces pending there are not senators enough to go round.

—The skirt laid in alternate clusters of kilt pleats and panels decorated with braid is the style for tailor-made spring suits of cloth, serge, diagonal, and flannel.