ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

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

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH...First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1 00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

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

HALF COLUMN...First insertion, $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.

PATENTS

MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience.

Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper. $3.20 a Year. Weekly. Splendid engravings and interesting information. Specimen copy of the Scientific American sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Office, 261 Broadway, New York.

WANTED: AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New & Superior Canada Maps & Charts, As paying as any agency in the world. For particulars, full and free, address H. C. TUNSON, 388 Richmond St., London Ont.

S. N. JACKSON,
GENERAL AGENT OF THE
Averill Paint.

It is admitted by all to be the very
Best Paint on the Market.

FULL STOCK OF
Graining Colors,
Varnishes,
and Brushes on hand

ALSO.—The usual line of
Genera Goods.

200 BUS. OF
P. E. I. ISLAND OATS.
Clarence, March 10, '84. 496mos

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE I. FITZRANDOLPH late of Williamston, in the county of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within three months from the date, and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

ALBERT FITZRANDOLPH.
S. BURPEE FITZRANDOLPH.
Administrators.

Williamston, June 17 '84.13it23.

WANTED! WANTED!

200 Cords
Hemlock Bark,

at as early a date as possible, delivered either at the Subscriber's TANNERY, or at BRIDGETOWN R. R. STATION and for which he will pay the highest cash price.

I would call attention to my stock of
HARNESESS
—IN—
GOLDPLATE,
SILVER,
NICKLE,
BRASS,
& X C PLATE,
which I will sell low for cash or approved credit. Also in stock a large assortment of

Harness Leather and Furniture,
for the trade.

Harness Leather, Wax, Grain, Buff, Calf Skins, Splits, Leathers always in stock, at wholesale or retail rates.
English, Balmoral, French, and Shoe Uppers, Shoe Findings for the trade.

300 BUS. PLASTERER'S HAIR
at low rates.

George Murdoch.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1884. NO. 22.

WISDOM & FISH,

Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Supplies,
41 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber and Linen Hose, Lace Leather and Cut Lacing, Cotton Waste and Steam Packing, Lubricating Oils, Mill Files, Emery Wheels, Emery Cloth, and Emery, Wrought Iron Pipe, Cast Iron Water Pipe, Steam, Gas, and Water Fittings, Steam Pumps, Steam Gauges, Injectors, Bolts, Nuts and Washers, Babbitt Metal and Antimony, Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer, for Grinding Saws.

Estimates Furnished; Lowest Quotations given on Special Supplies. [n8

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (for Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

NEW MODEL TOP SNAP "CHAMPION"

SINGLE BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN. Patented July 27th, 1880. Has Top Snap Action, Rebounding Lock, Pistol Grip, Patent Fore-end Fastening. The brass shells can be reloaded many hundred times, making it cost no more to shoot than a muzzle loader.

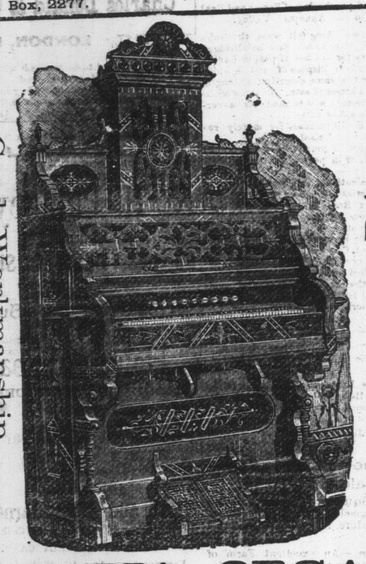
THE BEST GUN IN THE MARKET. Uses either Paper or Brass Central Fire Shells.

PRICES: Plain Barrel, 12 bore, $15; do., 10 bore, $16; Twist Barrel, 12 bore, $18; do., 10 bore, $19.

SEND ADDRESS FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE TO

JOHN P. LOVEL'S SONS,
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.
Wholsale and Retail Gun Dealers,
P. O. Box, 2277.

A sample gun may be seen at the office of this paper.



Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

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.

NOTICE
Of Dissolution of Partnership.

The Subscribers who have been for several years past carrying on a general business under the name, style and firm of A. W. CORBITT & SON, of Annapolis Royal, have by mutual consent, dissolved said partnership, and all persons indebted to the said firm, will please make immediate payment to GEORGE E. CORBITT, who is to collect all debts due said firm, and who will in future carry on the business in his own name, the said A. W. CORBITT having retired from the firm.

Dated at Annapolis Royal in the County of Annapolis, 1st of August, 1884.

GEO. E. CORBITT,
A. W. CORBITT.

Aug. 8th, 1884. 193m.

NOTICE!

PICTURES & FANCY GOODS,

—Just opened at—

JOHN Z. BENT'S
NEW STORE.
NEAR THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
a large and varie assortment of

Brackets,
Bracket Stands,
Easels,
Mottoes,
Frames, Mats,
Xmas Cards.

Something new—Japanese Brackets. Call and see them.

Fine line of Pictures in Marine Views, Pastoral Scenes, views of notable places, etc.

Also portraits of notable men and women Longfellow, Evangeline, Mrs. Langtry, etc.

Picture framing done at short notice. different styles of moulding to select from.

All kinds of Picture fixtures.

A call respectfully solicited,

Bridgetown, Dec. 19, '83. 6t

A FINE LOT OF
TWEEDS
—AND—
WORSTEDS
have just arrived at the
"BLUE" STORE,
where persons wanting can examine them.
JOHN. H. FISHER, Prop.
Bridgetown March 6, '84.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King St., West Toronto, W. W. Butcher, Manager, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

THE EXCELSIOR
Carpet Fasteners!
The Greatest Invention of the Age for Putting Down Carpets.
THEY SAVE TIME, CARPETS, MONEY, AND PATIENCE!
PRICE, FROM $3.00 TO $4.50 PER GROSS.
A. C. VANBUSKIRK,
Kingston Station.
General Agent for Kings, Annapolis, Digby and Yarmouth Counties.
A good, reliable, live man wanted to canvas Digby County. n8tf

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.

AT PRIMROSE'S
Drug Store
ANNAPOLIS,
Will be found the best assortment of
FANCY GOODS!
PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and all TOILET ARTICLES, EVER OFFERED IN THE COUNTY.
tf36 F. PRIMROSE.

Chas. McCormick,
Licensed Auctioneer & Conveyancer.
DEEDS, Mortgages, Bills of Sale, and all Legal Documents promptly and correctly drawn. Business with the Registry Office attended to. 15 years experience. Correspondence strictly confidential. 493m

JOHN Z. BENT,
UNDERTAKER.
Bridgetown N. S., near Presbyterian Church.
Coffins and Caskets, and Coffin trimmings, in all styles, always on hand. All branches of this department of his business will receive the most careful attention. 361yr

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

MAIL CONTRACT!

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 17th October, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, once per week each way, between

Bridgetown and Granville Ferry,

via Chutes Cove, and once per week each way between

BRIDGETOWN & PORT LORNE,

via Chute's Cove, under a proposed contract for four years from the 1st of January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post offices of Bridgetown, Port Lorne and Granville Ferry, or at the office of the subscriber.

CHARLES J. MACDONALD.
Post Office Inspector.

Post office Inspector's office,
Halifax, 22nd Aug. 1884 } 20t23.

NOTICE!

I hereby forbid anyone trusting any person to anything on my account, as I shall resist payment.

W. R. MATHEWS.
Middleton, Aug 18, '84. 19t25.

SCHR. A. M. HOLT.

The Subscriber having purchased the well known Schr. A. M. HOLT, lately owned by Capt. D. R. Graves, will continue to run her as usual between

Bridgetown and St. John.

Freight handled carefully and carried at reasonable rates.

For further particulars apply to Capt. P. NICHOLSON, Bridgetown, or on board to

W. E. COVERT
Bridgetown, Sept. 3rd, '84. 13t34.

Poetry.

A Gleam of Sunshine.

Days when the skies were leaden,
Days when the clouds were low;
When the pear trees looked disconsolate
And the flowers were afraid to grow;
So one day followed another
Without a cheery glow.

At last there came as a respite
A break in the pall of gray;
A sprightly wind from the westward
Scattered the clouds away;
And the sun shone forth in its splendor
And quite transformed the day:

Nothing was unresponsive,
The sun cheered everything;
The robbins and even the thrushes
Began for joy to sing.
And the daisies smiled in their grassy beds
For the coming of the spring.

There was a wondrous radiance
Where dullest shade had been;
The young corn in the valley
Shown forth in vivid green;
And brown things put on golden hues
To beautify the scene.

Such change to joy from sadness
A little sunshine wrought.
That the old earth was scarce the same
With such new glory fought;
And trees and fields, and birds and men,
No songs for praises brought.

And so it will be presently
For sad hearts that remain;
A little while the sorrow stays,
A little while the pain;
But soon the voice of God will bid
The sunshine forth again.

Select Literature.

An Adventure.

I am of the firm of Merryfield, Bonnifant & Co., wholesale dealers and importers of drugs, essential oils, etc., down in The Lane, as Maiden, New York, is familiarly called by the down-town merchants.

About four years ago a little adventure befell me which I shall endeavor to relate as nearly as possible as it happened.

I had been through the war—five years' service— went in a private and came out a major. It took a year or two to shake off war habits and settle down to work. At last I went back to my old business, and entered the service of Merryfield & Bonnifaint.

It was a young house but working into a fine trade, and the addition of my tact an energy soon made a considerable increase in the business. I managed a good many fine operations and secured several advantageous connections, both, here and abroad so that at the end of a couple of years I walked into a partnership, and became the Co.

I had an incentive to hard work, the greatest, perhaps, a man can have, and that was the desire to marry. I had long been engaged to a most charming woman, but I would not marry till I was able to comfortably maintain a wife and family.

So I worked with a vim and found at the end of a year, when we took account of stock, that my interest in the profits, with the prospect of an increase every year, would warrant us in setting the wedding-day.

We fixed on the latter part of May, and as the interests of the business demanded a visit of the partner to Europe, we determined to spend the honeymoon abroad.

It was the early part of January; the cloudy winter day was closing, and night shutting down with a dreary drizzle, with every prospect of a long, disageeable storm.

Merryfield had left early in the afternoon for his home in Yorkers and at six, B hastened up-town, for he knew his little wife would be dreadful anxious if he was half an hour later than usual.

I, being a bachelor, had nothing to deter me from prowling at night, for two or three nights a week at the office, and attending to various matters of business to which the occupations of the day did not give me the chance to do simple justice.

Our office was on the first story, which was also used as a wareroom as well as the three stories above. The stairway led directly from the first floor to the street and had no connection whatever with the room below.

This night I had an unusual amount of writing to do. As I was familiar with French, German and Italian, all the foreign correspondence developed on me, and as the morrow was steamer day, I determined to spend several hours at the office.

The boys, porters, and clerks all departed at six o'clock and left me in sole possession of the premises. I locked the door, and with the key in my pocket, went around to Farrish's in John St., and had some nice mutton-chops with fried potatoes and a bottle of Bass's Pale.

Thus fortified, I returned to my labor. I fastened the door carefully, and as I mounted the step, Kitty, or Catherine, as I called her for short, came down two or three steps to meet me, purring a hearty welcome. She was one of those gray cats we see everwhere, and as she had been with us for a long time, I felt a great affection for her.

She had a singular habit of acting as usher to every one who came, meeting him half way down stairs and conducting him into the office with a business air, having done which, she would resume her position on the railing and wait for the next comer.

The unusual prominence of her superciliary ridge gave her a very anxious look. She seemed to have the whole burden of the business on her mind, and at times when things did not appear to be going on right, she would look earnestly down the stairway, then skurry off to the upper regions, which, having investigated, she would hasten back to her station to welcome customers.

In these anxious moments of hers, I felt myself called upon to assure her that, though appearances indicated difficulty, yet everything was going on right, and matters were being properly attended to. I dwell on the attributes of this feline friend of mine, because she plays a part in this little history, and I still cherish her with affection.

I went back to the desk, arranged the droplight with the porcelain shade, and stirred up the Morning-glory stove till the coal glowed brightly through the mica lights. The ivory hands of my Swartzalder clock indicated the hour of seven. The iron window-shutters were also closed. Within all was snug and comfortable, while without was cold, miserable drizzle.

The side streets down-town are exceedingly lonely after dark. They have almost the solitude of a forest! The warehouses are all closed, and the streets deserted, except by the police, and often you may go several squares without meeting one of them.

When I came from supper, I met Finnigan, the policeman, at the door, trying the fastening, to see that all was secure as was his custom every night, and I mentioned to him that he need not be alarmed at seeing a light shining through the crevices of the shutters, as I intended to stay quite late that night.

I had my work laid out, invoices, letters, etc., resting under a hideous Hindoo god of bronze, about five inches high. This god had been in my family for generations, and was originally stolen from an Indian temple, at the risk of his life, by an impious sea-captain, I think it was Vishnu. It had an elephant's head, four arms, and sat cross-legged on a low pedestal. One of its hands made the mystic sign of the Youi, dwelt upon with such ingenuity by Inman in his recent work on religious symbols.

I drew my chair up to the desk, and indulged for a few moments in delicious thoughts of the coming May, and the happy summer to follow, and then set to work. I wrote to our London correspondent regarding our last shipment of oil of peppermint and wintergreen, and gave him instructions concerning a large consignment of beeswax going by to-morrow's steamer. I exercised my best Italian in a letter to Marangolo & Son, at Messina, ordering oil of lemon and bergamot, with directions about packages, and slipping, etc. Then I turned my attention to French, and wrote to Paris, Lyons and Marseilles, on various business matters. I dropped a line to a new house in Singapore inquiring for the lest quotations of oil of lemongrass, and then stopped to stroke Catherine, who sat at my elbow with her paws tucked nicely under her soft fur. With her, the business cares and worries of the day were over, and she felt that now she could conscientiously abandon herself to ease and enjoyment, and so sat beside me, winking incessantly and purring with her utmost vigor.

I continued my writing for a long time, when the gaily-attired trumpeter dwelling in Swartzwalder flung open his carved door with military promptitude, and blew his rippling bugle call eleven times, and then with the air of one having performed his duty stepped in and closed his door with a sudden click.

'Eleven o'clock!' I exclaimed. 'My worthy black forester, I thank you for the hint. It is nearly time to go home.'

I had a letter to write to Schering's Chemical Works at Berlin, requesting them to hurry forward our order for hydrate of choloral and carbolic acid, and asking them to duplicate the order, as we had been transacting largely in both articles lately, and should not be able to satisfy the demands of our customers, unless we received some shortly.

I read a sentence of this letter aloud, when Catherine suddenly sprang forward from the desk and ran away.

'What! are the German gutturals too much for you, Kitty?' I said, without looking up.

I appended the signature of the firm with a little flourish, and was regarding it with satisfaction, when I became aware of something listening near my cheek. I turned my eyes and saw that it was a shining barrel of a Colt's revolver in rather unpleasant proximity to my head.

My eyes followed the barrel, observed a nervous shapely hand grasping the handle with a finger on a trigger.

How much and what infinity of detail the mind will note in a short moment of grief or peril! I noticed that the revolver was one of those little six-shooters, carrying a ball not larger than a pea but making a hole large enough to let life out. I saw that it was nickelplated, and had an ivory handle, and that each chamber contained a cartrige.

From the pistol, my eyes turned to the hand. I noted the shape of the finger-nails, a scratch on the wrist, and the absence of the end of the little finger—I even queried how it happened. All this occurred in an instant.

My soldier experience had taught me the value of coolness on occasions of danger, and I had not forgotten it.

I slowly looked up at the party who presented this belligerent attitude and saw a decently-dressed man of medium height and about my age—thirty-two years. He was not one of your burly ruffians, but a keen, wiry, dare-devil of a man, with the nerve for any deed.

He looked me squarely in the eye, and I saw with what manner of man I had to deal.

'My friend,' I said, 'if you intend to present me with that handsome little instrument, I would much prefer you would offer it to me by the other end.'

'Well, you are a cool customer,' he remarked.

'Cool as a cucumber!' I said. What do you propose to do.

'Blow your brains out, if you move!

'Then I had better sit still. What next?'

'I shall proceed to relieve your firm of whatever money and valuable merchandise you may have at hand. I was in this line once, and I think I know what to select.

All this time he kept his cold gray eye fixed on me and the revolver at my head. I was unarmed, and I was sure he knew it. Though he was a somewhat heavier man than I was, I should not have hesitated to try a hand-to-hand struggle with him; but I could not wrestle with a bullet.

I saw that my only course was to remain calm and watch for my chance. I had been in many a tight corner during the war, but always managed by address to get out safely.

'This was a put-up-job,' he continued. 'I have watched you for a long time, and know your habits. You see I am shod with felt, which accounts for my noiseless approach. How I got here is my business. Your street door is safely locked, and the key is in my pocket. The bobby has just passed on his beat, and will not disturb our little party. I am a dead shot, and if you interfere with my operations, your friends will have to pick mashed lead out of you, and you will not be the first fine fellow that I have made turn up his toes.'

I looked at him and felt sure he would do all he said he would and would not let a little matter of murder stand in his way.

I was calm, but I kept a terrible thinking, for the situation was anything but pleasant.

Through several fortuitous circumstances, we happened to have a large sum of money in the safe that night.

In the first place, we had a considerable amount that was paid in after bank hours. Then we had sent our clerk to the bank just before it closed, to get five thousand dollars in gold to pay duties with, but when he reached the Custom House he found that by some mistake the papers were not ready, and so we had to keep the coin in our safe over night.

And as if the very old Harry was in it, at about half-past four o'clock one of our customers from the West came in with seven thousand five hundred dollars, and asked us to take charge of it for him till morning. The devil could not have chosen a worse time for us to make his visit. I had occasion frequently during the evening to go to the safe to refer to the books, and I had left the door open.

He took a pair of light handcuffs from his pocket, and laid them on the table beside him.

'I intended to embellish you with these little ornaments immediately, but as you seem to be a run sort of a fellow, I'll let you off till I get through, then I'll trouble you to put them on and submit to be tied to the knob of your safe door. Having arranged this matter, I'll exchange hats with you and don your large cloak, which will effectually conceal the plunder which I shall carry off in this large satchel. I shall then wish you pleasant dreams, put out the light, step out and lock the door carefully behind me, to keep out thieves you know'

And he smiled so devilishly at his own grim humor, that I could hardly restrain myself from springing upon him.

It was a desperate situation. The office was at the rear end of the room, inclosed by a low railing, inside of which stood the safe. The stairway leading to the street was at the front of the apartment, so that, even if the door had been unlocked, I stood no chance of getting to it by a sudden rush.

The policeman would not happen in, for I had told him that I should be there. My only chance was to wait and catch this man off his guard, and then hurl myself on him. So assuming a careless tone, I said:

'And, with your permission, I'll resume my writing.'

'Certainly, by all means,' he answered. 'We have plenty of time before us, and I shall have some suggestions to make regarding your correspondence as we proceed.'

He walked to the safe and began taking out the contents, but never for a moment turning his back toward me. I did not write, but kept my eyes fixed intently on every motion.

He looked into the cash drawer and turned over some checks, which he considered useless to him, but the bank notes to the amount of about four hundred dollars, he quietly placed in his pocket.

'Small favors thankfully received!' he said, sententiously.

The canvas bag of coin did not long escape his searching eye, and was soon in his hands. He untied the string and looked in.

'This is most excellent swag; I seem to be in luck to-night.'

He stooped to unlock his satchel. I thought my chance had come, and I stealthily arose, to find the revolver pointing at me.

'Don't trouble yourself,' he said, mockingly. 'I can manage it without your assistance.'

I sat down. He put the gold into the satchel, and proceeded with his investigation of the safe.

I hoped he would overlook the envelope containing the seven thousand five hundred dollars, and watched him in agony of suspense.

He proceeded with all the deliberation of a merchant in his counting-room, and carefully examined every paper and package, till at last he found the money.

Untying the tape that bound the thick paper envelope, he looked over the contents. The investigation was evidently satisfactory, for he tied up the package carefully again and placed it in the breast pocket of his coat, coolly remarking:

'Money received on deposit; interest paid on balance.

The sight of his airy villain, robbing us of such sums of money, made my blood fairly boil. The loss would cause us great inconvenience, if not serious embarrassment.

My visions of the happy summer faded, for my marriage would have to be postponed indefinitely.

I said to myself: 'My fine fellow, if once I had my fingers at your throat, you'd be less prodigal of your quips.'

I thought over every possible means to circumvent him, but found nothing available. He would not for a second be off his guard, but watched me like a lynx, and at every motion of mine, I saw the ever-ready revolver pointed at me.

I looked at old Vishnu and wished he would turn to Siva the destroyer, and become incarnate for a moment, and practice on my merry gentleman yonder.

Once, when he bent over to take something out of the safe, I thought the wished-for opportunity had arrived. I swiftly secured the god, determined to suddenly hurl it at the robber's head. I knew that if one of the sharp elbows of the deity should strike him on the skull it would make a deadly hole in it.

Before I could raise my hand he arose and looking at me with one of his devilish smiles.

'You seem to be uneasy, my frisky gent. If you get nervous I shall have to clasp the darbies on you, but I think I'll favor you with a specimen of my markmanship. Let me knock that pen from behind your ear.'

He was about twelve feet from me. Before I could make a movement there was the sharp crack of the pistol, and away went the pen on the floor.

I confess I felt nervous at the nearness of the shot.

'Did it tickle you?' said he. 'How neatly I clipped off a chap's nose once in Melbourne! The bloke was a beauty after that.

And he chuckled at the remembrance.

My case began to look desperate. I could hear the wind blowing and the sleet rattling outside. There was no chance of the slight sound of the pistol being heard. There were but few persons for blocks around, and there were two or three policemen, and the janitor of some of the buildings, but who were fast asleep by this time away up in the top stories.

I saw very plainly that this man could kill me if he choose, and knew he would not scruble to do so if I should interfere with his plans. I could only sit still and see the work of spoliation go on. I remember that every nerve was strung as tensely as fiddle strings, and every sense on the alert. I noticed a hundred things I never saw before. A picture on the wall was one-sided, the stove pipe was crooked, and my eye, running along the shelves and the over hanging cornice, observed that a heavy stone jar of extract of henbane was so carelessly placed that a slight touch would knock it off. I saw that many articles were in the wrong places, and I determined to take the clerks to task for it the next day. Catherine, too, claimed my attention: she had taken refuge on the cornice, and was moving about on among the bottles and jars, her eyes gleaming in semi-obscurity.

A friend of the firm in Trieste had sent us a box of maraschino, and a bottle of it stood on a counter. My visitor picked it up exclaiming:

'Ah! maraschino! Pretty good; but there's no body to it, as the toper said of the water.'

He poured some into two wine-glasses that were near, and placed one before me, saying:

'Drink; you'll need some refreshment to sustain you till morning. Here's success to trade!'

I coolly took the glass, and sipping the cordial said:

'May you break your neck before morning!'

'Don't flatter yourself,' he answered.

'A man that is born to be hanged will never be drowned.'

A wicked look came into his face as I said this, and I thought perhaps I had better have left it unuttered.

'Now, as I have thoroughly investigated your money matters, I will turn my attention to your more portable merchandise.'

Our most precious articles were kept in the safe, and those he proceeded to overhaul.

'Atropia!' he exclaimed, has he took out a package worth more than its weight in gold. He dropped it into his bag—fully a thousand dollars' worth. 'While you are writing, you had better drop a line to your correspondent at Darmstadt, asking him to hurry up another lot, as there has been quite a brisk demand for it lately.

'Curse your impudence!' I exclaimed.

'Don't you hurt my feelings! Attar of roses!' he continued, taking out a flask; and pure Turkish, no doubt, as a respectable house like yours would keep no other. Sweets to the sweet!'

He took all we had of this precious oil, amounting in value to fully another thousand dollars.

'Ah! now we come to something nice. Ylang-Ylang.'

This is an oil that is distilled from an East Indian orchid of delicate perfume.

It was very valuable, and he showed his appreciation of it by leaving none.

After extracting everything desirable from the safe, he turned his attention to the shelves, and walked outside the office-railing, but never falling in his watch over me.

Here Catherine, who was on the cornice above, evidently not liking his appearance uttered a feline sibilation, and arched her back.

He looked up at her, and said,

'You don't like me! nor I you! I'll attend to your case, madame when I get through. I'll roast you on the coals.'

I shook with indignation at the threat to torture an inoffensive animal.

I had made up my mind that this villain should not leave the house with so much money and valuables without a fight with me. The chances would be against me, and most likely I should be killed; but I should do my duty, and take the risk. My assumed submission was to throw him off his guard, if possible. I should not fear a hand-to-hand struggle, but that deadly aim, perhaps, would not give me the chance.

His vigilance never relaxed for an instant. The chances were one hundred to one against me, for in the twenty feet that lay between us was almost certain death. I shrank from the encounter. I would wait till he attempted to handcuff me, which would be soon. I tenderly thought of the anguish of one dear woman when she would know of my bloody death.

The red-hand robber locked his satchel, with a click, and turned his baleful eyes full upon me. I knew that the crisis was fast approaching. I braced every nerve for the fatal encounter. As the terrible moment neared, a fierce rage possessed me—an uncontrollable fury that seemed to lift me from the ground.

He divined my intention, and with a devilish sneer slowly raised his revolver. I was face to face with death. His aim was unerring. I felt that no effort of mine could save me.

But at that dread moment aid came to me, yet not from human hands.

Blind chance hurried to my rescue. A singular thing happened. As this bloody murderer raised his unfaltering arm, swiftly and terribly came his Nemesis.

He was directly beneath the heavy stone jar on the cornice; the cat suddenly brushed against it, and down it came on his head with a heavy thud.

As he fell, quickly as lightning I sprang for him, but he did not move. A ghastly hole was in his skull, and a red stream on the floor. I tore open his shirt and put my hand on his heart; there was no pulsation there.

DRESSING BEAR SKINS.—After having cut off the useless parts, and softened the skin by soaking, remove the fatty matter from the inside and soak it in warm water for an hour. Next mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre, and Glauber's salts (sodium sulphate) in the proportion of about half an ounce of each for each skin; spread this with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thinner; double the skin together flesh side inward, and place it in a cool place. After standing twenty-four hours, wash the skin clean, and apply in the same manner as before a mixture of 1 ounce sal soda, ½ ounce borax, and 2 ounces hard white soap, melted slowly together, without being allowed to boil; fold together, and put away in a warm place for twenty-four hours. After this dissolve 4 ounces alum, 8 ounces salt, and 2 ounces saleratus in sufficient hot water to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for twelve hours; then wring out and hang it up to dry. When dry, repeat this soaking and drying two or three times till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly smooth the inside with fine sand paper and pumice stone.—*Scientific American.*

THE TEETH.—While it is true that the excessive use of candies—especially so in modern times—is injurious to the teeth, at least through the stomach, it is evident that the great cause of the rapid decay of the teeth among even the young, is from the poverty of the food used in bone and muscle materials. It is not strange that young ladies of twenty summers, and even younger, may be found with artificial teeth, when it is known that they have been nearly starved by being, or attempting to live, on pastry, an article so destitute of the material from which the bones and teeth are formed. This fact, with the general flaccidness of the whole system the want of stamina—foundationless—will account mainly for the premature crumbling and decay of what were intended as a life treasure. We may also add that the custom of soaking food, the use of very soft food, rendering teeth scarcely necessary, is another prominent cause of decay.

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 speciality 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 prompt 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.