ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 27. 1881. NO. 15.

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Weekly Monitor

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—BY—

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MANHOOD

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Terms for both places easy.

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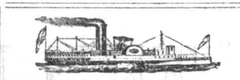

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Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway for and from WEYMOUTH, YARMOUTH, &c., and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations; also, with the Stage for Liverpool. And at St. John with the International Steamship Co., and the Provincial and New England All Rail Line for Portland, Boston, and other points in the United States and Upper Canada.

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Fare—Annapolis to Digby.....75c.
" St. John.....$2.50
Fare Digby to St. John.....$1.50

The splendid Steamer of the Intercolonial Steamship Co. leave St. John on Monday Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston, thus forming connection with "Empress" each way every trip.

Express Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John at 8.15 a. m. and 9 p. m. every day, excepting Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets from Annapolis, Digby and all Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways, to Boston and Portland, issued at special reduced rates.

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R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.
E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

By request Return Tickets, at One Fare, will be issued from Annapolis and Digby, respectively, to St. John, on Saturdays, good to return on Monday following. These tickets to be confined exclusively to these days, and not to be transferable.

St, John, N. B., June 1st, 1881.

Spring Goods arriving;
Prices very low;
Everything thriving
—AT—
Murdoch & Co's.

2 TONS WHITE LEAD, best quality in the market.
5 BARRELS RAW AND BOILED OIL, VARNISHES, DRYERS, BRUSHES, &c., &c.

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GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS in abundance
1200 Rolls Room Paper at cost.
BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS, the cheapest in the market.
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MURDOCH & CO.
Bridgetown, April 1st, 1881.

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Satisfaction guaranteed. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

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Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. **Take no other.**
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
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All above sold by druggists.
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BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown DRUG STORE to

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Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch. Terms Cash.

J. DENNISON.
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Poetry.

The Orchard-Lands of Long Ago.

The orchard-lands of Long Ago!
O drowsy winds, awake and blow
The snowy blossoms back to me,
And all the buds that used to be!
Blow back along the grassy ways
Of truant feet, and lift the haze
Of happy summer from the trees
That trail their tresses in the seas
Of grain that float and overflow
The orchard-lands of Long Ago!

Blow back the melody that slips
In lazy laughter from the lips,
That marvel much if any kiss
Is sweeter than the apple's is.
Blow back the twitter of the birds—
The lisp, the titter and the words
Of merriment that pound the shine
Of summer time a glorious wine
That drenched the leaves that loved it so
In orchard-lands of Long Ago!

O memory! alight and sing
Where rosy-bellied pippins cling,
And golden russets glint and gleam
As in the old Arabian dream
The fruits of that enchanted tree
The glad Aladdin robbed for me!
And, drowsy winds, awake and fan
My blood as when it overran
A heart ripe as the apples grow
In orchard-lands of Long Ago!

Select Literature.

Her Stony Heart.

It was on the occasion of a meeting of the sewing circle, which was held that week at Miss Keziah Fletcher's, that the fruitful subject of Mrs Denton's peculiarities was brought up for about the fortieth time. All the members, with the exception of the minister's wife, were present, and every one of them had something to say of the poor woman whose strange ways had caused her to become quite a curiosity in Brierville.

'It's my opinion such people are best left alone,' said Mrs Prudence Randall, as she bit off her thread a little spitefully.

'She's been a disgrace to the town ever since she's lived in it,' said Miss Paulina Cowan. 'I must confess that I havn't any patience with such queer ways.'

'Poor thing! she's seen a sight of trouble,' said Miss Keziah, who was ever ready to pour oil on the troubled waves.

'First, her husband died of delirium tremens—'

'Worthless set! She'd oughter have been pleased to death ter get rid o' him,' interrupted Miss Mattie Baker, throwing her scissors on the table near her, with considerable noise. 'You won't get no pity for her out o' that, Miss Keziah'

'Then she lost her two little girls with scarlet fever,' continued Miss Keziah, unheeding the interruption, 'and only a year later her second boy died of the typhoid. She'd only one child left, then, and that was her oldest boy. She set so much store by him! I remember seein' her look at him, once, as if she worshipped the very ground he trod on, and—'

'That's it,' interrupted Mrs. Bliss, whose husband was one of the 'pillars' in the Methodist church. 'She thought more of him than she did of her salvation, and he was taken from her, that her hard heart might be softened.

'But it seems harder than ever,' said Mrs. Randall. 'She won't listen to words of comfort nor anything else. No one can make any impression on her. Miss Cowan here, went to her and told her how we all born to pass under the rod which chasteneth, and that her Edgar'd been called from the evil to come. What dy'e think Miss Denton did? Why, she rose up like a fury, and told Paulina she preferred to be left alone.'

'Yes,' giggled Miss Cowan, hysterically. 'She'd rather have my room than my company, any day. Howsomever, I don't bear her no hard feelins'. I done what I could for her.'

'The minister's wife didn't get no better treatment,' said Miss Baker. 'She sat in Miss Denton's shanty, most an hour, talkin' of the mysterious ways of Providence, an' eveything bein' for our good, an' all flesh bein' grass, an' so on. An' Miss Denton, she never spoke a word, from first to last, but lay on the sofy with her eyes shet, an' never said good-bye, when Mrs. Bounce went away. Sech impertinence! An' I went there, too. I didn't want to be behind the rest of folks, in doin' my duty. I told her about these afflictions bein' sent for our good, an' she must bow her neck to the yoke, and bend her back ter the burden. She laughed at me! Yes, she done just that.'

'She wouldn't even see me,' said Mrs. Peckham, a tall, sharp-featured woman, with a shrill voice. 'I saw her at the window, but she wouldn't open the door, no matter how loud I knocked, but I scattered tracts all down the front walk and I hope they did her good.'

'Miss Keziah, you ain't ben, I believe. Well, don't go; it's time wasted. Her heart's as hard as a stun.'

'No,' said Miss Keziah, laying down her work as she spoke, 'I haven't been to see her. You know I was away to Helmstone, when her Edgar had the fever, and since I've been back, my rheumatiz has been that bad I couldn't go anywhere. But now I'm a trifle better, I'll take my turn.'

'What is the use? What can you do? Have we not done everything?' chorused the other ladies.

'I think I shall ask her to tea,' said Miss Keziah, thoughtfully.

'Ask her to tea!' repeated half a dozen astonished listeners.

'Yes; none of you tried that, I believe,' answered Miss Keziah.

'She won't come,' said Mrs. Bliss.

'Perhaps not; but all the same it won't do no harm to ask her.'

'I hope you'll try to soften her heart, and bring her to the prayer meetin' Thursday night,' said Miss Cowan.

Miss Keziah made no answer, but a peculiar look crossed her homely, good-natured face,—a look Miss Paulina did not understand.

'Miss Keziah'll be wise to make no promises,' said Mrs. Bliss. 'It stands to reason that she won't succeed where all the rest of us have failed. One might as well talk to a stone as to talk to Mrs. Denton.'

Miss Keziah sighed, and bent her eyes upon her work. She had known what suffering was, once, and she knew that, while sorrow and pain softens some natures, it hardens and embitters others.

Mrs. Denton lived entirely alone on the outskirts of the village, in a little, old, weather-beaten house she had bought when she first came to Brierville, ten years before. Weeds grew tall and rank, in the yard; the sunken steps leaning to the door, were half-buried in vines; the well-curb was broken; the gate fallen to the ground; in fact, everything about the place spoke of ruin and decay.

'Not a very cheerful place, certainly,' muttered Miss Keziah, as, the day following the meeting of the sewing-circle, she drove up to the Widow Denton's and hitched her horse to the tumble-down fence which partially enclosed the yard. 'Now, Hetty, you sit right still, till I come back, and don't start old Moll.'

Hetty was a diminutive niece of Miss Keziah's, a golden-haired, blue-eyed child of six years of age, who had been left to her aunt as the sole legacy of an only sister.

Miss Keziah walked up the grass-grown path, and knocked boldly on Mrs. Denton's door.

Before her knuckles had fairly left it, the door was flung open by Mrs. Denton herself, who stood silently regarding the visitor, with an expression of resentment and indignation.

'How d'ye do, Miss Denton. I'm Keziah Fletcher. Perhaps you've heard tell of me before. I was at Helmstone a considerable spell, an' since I got back I've been laid by with the rheumatiz', or I've have called before. I come to see if you'd take tea to my house to-night. I'll make you comfortable, an' it'll be a sort o' change for you.'

Mrs. Denton made no reply. She stood staring at her visitor as if she had not heard her words. Then her eyes wandered to the gate, and fell at last upon the spring waggon and it's occupant, whose golden curls were escaped from the close calico sun-bonnet which shielded her pretty face from the noon day sun.

'Is that your child?' she asked abruptly, without taking her gaze from Hetty There was a hungry, yearning look in her eye as she spoke, a tremor in her voice.

'Land sakes! No, indeed!' ejaculated Miss. Keziah, with virtuous horrors in her tone. 'I never was married. The only man I ever cared a straw for was drowned at sea, and those that cared for me were mostly mercenary in their views. Hetty's my sister Jane's child. Jane, she died at Helmstone some six months back Come, won't you jump in the waggon and go with me? I didn't 'low to be disapp'inted in having you to tea, so I made already for you.'

'Yes, I'll come,' said Mrs Denton, withdrawing her gaze from Hetty who was grasping the reins with ludicrous earnestness, as if the steadiness of the old Moll depended entirely upon her.

She went into the house and put on an old-fashioned straw bonnet and a faded black merino shawl. Then she walked down the path and climbed into the waggon after Miss Keziah, without uttering a word.

'You forgot to lock your door,' said the careful spinster, as she took the reins from Hetty's little hands.

A bitter smile curled Mrs. Denton's lips.

'I never lock it,' she said; 'there is nothing in the house worth stealing'

The two women jogged along the quiet road, with the child between them, Miss Keziah talking on different subjects in her kind, sensible, whole-hearted way. She did not allude to her visitor's sorrow, nor did she mention the visits paid to the lonely cottage by other members of the sewing circle.

A man took the horse when they reached Miss Keziah's farm, which was a mile from the centre of the town, and one of the finest in the country. It was well cultivated, well stocked with fruits of various kinds, and its buildings were all comfortable and roomy, the house itself being built of stone, in a substantial old-fashioned manner.

Miss Keziah led the way into the sitting room and helped her visitor take off her bonnet and shawl.

'Have this easy chair, Mrs. Denton,' she said with great cordiality, 'and make yourself to home, I've got to see to the supper, but I guess that Hetty kin amuse you a spell. Hetty, mind you are good while I'm gone.'

She left the room and was absent nearly half an hour. When she returned, Mrs. Denton had Hetty on her lap, and was telling her a fairy story. The first smile the poor woman's face had worn for nearly a year, rushed on it as she looked up, on Miss Keziah's entrance, and said;

'She reminds me so much of my little Bertha. I can't tell the good it does me to just hold her in my arms—they have been empty so long.

A deep sigh followed the words.

'I am glad she hasn't bothered you,' said Miss Keziah, cheerfully. 'But now come in to tea. Guess you're pretty nigh famished awaitin' for it.'

A sumptuous repast was in readiness. Boiled chickens, cold ham, light biscuit, apple, grape and pumkin pie, doughnuts, pound cake and cookies composed the bill of fare, concluding with every variety of sweetmeat and condiment, preserves, pickles, honey and cheese. Miss Keziah could not have arranged a better feast, had she been expecting a bishop to tea, instead of a stony heart she wished to soften.

With a cordial smile the spinster motioned her guest to a seat, and, after putting Hetty in a high chair, reverently asked a blessing.

'I didn't put up as many kinds of preserves as usual this year,' she observed as she helped Mrs. Denton to plum jelly. 'I ain't the woman I used to be by a long way. Rheumatiz do lay holt on a body so! I'm in bed or on crutches half my time. I calkerlate I'll have to give up the farm if I don't mend. I did lot on having Jane here to manage everything for me; but poor thing the fever carried her off all to once, jest as she'd got free o' that ornary husband o' hers. I'd hate to give it up, hough. Jane and me was both born here, and I've never knowed no other home.'

When supper was over the two women walked about the yard, made a tour of the garden, and admired the cows as they came leisurally into the barnyard to be milked. Then Mrs. Denton remarked that it was growing late, and she must hurry home.

'What's the need of you going?, asked Miss Keziah. 'I've got four spare rooms, and would be glad if they were all full. Suppose you stay all night?'

Mrs. Denton hesitated. She thought of her lonely neglected house, peopled with ghosts of her dead children, and contrasted it with this bright, homelike place, where the child's sweet voice made music.

'Do stay,' said little Hetty, clinging to the visitor's dress.

This decided the poor broken-hearted woman.

'I will, and thank you for asking me Miss Keziah. I have not deserved such kindness.'

That night after Hetty had gone to bed, the two women sat and talked in the large sitting-room which an open wood fire made cheerful and bright. Gradually Mrs. Denton was led to speak of her children, all now resting in their narrow graves in the village cemetery. She spoke of their uniform goodness and love for herself, but said little of her grief at losing them. Her voice sounded harsh and strange to Miss Keziah, who understood the effort for control the woman was making.

'Poor soul, you've seen a sight of trouble, I know,' the spinster said, softly, and she put her hands tenderly on the hands of those of her guest, which were clasped hard together.

There was a deep silence for a few moments, unbroken save by the ticking of the eight-day clock in the corner. Then suddenly Mrs. Denton threw herself at Miss Keziah's feet, and broke into bitter weeping. Hoarse sobs tore their way from her breast, and her frame shook with the violence of her emotion. The restraint, the self-control of years, was broken down. The heart, burdened for so long, found relief at last in passionate sobs and cries

Miss Keziah said nothing but tenderly stroked away from the hot forehead the thick hair, grown gray with sorrow. There was sympathy in every touch.

'You are so different from the rest;' said Mrs. Denton, when at last she had grown calm enough so speak. 'The others who have come to me have driven me nearly mad with their unmeaning advice. Not one of them knew what I suffered, not one could understand my grief. When my boy, my Edgar, the last of all my children, was ill, not one came near me—the disease was contagious, they said. I nursed him alone. Alone I saw him die, followed him alone to his grave. Could I believe their words of sympathy after that? Ah, Miss Keziah, words can give you no idea of all that I have suffered. One by one every joy of my life has left me. One by one my children were taken from me, until only Edgar was left. How I loved him. How I depended upon him to atone for all I had suffered. How I dreamed over him. Idle dreams, foreshadowing happiness that was never to be mine. Then he was taken, and I was left to sink in despair. I only wanted to die, to join the dear ones, where no sorrow could ever touch me again. My heart yearned for sympathy. I would have welcomed it. But those who came to me because they thought it their duty, not from love or kindness. Not one of them asked me to her home, or tried to make me forget my sorrow in other things. No they reminded me of them, and preached patience and resignation.'

'They acted according to their lights,' said charitable Miss Keziah. 'They have led easy, pleasant lives, and did not know how to deal with a sorrow such as yours.'

'But *you* knew,' said Mrs. Denton in a low voice.

'Yes,' answered Miss Keziah, 'I know, because I have suffered, too.'

'They sat talking by the fire until nearly midnight, and then retired to rest. Mrs. Denton for the first time since Edgar's death, offered up a silent, but earnest prayer before she fell asleep. Her heart was no longer hardened.

She did not go back to her cottage the next morning as she had expected, for Miss Keziah's rheumatism had been increased by her late walk of the previous evening she was and unable to leave her, bed. For many days she was utterly helpless, but during that time was tenderly nursed by Mrs. Denton, who also made herself generally useful in the house, and directed the work of the farm with care and decision. When Miss Keziah got well she was so much pleased with the way things had been managed during her enforced idleness, that she made a proposition to Mrs. Denton.

'Suppose you take the place of my sister Jane,' she said, 'and stay right along with me. I need somebody as you see; and what's the use of both of us living lonely when we can be company for each other as well as not? You'd take a deal of comfort in Hetty, too. I believe you love her now 'most as well as I do.

'She seems to me like my own little Bertha come back to me,' said Mrs. Denton. 'But, O, Miss Keziah, I ought not to accept your kindness I have been so hard, so wicked, so rebellious, I do not deserve that such good should come to me.'

'We differ about that; but we don't argue it,' said Miss Keziah. 'I want you, and you'd like to stay; so the thing's settled. You're my partner from this day on.'

The next Sunday the good people of Brierville were surprised to see Mrs. Denton in Miss Keziah's pew at church, and in attendance at prayers in the evening.

'How did you manage it? asked Mrs. Bliss, as she stopped Miss Keziah in the vestibule of the church.

'Oh, I asked her to tea, as I said I was going to,' answered Miss Keziah, 'and I guess the preserves kinder softened and sweetened her up,' and she passed on to where Mrs. Denton stood waiting to help her into the spring wagon.

Neither Mrs. Denton nor Miss Keziah ever regretted entering into that partnership As the years went by Miss Keziah often wondered how she should ever have managed the farm without the help of the capable, energetic woman who had taken the place of Sister Jane.

Mrs. Denton was never weary working for the comfort and prosperity of the friend who had come to her in her hour of need, and led her out of the slough of despond. And happiness made her a different woman. She learned at last those lessons of patience and resignation which seemed so hard and bitter in the first days of her sorrow. Despair, rebellion and repining gave place in her heart to hope and tenderness. She grew at last to have only tender, gentle memories of the loved ones who had left her, and she proved a kind, judicious guardian to little Hetty, when warm hearted Miss Keziah had passed away from earth.—*Standard.*

A Wrecked Woman.

JOSEPHINE ORDZ'S LIFE FROM A ROYAL COURT TO A MORGUE.

The story of the life of Josephine Ordz is one of the most romantic, and, withal, one of the saddest, that ever occurred outside of the two covers of a book of fiction. Josephine Ordz, in 1848, was young, beautiful and facinating, a central figure in the brilliant society of Pesth, the Hungarian capital. Her father, Count Ordz, sent her in early life, to a Hungarian convent, where she received an education that fitted her to shine with brilliancy in noble society. It was just at the time when Hungary revolted against the Austrian rule that Josephine enamorated with Count Karaly, a Hungarian patriot. Count Ordz was loyal to Austria, and Josephine had to choose between father and lover. She chose the latter, and when Count Karaly was arrested as a rebel she did everything in her power to effect his release. Karaly was sentenced to be hanged, but through the efforts of Josephine, who bribed an officer, he made his escape. They fled to France, were married and lived happily together until the husband died, leaving Josephine penniless. She was a splendid vocalist, and changing her name to D'Grme, Josephine made her debut as a singer on the operatic stage of Paris in 1851. She made a brilliant success was pronounced phenominal. The Austrian authorities forgave her for her disloyalty, and Josephine returned to Pesth the reigning contralto star of all Europe. In 1852 Josephine joined the famous Mario-Grisi opera troupe which was under engagement to Max Maretzek for an American tour, and early in 1853 made her first appearance in New York in the old Academy of music. Favored with fame, fortune, a beautiful face and figure and a romantic history, she was received with a great amount of favor by the American people. Her New York debut was unparallelled in point of enthusiasm. She outshone Grisi. The audience went wild; some throwing rings, chains, watches and other valuables at her feet in their enthusiasm She travelled all over the country repeating the remarkable success she achieved in New York wherever she went. She next went to Costa Rica, Central America, and in 1863, in company with Fallini, the baritone, went to San Francisco, where she played in the Metropolitan Theatre. Though her stage successes were wonderful, the individual conquests which she made were more so. All the wealthy bachelors of the city knelt at her feet and laid their riches at her disposal. At the end of a year she left San Francisco for Australia, but she shipwrecked on a South Sea island inhabited by cannibals. All the other survivors were eaten, but she escaped through her wonderful singing, with which she pleased the chief. After a year's captivity she escaped and returned to San Francisco. Josephine then married George Evans, the musical director of the theatre, but, not living happily together, they were divorced. Josephine, during her career, became addicted to champaigne drinking. After her divorce she began to go down hill. She would drink all kinds of liquor and get intoxicated. She was not so conclusive in choosing her company as formerly, and her beauty and voice began to disappear. While on a spree in Sacramento she was thrown out of a carriage and crippled for life. Josephine, now but a spectre of the beautiful woman she once was, returned to San Francisco. Her money was all gone, and she turned to those who had fallen at her feet during her height of success for aid. They spurned her, and drove her from the rooms they once would give thousands to have her grace. On the verge of despair she would hobble on her crutches to the stage entrance of the theatre, and beg of the actors for money. She next went to live with a disreputable man named Bower in a dirty, three-story tenement on Chestnut street. She would cook his meals, chop his wood and give all her money to him, for which she invariably received thanks by blows. At night the fallen Josephine played the piano at a Jackson street salloon, one of the lowest resorts in the city. For this she received the pittance of $1.50 per night—all of which Bower took from her to get drunk upon. On the night following Decoration day Josephine returned home after midnight from the beer salloon, and hobbled up stairs to the one room in which she and Bower lived. She called for him, but receiving no answer, proceeded to an adjoining apartment to see if he was there. Soon afterward the inmates of the house were aroused by the sound of blows and the cries of 'God help me! God help me,' and then a heavy fall upon the floor. Upon going up stairs Josephine was found lying dead upon the floor by her neighbors The body was taken to the city morgue, where it lay in ghastly nakedness until an autopsy was held. Her death was reported to have been caused by 'chronic alcoholism,' but there were three terrible marks upon the head that could have been the means of death. The remains were buried in the potter's field, with no stone or tablet to mark the last resting place of poor Josephine Ordz.

— The united weight of two Vienna dwarfs, recently married in Vienna is thirty-eight pounds. He is 31 years old and twenty eight inches high—she 23 and twenty-nine inches high.

— The 37th annual session of the National Davision of the Sons of Temperance of North America was held at Saratoga Springs a week or two ago. The Principal States of the Union were represented. Canada was represented by the following prominent members of the Order:—Sir Samuel L Tilley, Ottawa; Rev. George Christie, Bedford N. S.; J. Parsons, Halifax; George M. Rose, Toronto; Edward Carswell, Oshawa; J. M. T. Hannum, Ottawa; John S. Hall, Montreal. About 150 delegates were in attendance in all. The Grand Scribe's report shows that there are 1,156 subordinate divisions in the States and Canada, the Dominion being credited with the following:—Ontorio, 170; Nova Scotia, 171; New Brunswick, 35; Prince Edward Island, 24; Quebec, 21—making a total of 421 divisions. The total membership is given at 47,715.

— Griscom, the Chicago faster, over whom the people of that city are now crowing because he beat Dr. Tanner's record in New York, has had the last hours of his ordeal clouded by the presentation of a bill of $27 from the Sherman House for the dinner which he and his friends ate before the trial began. It seems rather tough to harrow up the feelings of a man who has not tasted food for nearly forty five days by presenting him with a bill for such a luxurious repast. The bill not being at once paid, the electric light before Griscom's quarters has been turned out by the Sherman House, which has furnished the power to run it. Of course Griscom threatens to lecture when he gets through his present contract.

—There is a captive bear at the Arkansas Hot Springs which finds occasionally solace in a bottle of beer proffered by some good natured person A recent visitor, who had been much amused at seeing Bruin draw the cork and drink from the bottle with evident satisfaction, determined to treat as often as the bear desired, taking a glass himself for every bottle which the captive put under his belt. At the end of two hours the man had succumbed to nineteen glasses and was borne away on a shutter, while the bear strolled back and forth at the end of his chain with a serene and benevolent expression upon his countenance.

The Meanest Husband Out.

A meaner husband than a young physician of Chicago, as shown by testimony in court, it would be hard to find. He had a wealthy father, but dissipation had cut him off from money in that quarter, and his professional practice amounted to nothing. He married a girl who earned $20 a week in a millinery store, and allowed her to support him. Whenever she was ill, he sent her to her mother's home, in Michigan, and his letters during these periods were curious. He advised his "precious darling" to come back as soon as possible and demand an increase of pay from her employer; he urged her to try to get a railroad pass, so as to avoid expense; he thought it hard that his "own precious wifey" couldn't re-engage at a higher salary, adding, "I do not hope for wealth, but God knows I do think we deserve a living"; he assured her that her "longing and loving husband" had pawned his overcoat, and was in a great hurry to see her. She worked on patiently, when able, while he made no advance in his profession. At length