



Weekly Monitor,
PUBLISHED
Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.
SANTON and PIPER, Proprietors.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.50 per annum in advance; if not paid within six months, \$2.00.
Advertising Rates.
ONE INCH—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 25 cents; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.50.
ONE SQUARE (two inches)—First insertion, 50 cents; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, \$3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months \$10.00.
HALF COLUMN—First insertion, \$1.50; each continuation, \$1.00; one month, \$7.00; two months, \$11.00; three months, \$14.00; six months, \$20.00; twelve months, \$35.00.
A COLUMN—First insertion, \$3.00; each continuation, \$2.00; one month, \$12.00; two months, \$18.00; three months, \$25.00; six months, \$40.00; twelve months, \$70.00.
Yearly advertisements charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

JOB WORK.

AT the office of this Paper may be obtained to order and at short notice:
Pamphlets, Circulars, Programmes, Bill-Heads, Dodgers, Business Cards, Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Shipping Tags, Posters, Tickets, &c., &c., &c.

Magistrates' Blanks

Kept constantly on hand.
Call and inspect Samples of Work.
CHARGES REASONABLE.



HARD TIMES Are Upon Us.

OWING to the hard times I am determined to sell at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE, and I now offer at my store on Queen Street a nice selection of

JEWELRY

FANCY GOODS,

far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to see them. They consist of WATCHES, CLOCKS, TIMEPIECES, RINGS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, GOLD & PLATED CHAINS, SPOONS, FORKS, SPECTACLES, PURSES, CHARMS, &c., &c.

All parties now owing the subscriber are hereby notified to pay up.

N. B.—Our WATER DEPARTMENT we make a specialty, and parties will do well to give us call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.
J. E. SANCTON,
Bridgetown, Oct. 27, '75

ANNAPOLIS, S. S.
In the Supreme Court, 1876.
IN EQUITY.
Henry D. DeBolis and Charles A. Creighton, administrators of Thomas Spurr, Plaintiff,
vs.
Jared C. Troop and George I. Troop and Georgiana Troop, Admrs. and admx. of Wm. H. Troop, Deft.

Public Auction,
by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his Deputy, at Thomas's Corner, so called, on
Monday, 5th day of June next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon,
Pursuant to an order of Foreclosure, and Sale, made herein on the Twenty-fourth day of April, A. D. 1876, unless before the Sale the Debt herein amounting to \$457.33, with interest since the issue date of the Writ, and Costs, be paid to the Plaintiff, or the Sheriff, or into Court, all the estate, right, title and interest of the said Defendants, of, in, and to, or out of, all those certain lots, tracts, pieces or parcels of

Land and Premises,
with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Bridgetown, being part of Lot No. 128, bounded as follows: Beginning where the western boundary line of land now or lately in the possession of William Gossip, formerly owned by the late John Quirk, intersects the north side of the highway as at present situated, thence running north ten degrees west, until it strikes the southeast corner of Lands lately in the possession of Aaron Eaton, and by him conveyed to Isaac B. Bennett, thence westerly parallel with the highway twenty-one rods, thence south ten degrees east, until it reaches the Main Road, thence easterly the several courses of the said Deft., until it comes to the place of beginning, containing by estimation an acre more or less. Also, all those certain lots of LAND, known and described as Lots No. 14 and 15, commencing at a stake and stone, two chains and sixty links to the north of Granville Main Road, and bounded on the west by a one and a half Rod Road, and running on said road fourteen chains and thirty-one links, thence turning to the east and running five chains and twenty-five links, thence turning to south and running four chains and thirty-one links to Land lately in the possession of Benjamin Randall, being the first lot herein described, thence turning and running west eight chains and twenty-eight links to the first mentioned bounds, containing seven acres more or less.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent deposit at time of Sale, remainder on delivery of the Deed.
PETER BONNETT, Sheriff.
E. REED, Atty. of Plaintiffs.

LAWRENCETOWN, Autumn 1875.
MRS. L. C. WHELOCK has now on hand a complete Autumn and Winter Stock of STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS, consisting of Dress Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Socks, &c.
Dress Making & Millinery attended to at shortest notice.
A good assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, constantly on hand.
Lawrencetown, Nov. 10th, '75

Three Trips a Week.

STEAMER "EMPRESS"
For Digby and Annapolis.
Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.
On and after Monday, April 17th, until further notice, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and return the same days, connecting at Annapolis with Express Train for and from Halifax and way stations.
FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class... \$5.00 do do do 2nd class... 3.50 do do do 3rd class... 2.00 do do do Digby... 1.50 Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class)... 7.50
(Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.
SMALL & HATHEWAY, 39 Dock Street.
St. John, N. E., April 16th, '76.

STEAMER EMPRESS
AND THE
WINDSOR & ANAPOLIS RAILWAY.
Passengers for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.
A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6, p. m., daily, to receive freight.
No freight received morning of sailing.
For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to
SMALL & HATHEWAY, ap18
Agents, 39 Dock Street.

Farm for Sale.
The subscriber will offer for sale a Farm in Annapolis Co., in the vicinity of POPE'S GORGE, consisting of about 70 Acres of GOOD LAND, well watered, with House, Barn and other Outbuildings. An ORCHARD, consisting of Apple and Plum Trees is also on the place.
The above will be sold at AUCTION, Friday, the 12th day of May, if not sold before at Private Sale.
EDWIN GATES,
April 4th, 1876.

W. H. OLIVE,
Custom House, Forwarding, COMMISSION, Railroad and Steamboat Agent, Prince William St., St. John, N. B. May 3rd, 1876.

GEORGE WHITMAN,
Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent, Round Hill, Annapolis, N. S.
Parties having Real Estate to dispose of will find it their interest to consult with Mr. Whitman in reference thereto.
No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered so to do, may 23 '76

ROYAL HOTEL,
(Formerly STUBBS)
146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Opposite Custom House, St. John, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, PROPRIETOR, sept 75

WILLIAM HILLMAN,
Silver and Brass Plater, ELECTOR PLATER in gold and silver. ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF GARRAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. sept 13 '76

ERB & BOWMAN,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 3 & 4 NORTH MARKET WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.
HAVE always on hand and for sale at market rates a great variety of Choice Brands of
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Etc.
CONSIGNMENTS OF PRODUCE Respectfully solicited and carefully handled, ap14
ERB & BOWMAN.

THOMAS PEARNESS,
Manufacturer of Monuments, Grave-Stones, TABLE TOPS, &c.
South Side King Street, St. John, N. B.

GREAT REDUCTION!
FOR CASH.
Tweed Suits, \$30 to \$24.
FORMER PRICES, \$26 to \$33.
MENS FURNISHING and all other Goods
PROPORTIONATELY LOW.
J. E. WHITTAKER,
Cor. Germania & Princess Sts., St. John, N. B.



THE subscriber wishes to inform his old customers and the public in general that he still continues to carry on the
SADDLERY BUSINESS
in all its branches, keeping on hand a large stock of Ready-Made
Harnesses,
comprising Silver, Brass and Japanned Mountings. A large amount of HARNESS MOUNTINGS at the Lowest Prices.
All kinds of LEATHER kept in variety.
The highest prices paid for Hides in exchange for leather.
GEORGE MURDOCH,
Bridgetown, Dec. 8th, 1875. tf n36

NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSES!
AT LAWRENCETOWN.
THE subscriber has opened as above, and will keep constantly on hand a full line of Superior Furniture of every description, consisting in part of
Elegant Walnut (to Hair Cloth, Rep. &c.) Parlor Sets, Marble Top, and Plain Walnut Centre Tables, Parlor Chairs, Easy Chairs, Rockers, Sofas, Couches, Lounges, Bedroom Sets in variety, Tables of all kinds, Bedsteads, Stairs, Case Seat, and Wood Bottom Chairs, Children's Chairs, Common Bedsteads, Picture Frames, Hat Racks, &c., &c., &c.
Just opened—A large and Varied Assortment of Mens' Youths', and Boys' and Women's, Misses', Girls', and Infants' Boots, Shoes, and Slippers, in every style and quality.
—ALSO—
Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Meal, Tinware, &c., &c. For sale at low figures to suit the times.
Money can be saved by purchasing at this Establishment.—Call and be convinced.
FRED. LEAVITT,
Lawrencetown, April 25, '76

MARBLE WORKS!
THE undersigned having entered into Partnership for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of Marble, heroby notify the public that they are prepared to furnish as follows:
Short Notice and on Reasonable Terms.
MONUMENTS, Headstones, Table Tops, &c.
One of the Firm, Mr. FALCONER, has had three years experience in some of the best establishments in the City of Providence, Rhode Island and feels assured that he can give every satisfaction to those entrusting their orders to him.
All orders left at their workshop, next door to J. B. Reed's Furniture Factory, Bridgetown, will receive prompt attention.
DANIEL FALCONER, OLDFAM WEITMAN,
Bridgetown, April 12th, 1876. 13 114

THE BANKRUPT STOCK!
OF THE
Estate of Lansdowne & Martin
HAYING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at
BANKRUPT PRICES!
and will be continued until May 14, 1877, at the
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, Cor. King & Prince William Sts.
Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring
CHEAP DRY GOODS
at this establishment. Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at
COST PRICES.
MAGEE BROTHERS.
St. John, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

BEARD & VENNING,
Albion House.
We have received per Anchor and Allen Line steamers
95 Packages
Containing Full Assortment of FRESH and SEASONABLE
DRY GOODS,
which we offer Wholesale and Retail at the Lowest Possible Prices, and solicit inspection.
BEARD & VENNING,
FRASER Wm. STREET.
St. John, N. B., May, 1876

Cheese Factories!
All Kinds
Cheese Vats,
Milk Cans,
Curd Knives,
and every Description of
APPARATUS
FOR
Cheese Factories!
FRAZEE'S GANG CHEESE PRESSES!
AT COX BROTHERS.
Bridgetown, April 12th, 1876. 91 110

NEW GOODS!
Victoria House,
Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
Spring, 1876.
NOW receiving per Freight and Mail Steamship a Choice Stock of
DRY GOODS
in every department.
The attention of the Trade as well as Retail buyers solicited.
E. D. WATTS.

ATTENTION.
AS MRS. FRASER & SISTER are determined to give up their
MILLINERY BUSINESS
between this and the 1st of April next, a good opportunity is now offered to any wishing to purchase a good established business of twelve (12) years standing. In the mean time goods will be sold at a
Great Reduction for Cash.
All indebted to the above will please settle their accounts and save further trouble.
Bridgetown, Dec. 1st, 1875. 15 155

195,000. THE DAILY and WEEKLY Editions of the
MONTREAL STAR
have now (it is estimated) an audience of One Hundred and Ninety-five Thousand Readers, which makes them the most widely circulated and influential newspapers published in Canada.
I saw his eyes glancing as if he was intoxicated.
I saw his eyes glancing over the vessel's side, and I looked over too, and saw the mermaid.

Select Literature.

The Mermaid.

Don't believe in mermaids? Well, that's because you're a woman, and have lived on shore all your life. Well, if you'd like to listen, I'll tell you about Tom Barton's mermaid.
Who was she?
Why, just the prettiest mermaid of all, the one that set her cap, or would if she'd someone, for Tom Barton.
Poor Tom!
You'd have liked to see him, ladies. He was a picture of a man and a sailor, out and out, young and slim, with a pair of eyes that were as blue as that coral up tight and close, black eyes, red lips, red cheeks, and the whitest teeth.
Handsome Tom, they called him ashore, and girls went wild over him, and I knew a widdy—but that ain't my story—no matter about the widdy. All the girls liked him; but he, d'y say, liked just one of 'em—that was Kitty.

And Kitty wasn't pretty, not over and above what any nice girl must be. She was a good little thing, and a dear little thing, but the women used to say they couldn't see what Tom saw in her.
Whatever it was, it was all he wanted and the way that fellow loved her was a sight to see.
Just the way a man ought to love a woman, true to her as steel, fond of a kiss of ribbon she had worn, ready to bit the ground she trod on, but not a bit jealous.
Love and faith go together, ladies, if you'll allow me a moment to make a romantic speech for once in his life.

She wasn't Tom's mermaid—no, no, I haven't forgot the mermaid.
Tom saw this sweetheart of his before ever he saw the mermaid, and she came aboard, like black-eyed Susan, to bid him good-bye before we started for that voyage.
"Oh, Tom," says she, "how I shall think of you on stormy nights."
"And how I shall think of you always!" says he.
Then she—women have such pretty notions—took a little blue ribbon from her neck.
There was an ornament on it—two hearts joined together.
She took a hairpin out of her hair and wreathed upon the little link that bound them together.
Then she tore the ribbon in two.
It was a little slender thing, a mere thread, and she put one heart on one bit of ribbon, one on the other, and gave this to Tom and kept that herself.

"Every night, at ten o'clock, I'll kiss this, Tom," she said, "and you kiss that. It will bring us close together."
Then I had to send her and the rest of 'em ashore, and we set sail, and the last thing Tom saw was Kitty's hand waving to him from the shore.
"Cheer up, my lad," says I. "You see I'd been young myself. 'Cheer up, my lad; you're only parted for awhile.'"
"We're not parted at all; my heart is along with me, and mine along with her."
Well, we'd started on our voyage, you see, and I was out in mid-ocean, and it was Tom's water, and he was sitting thinking and thinking, as you do of a quiet moonlight night at sea, when suddenly he heard a kind of singing—a sort of chanting, rather, it seemed, down in the water.
We had no lady passengers, but it sounded like a lady's voice, pretty, soft, and sweet, and it startled him.
"What can it be?" says Tom.
And then he heard it was over the side, and he began to suspect the truth, and looked down into the water, and sure enough, there she was.
Who?
Why, the mermaid, of course.
She was in a vain fellow, but he knew her arms were soft and pinkish all over.
Her eyes—well, her eyes were a sort of green, like emeralds, and her lashes were two inches long, and she had a neck and arms, and about her waist in the water.
She was the loveliest sight, floating there on the water, and smiling up at Tom.

Tom couldn't help looking at her, and Tom couldn't help listening to her, either.
She was singing the prettiest song about the sailor boy she loved, and how she had a cave for him down under the water, where there was no work, no cold, no hunger, no storms—nothing but blue sky and kisses, and where Time would stop, and he should never grow old—never.
And Tom knew she meant him.
He wasn't a vain fellow, but he knew he was the handsomest man on ship-board, and every sailor knows the mermaids always lay their snares for the handsomest man in the vessel.
"No, you don't, my girl," he says to himself. "Coral caves and pearls, and all that, are very pretty, and you are prettier, but—"
Then, just as he was speaking, he began to feel his mind go.
He turned giddy, and something seemed to draw him to the side of the vessel, closer and closer, and all he could see was the mermaid's face—all he could think of, of what he would, was her song.

And he don't know, any of us, what might have happened, only that, in the very nick of time, I came along.
I saw him eyes glancing as if he was intoxicated.
I saw his eyes glancing over the vessel's side, and I looked over too, and saw the mermaid.

And then I just grabbed Tom by the jacket-collar, and I shook my fist at the mermaid, and says I—
"Go away, merrin; go away!"
And she went.
She knew it was no use staying any longer then.
But we knew she'd come back.
A mermaid is the most preserving creature in the world.
Tom was a very handsome fellow, as I've told you.
He was all dripping with cold perspiration, and shaking from head to foot when he spoke to me at last.
"Captain," says he, "bless you! You've saved me from that critter. If you hadn't come along, I should have been under the water by this time."
"I felt there was no help for me. I was drawn to her, just as if she was a magnet and I a bit of steel."
"I wanted to go, too. I, that have a good, true sweetheart at home, to be drawn to the sea by a fishy thing like that. What would Kitty say to me?"
"Kitty would know, as I do," says I, "that it's the mermaid's art—a power they have over sailors, such as cats have over mice. And it's because you're the handsomest man aboard. You can't help being the handsomest man aboard."
"She'll be after me again, won't she?" says he.
"Certain," says I.
"Hang it!" says he. "I wish I was as plain as a pikestaff, then. I've a mind to do something to myself to hurt my looks. Kitty'll love me as well. Captain, if that mermaid comes after me again, I may give in. Hadn't I better do something to myself to put an end to it?"
"Well, no, Tom," says I; "I don't advise that; there ain't any need. I'll stand by you. I'll keep a watch for the mermaid, and you needn't be afraid."
And so I did.
Night after night the mermaid came after Tom.
Night after night I ordered her off. Didn't she hate me.
I could see the hate flash in her emerald-colored eyes.
But she kept coming back.
It wasn't often that any mermaid saw such a fellow as Tom.
Well, we kept the secret to ourselves, we two, and Tom never talked to anyone but me; but he told me that every time she came it grew harder and harder to think of anything else, and that now he found himself thinking even when she wasn't there, how handsome she was, and how pleasant it would be to live in the coral caves.
"I know I'm going mad, captain," said he; "I know that mermaid's magic has upset my brain; but what will be the end of it?"
I couldn't tell myself.
But at last we came in sight of land, and a mermaid generally leaves a ship by that time.
Our mermaid left, so I thought, and Tom grew happy again.
The same bright young fellow he had been, and I left off watching him. I left off a little too early, 'z you'll see.

We were on the coast of Ireland, and it was bright, pleasant weather.
Moonlight nights, and just the fresh seabreeze to cool them.
Nothing Tom liked so much as to wander along the shore, smoking his pipe, and thinking of home.
He bought a lot of presents for Kitty, and Kitty was all he talked about.
He never looked at one of the pretty pink and white girls the other sailors were wild over.
Never once.
The plain little face at home blotted them all out.
The pearls he plain to him, d'y see; the face a man loves can't be.
And so, one night, he was sitting on a rock looking across the ocean, and saying to himself—
"Over there's my Kitty, thinking of me—maybe, looking at that very moon, when, all of a sudden, soft, sweet, and strange, came to his ears that song he'd so often heard at sea—the mermaid's song."
He tried to rise and run away.
He could not stir.
He looked down into the water.
There she was, close to him—smiling up at him.
The pearls gleamed on her arms.
The golden hair floated out upon the little rippling waves.
She stretched her hands towards him with soft, loving movements, as though she'd drop them to her breast, and she sang her song of love down in the coral caves.
And he felt her drawing him towards her by that magic of hers.
I was nowhere near.
There was no one to help him.
Slowly he forgot everything but her face—her bewildering, voluptuous face.
He bent towards her.
Just then the clock in the church tower began to strike.
One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten!
And Tom, in a kind of dream, counted it, and he knew it was the hour when Kitty bade him kiss the half of her little golden heart, and in a sort of dream, remembering her even while the mermaid drew him faster and faster towards her and the sea, he clutched blindly at the bit of blue ribbon on his bosom, and lifted the heart to his lips.
"Kitty, Kitty," he said, "Kitty!"
And then, then, just as she kissed her half of the heart away in dear old England, just at that moment he kissed the half she had given him.
And then, then, ladies, that mermaid stopped singing.
There was a charm in Kitty's golden heart, and in Kitty's own heart, that crossed the ocean that moment on a kelp that destroyed the power of hers.
She stopped singing and looked at Tom in a wild sort of way, and then she lifted herself in the sea, so that he saw the sooty half of her that she had always hidden before, and plunged head foremost into it.
Kitty had saved him.

He staggered into my cabin half an hour after, while as a ghost, but he knew the mermaid was gone for good.
She never came again.
She knew that a man about whose life the love of a good woman is entwined is safe from mermaids, at least, so long as he remembers it.
Tom had remembered, though not a bit too soon.

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE TO BOYS.
My dear boys, listen to the prayer of an old man.
If you have not drank the "first glass," don't do it. If you have, let that one be the last.
Would to Heaven I had listened to such counsel. I did for a time, for I had most secretly promised my mother, whom I dearly loved, that I would drink no more; but I had not the moral courage to say "No."
My boon companion said:
"Come, take a glass of ale, Greg; it will make a man of you. You look blue, old fellow."
I was only sixteen then, and afraid that if I refused they would laugh at me. So I would say to myself:
"I'll take this one more, and quit forever."
I resolved and re-resolved in vain. Each day found me looking forward to the 1st of noon, when, on my way to dinner, I could take an appetizer, as the boys called it.
I was second to the best clerk in a large dry-goods house on L— street, in New York, at that time. My father was one of the firm, and I had every prospect of a brilliant commercial career before me; but in less than one year I disgraced my noble, generous father, broke my gentle, tender mother's heart, and left my native city dishonored.
Pray listen, boys, while I tell you that the very ones who influenced me to drink, to risk everything, to forge a check in my father's name, to rob the house of the firm, and lastly to rob the money-drawer, were the ones who turned coldly from me when my disgrace became known.
Today I am a wanderer from the city of my birth, the home of my childhood, friendless and alone. And Why? All because I had not the moral courage to say "No."
Heaven pity the man who drinks, who crazes his brain with rum!
Boys, you no doubt will think that when I talk to you in this way that I have reformed, that I have drank my "last glass." Not so. I could not live without it. Many times have I gone hungry—without bread—that I might get a drink of whiskey. I'm a whiskey wreck. When I cannot get it I shall die. "Oh Heaven! when I review the past, and see what a shipwreck my life has been, it crazes me.
Boys, I implore you, if you want to be manly, true men, whom your fellow men can trust, pass the wine-cup by. It is both like a serpent, and stings like an adder!"

HOW DID IT GET THERE?
Mr. Laugrey, of Jefferson township, in digging a well last week, at the depth of fifty feet below the surface struck what appeared to be a drift, or deposit of soil containing large quantities of vegetable matter and partially decayed wood. Among the pieces of wood taken out was a board, one inch in thickness, six inches in width and eighteen inches in length. The board is tounded and grooved, and in every particular resembles a piece of modern flooring. The land upon which the well is dug is a high prairie, and no improvements had ever before been made upon it, the certain knowledge of old settlers in the vicinity. Now, how did that piece of man's unmistakable handiwork get there? Is it a relic of the mould builders, or some prehistoric race?—*Linnæus (Linnæus) Tribune.*

Charity is a universal duty which is in every one's power, sometimes, to practise, since every degree of assistance given to another, upon proper motives, is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man, in any state of ability, that he may not, on some occasions benefit his neighbor. He that cannot relieve the poor may instruct the ignorant; he that cannot attend the sick may reclaim the vicious. He that can give little assistance may yet perform the duty of charity by inflicting the ardor of others, and recommending the petition he cannot grant to those who have more to bestow. The wretch who shall give but mite into the treasury, and the poor man who shall bring to the charity's cup of cold water, shall not lose their reward.

One of the Western papers gives the following notice: "All notices of marriage, where no bride-cake is sent, will be set up in small type, and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride-favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have especial notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed or stolen from the brain editorial."

A printer out west, whose office is two miles from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for a boy. He says, "a boy from the country preferred."

Wanted, at this office, about four bushels of poems, on "Spring." Our office boy, who sells the waste paper, wants to raise money to go to the Centennial opening.—*Victoria Herald.*

Tom Thumb is going to Texas to live, and the Chicago Times thinks that some day we shall hear of Tom being waylaid, and abducted by a Texas gang hopper.