ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

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

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1881. NO. 34.

Big Offer.

WE will send the MONITOR to any address for $1.50, from this date to January 1st, 1883.

Another Offer:

We will send FREE to anyone, (canvassing on the above offer) who will send us the names of twenty-five subscribers accompanied with the Cash, a copy of

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY

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, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

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Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional al ertion

THE BEST REMEDY

FOR

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary **Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh,** the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In **Whooping-cough** and **Consumption** there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.
Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH.

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov., '78

CARD.

Edmund Bent
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Sales attended to promptly in any part of the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made.

Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1880. n5tf

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

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.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

CELLULOID

TRUSS.

I HAVE been appointed agent at Annapolis and adjoining Counties for the sale of this celebrated Truss manufactured by PENFIELD & Co., of Philadelphia, and have now on hand a complete assortment of the same.

I sell at manufacturers' retail prices. They are warranted

NOT TO RUST, NOT TO BREAK, NOT TO WEAR OUT.

ALSO—Abdominal Supporters, Elastic Bandages, Elastic Stockings, etc.

G. T. BINGAY, M. D.,
Aug. 17.—6m Medical Hall, Annapolis.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insuruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with
THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK,

Steamer "EMPRESS,"

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.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, June 6th and until further notice, the splendid, fast, and staunch sea-going Steamer EMPRESS, will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, St. John on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at EIGHT O'CLOCK. Returning will leave Annapolis for Digby and St. John, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons after arrival of Express Train from Halifax.

Fare—Annapolis to Digby ..... 75c.
" St. John $2.00
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.

Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; also from S. BRIGNELL, Esq., General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

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.

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prises a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves, Don t forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence at

LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms, all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Garden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 40 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrels. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown DRUG STORE to

QUEEN STREET,

where you may find Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet articles, Sponges, Brushes, and perfumery. Stationery, &c., Choice Tobacco, Cigars and Confectionery.

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

J. DENNISON.

n8 3m

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.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

HATHEWAY LINE.

From Foster's Wharf, Boston.

Safety! Speed! and Comfort!

BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

THE First Class Side-wheel Steamship "SECRET," Capt. Simpson, leaves Annapolis every Thursday, after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct. The very best accommodation. Numerous Staterooms, and a Fast Boat!

The Steamship "HUNTER," Capt. Ludlow, sails as usual Every MONDAY, P. M.

☞ Through Rates on Apples and Potatoes to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, West Indies, London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, West Hartlepool, and Continental Ports.

Invoices with value and weight, must accompany all Through Freight.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to P. INNES, General Manager, and the several Station Agents of the W. & A. Railway, and to

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

T. S. WHITMAN, Agent, Annapolis.
april 23—july 20.

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

THE subscribers are still importing and manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones

Of ITALIAN and AMERICAN Marble.

ALSO:

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN

DENTISTRY.

JAMES PRIMROSE, D. D. S.,

(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College.)

OFFICE.—Lawrencetown.

NOTICE.

The Acadia Steamship Company

WILL engage to forward Apples by their line from

London to Newcastle or Hull for One Shilling, Or to Edinburgh for One Shilling and Fourpence per bbl.,

including all charges for transhipment.

T. S. WHITMAN,
Secretary.

Annapolis, Oct. 11th, 1881. 2mos

ATTENTION.

THE subscriber wishes to announce to the public that he is prepared to give lessons in vocal and instrumental music.

Special attention given to cultivation of voice and THOROUGH BASS. Terms made known on application.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Lawrencetown, Nov. 21st, '81. 5inpd

$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,
240 Union Street, St. John, N. B

MONCTON

Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,

—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd 1881.

AMERICAN GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON!

TWO BALES AMERICAN

Cotton Warp

AT 1.25 PER BUNCH.

Handsome

AMERICAN PRINTS,

Dark Colors! Fancy Borders!

AMERICAN

White Cottons,

CORSET JEANS:
WHITE SHEETINGS,
COTTON BATTINGS,
CHECKED SHIRTINGS,
WHITE AND GREY COTTON FLANNELS
COMFORTERS.

From GREAT BRITAIN,

Mantles & Dolmans

PLAIN AND FANCY

WINCEYS!

In Stock:

Union and Wool SHIRTINGS!

Mens' Undershirts and Drawers,
Youths' do., do.,
Ladies' Undervests.

☞ NEW GOODS arriving weekly.

RUNCIMAN, RANDOLPH & CO.

Sept. 28th, 1881.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Emory's Bar to Port Moody.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminister, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the Office at New Westminister, is instructed to furnish Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. } 12inst41

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having any claims against the estate of the late Kinsman Neily, of Brooklyn, in the County of Annapolis, will render their claims duly attested to James Oscar Neily, of Brooklyn, and all persons indebted to the above named estate will make immediate payment to James Oscar Neily, of Brooklyn.

JOHN FITZRANDOLPH } Adm.
JAS. OSCAR NEILY,

Brooklyn, Sep. 28th, 1881. 13i37

NOTICE!

THE subscriber will sell

FOR THIRTY DAYS

the balance of his

Summer Stock

VERY LOW!

in exchange for

Early Rose POTATOES,

Eggs, Wool, Socks, Yarn, Beans, Oats, &c., &c.

N. F. MARSHALL,
Middleton Station.

Rubber Bucket

CHAIN PUMPS.

THOUSANDS have been sold and the demand is still increasing. Now is the time to send your orders before the weather gets cold. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN, A. C.

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

Poetry.

The Twe Gates.

A pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn and spent, crept down a shadowed vale:
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;
The path was rugged, and his feet were bare;
His faded cheek was seamed by pain and care;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet, in the mountain side
A ponderous sculptured brazen door he spied,
And tottering toward it with fast-failing breath,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF DEATH."

He could not stay his feet, that led thereto;
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair;
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air;
And, lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned:
Behold! a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wandering eyes,
Now lustreful and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care, and strife,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF LIFE."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Select Literature.

An Agreeable Surprise.

On the 3rd of September, to her infinite chagrin, Mrs. Boyne finds herself in London. It happens in this wise: For the last month she has been paying a series of visits. On the 31st of August she was due at a delightful house, with an incredible number of l's in Wales. On the 30th she received a telegram announcing that her intending hostess was attacked with a mild form of scarlatina. Mild or severe, the result to the guests was the same—the party was put off. Now this, of all others, was the reunion from which Mrs. Boyne had anticipated the most pleasure. It was a charming house; one was always amused there—always met the right people; and the fair lady of whom I write had looked forward to meeting one person who is even more right than all the rest. Not that there is what is euphemistically called any 'harm' in her; if she is a little talked about sometimes, what woman with a vestige of good looks is not? She is quite discreet, and perfectly well able to take care of herself. She is a handsome young woman of twenty-six; men like and admire her extremely; it pleases her to be liked and admired, especially by the person before alluded to. Her husband is at Aix; he was to have joined her on the 7th in Wales, so she would have had a week's start. Now her anticipations and her realities are ruthlessly dispelled; everything had gone wrong; everything is wretched, miserable, disappointing—all, in the eyes of poor Mrs. Boyne, is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds. She has, perforce, returned to town. Where was the use of going off alone to spend money, of which she has not too much, and to be bored into the bargain? She is too clever a woman to invite herself to a friend's house. She hates strange hotels; and she is really too good-looking to go about alone. So she came home. Home is a charming place when she is established there; but at the present moment it is quite unlike itself. The carpets are up; her own bedroom is being painted and papered; workmen are about; the butler is away for a holiday; so is the coachman; and her horse is being taken care of by the vet. She cannot drive, a recreation of which she is particularly fond. To add to her vexation, last night her maid, who has been with her five years and who makes dresses that get the credit of coming from Worth or La Ferriere, announced—with a smile on her face, the wretch!—that she was going to be married as soon as Mrs. Boyne could suit herself with another maid. The poor lady could have cried. She could not help saying to the girl that she hoped she might be happy, but feared very much to the contrary, as marriages in that class of life seldom turned out too well, and a young woman from being comparatively a lady became a wretched drudge. She was sure to have a great many children, and it was more than probable that her husband would beat her, as men of the lower orders invariably did. And, then, nineteen out of twenty drink. Mrs. Boyne, taking an interest in her, thought it right to warn her; but the maid smiled, and Mrs. Boyne fancied she detected a little ironical curl about the corners of the girl's mouth.

On the afternoon of the 3rd of September, then, Mrs. Boyne, in desperately low spirits, started for a walk. She strolled into the Row and took a chair. It is indeed true that

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

What cheery hours has she spent in this deserted waste! What pleasant talks she has had! What incipient, full-fledged, waning flirtations she has enjoyed here! Now she may fancy herself Alexander Selkirk—there is not even a man to take the penny for her chair. Even that does not afford her the slightest consolation. If her fellow-guest who was to have been at Llewdbrllyll (I am not positive that I have spelt the name correctly), had been reduced to the same straits as herself, they might have consoled each other; but a man has always fifty places to go to—particularly a man so good-looking and so desirable in every way as Sir Colin Kilhart. Lost in melancholy meditation, Mrs. Boyne fixes her handsome, mournful eyes on the tropical plants in the distance, which however she does not see, so preoccupied is she with unpleasant thoughts. Presently she is aroused with the crunching of gravel and, turning her eyes in the direction whence the sound proceeds, she sees coming towards her, with a jaunty, swinging step, the figure of a young and well-dressed man. As he approaches she recognizes him to be Dick Bryan, a tolerably intimate acquaintance. The joy depicted on his frank young countenance on catching sight of her must have been flattering to any woman. He held her hand for quite half a minute; he feasted his eyes on her face as though he had not seen a good-looking woman for at least a fortnight, and he told her three separate and distinct times how wfully glad he was to see her. Mrs. Boyne's spirits went up at once; she felt better already; in five minutes she had told him all her troubles; her disappointment at her put-off visit; the discomfort of her domestic arrangements; the criminal ingratitude of her maid in marrying. The only thing she forebore to confide in him was her chagrin about Sir Colin. Then Dick in his turn imparted his woes to her; the wonderful shooting he was missing, and the desolation and stagnation of which he had been the victim for the past three weeks; and they talked and sympathized until both almost forgot they had a grievance at all.

'I wish I could ask you to come and dine,' says Mrs. Boyne, regretfully, as she begins to think of bidding her companion good-by; 'but the carpet is up, and my butler is away, and—'

'O, I shouldn't mind that a bit,' answers Dick, who would have been content to dine on the front door-step in her delightful company, and then a sudden inspiration seizes him.

'I say, Mrs. Boyne, why shouldn't you dine with me at the——,' naming a popular restaurant, 'and do a play afterwards?'

His eyes and tone are eager. The idea is certainly a tempting one. Mrs. Boyne hesitates. A month ago he might as well have asked her to go over to Paris with him for a day or two; but we all know that crime only becomes crime by being found out, and there is not a soul in London. Why not? It would be extremely pleasant, and she can guarantee perfectly that there will not be the very slightest harm in it. Dick plans so earnestly that she smiles and consents.

'We had better dine at 7,' he says as they part. 'I will call for you in a hansom at ten minutes to, and I will get a box for—' mentioning a new play.

Mrs. Boyne's spirits are agreeably exhilarated as she dresses. There is a slight element of excitement in the fact that she is doing something a little bit risque. Her maid inwardly resents this display of cheerfulness, and makes bitter mental reflections on the ingratitude of ladies.

Punctual to the moment, up dashes Dick's 'Lowther.' Mrs. Boyne takes the precaution to throw a black lace scarf over her head, with which, if necessary, she can partially conceal her face When they enter the dining-room only three or four people are there, country-cousin-like looking folk; certainly no one Mrs. Byne ever saw before. Dick has selected a table in a corner, sheltered by a pillar, with Mrs. Boyne's chair presenting its back to the rest of the company. Dick is young, but he knows what he is about, and has ordered a thoroughly recherche, though unostentatious, little dinner. Both he and his fair guest are in the highest spirits—the spirits of well-bred people, to which noise and loud laughter are not essential A grouse with a delicate froth bubbling on its breast has just been put on their table when a lively party enters the room with a considerable amount of bustle. There are two ladies in tremendous toilets, glittering with diamonds, accompanied by two gilded youths, whose shirt-fronts alone are a guarantee of their social status. As a matthr of fact they belong to the Third Life Guards and Mrs. Boyne is perfectly well acquainted with them; the ladies she does not recognize.

This is rather a bore. She certainly does not want them to see her there with Dick because the world is uncharitable. Young men are worse than uncharitable; they talk and they have an objectionable way of smiling. After one glance Mrs. Boyne turns her back assiduously to the party. She sees Dick nod, which means that they have recognized him, and, of course, with the inquisitiveness of their species, they will want to know who he has got with him. She is quite sure, however, that she can trust Dick not to betray her; she has her lace scarf and there is a door by which she can leave the room without passing them. She is a little bit ruffled, but she does not mean to have her evening spoiled by such a trifle, so she goes on talking gravely to Dick. She has just helped herself to two inches of a savory omelette, when she sees her companion grow scarlet and look as though he were wishing the floor to give way and swallow him. Like lightning she turns to seek the cause of his embarrassment, and then, whatever Dick's feelings may be, they run very far short of her own. Another couple have just entered. The man is—her own husband! Ye gods! what Nemisis is this? The husband whom she firmly believed was at Aix! But when the first agonized sensation is over a worse thought comes: Who is this companion? She is small; she is distinctly pretty; she wears the most voyante toilet imaginable of brown and the new shades of orange—a dress similar to one I heard a man call a harico-mutto gown; she has a shrill voice, which is distinctly audible the moment she has taken her place.

'By Jove!' gasps Dick, looking at Mrs. Boyne. The situation is too horrible. If Captain Boyne had come in alone it would qave been as nothing. They would have welcomed him to their table and could have explained their recontre with a very fair grace. But who is this lady? Who indeed! For there is no suggestion in the minds either of his wife or Dick that Captain Boyne's tete-a-tete can be as harmless or as spontaneous as their own. Mrs. Boyne is white and trembling. Her first impulse of fear or embarrassment has given place to furious anger. She feels herself cruelly wronged and insulted. Never, never had she imagined her husband capable of such treachery towards her. In London, and not in his own house! In London with a creature! Her heart beats to suffocation. She hears the shrill voice, the loud laughter; she sees though her back is turned, the rainbow-colored garments. And her husband who hates, or professes that he hates, to hear a woman's voice raised in public, and who thinks every woman ought to dress in black! The hypocrite! the traitor! the—She cannot think of a name bad enough for him. For the first time in her life she comprehends the instinct that makes low-born women, children of nature, fly at a man and try to tear his eyes out.

Poor Dick sits there the image of misery sympathizing deeply with her and cursing his unlucky fate for having innocently brought about this dreadful catastrophe.

'This is very embarrassing!' says Mrs. Boyne at last, forcing a laugh.

Her manner does not deceive Dick.

'What is to be done?' he whispers. 'Shall we stay here until they finish dinner and are gone?'

'No; certainly not. That might be another hour and a half, and that dreadful woman's voice goes through my head. Really,' with contempt, 'I should have given my husband credit for better taste!'

'So should I,' assented Dick eagerly, though in his heart he thinks Boyne has got hold of a dauced good-looking little woman.

'I will put my lace over my face, and if I get directly behind you it will be impossible for anyone to recognise me,' says Mrs. Boyne.

So five minutes later she walks out behind the shelter of Dick's broad shoulders, looking neither to the right nor the left, and unconscious of the inquisitive glances of the Life Guardsmen and the lady in the harico robe.

At the theatre she laughs and talks gayly, though her mirth, it is true, is somewhat forced. Dick does not second her very well, though his manner is tender and respectful: but when a man feels thoroughly uncomfortable, he is seldom artful enough to conceal it. Poor Mrs. Boyne does not even know what the play is about—divorces, judicial separations are running riot in her brain, and a mad longing for revenge. The play is not over when she suggests to her companion that it is time they were going. He jumps up at once. She will not allow him to see her home, so he puts her into a hansom, shuts the doors, and with a sympathetic pressure of the hand, bids her good night. He has not even the heart to ask when he shall see her again.

When Mrs. Boyne arrives at her own door her heart throbs painfully. Will her husband have arrived before her? No, there is no sign of him and her fury redoubles. She controls herself until her maid has left her and then she bursts into a tornado of passion. If any one had told her twelve hours ago that her husband was capable of inspiring such feelings in her breast she would have laughed him to scorn. The night she passes is an agonizing one. She sees only one course open to her. When a woman has been publicly outraged her only remedy is in a court of law. And yet none knows better than hersolf the hateful position of a separated wife. Before she is up next morning a telegram is brought her. She tears it open; it is from Captain Boyne: 'Have just arrived; shall be home almost as soon as you get this. Her heart alo ost stands still at the magnitude of his treachery and affrontery. She literally grinds her teeth. Wait until she covers him with confusion: A quarter of an hour later the monster marches smiling into her room. She draws back from his proffered salute with icy coldness, but he does not seem to notice the strangeness of her manner.

'So you crossed over last night?' she asks, looking fixedly at him.

'Yes,' he replies briskly; 'it was a lovely night. We had a capital crossing.'

At this Mrs. Boyne can no longer contain herself.

'Oh!' she cries, growing scarlet, 'you were not dining at the —— last night, perhaps, with a painted creature in an orange-colored gown?'

'What do you mean?' he says, looking her full in the face, perfectly unabashed.

'I mean what I say,' cries Mrs. Boyne with flashing eyes, and she repeats her statement with great emphasis.

Captain Boyne simply smiles.

'Whoever saw me, or thought he saw me must have made a mistake,' he says 'since at that moment I was in a railway carriage.'

For an instant Mrs. Boyne feels like one petrified. Could her eyes have deceived her? She had only cast one hurried glance at him. But no, impossible; it was he! This is only the most shameful effrontery on his part.

'It is needless to tell any more lies, she says, icily. 'I saw you myself.'

With this Captain Boyne's look and manner changed at once. He frowns as his wife has very seldom seen him frown, and looks positively awful.

'Oh, very well,' he says. 'I thought perhaps you might have the good sense to be discreet and say nothing, and I was prepared to second you. But since you have not you must take the consequences. You pretend to me that you are going on a visit in Wales. I come home unexpectedly and find you dining in a public restaurant alone with a man in the presence of two other men who know you, and going off with him in a hansom afterwards. I shall leave the house in half an hour and go straight to my lawyer. You had better consult yours.'

This is turning the tables with a vengeance. Mrs. Boyne is dreadfully frightened and uncomfortable.

'I wrote you to Aix to tell you Mrs Blank had scarlet fever,' she cries.' 'As for Dick Bryan, I met him by the merest chance in the Park yesterday, and as we were both dull he proposed that we should dine and do a play.'

'Of course,' sneers Captain Boyne, 'you can tell your own story. But facts are stubborn things, and the facts as I choose to interpret them will be quite enough for me.'

'And what about your facts and your companion?' cries poor Mrs. Boyne, white to the lips.

'Nothing could be simpler The lady with me was Mrs. Cyrus X. Pepper of New York, whom Lady Dash asked me to see safely across the Channel. I believed you to be out of town, the servants away, and the house upside down; so I put up at the same hotel, and took her to dine, and to a play afterwards. Now,' severely, 'I wish you good-by. We shall only meet again as strangers.' And he turns to go.

'Stay?' cries Mrs. Boyne, bursting into tears. His hand is on the door. 'Fred—Fred! stay and listen to me!' crivs his wife imploringly.

Captain Boyne turns. To her astonishment he is smiling.

'Don't be a goose, Connie,' he says. And another time remember that little-saying about the mote in your own eye, and don't be so ready to believe the worst of me for doing precisely what you are doing yourself. If you will put on your bonnet I'll take you to see Mrs. Cyrus, that you may convince yourself of the truth of my story. She knows lots of your friends.'

Thereupon Captain Boyne kissed his wife, and all that day and for many days afterwards they lived in a state of unbroken harmony.

New York's Danger.

The number of immense buildings in the lower part of New York City has had a curious effect. Already it has been noticed that during business hours Broadway, between the City Hall Park, and Wall street, and Nassau street, between the Tribune building and Wall street, are densely thronged with people. Indeed, it is with some difficulty that the wayfarer can make his way through the crowd. Suppose the number of houses, such as the Borel, the United Bank, the Equitable building, and a number of others of almost equal proportions, was quadrupled, the result would be an enormous increase of the crowd now thronging certain parts of Broadway during business hours. Architects, builders and leading business men agree that the number of immense structures below the park steadily increases. The apartments are wanted not only for offices but for the transaction of business by sample. There is no object in having a great display of goods in a large city, so long as customers can see a sample of the material they need. New York may, therefore, lose her magnificent warehouses which will be replaced by the monster buildings for the accommodation of brokers, commission houses and sellers of goods by sample. But what will be done with the vast throngs which will pour out of the elevators of these twelve and fourteen story houses? There will not be room for them in the streets. Perhaps aerial roads will be constructed over the tops of these tall houses, running at convenient angles across the streets. Subways, or thoroughfares below the present pavements may be seen in some instances but if these great structures are to be multiplied the New Yorker of the year 1900 will be seriously incommoded in endeavoring to get about the lower part of the city.—*Hour.*

Debt-Paying.

There is one great evil in this country which we think the pulpit and the press ought to denounce more frequently than they do—that is, the habit of getting into debt and making no effort to pay. Can a man be a consistent Christian and not strive to pay all his debts? Can a man be a Christian and not be honest? Is a man who does not try to live within his means and pay his debts an honest man? If so, we do not understand the Bible. Should men who habitually disregard their financial obligations be allowed to remain in the church? We think not, and think that a man's being a member of the church ought to be a letter of credit in any part of the globe where the Christian religion prevails. But it is not the case. Far rom it; and there are even some ministers whose sermons do no good because they are preached by men who are not considered honest even by men of the world.—*Ex.*

—The Scotch beef and mutton, of which so large an amount reaches London, at this season in the shape of dead meat, occupy, it appears, 33 hours in transit from Aberdeen. Leaving the town at a quarter to one in the afternoon, it reaches London about ten the following night, and is delivered as soon as the great city market opens—this is, from one to two o'clock in the morning. The Leicestershire meat occupies about 9½ hours in transit and delivery; the meat from Liverpool and Birkenhead on an average 12 hours, calculating from the time of departure to the hour of delivery in the market. Altogether about 39,500 tons of dead meat are conveyed to London in a year, of which more than half is imported by way of Liverpool and Birkenhead.

—In France a pearl costing sixteen dollars is now imitated for fifty cents or a dollar, and so successfully as to be sold at the price of the genuine article to any one not a veritable expert, and even the latter class are often puzzled. The artificial pearl, however, is simply a glass bead or globe which is first coated on the inside with a glue made of parchment, then treated with a peculiar so-called 'essence,' after which it is filled with wax. The essence is the chief pearly ingredient and is obtained by rubbing together white fish, so as to remove the scales; the whole is then strained through linen and left to deposit its sediment, which is the essence in question. It requires about 17,000 fish to produce a pound of the pearly essence.

—In Scotland all rents are falling steadily, except those which are derived from game preserves, and those continue to rise.