Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 14. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1886. NO. 11.

ANOTHER

LARGE IMPORTATION

—OF—

TWEEDS

—AND—

English WORSTEDS,

Just received at the

BLUE STORE.

Call early and secure the best patterns for your SPRING SUITS.

JOHN H. FISHER,

March 15th, '86. Proprietor.

$400,000

New Business in Three Months!

The Mutual Relief Society

—OF—

NOVA SCOTIA!

THE members of the Society are hereby informed, that notwithstanding the the keen competition offered by the large number of Life Insurance Companies which are so ably represented by their respective agents, our increase for the first three months of 1886, was $400,000.

This will compare very favorably with the amount of business done within Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, by any Life Insurance Company.

Members, with few exceptions, respond promptly when assessments are made.

The Society pays all its bonds in full on proof of claim.

Individuals desiring Insurance are invited to make a comparison between the merits of this Society and those of other companies, before giving application.

For particulars please write to, or see our agents.

Yarmouth, April 3rd, 1886.

THOMAS B. CROSBY, Manager.

W. H. FAIRN, Gen. Agent, Lawrencetown, N. S.

BRIDGETOWN

FOUNDRY COMPANY

(LIMITED.)

THE above Foundry Co., having just opened its new premises, on the site formerly occupied By Craig's Foundry, lately destroyed by fire, is now prepared

TO MANUFACTURE

STOVES, PLOWS,

HAY CUTTERS,

MILL and Other Castings

All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.

W. A. CRAIG,

MANAGER.

Bridgetown, March 10th, '85 y

1885. 1885.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,

ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.

MONUMENTS,

HEADSTONES,

TABLETS.

—IN—

Marble, Freestone & Granite,

of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.

ALSO:

Furniture Tops!

Call and inspect work.

OLDHAM WHITMAN.

Bridgetown, Jan. 12th, 85'

JUST RECEIVED.

Two Carloads

FLOUR AND MEAL,

which will be sold LOW FOR CASH.

Also.—A well assorted stock of

Groceries!

MOLASSES AND SUGAR,

SPICES, SALT, TOBACCOS,

BROOMS, SOAP,

RAISINS, CURRANTS,

CANNED GOODS,

BISCUITS, SYRUPS, ETC

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, July, 1885

H. H. BANKS,

Produce Commission Agent,

—PROPRIETOR OF—

COLONIAL MARKET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

—Receives all kinds of—

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

on Consignment. Sales made to the best possible advantage. Prompt returns. Charges moderate.

Halifax, N. S., March 15th, '86. 49 1y.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

ADVERTISERS

can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,

Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

Knocks all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Scalding at the joints, Soreness, Bruises, Backing Cough, Whooping Cough.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Pains, Chronic Sore Throat.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Ailments these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill." Dr. Pierce's Pellets, Montciello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennisch, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure

MAKE HENS LAY

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00; by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Good Workmanship.

Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

A. E. SULIS.

B. LAURANCE'S

Spectacles & Eye-Glasses,

—ARE THE ONLY—

Genuine English Articles in the Canadian Market!

REAL PEBBLES are kept in stock. Tests are given to purchasers to prove Genuineness. They are recommended by and testimonials have been received from the President, Vice-President, Ex-President, and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University; the President and Ex-Presidents of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, &c., &c.

These recommendations ought to be sufficient to prove their qualities, but if further proof is needed call on

J. E. SANCTON. Watchmaker & Jeweller, Agent. - - BRIDGETOWN

LAWRENCETOWN

PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

Guns,

AMMUNITION,

HEAVY

WOOL SHIRTS,

Shirts & Drawers,

A SMALL LOT OF

GENTS' GENUINE

Plymouth Buck Gloves.

Apple Barrels.

B. STARRATT.

AUCTION SALES!

The subscriber will attend

AUCTION SALES,

throughout Wilmot Township, as Auctioneer. TERMS.—$2.00 per day.

F. L. MURPHY,

Licensed Auctioneer.

South Farmington, Jan. 19th, '86 41tf.

The Standard Bred Stallion,

VOLUNTEER PRINCE.

—ALSO:—

Flying Frenchman,

will stand in

ANNAPOLIS COUNTY

for services, for season of 1886. See handbills.

JOHM HALL.

Bridgetown, April 6th, 1886. 52tf

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing

and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonial, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Boradway, N.Y. Mention this paper.

CORN IN EGYPT!

Roop & Shaw

Beg to notify the public generally that they always keep on hand an assortment of

CARRIAGES

of the latest styles, made from

First Class Stock,

which will be sold on easy terms and reasonable prices.

Middleton, April 20th, 1885. n2tf.

Cash Sotre.

—SELLING AT BOTTOM PRICES—

Flour,

Corn Meal,

Oatmeal,

Graham,

Groceries,

Spices,

Biscuits, Soap,

—ALSO:—

STOVES,

in Cook, Parlor, Etc, The celebrated "CHARTER OAK," CROWN, WATERLOO, NIAGARA, complete or in parts. Also:

FARMING UTENSILS,

n PLOWS, Steel and Iron, Canadian pattern, EAGLE, Doe and Side Hill, CULTIVATORS, HARROWS & HAY CUTTERS.

N. H. PHINNEY.

N.B.—Balance of SILVERWARE at wholesale prices.

Lawrencetown, Feb. 22th, 1885. n38t.

BRIDGETOWN

GROCERY STORE,

APRIL 1886.

We won't be UNDERSOLD by anyone in the trade. Come and be convinced.

FIRST CLASS GOODS,

—AT—

LOWEST PRICES.

We have just received a superior lot of

Oranges, Lemons, Eleme Figs

—AND—

MAPLE Sugar

To arrive in a few days from Boston, 2 carloads Choice,

PATENT FLOUR,

which will be sold at a very Low Figure.

Thompson & Shaffner.

QUEEN STREET.

R. D. BEALS,

GENERAL DEALER,

wishes to call the attention of the public to his Spring Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS,

GENERAL DRY GOODS,

Ready-made Clothing,

ROOM PAPER,

Groceries,

CROCKERY WARE,

TRUNKS & VALISES,

Paints & Oils,

—ALSO:—

Sawed Shingles,

Barrel STAVES.

Nictaux Falls, May 3rd.

AT COST.

All the GOODS of

W. W. Saunders

will be sold at COST for THIRTY DAYS.

Dry Goods,

Boots & Shoes,

Fancy Goods,

Tinware,

Glassware,

Chinaware,

Hardware, Cutlery,

Stationery.

—ALSO:—

All the Leading Groceries

—AND—

CANNED GOODS.

WM. HART, Assignee.

Bridgetown, April 2nd, '86. 2tf

Our STOCK

—is now complete including a—

Very Large Assortment

—OF—

STAPLE

—AND—

FANCY DRY GOODS.

Also: a very large and well selected STOCK of

MILLINERY,

—IN—

American and French GOODS.

—All work in this line done at—

SHORTEST NOTICE.

Mrs. L. C. Wheelock,

Lwrencetown, May 19th, 1886.

MONEY TO LOAN.

FIRST-CLASS Real Estate Security required.

S. N. JACKSON,

Clarence, Annapolis Co.

Clarence, May 26th, '86. 5i11.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

The Cheapest in the Market!

THE subscriber offers for sale 75 bbls. Best Brands of Patent Flour, cheaper than can be got elsewhere.

Apply to JACOB FOSTER, Bridgetown, or to PHINEAS CHESLEY, Granville.

Poetry.

Love that Lives.

Dear face, bright, glinting hair—
Dear face, whose heart is mine—
The thought of you is prayer,
The love of you divine.

In starlight, or in rain;
In the sunset's shrouded glow;
Ever with joy or pain,
To you my quick thoughts go

Like winds or clouds, that fleet
Across the hungry space
Between, and find you, sweet,
Where life again wins grace.

Now, as in that once young
Year that so softly drew
My heart to where it clung,
I long for, gladden in you.

And when in the silent hours
I whisper your sacred name,
Like an altar-fire it showers
My blood with fragrant flame!

Perished is all that grieves;
And lo, our old-new joys
Are gathered as in sheaves,
Held in love's equipoise.

Ours is the love that lives;
Its spring-time blossoms blow
'Mid the fruit that autumn gives;
And it's life outlasts the snow.

—*George Parsons Lathrop, in Century for January.*

The Baby's Bedtime.

This is the baby's bedtime;
Dimple-chin climbs on my knee,
With 'Mamma, I's dest as s'eepy
And tired as I tan be,'
So I take up the little darling,
And undress the weary feet
That have been making since daylight
A music busy and sweet.

'Tell me a pitty 'tory,'
She pleads, in a sleepy way.
And I ask, as I cuddle and kiss her,
'What shall I tell you, pray?'
'Tell me,' and then she pauses
To rub each sleepy eye—
'How ze bid pid does to martet,
And ze 'ittle pids all cy.'

Then I tell, as I smooth the tangles
Ever at war with the comb,
How the big pig went to market,
And the wee ones stayed at home;
And I count on the rosy fingers
Each little pig once more,
And she laughs at the 'pitty 'tory.'
As if unheard before.

Then I fold her hands together
Upon her breast and she
In her lisping, sleepy fashion,
Repeats her prayer with me.
Before it is ended, the blossoms
Of her eyes in slumber close,
But the words that are left unuttered,
He who loves the children knows.

Then I lay the bright head on the pillow
With a lingering good-night kiss,
Thinking how much God loved me
To give me a child like this.
And I pray, as I turn from the bedside,
He will help me guide aright
The feet of the little darling,
I leave in his care to-night.

Select Literature.

The Little Colonel.

'Well, my man,' asked the Colonel, somewhat anxiously, as he slowly stirred his breakfast coffee; 'what news this morning.'

The orderly stood straight as an arrow before his superior officer, and saluted with military precision, when he was spoken to.

'Very bad sir,' he answered. There are four new cases, and some of the other men are sickening.'

The colonel's little son put down the bread he was eating, and scanned the orderly's face with distressful scrutiny.

'Dear me! dear me!' said the kind-hearted father, hastily swallowing a few more mouthfuls. 'This is a bad business. Where is the doctor now, Burns?'

'In the second ward, sir.'

'Tell him I will be there directly.' And in a few minutes he hurried away, leaving his little son and a huge Newfoundland dog to finish their breakfast at their leisure.

'Nilus,' said the little fellow, resting his hand on the dog's shaggy head; 'what will we do about it?'

The dog looked up with deep sympathy expressed in his beautiful eyes, but he could not think of anything to suggest.

Four years before, when the regiment was crossing a stretch of desert in Egypt, the good dog, following after, had fainted and fallen for want of water. Then the boy had come to the rescue, and with pitying heart knelt down on the hot sand and gave the animal his share. Nilus, looking up into the little white face bending over him, licked the child's hand with rapturous gratitude, and from that time to this had followed him night and day.

For two years they had been in Bermuda and the change from the exhausting climate of Egypt had done much for the boy's health. But still the pale face and and tiny form would never be ruddy and strong, as the soldiers would fain like to see them. For even more than to his busy father it was to them that Jerome Maitland owed his bringing up.

His mother had died at his birth, but during his babyhood he had been carried about first in one pair of strong arms, then in another.

When the officer's wives would interfere and carry him off he would cry most piteously for his rough nurse, until they were obliged to call in one favorite young subaltern, to pacify him.

And now these men, whom he loved, and with whom he had spent all his life, were dying. How many times had they watched beside him in his childish illness, or made the tedious days of camp life bright for him with some clever device!

'We must dosomething about it Nilus,' he repeated, with a little dry sob; 'but what can we do?'

He stood at the door and looked up wistfully at the barrack hospital.

Just then Lieutenant Fearing passed with two or three books under his arm. He watched him as he went by with a slow, grave step, and suddenly an idea came into his head. He knew what Fearing was going to do—read to the men: and why could he not do the same thing?

No sooner did the thought occur to him that he started off to take a look at his collection of books. They were not many, or particularly choice. There was 'The Boy's Own Book,' one or two 'Annuals,' some fairy tales, and a beautiful edition of 'Jack the Giant-Killer.' He lingered over this. Perhaps they might like to see the pictures, and it was such large, clear print he could read it easily. So choosing this at length, he and Nilus started off for the fever hospital.

Before, he had reached the door, however, he was stopped by the officer of the day.

'My orders don't admit of your going in there, sir,' he said decidedly.

'O, please, Frith,' pleaded Jerome, 'I won't stop long.' But the soldier shook his head.

'They're too knocked up to pay attention, even to you, sir. But there are a lot of fellows in convalescent hospital. P'raps you might go there.' So Nilus and Jerome started off again, and this time met with no obstacle.

The men were seated or lying around in different attitudes in the common room, some of them playing cards. But when they looked up and saw the slight, boyish form standing in the doorway the cards were pushed aside, and a chorus of welcome to their 'little colonel' was heard on all sides.

'I thought perhaps you might be kind of dull,' observed Jerome, after a little, 'so I brought one of my picture books to read to you,' and he settled himself on one of the high wooden chairs and opened the book.

'All right, little colonel, fire away,' the men said cheerily, and as soon as the clear, childish voice commenced, not a sound was heard in the room, the great, burly fellows following with almost boyish interest and respect, the varied fortunes of 'Jack the Giant Killer.'

As the conclusion the child said, a little timidly, 'Lieutenant Fearing always reads a little prayer when he gets through. I haven't any book to read it out of, but we can say one.'

Then kneeling down on the stone floor to the utter astonishment of the men, he reverently repeated the Lord's Prayer.

One by one they joined in, and when the little fellow rose from his knees with a radiant countenance and trotted off with Nilus, there were many requests for him to come again and 'Give us another reading.'

The fever waxed and waned, but through it all the convalescent ward kept pretty full.

Day after day, no matter how hot or how windy, Jerome would climb up the steep hill leading to the hospital and there read his little simple stories and repeat his daily prayer. He wanted so much to do something for them; these rough nurses and playfellows of his, whom he loved, and this was all he could think of. The rough men knew and appreciated the feeling, and welcomed their 'little colonel' with ready love and sympathy.

But, dear me! How warm the days were beginning to grow. A hot sorroco so blew constantly from the southern seas, making all the foliage but the Pride of India trees look dead and drooping. Even the ocean beat on the cliffs below the barracks at Prospent with a dull, sullen sound. Each morning it seemed to be harder than the last for Jerome to climb up that sunny incline towards the hospital, and at length one morning he was too tired to go at all.

When the doctor saw him he shook his head

'He has got a slight attack of the fever,' he said, 'but I am afraid there is not much strength to carry it off.'

A week passed, but he did not seem to get much better, until one night, when the stars were shining gloriously and the sea was very still, the angels came down from the throne of God and carried Jerome back with them, leaving only his tired body sleeping on his white bed.

But his father had not seen the angels, neither had the soldiers. So when they came to lay him to rest in the soldier's cemetery, and fire a parting salute over the tiny mound, there was not a dry eye in all that regiment.

Poor Nilus! He could not tell what it all meant. And when they went away and left his little master with only the sea to talk to him all the long day and night he lay down beside the grave and no one could get him away. But the next morning at the same hour that Jerome always went up to the hospital Nilus was seen gravely wending his way up there, and walking into the common room took his usual place. The men gathered around him with many expressions of endearment, but he appeared to take all their advances very quietly. In about an hour's time he got up and went away, but each day the same thing was repeated. It almost seemed to the men that the spirit of the boy still lingered among them. And old Nilus did much toward keeping bright in their hearts the recollection of his little master's gentle, loving ways. As often as they saw the faithful dog approaching, their usual avocations were put aside, and that hour for many long months was kept sacred to the memory of their little colonel. Never an oath or an unkind word did Nilus ever hear in his presence, and the men were better and purer for the memory of the child-life that had gone out from their midst.

'Tell us the story about the little colonel and Nilus,' the soldier's children would say in after years as they climbed on their father's knees.

So the oft told tale was repeated with faltering lips to be treasured up in the hearts of many who had never known him.

—*Pres. Messenger.*

Arogance Rebuked.

It was in the early days of Russian law, when trial courts had just begun to take the place of a tyrant's will. A rich lady, with a sweeping train, was walking with her husband on the Moscow promenade. A young officer of the guard, meeting them suddenly at a corner, accidently struck one of his spurs against the lady's train, and tore a large piece out of the costly cloth.

The lady was very angry, but the officer's time was precious, for he was on his way to his post of duty, and fearful of being late. He made a profound apology and was about to hurry away.

'Stop sir!' said the husband. 'You have insulted my wife.'

'I assure you it was accidental. Nothing could be further from my intention than to insult your wife.'

'Pay me for the dress you have spoiled then!' cried the lady excitedly. 'To-day is the first time I have worn it, and it cost me two hundred roubles.'

'Really, madam, I cannot help the great cost of your dress, or its great length, which—begging your pardon—was truly the cause of the damage rather than any fault of mine. I hope you will accept my apology, and allow me to go on; I shall be missed, and my absence from duty may cost me my position, and—'

'That makes no difference,' interrupted the husband. 'You must pay the value of the dress.'

The young officer hesitated, his face betraying extreme distress.

'Sir,' said he, in a changed tone, 'I am utterly unable to raise such a sum. I have nothing but my army pay, and that amounts to scarcely two hundred roubles in a whole year.'

'Easy to say!' sneered the lady. 'We will find out whether you can raise the money or not. I shall not accept your apology.'

'No, you shall make terms with us before you go,' chimed the husband. 'Fortunately the court is now sitting; you shall step in with us, sir, and let the judge decide the matter.'

The officer protested, but all he could say produced no effect on his unfeeling prosecutors; and, ashamed of an altercation on the street, he accompanied them to the court room.

After considerable delay a hearing was given, and the judge, after listening to the charge, demanded the defendant's side of the story.

The mortified officer could only repeat his explanation, declaring under the solemnity of his oath that he was guilty of nothing but an unlucky misstep for which he had already humbly apologized, and thus made all the reparation in his power.

'Madam, are you satisfied?' asked the judge.

'No, your honor. I insist that he shall pay me two hundred roubles the price of my ruined dress.'

'Defendant, will you settle on these terms?'

'I cannot, your honor. I am a poor man dependent entirely upon my officer's pay.'

'Plaintiff, you hear his statement. Do you still press your demand?'

'I do; the law will give me my rights.'

The judge reminded the madam that as the case stood, her only redress was in imprisoning the defendant—a course which would be of no profit to herself, and would greatly injure him; but she still persisted in her claim.

The crowd listening in the galleries of the court broke into angry murmurs. The woman's husband whispered something in her ear, at which she she shook her head head impatiently.

There was a painful pause while the judge considered.

Suddenly a voice in the hall said loudly and distinctly;

'I will lend the defendant two hundred roubles.'

An excited whisper rang through throng; 'It is Prince Wendikoff!'

And in another minute Prince Wendikoff approached the bar, and forced two hundred rouble notes into the reluctant officer's hand. 'Take your own time to pay me; I can wait,' he said in a low tone. And then added another remark in a close whisper.

The young officers face underwent an instant change. Accepting the money with thanks, he handed it to the prosecutor.

'Madam, are you satisfied?'

'I am, sir,' she replied, greedily seizing the notes, and then turning with a lofty air she was about to march from the court room.

'Stop, madam! I am not satisfied.' The officer's tone was peremptory and startling.'

'What do you want?' demanded the aristocratic lady, facing him with an insolent look.

'I want my dress.'

For the first time, the proud woman quailed. Her husband turmed pale. Both realised the situation fully now. Fate had retaliated their extortion upon themselves.

'Give me your name and direction,' she faltered. 'I will send you the dress.'

'I want the dress now.'

The court room rang with cries of delighted approbation, which the sheriff could scarcely silence. The woman and her husband appealed to the judge.

'Every man can claim his own,' answered the stern-faced magistrate. 'This gentleman has a right to the property he has fairly purchased, and he may demand it at once.'

'Order! order!' cried the officers of the law as the audience again shouted and clapped their applause. The people could not conceal their sympathy with the innocent man so relentlessly pushed to the wall by his hard accusers, and now so suddenly and strangely placed in a position to punish them.

The painful scene could have but one ending. Overwhelmed with chagrin and rage, which changed to real terror when she saw two sheriffs approaching her, the rich lady begged her creditor to take back his money and leave her the dress.

'I shall set my own price. Two hundred roubles will not pay for the dress now,' replied the young officer.

'Tell me how much, then,' she said weeping angry tears.

'One thousand roubles!'

The mortified husband, knowing that there was no escape but this from the unhappy predicament he and his wife had brought themselves into, by their overreaching and arrogance, called, for a pen and paper, and wrote an order on his banker for the required sum.

The two retired from the court amid the hisses of the crowd; and while the

Schr. Ivica.

Capt. Longmire.

This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between

Bridgetown & St. John

about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.

LIME

will be kept constantly on hand and for sale. Apply on board or at residence of subscriber.

JOHN LONGMIRE,

Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 45tf.

young man's conduct could not be morally justified, because it was returning evil for evil, yet many a spectator said that day the old Russian proverb had been fulfilled—'The knife you sharpen on a poor man's fingers will cut off you own hand.'

King's College, Windsor.

The numerous friends of King's College in New Brunswick and elsewhere will be much pleased to learn that the Most Reverend the Metropolitan of Canada, the Lord Bishop of Fredericton, in order to testify his great interest in the college had most kindly consented to preach the anniversary sermon at the forthcoming Encœnia on Thursday, June 24. We take this as an omen that New Brunswick is going to display more lively interest than heretofore in the well-being of the most ancient university of British origin in the whole Dominian of Canada. The accounts that reach us from time to time of the present condition of the college show that it is worthy of public confidence. Another long term of hard and steady work has just drawn to its close, and the harmony among the professors and students which prevailed in the last term under the new staff has, we understand, been fully maintained during the term which has just closed. A joint committee consisting of the resident governors of the college and the faculty has been appointed to carry out the necessary arrangements for the coming Encœnia. One very important change in these arrangements has been agreed upon. Hitherto the convocation has followed immediately after the anniversary service, and in consequence persons attending the service at the Convocation have been wearied out before the latter was half over. At the next Encœnia the service will be held as usual in the morning, but the Convocation will not be held till the afternoon thus an interval of fully two hours will be secured in the middle of the day for lunch or dinner. The resolution arrived at a recent meeting of the Board of Governors to proceed immediately with the building of three houses for the professors is a guarantee to the public that the intention of moving the College to Halifax has been abandoned. It will remain on its present beautiful site, around which gather the associations and histories of nearly one hundred years. The College buildings, however, greatly need a thorough renovation; for this at least $1000 is required. The Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia has just contributed $100 to the Restoration Fund; a noble example for some of our wealthy citizens to follow. Several of the resident Governors and other inhabitants of Windsor have we understand given from $25 to $50 to the Restoration Fund. We hope the warm friends of King's College in New Brunswick will also do what they can in this matter. The Secretary of the Restoration Committee, C. Wilcox, Esq., Windsor, N. S., will gladly receive and acknowledge any donations. The recent appointment of Acting President Brock to a canonry in St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax, may be taken as marked evidence that the good work done by the College under its present management is appreciated by the Bishop of Nova Scotia. The past year has seen the University pass in triumph through a perilous crisis, and for this success it is the Acting-President above all who may justly claim the credit.

—*St. John Globe.*

BUT LITTLE BETTER THAN BRUTES.—The native inhabitants of Central Australia are among the most degraded of the human race. They are very different from the Maoris, and have no religious ideas whatsoever, and seemingly no intellect. The only gift of civilisation they take to at all is whiskey. Upon arriving at the age of maturity the young men are compelled to remain three days in the 'bush,' where they are beaten and abused by such of the men as see them, after which they themselves are called men and entitled to hunt the kangaroo. The marriage ceremony consists in the groom knocking his bride down with a club, after which as a sign of her matronhood, her two front teeth are extracted with the aid of sharp stones.

Annapolis County, Nova Scotia.

About as different from the counties lying upon the Atlantic coast as any County could be from another, is the favored one of Annapolis, as it lies facing the shores of the Bay of Fundy. Right upon the bay, and all along the whole coast of this County forming a perfect barrier against northern winds and western waves, runs that singular mountain range called the "North Mountain." It is wholly formed of trap, and its summit is about 600 feet above the sea level. This elevated range is at once useful and picturesque, forming as it does a protection from the northern winds in winter time, and also from the Bay of Fundy fogs in summer time; while it presents to the eye in its hanging woods and grassy slopes a picture, the beauty of which would be difficult to describe. Beneath and between this range and another to the south known as the "South Mountain," and running east some 30 miles to the confines of King's Co., lies the vale of Annapolis, as fine a landscape as the world can produce. Studded with farm houses, embosomed in their well cultivated jorchards with acres upon acres of rich meadow land on which the kine are grazing, varied with potato or turnip fields, as well as those o'er which wave in all their wealth of kindly growth, rich masses of golden grain; this happy valley, far removed from the din and turmoil of larger communities without, rests with its inhabitants free from the cares and trubles of this world, hardly knowing any other vicissitudes than those of the changing seasons.—*Real Estate Gazette.*

—A suit is now pending in one of the Philadelphia courts which is brought by a fashionable modiste of that city against the husband of one of her customers, who in a few months had contracted a bill of 1,700, which he refused to pay. The bill of particulars which the plaintiff furnishes is interesting, as it shows the cost of some articles of feminine finery. Two pairs of silk hose are put down at $20, an alpacca dress at $70, a wrap at $100, an embroidered robe de chambre at $100, a cloth costume at $150, five bonnets, $75; a wrapper $100, an opera cloak $400, one corset cover $18, an opera bonnet $30, one jersey $75, and so through the list, which includes dog collars, corsets, vests and other articles of attire. Evidently the Quaker City is not so far behind the times in the arts and customs of civilization as is generally supposed.