Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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

JOB WORK.

AT the office of this Paper may be obtained to order and at short notice:

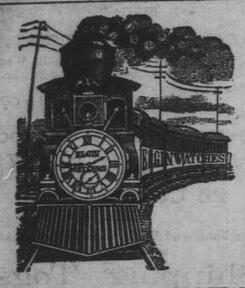
Pamphlets,
Circulars,
Programmes,
Bill-Heads,
Dodgers,
Business Cards,
Wedding Cards,
Visiting Cards,
Shipping Tags,
Posters,
Tickets,
&c., &c., &c.

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

—AND—

FANCY GOODS,

far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and 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 WATCH DEPARTMENT we make a specialty, and parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

J. E. SANCTON.

Bridgetown, Oct. 27, '75 y

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Thursday, 8th of June, 1876.

HALIFAX to ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Exp.	Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.
			A. M.	A. M	P. M.
0	Halifax	Leave	8 00	9 15	3 00
8	Bedford	"	8 22	9 43	3 30
13	Windsor Jnctn	"	8 35	10 35	3 55
26	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 08	11 25	4 43
36	Ellerhouse	"	9 35	12 05	5 20
				P. M.	
39	Newport	"	9 43	12 18	5 32
45	Windsor	"	10 02	1 00	6 15
52	Hantsport	"	10 21	1 28	6 40
63	Wolfville	"	10 50	2 17	7 18
			P. M.		
70	Kentville	"	11 20	3 25	7 45
82	Berwick	"	11 52	4 26	....
87	Aylesford	"	12 05	4 47	....
98	Wilmot	"	12 33	5 29	....
101	Middleton	"	12 41	5 41	....
107	Lawrencetown	"	12 57	6 04	....
110	Paradise	"	1 05	6 16	....
115	Bridgetown	"	1 19	6 36	....
122	Round Hill	"	1 36	7 03	....
			1 55	7 30	....
129	Annapolis—Arrive				
190	St. John by Steamer		8 00	....	....

ST. JOHN to HALIFAX.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.	Exp.
			A. M	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John by Steamer		....	....	8 00
					P. M.
0	Annapolis	Leave	....	6 15	2 20
7	Round Hill	"	....	6 40	2 37
14	Bridgetown	"	....	7 05	2 55
19	Paradise	"	....	7 26	3 07
22	Lawrencetown	"	....	7 39	3 15
28	Middleton	"	....	8 05	3 32
31	Wilmot	"	....	8 17	3 40
42	Aylesford	"	....	9 08	4 10
47	Berwick	"	....	9 28	4 23
				P. M.	
59	Kentville	"	6 30	11 10	5 05
66	Wolfville	"	6 57	11 41	5 26
77	Hantsport	"	7 39	12 29	5 55
84	Windsor	"	8 20	1 15	6 17
90	Newport	"	8 42	1 40	6 34
93	Ellerhouse	"	8 56	1 54	6 43
103	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 50	2 36	7 12
116	Windsor Jnctn	"	10 40	3 45	7 55
121	Bedford	"	11 00	4 00	8 10
129	Halifax—Arrive		11 30	4 30	8 30

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Annapolis and Halifax run on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays only; trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Kentville and Halifax run daily.

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Halifax and Annapolis, run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 8 a. m. for Annapolis, and returns next day on arrival of 8.30 a. m. Express Train from Halifax.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, at Richmond, and the principal Stations on the Railway.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, June 8th, '76

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

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, June 12th, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, at 8 o'clock. Returning on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
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,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., June 5th, '76.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence 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.

STRAW HATS.

Two Cases of

STRAW

—AND—

PANAMA HATS,

NEW AND FASHIONABLE STYLES,

for Sale at Low Prices.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, June 15th, 1876. n62 tf

W. H. OLIVE,

Custom House, Forwarding, COMMISSION,

Railroad and Steamboat Agent.

Prince William St.....St. John, N. B.

May 3rd, 1876. y

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 22 '73 tf

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills,

Barrister, &c., &c.,

Bona Vista House,

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS')

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.

sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Plater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B

sept30 y

Great Bargains

—IN—

DRESS GOODS.

A LOT OF

SUMMER DRESS GOODS!

Now Being Offered at Cost, by

M. C. Barbour,

48 Prince William St., St. John. N B.

THOMAS DEARNESS,

Manufacturer of

Monuments, Grave-Stones

TABLE TOPS, &c.

South Side King Square,....St. John, N. B.

P. S.—Mr. Dearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders. oct y

June Importation.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Fringes; Seal Brown, Cream and Ecru Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecru Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Ecru Nets, Ecru Laces, Ecru Scarfs; Muslins of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Irish Linens; Cream Damask; Linen Tea d'Oyleys; Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs, New Styles; Black Trimming Velvet; Mantle Velvets; Matalasse Cloths; Matalasse Braids; Black Dress Buttons; Gentlemen's Linen Collars and Cuffs; Linen Tassos, for Costumes; Narrow Plaid Ribbons; Plaid Sash Ribbons; Ladies' Josephine and Cuff Kid Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Girls; Crumb Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

27 King Street, St. John, N. B.

NOW LANDING.

200 PACKAGES LONDON CONGOU TEA; 6 bags Ceylon Coffee; 75 boxes Corn Starch; 20 boxes Diamond Gloss Starch; 40 boxes Colman's Starch; 2 cases Nixey's Black Lead; 1 case Shop Twine; 15 cases Mustard, Spices, etc.; 5 tons Brandram's White Lead; 2 tons Colored Paints; 5 cases Preserved Milk; 10 bbls. Currants; 100 bbls. Dried Apples; 50 bbls. American Refined Sugar. For sale at lowest market rates by

GEO. S. DEFOREST,
11 South Wharf.

St. John, N. B., May 2, '76

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

The Subscriber offers for Sale the Eastern Tenement or Dwelling, now being finished in Modern Style, situate in the Village of

Lawrencetown,

together with the Barns and Outhouses thereunto belonging.

Or, he will Rent the same for a Private Dwelling for a term of years, and will have it fitted up with all the modern improvements.

Or, any party wishing to keep a respectable Hotel, it will be rented for such purpose, and will be fitted up with every convenience to make it attractive and comfortable; and as the Village of Lawrencetown is beautifully situated, being surrounded by one of the best Farming Districts in the County, and also Streams and Lakes, only a few miles from the Village, in which there is good fishing, tourists and pleasure-seekers will be induced to patronize any party keeping a First-Class Hotel.

W. WARWICK.

Lawrencetown, June 13th, '76. 2m t19.

LAWYERS' BLANKS!

A LARGE STOCK ON HAND AT THE "MONITOR" OFFICE.

Some material improvements have been made in the **SUMMONSES.** Call and inspect them. SANCTON & PIPER.

TO MAGISTRATES!

A large lot of MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS, for sale at this Office.

THE Subscriber still continues to manufacture all kinds of

Harnesses, viz:

Silver, Brass, & Jappaned,

with a large variety of HARNESS FURNITURE and other Goods connected with the Trade.

Call and examine Stock. A generous discount for Cash allowed.

Also,

100 COLLARS

of different builds, made by the best Workman in the Dominion.

GEORGE MURDOCH.

Bridgetown, July 18th, 1875. tf n36

THE BANKRUPT STOCK!

—OF THE—

Estate of Lansdowne & Martin

HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at

BANKRUPT PRICES!

and will be continued until May 1st, 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 a Full Assortment of FRESH and SEASONABLE

DRY GOODS,

which we offer WHOLESALE AND RETAIL at the Lowest Possible Prices, and solicit inspection.

BEARD & VENNING,
PRINCE WM. STREET.

St. John, N. B., May, 1876

BOOK AGENTS AND GOOD SALESMEN

Are "COINING MONEY" with the famous

BIDA DESIGNS,

The French Edition of which sells for $165, and the London Edition for $200. *Our Popular Edition* ($5.50), *containing over One Hundred full-page quarto plates*, is the CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT PUBLICATION in America, and the BEST TO SELL. Critics vie with each other in praising it, and the masses *buy it.*

From local agent in Southport, Conn.: "In our village of eighty houses I have taken sixty-five orders; have canvassed in all about twelve days (in village and country), and have taken orders for *One Hundred and Six Copies.*

FULL PARTICULARS FREE. *Address*

J. B. FORD & Co., Publishers,

11 Broomfield St., Boston.

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

BARNES, KERR & CO.

INVITE especial attention to their large and varied stock of STAPLE GOODS and General House Furnishings—Sheetings, damasks, and repps in silk and worsted, table covers and cloths, and a large assortment of dress materials, ladies' fancy costumes, black and colored silks, torquoise and satins, umbrellas and parasols—jet and silk buttons, trimmings.

3 and 4 Market Square,....St. John N. B.

Just Received.

1 BBL. SCOTCH SNUFF;
SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE;
POWDERED TUMERIC;
BORAX, SALTPERTE;

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Liniment, C. Brown's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very fine, Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by

J. CHALONER,
Cor. King and Germain Street.

St. John, N. B., May, '76.

NEW GOODS!

Victoria House,

Prince William Street,....St John N. B.

Spring, 1876.

NOW receiving per Freight and Mail Steamers a Choice Stock of

DRY GOODS

in every department.

The attention of the Trade as well as of Retail buyers solicited.

E. D. WATTS.

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. 1y 145

Bill-Heads.

Different sizes and styles promptly and cheaply printed at the office of this paper.

Poetry.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY HUGH HOWARD.

I have dropped from the ranks of respectable men.
I have ceased to be counted with those
Who even attempt to perform, now and then,
What their best inclinations propose.
I have bowed all my manhood contemptibly low;
I'm a lamb in an eagle's fierce claw;
I am sunk in the depths of dejection, for oh!
I have married my mother-in-law.

She is nearly six feet in her statue superb,
She is stout in proportion besides,
And her temper no earthly coercion can curb;
All restraint it at once overrides.
From the moment I wedded sweet Mary, indeed,
With increasing depression I saw
That till death interfered I should be but a reed
In the hands of mother-in-law.

She assumes all control of my household affairs;
She discharges my servants at will;
She congeals me to stone by her gorgon like stares;
She revises my grocery bill!
She involves me in quarrels by doubting my facts,
Till the statement I meek ly withdraw;
And my children, to me disrespectable, are wax
In the hands of my mother-in-law.

And alas! she considers dear Mary was born
But to breathe by her special decree,
And be dosed with all phases of physic forlorn,
From blue pill to camomile tea!
She deprives her of sweets, and ordains wheaten grits:
She subjects her to steaks nearly raw;
And in equal degree her digestion and wits
Are destroyed by mother-in-law.

For myself, she asserts, if I stay out till ten,
That I've decency grossly defiled,
And recalls her late spouse as a model of men—
It is strange the unhappy wetch died?
Poor Prometheus once, as old chronicles tell,
An insatiate vulture did gnaw;
Yet I fancy that bird was a mere bagatelle
When compared with my mother-in-law.

But of course, as you're doubtless aware,
I'm a fool
To submit to her away as I do.
I should certainly end her detestable rule
By a bold and inflexible *coup!*
So I've half a mind some day to pour down my throat
Many drinks, that shall conquer my awe,
And afford me Dutch courage to take off my coat
And to wallop my mother-in-law.

—*August Record of the Year.*

Select Literature.

An April Fool.

BY BERTHA L. SAXONY.

(Concluded.)

'Well, if this isn't a queer dodge! I'm blest and happy if I know what to make of it. I'm not engaged, not much! And here's a young woman writing to her mother that she's engaged to me; describes me as a banker's son, and clinches the matter by declaring I'm lovely and good. Wonder if she lovely. Old lady looks pretty fair. Wouldn't I like to see this 'fellow that looks like me,' and has hooked my name and occupation (!) and wouldn't I punch him. Too bad! Had my mind all made up to be married at a moment's notice, and now I'm sold. Great mind to marry her after all; wonder how 'twould do to interview her; might make things pretty lively. Must pump old lady at hotel—she'll never suspect me; must be ingenuous and confiding. Get her talking this evening—try to see her photograph album some time—like to see Joe.'

Bearing in mind these pious resolutions, Mr. Graham made himself particularly agreeable to Mrs. Sterling that evening, and by his polite attentions, and agreeable conversation, quite won that lady's heart. She fell into the trap; she responded to the civilities of this guileless youth, and learning that he was wealthy, travelling for pleasure, and felt Bermuda rather a bore, resolved to take him under her wing. In that downy refuge he learned much about Joseph. In time the album was produced. Coming to Joe's picture, Mr. Graham remarked "What a lovely girl!' (and he thought it too) 'May I ask her name, Mrs. Sterling?' His satisfaction on learning that it was his affianced knew no bounds.

'Very lovely face; seems to me I've seen it before, or one very much like it.'

'No, you cannot have seen Joe; you may possibly have seen her mother; she is in Bermuda now, and her daughter is very much like her.'

'That's just it; pretty old lady; saw her in church last Sunday (under his breath, 'she does'nt know I was'nt there'); sweet countenance, very much like her daughter. I suppose Miss Barry will be home soon.'

'Oh, they don't live here, only visiting. They expect to return to Nova Scotia in a month or two. Their home is in Liverpool, and Josephine is keeping house for them till they return. It is likely that she will be married this summer, and, do you know, to one of your name, even your initials (she had interviewed the hotel register for that point). May I ask if you are named Arthur Longford, Mr. Graham?'

'No, ma'am, Alfred Layton (it's her fault, that lie, she had no business to ask me). I wish very much I were the happy man. Such a lovely face, I never saw a sweeter even in Italy (she don't know I haven't been there.) I should say, judging from her expression, that she is as good as she is pretty.'

'Yes, she's a dear good girl, but dreadfully saucy and mischievous. And she has such a queer way of saying things, you never can tell whether she is in earnest or not. Do you know, her mother is quite uncertain as to whether Joe really intends being married. She won't say anything satisfactory.'

'She must be a funny little case. (By George, suppose she's only larking with her mother. I might have a chance after all. Looks very suspecious. Mrs. Sterling never heard of the fellow, and the letter was written to her mother. Queer! And I'm blest if it didn't all happen about the first of April, do believe it's an April fool. Declare I'll go down there and see, anyway.')

So the middle of April found Arthur starting for Liverpool in search of a wife, *but he told Mrs. Sterling he was going to New York.*

Arrived in Liverpool, his first business was to make himself particularly fascinating, with a view to entering society, and in this he was successful. Invitations poured in, and by the end of May he knew most of the girls in town, but not Josephine. By some strange chance these two missed each other till the beginnig of June, when they both found themselves at a large croquet party at Mrs. Saint's, Josephine all unconscious, Arthur all alive. The games had begun when he arrived, an arrangement which suited his little game very nicely, as it gave him an opportunity to saunter round from one group to another trying to identify his affinity.

Presently he saw a face that answered to the image in his heart. The saucy, smiling mouth, the dark, mischievous eyes, the curling hair were there, but—alas, the morals, of which he had hoped so much! He saw this young lady deliberately, and in sight of all the people, croquet a ball that she had *not* struck. 'Why, Joe!' shrieked a small and wrathy opponent, 'you never hit that ball!' 'Well,' was the calm reply, 'I never said I did, I only played to see if you would notice it.'

'I must say that's an original style of playing,' remarked another.

'Yes,' replied Joe, 'that's original sin.'

'That may be very brilliant Joe, but I confess I can't see the point.'

'My dear, your mathematical attainments are evidently limited. Do you expect to see a point? Allow me to refer you to Chambers' Elements of Plane Geometry, first definition.'

These little impertinences charmed Arthus far more than any display of mere commonplace virtue could have done, and, having sighted his prey, he found it convenient to join in the next game.

Now a croquet-ground is the best place in the world for making friends—and enemies. There is no hatred so deadly as that which a good player feels for a blunderer on his own side; to brain the offender with a mallet is then the most desirable thing in the world, but it cannot be done, and one has to stand and see the game spoiled, while the destroyer makes ineffectual hits with a simpering air, and then remarks 'Perhaps I'll do better next time!' And everybody has to look amiable. Oh, the agonies of a croquet ground! life holds nothing half so bitter.

But there are sweets there also. To see a bad player on your enemy's side, oh, it's delightful! You see your leading enemy grind his teeth, and grasp his mallet with a murderous grasp; you see his eyes roll up in wrath and despair when his balls are knocked by the destroyer just where you can get them; you see his face first a chaos, and thek a blank of feeling, and then, *you can play.* Oh, it's sweet!

Now Joseph was an excellent player, and was quite prepared to hate Arthur should he play badly. But he did not. He conducted himself with courage and discretion, and their side soon took the lead. This made each esteem the other. They discussed in confidential tones the vengeance they would wreak on the enemy's balls when a chance should come; they planned hits for themselves; they held cozy indignation meetings when the enemy cheated and in consequence, by tea time they were fast friends. Arthur was more charmed than even he expected to be; in short, he was in love, a fact that he could not conceal from himself when he left Joseph at her father's gate that night.

Joseph retired to her bedroom with a thoughtful air. She unrolled her shining hair without looking in the glass; she arrayed herself for bed, she sat down on the floor, and hugged her knees, and gazed meditatively on her pink toes. But between her eyes and her toes there floated a frank, brown-eyed face, and there danced through her small mind the name Arthur Graham, Arthur Graham.

'Queer,' she mused, 'here's a Mr. Arthur Graham, and he likes me. Wonder if his name is Arthur Longford Graham. Wonder who'd be an April fool then! Suppose,' but here the maiden blushed, said 'Bah!' and retired precipitately to bed.

Arthur, on reaching his bedroom, said, 'by George.' After a pause, 'isn't she a darling. Wonder if she is engaged, though. No Graham fellow here. I must find out.' And her brother told him she was not engaged.

Chance and inclination (and it is curious how persistently chance sometimes attends inclination) brought these double-dealing young persons together very frequently, and, sad to relate, Josephine the invincible, the man hater was conquered, she was in love.

One moonlight evening in July found the young couple walking together in Mr. Barry's front garden. The air was delightful, as Joseph remarked.

'Charming,' said Arthur, 'and, do you know, this evening reminds me of a Bermuda evening, something so soft and sweet in the air.'

'Bermuda!' (voice high and startled,) 'have you been there?'

'Oh yes, was there last spring, saw your mother there.'

'Saw my mother!' (voice higher and more startled.)

'Yes,' (solemnly,) 'I saw her on the first day of April. I think she'll make a lovely mother-in-law.'

Joe gurgled, 'mother-in-law.'

'Yes, my dear, that's what she'll be, isn't it? Only I think you might have let me know what they said before this and they'll be home next week.'

Joe deposited herself on the doorstep, horrified. 'Why,' she gasped, 'what do you mean? Has that wretched Carrie—'

'No, my dear, but surely you remember you sent my proposal in March last, and—oh! Joseph, I've caught you!' With that, he seized the frighted maiden, actually kissed her, and then was heard a duet of exclamations from that hitherto quiet garden. Just then Carrie arrived on the scene, and now we hear a trio, Carrie cackling from pure sympathy.

'Oh,' wailed Joe, 'let us go in, this is shameful.'

'What is it, Joe,' asked Carrie, 'do tell me, or I shall die, Oh! oh! oh!'

'Oh! Carrie. He, (pointing to Arthur,) he's Arthur L. Graham, and he know knows all about it, and I'm sold! Oh-h-h!'

As a result of that sell, on April 1st, 1873, there stood before a solemn-faced clergyman two young persons, who, after a few remarks by the reverend gentleman, were made on—April Fool!

BUTTERED TOAST.

It was late in the fall when our good Mrs. Middlecrust went down to the market and selected a tub of butter. She always bought good butter. In fact, she was determined that none of her boarders should ever have just cause of complaint against the quality of her provisions.

"Madam," said the market-man, "I would advise you to secure two tubs of that butter. I shall have none better, and butter will be sure to rise in price through the winter."

Mrs. Middlecrust bought two tubs, and on her way home she bethought herself how she could contrive to make that butter last through to spring. Ah! a happy thought: She would toast the bread for supper, and butter it herself. Buttered toast was the thing.

Accordingly the good woman set out upon her plan of saving. For tea the loaves were nicely and evenly sliced gently browned before the fire, and very gently and carefully buttered. As her boarders took their seats, she fancied that one or two of them were looking for the butter, so she smilingly said:

'I have buttered the bread myself, gentlemen. As it was toasted, I thought it would be nicer so."

Mr. Nipkins, a bald headed bank-clerk, wearing spectacles, took a slice of the toasted bread, and examined it long and critically.

"Mr. Napkins, is anything the matter with your bread?" asked the landlady.

'No, no—nothing is the matter with the bread." And he turned it over and submitted it to further examination.

"Mr. Napkins," persisted the good woman, growing red in the face, "if nothing is the matter, why do you behave in that manner? I like my boarders to be frank with me."

"My dear Mrs. Middlecrust," replied Mr. Napkins, looking up serenely, "I will be frank. When I was a boy, if we wished to express a state of extreme mental obtuseness, we were wont to say of the obtuse one, that "he didn't know which side his bread was buttered on." I think I must be losing some of my perceptive faculties. I find no fault with your provisions, dear madam; the fault must be in me. I have lived and eaten two-and-fifty years, and for the first time in my life I find myself unable to decide on which side my bread is buttered."

Mrs. Middlecrust left her boarders to butter their own bread after that.—*New York Ledger.*

What drives the farmers children to cities? Simply the lack of social intercourse in the country. If you would keep your boys and girls at home make agricultural society attractive. Fill the farm-house with books and periodicals. Establish central reading-rooms, of neighborhood clubs. Encourage the social meetings of the young. Have concerts, lectures, improvement associations. Establish a bright, active school life, that shall give some significance to labor. The isolation of farm life is the great curse of that life, and it falls upon the young people—the girls, especially—with peliar hardship, driving them too often away from comfortable homes into the perilous life of a crowded city.

MISCHIEF MAKERS.—How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life of him is that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension, having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion and envious regret.

When old Mrs. Cadby read that "lace frills are put on both edges of black dog collars," she laid down the paper and exclaimed: "Did anybody ever hear of such foolishness! Why next they'll be putting gold breast pins and striped stockings on dogs!"