ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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Weekly Monitor

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HOW LOST HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

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The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

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Post Office Box. 450.

NOTICE!

The subscriber having met with a heavy loss by fire, will esteem it a favour for all who are indebted to him to call and settle their accounts.

W. A. CRAIG.

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—FOR THE—

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Head office, Toronto, Ont. Branch office Montreal, Que.

We want Agents to sell our Hardy Canadian Nursery Stock. Steady employment at fixed salaries to all willing to work. Men and women can have pleasant and profitable work the year round. Good agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,
MONTREAL, P. Q.
J. W. BEALL, 64 Coursol Street, Manager Branch Office.
J. E. LOCKWOOD and DAVID DUNCAN Agents for Annapolis County. 313m

To Loan.

ON first class Real Estate security, $35,000. None but first class security will be taken.

J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Dec. 23rd '84.

Wanted Immediately!

A FIRST-CLASS Journeyman Tailor, to whom good pay and steady employment will be given. Apply at once to

A. J. MORRISON,
Merchant Tailor, Middleton, N. S.
Middleton, Feb. 4th, '84. tf

The Dominion Organ and Piano Co.

Has the largest and most complete factory in the Dominion—1502155.

Highest Honors ever Awarded to any Maker in the World. Medal and Diploma at Centennial, 1876. Gold Medal and Diploma at Sydney, Australia, 1877. Gold Medal at Provincial Exhibition, Toronto, 1878. Highest Awards at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879-80-81.

WE ARE NOW MANUFACTURING
SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.
BEST IN THE MARKET.
Correspondence Solicited. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free. Address
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BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

OUR
FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES,

Recognized to be the BEST FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE IN USE.

And the ONLY MACHINE That will KNIT RIBBED and PLAIN WORK Perfectly.

A few of the many articles that can be made on our Family Machine are Undershirts, Drawers, Mitts, Hosiery, Gloves, Caps, Cuffs, Tidies—all these can be made any size.

OUR RIBBER IS PERFECTION.

Makes the Pearl Rib-Stitch one-and-one, one-and-two, one-and-three, etc., perfect in elasticity, beautiful in appearance, more durable and perfect than Hand Knitting.

Our Machines make the only perfect seamless full fashioned

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With more stitches in the top than in the ankle. Knits the coarsest Farmer's Yarn, Cotton, Silk, or Thread.

Blind girls can knit and finish one dozen pairs of Socks in one day; and $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00 can be easily made in one day.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue and Testimonials from the Blind.

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REAL ESTATE REGISTRY
—AND—
ADVERTISING AGENCY
FOR

The selling and purchasing of Farms and Real Estate in the Annapolis Valley.

ON THE
1ST OF DECEMBER,

I shall advertise a list of FARMS I have for sale in the

Toronto Globe,

Toronto, and will continue to advertise in that and other Newspapers abroad once a month, until next Spring. All farms on my Registry will appear in the list without charge to, those Registering. Parties wishing to take advantage of this means of advertising abroad must send in a description of their Farms or Properties for sale previous to the

15TH OF NOVEMBER.

MONIES INVESTED
AND
Loans Negotiated

List of Farms now in Registry.

No. Contents.
1.—130 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
2.—106 acres; Situated at Round Hill.
3.—120 acres; Situated near Annapolis.
4.—220 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
5.—150 acres; Situated at Paradise.
6.—In a large farm Situated at Clarence.
7.—100 acres; Situated in Middleton.
8.—300 acres; Situated in Bentonsfield.
9.—4 acres; Situated in Bridgetown.
10.—22 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
11.—50 acres; Situated in Victoria Vale.
12.—200 acres; Situated near Carlton's Corner.
13.—100 acres; Situated at Melvern Square.
14.—150 acres; Situated at Clementsport.
15.—75 acres; Situated near Bridgetown.
16.—200 acres; Situated at Paradise.
17.—50 acres; Situated near Berwick.
18.—150 acres; Situated in Granville.
20.—83 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
21.—100 acres; Situated at Paradise.
22.—140 acres; Situated at Havelock.
23.—175 acres; Situated near Bridgetown.
24.—300 acres; Situated in Granville.
25.—150 acres; Situated at South Farmington.
26.—150 acres; Situated at Wilmot.
27.—40 acres; Situated at Granville.
28.—202 acres; Situated at Brooklyn.

JOHN ERVIN.
Attorney at Law.
Notary Public and Conveyancer, Bridgetown, N. S.

SAMUEL LEGG,
Watch and Clock Maker,
Opposite
Bridgetown Drug Store
Also Agent for the
HARTFORD LIFE
—AND—
ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.
Of Hartford, Conn.
Bridgetown, July 16, '84.

New Store!
NEW GOODS!

The subscriber has opened a store on Water St., adjoining his dwelling, where he will keep on hand a large quantity of the Best Brands of

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, AND OATMEAL,

which will be sold at low prices for cash.

Also.—A well assorted stock of

GROCERIES,

in Sugar, Spices, Salt, Tobaccos, Brooms, Soaps, Raisins and Currants. Canned Goods, Biscuits, Syrups, &c., &c. A quantity of Cow Corn.

A REFRESHMENT TABLE, where lunches can be had at all hours will be found on the premises.

P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, June 19th, 1883.

Celebrated Rubber Bucket
CHAIN PUMPS!

ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

Pumps Complete,
or in parts to suit.

FLOUR AND MEAL AT 25 CENTS ADVANCE ON COST.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO
per N. H. PHINNEY.

J. G. H. PARKER.
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER,
and REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Practise in all the Courts. Business promptly attended to.

OFFICE—Fitz Randolph's NEW BUILDING, Bridgetown. 1ly

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

John Ervin,
Barrister and Attorney at Law.
OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING
303mpd BRIDGETOWN

JOHN L. NIXON,
Margaretville.
Licensed Auctioneer.

Sales attended to promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. 3m os

CARD.

W. M. FORSYTH
STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2
Office in
LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.
Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84. 31tf

50 LOVELY Chrome Cards, with name and a prize, for 10c and this slip.
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Croup, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sore Throat, Spinal Pains, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Whooping Cough, &c.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

This popular medicine combines vegetable purgatives with iron, and is adapted to the digestive organs of both male and female. It gently stimulates the liver and other secretory organs, removes obstructions, cures Headache, Biliousness, and all Liver and Bowel Complaints, Malaria, Impure Blood, Dyspepsia, and Skin Diseases (one pill a dose). For Female Complaints these Pills are an invaluable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Iowa, says: "I can recommend them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powders are genuine, and very valuable. Dealers in Essence of Coffee will make hens lay. The Sheridan's Condition Powders do this, hence are recommended to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure

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.

CUSTOM TAILORING!
FIRST PRIZE DOMINION EXHIBITION, 1881!
—:o:—
CLAYTON & SONS,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
HALIFAX, - - - - N. S.

Beg to notify the inhabitants of

BRIDGETOWN, and Vicinity,

That a Complete Line of

SAMPLES OF CLOTHS,
—FOR—
GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS'
CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING,
IS ON VIEW AT

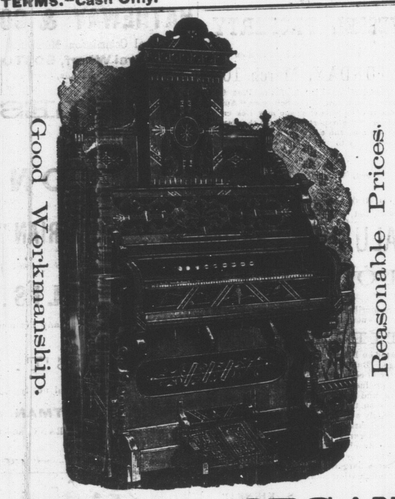
J. W. BECKITHW'S - - - BRIDGETOWN,

Where orders will be taken, and Goods delivered at the SAME PRICES as we charge in HALIFAX.

A good fit guaranteed in every instance. All work done promptly on time.

TERMS.—Cash Only.

Good Workmanship.



Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,
Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
JOHN P. RICE. A. E. SULIS.

Poetry.

After a Little While.

There is a change, sweet solace in the thought
That the woes we suffer here below
Lay, as a dark and hideous garment cast
From us to wear, whether we will or no,
In cast aside, with a relieving smile,
After a little while.

No more a roaming, but hath certain end;
Through far into the ocean spaces grey
We sail and sail, without a chart for friend,
Above the sky line, faint and far away,
There lie our homes at last the one enchanted bay,
After a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and fast
With more of anguish than the heart can bear,
Though friends desert, and, as the heedless hurrier
Even seem to pass by us with a stony stare,
We can withdraw into some ruined pile,
Or lonely forest aisle—

And contemplate the never-ceasing
While the processes of God are wrought,
And know our petty lives our soul expanding,
Are swept in currents of exalted thought,
We can rest that must our cares be-
After a little while.

Select Literature.

'As I Was Tellin' Caleb.'

'Kerbunk, Kerbunk!' shouted the conductor.

But the good lady in the seat before me did not seem to be daunted by interruptions. She had a penetrating voice, pitched high, and was one of those steady talkers who make themselves heard in spite of condition.

'As I was tellin' Caleb,' she continued, as soon as the train stopped, 'I thought it come round right, so that they should be a goin' to Peabody the same week I had planned to start to Salem.

'Abby, you set up to the windar. I don't care nothin' about lookin' out. Guess I can put my parasol up in this ketch-all, and don't you let me go off and furget it.

'Caleb said, most likely we'd lose half our duds.' He wouldn't want to take a scrid of anything if he was goin' off to be gone a year.

'Put your feet on this box, Abby, and git out your ticket. I see the conductor a comin'.

'How long you think of stayin'? Better plan to come back together, hedn't we?

'Here's the conductor. What time do we come to Salem? She wants to go to Peabody. Show him your ticket, Abby. You sing out, Mister, when we get there. Now, Abby, I'll put your ticket along with mine in this redicule of Hanna's.

'Yes, I'm a goin' up to see my niece, Mary. I didn't once think, two years ago when she was a teachin' our school, that I should be a goin' up to Mass'chusetts to see her.

'You see at the school meetin', that spring, they put Caleb in agent, and the first thing when he come home and told me of it, I says, 'now to-morrow we'll drive over to Jane's and maybe she'll let Mary take the school, for she's a smart scholar and she'd be a good deal of company for me! Caleb he didn't exactly fall in with my idea at fust, and talked about bein' too hard for her fust school,' and said Abe Saunders had bid off the board.

'But I told him I'd rest her, and, of course she'd board with her own aunt afore she'd go, 'mongst strangers, in spite of her biddin.'

''Who's agent for this deestrick?' says Caleb.

''Don't you feel so grand, Caleb Baxter,' says I, 'you'll be glad enough to ask fur my advice afore you get through with it.'

'Well, to make a long story short, it come round all right. We drav over, and Jane gave her consent for Mary to come, and I went home and put strip of carpetin' across the parlor to the corner-bedroom door, and set a pitcher of lilacs on the table and shoved up the winder openin towards the orchard.

'That was a Friday; and the next day Mary come over to Squire Edgecomb's and got her recommend, and then she come right to our house

'Mary was always a cheery hand to have round the house, and 'oh, aunt,' says she, 'I shall have to borrow stairs to climb into your nice, high bed; and how sweet the apple-blossoms smell! I shall be takin' my share of the apples now.' 'Pick all you want to,' says I.

'So she kept all the vases and pitchers full of apple-blooms, and clovers, and butter cups. Caleb called it 'grass' but then, I guess he sorter liked the bouquets after all. Poor child, she didn't know what trials was before her, and I am sure I didn't or I wouldn't advised her comin.'

'I didn't spose the Sanderses would feel jest right about her boardin' to our house, and I expected they'd make some talk about our 'hiring our relation' to take the school, but I didn't have no idea how hateful the whole family was goin' to be, and then I allus thought teachers had had a purty easy time of it, with only six hours a day to work, an' them meals got 'em.

'But my land! she warn't free from that school day nor night. Afore eight in the mornin' them children would be hangin' round the door a pickin' off my mornin' glories and a-kin' every two minutes if teacher warn't ready.

'It took one of us to watch 'em till 'most nine, and then Mary'd start off for the school-house with a string of boys and girls on each side, all a fightin' to see who would ketch hold of the teacher's hand.'

'I don't see how she stood it. Nights they'd follow her home, and she looked so pale and worn out, it really scart me. But it wouldn't do to send them home-law no!

'Their folks would be set up by the earn if you done that. Then, as soon as she swallered her supper somebody would be sure to bring in a note for her to reckon the interest on; or some puzzles about grind-stones, and land knows what!

'Caleb he owned up that she didn't earn her three dollars a week, never nobody did.' But the trouble begun arter Frank Hanscom, a brimzin' her over from the corner, and comin' after her Friday nights.

'Folks said the teacher hadn't no business a riding round with Frank Hanscom, while she was a teachin' our school, and they talked a good deal about the example she was settin'. But as I was tellin' Caleb, there warn't no danger of Abe Sanders' girls a follerin' her example, for Liddy and Arabell Sanders hain't no more beauty nor app-arance than a wooden Injun; and the lands knows they are ugly enough!

'One Monday night Mary come home and went right to her room, and I see she had been cryin'. I didn't say nothin' to her. I went to the door to k-ep the scholars off from my pany-bed.

''Teacher's been cryin,' says little Joe Sanders.

'That's a likely story,' says I. 'You go home to your supper now, and, Marthy Ellies, you let them chickens alone and come out of the hen yard.'

''Taint supper-time,' says Nelly Smith, 'and we are goin' to wait and see if teacher's beau comes again to-night.'

'Yes,' spoke up Joe Sanders, 'My father says she won't keep the school out if she carries on so with that chap from the Corner.'

'I tell you, my temper ris!

''Joe Saunders,' says I, 'you show your bringing' up, and you can tell your father so from me. 'Tain't your fault for he'll have to be learnt a few lessons in mindin' his own business afore he can give you much of a trainin'.

''There, there, Ann,' says Caleb, a comin' to the wood-shed door,' don't get into a fuss with your neighbors.'

''Fuss or no fuss,' says I, 'I shan't have my own sister's child abused by none of the Sanders tribe and say nothin.' And I jest packed 'em all off home lively, and most likely they had a good mess to tell when they got home.

'You see, the Sunday night afore, Frank had brought Mary over, and Monday morning it was writ on the board: 'Teacher got a beau,' and sech like. Well Mary she rubbed it out, but at recess and noontime it was rit agin, and it worked her dreadfully, for she see these big Sanders girls was the ring-leaders and a tryin' to break up the school.

'But to cap the whole, when she come out at night there was them Sanders girls a larfin' and takin' to their heels, and on the fence was drawn with chalk a couple ridin' out, and writ underneath was: 'Teacher goin' to get married.'

'Now warn't that mean? Poor Mary, she couldn't help cryin', for there was the picter right on the road to the Corner She took some burdock leaves and tried to rub it out, but she only got splinters in her hands, and couldn't do nothing with it, so she come home feelin' sad and discouraged.

''I'll fix it,' says I, and I took a pail of water and an old brush, and off I started with my shaker for the school-house.

''I just scrut-bed that fence till I rubbed the picture and writin' all out. 'And now,' says I, 'let 'em write some more! Abe Sanders driv along jest then and I give him a piece of my mind.

''Let 'em keep on,' says I, 'and I'll prosecute 'em if Caleb hain't got the spunk to. Abe, he didn't say nothin' for once. He rid on. You can scare him when you mention law.

'Well, I jest made up my mind, I should see Mary through that school if I had to take my knittin' and go to the school-house every day to keep 'em decent, while she done the fig-rum'.

'So I did. I went down and kep an eye on 'em, and they knew I meant it, for there warn't many but I had shook up first or last. I treat children well when they do as they orter, but they jest look out for me when they've been cuttin' up. They done real well, and they seemed to like Mary first-rate, and when them Sanders girls had to stay at home on account of their mother bein' sick in bayin', it made all the odds in the world, and Mary would have been happy enough if it had not been for her trouble outside.

'Friday, Mary she says to me, 'can't you carry me home to night, aunt Ann?' 'Why yes,' says I, 'but hain't you expectin' Frank?' 'No,' says she, 'I wrote him not to come.' 'You did?' says I. 'Well I wouldn't a done so. Don't you mind the gossip round here.'

'Well, Abe Sanders, he come home from the corner one night—here's the conductor agin, Abby. Nothin' but huntin, fur our tickets all the time. Where did I put 'em. Here they are inside this redicule. I've got about tired stickin' them pieces of paper up in his face.

'Well, as I was sayin,' Abe he drive up to the door to speak with Caleb, and he says: 'I see that young Hanscome ridin' out with a high-flyin, gal out to the village.'

'As I was tellin' Caleb, most likely that was all he stopped afore the door for, was to tattle.

'But I got ahead of my story. You see, Caleb, he carried her home that Friday, and she never see Frank to speak to him all day Saturday nor Sunday; but she see him to meetin', and a spruce lookin' young gal in the Hanscom pew a lookin' on the hymns with Frank. Mary, she sings in the choir, and when the congregation turned round facin' the singin' seats, Frank never looked up once, and he never come near the house, and her brother Silas brought her over Sunday night Well, it was the next week after that, Abe Sanders was tellin' us about Frank ridin' out with another girl, and you can judge Mary didn't have no very pleasant time, for she and Frank was marster fond of one another, an' 'twas plain Frank was put out at her wantin' him not to come, and then she didn't give no reason in the note she sent him, a thinkin' to see him and explain how she wanted to shut people's mouths while she was in the school.

''Well,' says I,' don't you worry, Mary, fur if he thinks anything of you he hain't gone and got no girl as soon as this. Don't you feel bad; it'll all come out right. He's too sensible a feller to stay mad after he finds out the reason. I shouldn't 'av advised you to write if I'd known. You can't please everybody if you try. They are sure to wonder why you didn't do the other way no matter how well you managed.'

'Here is the conductor agin, land sakes! what a fuss they do make over tickets Salem the next station? Well, well, Abby, we'll get our traps together. You'll git right out with me, and some of your folks will be there to go out on the Peabody train. Now you write what day you think of startin' home. I most forgot that parasol. Land sakes! how dark it is get. tin'. I b'lieve we have got into a fu nel. I s'pose the conductor knows where he's goin'. Don't you be scart, Abby. Hold right on to your pocketbook and beware of pickpockets and gamblers. Here we be comin' out onto terra firma once more. Get all your things? Sure you hain't leavin' nothin'? Now foller me. There's Mary a lookin' and a smilin', bless her heart!

'As I was tellin' Caleb—' But what she was imparting to Caleb that time I failed to hear, and, as the cars moved on towards Boston, I speculated upon the unfinished story and the present circumstances of the fair Mary.

Had her first school discouraged her in that profession? Had she started out in the world to 'make her fortune' behind a counter, in a shop, or was she married? And to whom? Who was the 'spruce looking' girl in the Hanscom pew? Where was Frank? Had he jilted the teacher for some stylish young lady who was summering in the country?

Three weeks later I was returning from Boston. The day was cool; I was reading 'A Roman Singer,' dreaming over the Italian story; my thought far away from Yankeeland, when I heard the familiar words, 'As I was tellin' Caleb.'

The spell was broken! I closed my book and glanced around to find the communicative Mrs Baxter, and her friend Abby arranging themselves in the seat behind.

'As I was tellin' Caleb, who'd a thought that summer, when things was a goin' at sixes and sevens, who'd a thought of everything comin' out as it did, and me a goin' off to Massachusetts a visitin' Mary. The places she took me to! If I don't tell the Sanderses! You orter gone to the Rozer Williams Church, Abby. Don't look much like a church, though, and where the folks found room to set or stand is more'n I can make out. There's one quite big sofa, but harder'n a board. I s'pose they didn't have no springs in them days. Then there's three little planners, and a man by the name of Hawthorne had had a desk there—marster poor lookin' desk—but maybe there was somethin' 'bout it I didn't understand, fur Mary spoke in particular about it. I meant to have asked her. There was some wimmen with us, and I thought I wouldn't make no mistake fur Mary to be 'shamed of, so I kep' still.

'Roger didn't seem to have no desk or pulpit. Wasn't no room fur his, maybe And, Abby, there wasn't no sign of a stair to the singin' seats. How they ever got up there is a puzzle. Maybe the witches set there. You know they can't get through a keyhole and 'most anywhere.

'I didn't finish my story, the day we come, and your sister's husband whisked you off so quick I didn't get chance to say a word.

'Well, you see Mary is situated 'bout as well as any of them in our deestrick who tried to put her down. I'd jest like fur Abe Sanders and some few others to look inside of Mary's home. They'll git the whole story when I git home. Jest the neatest little cottage, his father give him with vines and flowers all around, and a great planner in the parlor that was her birthday present.

'But I was tellin' you how mean Abe Sanders behaved himself. He took a sight of pains to carry news back and forth from the village, and we found out he had been tellin' out there that Mary was a goin' round with that clown of a Jake Winslow, and no knowing what bad endin' would a come of it, if it hadn't been for an accident that happened when school was most done.

'Where's your ticket, Abby?

'You see they'd been workin' on the road below the house, and when Caleb went to light the lantern to keep teams out of a big hole that hadn't been filled up, he found there warn't no oil in the lantern, so he blundered round in the kitchen and didn't get it filled fur quite a while, and as he come out of the door a horse run by with a part of a carriage. We put right down to the bridge and there on a pile of rocks was Frank Hanscom a lyin' white and still, and the blood comin' from a gash in his forehead. Mary, she was with us, and when she saw who it was, she gave a little groan, and I didn't know but she was go'n' to faint away, but she didn't she helped us like a brave girl about takin' care of Frank, arter the hired man and Caleb had taken him into the house. He was out of his head; oh, yes, we sot up all night. The doctor came and fixed his head and left some medicine and said we must keep him quiet. 'Long before mornin' when Mary was givin' him his powders, he opened his eyes and I see he had come to, so I stepped out, for I thought they might want to talk together, and I heard him say:

'Mary, how could you treat me so?'

'And Mary says, 'You mustn't talk now; go to sleep.' But he was bound to talk, and he says, 'If you won't answer me, I'll call your aunt, and ask her, fur it has gone on long enough, and I come up here to find out.'

'I went to the door and he says, 'Mrs Baxter, can you tell me why Mary has used me so, sending me no explanation, only telling me not to come fur her any more?'

'I says, 'Mr. Hanscom, you keep quiet and rest now, and I think we can clear it all up to-morrow.'

'He did look faint, and Mary gave him some water, and he sort of revived up, and says, 'I will not go to sleep until you explain to me.'

'He spoke with a good deal of resolution and shet his mouth together so firm I knew he meant it.

'Well,' says I, 'after you get well may-be you can explain to Mary about that young woman you've been a galavantin' round with.'

'Yes,' says he, 'I can explain that now. She is Dora Hanscom, my cousin from Providence, and is to be married next month to a young minister there.'

'The next day there was a good deal of explainin', and afore he left our house the time for his marryin' Mary was set.

'He wasn't no idea of her writin' him any more such letters,' he said.

'Well, Mary kep' the school out, and got a good report, and Frank came over most every day, and folks couldn't help themselves, and Mary didn't write no more letters tellin' him to keep away. As I was tellin' Caleb, it must have galled them Sanderses a scein' her ane Frank ridin' round, happy and all made up, after all their pains to make trouble.

'Abby, don't you get tired a holdin' books and leg-ngers and boxes them boys bring round?

'I think it is sassy to load the passengers down after they have paid their fare and want to ride in peace. I'm goin' to stick both our tickets up here on the side of my bonnet, and then we won't have no more bother with 'em.

'I jest wish them Sanderses could see Mary's home, and how cozy everything is They'll get it all when I see 'em.'

Here the cars neared Portsmouth, where I was to stop over for a few days. I prepared to leave the entertaining conversation which continued however, until I was out of hearing.

'Did I tell you, Abby, that Mary was comin', and she haint forgot the old place Here we be to Portsm outh. Eben Briggs has got a cousin livin here. As I was tellin' Caleb—'

ALMA PENDEXTER.

British Commons.

LONDON, Feb. 23.—In the house of commons to-night, Sir Stafford Northcote, in the presence of the full house, moved that the humble address of which he gave notice on Thursday, be presented to the Queen, censuring the government for the course pursued in regard to Egypt and the Soudan. The government had been compelled to change entirely its military position assumed last year, having failed to attain the objects desired The result was due to the general spirit wherein advisers of the crown conducted matters (Cheers.) Unless a complete and entire change takes place in the spirit of the government it will still be our lot to fail, whatever we may be called upon to do The voice of uncertainty which has preceded from the councils of her majesty has deprived the expedition of half its strength. Success is impossible unless the government distinctly lays down what it is fighting for, and declares its determination to obtain that object. The ministers' words hitherto had implied that the great object was to make the stay of the troops in Egypt as short as possible. Nothing was more dangerous to the interests of England than such a declaration The speaker quoted from Gordon's message of April 16th: "If troops are not sent it will leave upon the government the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons, with the certainty of being compelled eventually to smash the Mahdi." Have not these prophecies come to pass? asked the Tory leader. Are we sure that treachery was not caused or brought on by the action of the government, which weakened and almost paralyzed Egypt?

John Morley, Lib-ral, offered an amendment to the motion of censure in favor of evacuation of the Soudan.

Mr. Gladstone paid a tribute to the devotion of General Gordon. Mr. Gladstone denied that the Government had any reason last year to suppose Gordon in imminent danger. Gordon's own despatches, said Mr. Gladstone, had led the government to believe he would take the garrison southward if possible. The government had not swerved a hair's breadth from the covenant to send Gordon assistance when necessary and when possible. He referred to the statements of Gordon's colonels that under no circumstances could relief have been timely, as Farag had long ago agreed to betray Khartoum as soon as the British arrived. Mr. Gladstone said he fully shared in the regret for the loss of the gallant officer Gordon, but there was some comfort in believing that no great effusion of blood had occured at Khartoum. England's mission in the Soudan was the safety in Egypt. The government might have committed errors of judgment, but throughout it had acted with honesty of purpose. He felt satisfied that no other course was open. Then he referred to the better government and other reforms established in Egypt, and said there was no longer any danger of a rupture with France, who had cordially assisted in a measure which he hoped in a few days to see formally completed, and which would save Egypt from bankruptcy. If Sir Stafford Northcote wanted to establish good, stable government in the Soudan such a covenant was not compatible with common prudence, because it meant the establishment of a British christian government over the Mohammedans. This would entitle an endless struggle. The government declined to enter into a covenant not reasonable and prudent. Even without the determination to smash the Mahdi, the Suakim expedition was necessary to secure the retirement of the troops. If the house thought the government had failed in its duty the latter would cheerfully accept the verdict, but if they believed it had acted with good intentions and without palpable errors of judgment he hoped they would give expression to their confidence, and thus strengthen the hands of the whole country in the face of the world. (Prolonged cheers.)

—According to the *Marine Journal* iron is coming into favor as a shipbuilding material in Nova Scotia. It says that J. Carmichael & Co., of New Glasgow, have just sent an order to Glasgow on the Clyde for a 1,600 ton iron ship, $50 per ton, to be built at the yard of Alex. Stephen & Son, and delivered to the owners next summer. This will be the pioneer metallic vessel for a Nova Scotia firm, and the precursor of the change from wood to iron and steel, which is slowly but nevertheless surely, coming about in the fleet of vessels owned in these Provinces. Howard D. Troop, St. N. B., does not intend building any more wooden vessels, as iron craft can be purchased almost as cheap as the price spruce ships now cost. We hardly think that iron craft, especially of the English build, will ever be purchased to such an extent as to affect the building of wooden ships here in the East where men, materials and suitable yards are always conveniently at hand. They may take the place of Provinces-built spruecrs, than which a cheaper class of vessels can hardly be found, and it would be scarcely more than an even "swap," but as to building them anywhere near as cheap, if than be possible the Clyde people must be doing slopper work than ever, or else spruce has "riz" lately—and we haven't heard that it has. The Nova Scotia firm noted above are said to pay $50 a ton for their iron ship. Wonder what the British steamer B. Powell Tower which was knocked to pieces at sea the other day on her first voyage cost? Or any number of other shells like her? A first-class iron vessel costs a first-class price. A second class iron vessel is a death trap.—*Bangor Journal*

Boring a Square Hole.

The first and only auger ever manufactured that will bore a square hole is now in use in the Cleveland Machine company. This auger bores a two-inch square hole, the size used in ordinary frame buildings and barns, but they can be made on the same principle to bore square holes of any size. Its application is ordinary and works on the same principle as round hole augers. Its end, instead of having a screw or bit, has a calm motion, which oscillates a cutter mounted on a steel rocking knife, which cuts on both sides. In order to prevent the splintering of the wood, the ends of the cutter are provided with semi-circular shaped saws, which help in cutting out perfectly square corners. It is estimated that this process will save the labor of three men who work with chisels, as one man can conveniently cut a two-inch mortice in the same length of time he can bore a round hole. The invention is the work of a Wooster man, who has given the subject years of patient thought.—*Cleveland Herald.*

—The Legislature of the State of New York may be expected, in a few days, to take the steps necessary to convert the American side of the Niagara River at the falls, into a national park. The very efficient Board of Commissioners appointed have submitted a report to the effect that all the necessary land should be bought at a cost of one million four hundred thousand dollars, about one third of the sum claimed and from the temper of the house on the Adirondack question this sum will probably be voted There has as yet been nothing done by Canadians to nationalize this side of the river.—*Montreal Witness.*

—The taste for snails as food is growing in France. The ancient Romans cultivated these gastropods on a very extensive scale. Their parks were large and surrounded by water, so that the snails could not escape, and an abundant supply of moisture could always be at hand. At fattening-time the animals were put in earthen pots pierced with holes, and rubbed on the inside with flour mixed with wine. Some of them grew to be very large. The Romans liked snails because they provoked thirst, and gave an excuse for drinking wine.

"A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION."—The *Ashton Reporter* gives notice that in future it will reject all MSS. written in pencil. The compositor's eyesight must have some consideration, and then again, as he is on 'piece,' he cannot make his wages." This (says the *Printer's Register*) is a step in the right direction. Only compositors know what it is to have to read, at a distance of a few feet, manuscript written with pencil.

A SAFE BUSINESS.—The average farmer may congratulate himself on a measurable relief from the anxiety which troubles the mercantile callings in times like these. The failures in the country among merchants average nearly 300 a week, but we almost never hear of a farmer's failing.—*Lowell (Mass.) Courier.*

—Breathe there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, I'll go and paint the city red? and when the inky night has fled, rose from his bard and painful bed, and said, "Oh, heavens, what a head?"

—The gold product of Nova Scotia last year was over 16,000 oz., valued at $320,000.

—The *World* says it is estimated Mr. Vanderbilt has lost $80,000,000 since 1881 when he was worth $200,000,000.

WEEK FOR THE TEETH.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of warm water, before the water is quite cold add one teaspoonful of myrrh and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor. Bottle the mixture for use. One wineglass of the mixture to half a pint of water is sufficient for each application.

Job Work!

The Monitor office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a specialty of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

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