ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

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

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1884. NO. 24.

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 best plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure a satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH...First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

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

MANHOOD

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.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

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.

Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box. 450.

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MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience.

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WANTED: AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New & Superior Canada Maps & Charts, As paying as any agency in the world. For particulars, full and free, address H. C. TUNSON, 388 Richmond St., London Ont.

S. N. JACKSON,

GENERAL AGENT OF THE

Averill Paint.

It is admitted by all to be the very

Best Paint on the Market.

FULL STOCK OF

Graining Colors,
Varnishes,
and Brushes on hand

ALSO.—The usual line of

General Goods.

200 BUS. OF

P. E. I. ISLAND OATS.

Clarence, March 10, '84. 496mos

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE I. FITZRANDOLPH late of Williamston, in the county of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within three months from the date, and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

ALBERT FITZRANDOLPH.
S. BURPEE FITZRANDOLPH.
Administrators.

Williamston, June 17 '84.13it23.

WANTED! WANTED!

200 Cords

Hemlock Bark,

at as early a date as possible, delivered either at the Subscriber's TANNERY, or at BRIDGETOWN R. R. STATION and for which he will pay the highest cash price.

I would call attention to my stock of

HARNESESS

—IN—

GOLDPLATE,
SILVER,
NICKLE,
BRASS,
& X C PLATE,

which I will sell low for cash or approved credit. Also in stock a large assortment of

Harness Leather and Furniture,

for the trade.

Harness Leather, Wax, Grain, Buff, Calf Skins, Splits, Leathers always in stock, at wholesale or retail rates.

English, Balmoral, French, and Shoe Uppers, Shoe Findings for the trade,

300 BUS. PLASTERER'S HAIR

at low rates.

George Murdoch.

WISDOM & FISH,

Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Supplies,
41 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber and Linen Hose, Lace Leather and Cut Lacing, Cotton Waste and Steam Packing, Lubricating Oils, Mill Files, Emery Wheels, Emery Cloth, and Emery, Wrought Iron Pipe, Cast Iron Water Pipe, Steam, Gas, and Water Fittings, Steam Pumps, Steam Gauges, Injectors, Bolts, Nuts and Washers, Babbitt Metal and Antimony, Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer, for Grinding Saws.

Estimates furnished; Lowest Quotations given on Special Supplies. [n8

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Prevention is better than cure. Don't delay a moment.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Pains Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

NEW MODEL TOP SNAP "CHAMPION"

SINGLE BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN. Patented July 27th, 1880. THE BEST GUN IN THE MARKET

Has Top Snap Action, Rebounding Lock, Pistol Grip, Patent Fore-end Fastening. Uses either Paper or Brass Central Fire Shells. The brass shells can be reloaded many hundred times, making it cost no more to shoot than a muzzle loader.

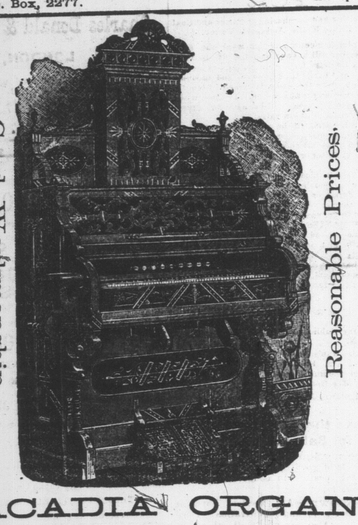
PRICES: Plain Barrel, 12 bore, $15; do., 10 bore, $16; Twist Barrel, 12 bore, $18; do., 10 bore, $19.

SEND ADDRESS FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE TO

JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS,
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Wholsale and Retail Gun Dealers,

P. O. Box, 2277. A sample gun may be seen at the office of this paper.



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.

NOTICE

Of Dissolution of Partnership.

The Subscribers who have been for several years past carrying on a general business under the name, style and firm of A. W. CORBITT & SON, of Annapolis Royal, have by mutual consent, dissolved said partnership, and all persons indebted to the said firm, will please make immediate payment to GEORGE E. CORBITT, who is to collect all debts due said firm, and who will in future carry on the business in his own name, the said A. W. CORBITT having retired from the firm.

Dated at Annapolis Royal in the County of Annapolis, 1st of August, 1884.

GEO. E. CORBITT,
A. W. CORBITT.

Aug. 8th, 1884. 193m.

NOTICE!

PICTURES & FANCY GOODS,

—Just opened at—

JOHN Z. BENT'S

NEW STORE.

NEAR THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

a large and varie assortment of

Brackets,
Bracket Stands,
Easels,
Mottoes,
Frames, Mats,
Xmas Cards.

Something new—Japanese Brackets. Call and see them.

Fine line of Pictures in Marine Views, Pastoral Scenes, views of notable places, etc.

Also portraits of notable men and women Longfellow, Evangeline, Mrs. Langtry, etc.

Picture framing done at short notice. different styles of moulding to select from.

All kinds of Picture fixtures.

A call respectfully solicited,

Bridgetown, Dec. 19, '83. 6t

AGENTS wanted for the Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free, Hallett Book Co., Portland Maine.

F. C. HARRIS,

Licensed Auctioneer,

Commission Merchant and Real Estate Agent.

Special rates for sales of Real Estate and Farm Stock.

Bridgetown, March 26th, 1884. n90

THE EXCELSIOR

Carpet Fastener!

The Greatest Invention of the Age for Putting Down Carpets.

THEY SAVE TIME, CARPETS, MONEY, AND PATIENCE!

PRICE, FROM $3.00 TO $4.50 PER GROSS.

A. C. VANBUSKIRK,
Kingston Station.

General Agent for Kings, Annapolis, Digby and Yarmouth Counties.

A good, reliable, live man wanted to canvas Digby County. n3tf

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.

AT PRIMROSE'S

Drug Store

ANNAPOLIS,

Will be found the best assortment of

FANCY GOODS!

PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and all TOILET ARTICLES, EVER OFFERED IN THE COUNTY.

tf36 F. PRIMROSE.

Chas. McCormick,

Licensed Auctioneer & Conveyancer.

DEEDS, Mortgages, Bills of Sale, and all Legal Documents promptly and correctly drawn. Business with the Registry Office attended to. 15 years experience. Correspondence strictly confidential. 493m

JOHN Z. BENT,

UNDERTAKER.

Bridgetown N. S., near Presbyterian Church.

Coffins and Caskets, and Coffin trimmings, in all styles, always on hand. All branches of this department of his business will receive the most careful attention. 361yr

PACKAGE of Comic Pictures and our Big Catalogue for 3c and this slip. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

MAIL CONTRACT!

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 17th October, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, once per week each way, between

Bridgetown and Granville Ferry,

via Chutes Cove, and once per week each way between

BRIDGETOWN & PORT LORNE,

via Chute's Cove, under a proposed contract for four years from the 1st of January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post offices of Bridgetown, Port Lorne and Granville Ferry, or at the office of the subscriber.

CHARLES J. MACDONALD.
Post Office Inspector.

Post office Inspector's office, Halifax, 22nd Aug. 1884. 20t23.

NOTICE!

I hereby forbid anyone trusting any person to anything on my account, as I shall resist payment.

W. R. MATHEWS.

Middleton, Aug 18, '84. 19t25.

SCHR. A. M. HOLT.

The Subscriber having purchased the well known Schr. A. M. HOLT, lately owned by Capt. D. R. Graves, will continue to run her as usual between

Bridgetown and St. John.

Freight handled carefully and carried at reasonable rates.

For further particulars apply to Capt. P. NICHOLSON, Bridgetown, or on board

W. E. COVERT

Bridgetown, Sept. 3rd, '84. 13t34.

ANNAPOLIS, SS.,

In the Supreme Court, 1884.

In Equity.

CAUSE.

ROBERT DAVIDSON and ANNANELLA DAVIDSON, Plaintiffs.

vs.

WILLIAM STEPHENSON, JOSEPH STEPHENSON and JAMES STEPHENSON, Defendants.

Upon hearing read the affidavit of J. Avard Morse, High Sheriff of Annapolis County, the return of said sheriff endorsed on the original writ herein; the affidavit of T. J. Tremaine, sworn the 2nd day of September, 1883, and, on motion, it is ordered, that unless the above named defendants, William Stephenson and Joseph Stephenson, do appear and plead in this cause within thirty days from the date of the first publication of this order in the WEEKLY MONITOR, newspaper, published at Bridgetown, Annapolis County, a default will be marked against them; and it is further ordered that the publication of this order in the "Weekly Monitor," newspaper, at Bridgetown, aforesaid, for thirty days, shall be deemed a sufficient service of the writ herein upon said William Stephenson and Joseph Stephenson.

Dated at Halifax, this 2nd day of September, A. D., 1884.

(Sgd.) By the Court,
S. H. HOLMES,
Prot'y.

JOHN ERVIN, Plaintiffs Atty.

Bridgetown, Sept. 3rd. 5t27

Flour! Flour!

THE subscribers has just received a car load of

Goldie's Best Brands

of FLOUR, likewise

Feed Flour, Oatmeal,

and CORN MEAL, which he will sell at bottom prices, at the house lately occupied by Mr. Thos. Kelly.

D. S. STCLAIR.

Bridgetown, May 21 '84. 3m

FOR SALE.

500 M Cylinder Sawed

SPRUCE STAVES.

Orders by the Car load Solicited.

J. P. Chipman & Co.

Kentville June 19 '84 3mt24.

Poetry.

Praying Women.

Ah, ye who scoff,
And mock, and laugh
At women when they pray,
Have never known
How hearts like stone
May feel the long, long day!

Have never knelt
To God, and felt,
A doubt of his great power;
Have never said,
'Would I were dead,
And baby, too, this hour!'

Have never wept
O'er babe which slept,
Unconscious of the tear—
Like some fair bud
Whose babyhood
A lowering cloud comes near—

Have never heard—
Like some night-bird,
With shrill, discordant tone,—
The house-clock tell
Its last farewell
To night, so drear and lone;

And wished the morn
Had ne'er been born—
That light would still delay
Its coming from
The distant gloom
Which curtained the day.

Have never tried
To gently chide
The weak one when he came—
Telling, perhaps,
While pride enwraps
The cheek as with a flame—

How baby walked,
Or baby talked,
And lisped its father's name!
(O woman thrice
Such sacrifice
Were worth a martyr's fame!)

Have never seen
The cheek grow thin,
The hair once bright as gold,
Pale and grow white,
As night by night
The shadowed heart grows old!

(Ah, yes, the heart
With youth can part
Before life's youth is done;
As tender flowers
Live fewer hours
When parted from the sun.)

Have ne're felt shame
That some loved name
Should neath the shadow lie—
No, praying low,
Felt falling slow,
The tears of agony!

Then do not scoff.
And mock, and laugh
At woman's prayers again,
For maybe you
Would make them, too,
If you had felt their pain!

Select Literature.

The Plague of His Life.

'That girl has done nothing but provoke and annoy me ever since she came from school three months ago. I wish, Carry, you would send her away somewhere out of my sight. She is the plague of my life.'

Miss Carry looked pleasantly up from her reading, her plump finger markihg the paragraph that had been interrupted by her brother's impatient speech.

'Why, Fred, what has the child done now?' she inquired.

His, fine, pale, grave face flushed a little, and a half confused expression came into his gray eyes.

'This is the young vandal's latest achievement in the impertinent line?' he said with a short laugh of chagrin, as he pushed towards her a big volume of some abstruce work and turned the fly-leaf.

Thereon had been sketched an inimitable portrait of himself, sitting in his familiar and scholerly attitude in his leathern chair before his library table—an elegant study gown hanging ungracefully from his large shoulders—and the hand that supported a Websterian head clutched an untidy shock of hair. It was too consummate a resemblance to be gratifying, and altogether too exact for caricature; the dexterous pencil had not in the least exaggerated the peculiarities of Frederick Ives, for he had his own little eccentricities and manneriams just as we all have if we choose to admit the fact.

'It is an amazing likeness of yourself Fred,' was his sister's laughing comment.

'Possibly,' he returned in that half mortified, half angry manner; 'and I dare say it may be good for a man to see himself as others see him. But this sort of embellishment is not precisely desirable in a valuable book of science. Jessie Evelyn is becoming too mischievous, Carrie; and I fear if you cannot provide a home elsewhere for her, I shall feel compelled to leave you.'

'O, Fred!' the gentle lady cried in dismay. 'Surely you cannot mean this? Jessie must really stay with me while she is a minor and remains unmarried. If you would be less captious toward her perhaps she would be more amiable towards you. You treat her as though she were a little vixen, and she resents it as vixenly as possible: but that is a woman's way, I suppose she added humorously.

'I know nothing about women and their ways,' he answered grimly.

'But you will try to win Jessie's liking Fred,' she returned coaxingly.

'I win her liking,' he repeated in a strange, harsh voice. 'You suggest what is impossible, Carrie—it is only too obvious that your protege detests me.'

Just then a dark, swift something rushpast the window outside. It was only a handsome, smiling girl riding a superb black horse up the gravelled path toward the stables; but at the sight Carrie uttered a quick cry of surprise and amusement, and the man started to his feet, his features ashy and limbs unsteady.

I forbade her going near that horse,' he exclaimed after a long, incredulous stare at the composed rider and the admirably behaved animal. 'I wonder she is not killed.'

'She has subjugated your horse, Fred, just as she manages to subjugate everything else that opposes her,' the lady said admiringly. 'Observe her and allow her cleverness. She has metamorphosed my old black mantle into a really pretty habit; with characteristic ingenuity she has arranged your man's saddle to suit a lady's seat, and she has utilized your best silk hat, Fred—it becomes her too with that bit of deep green gauze about the tall crown.'

'I detest anything mannish in a woman' Fred declared crossly, resuming his leathern chair.

Certainly the gentleman had experienced very little peace since that perverse girl of seventeen, that incarnation of audacity and witchery, had invaded the tranquill country home of his indulgent spinster sister. If he wished a little season of particular quietude, the tinkle of the piano and a distractingly-sweet voice would sound through the house. If he consulted his labored notes upon some especially favored historical or poetical work, his equanimity would be disturbed by keen and pertinent interpolations that his own wit had never suggested. If he attempted any remonstrance, she would blunt his censur with a pun and defy rebuke by an ingenuous repartee. She would affect scientific themes that she might disconcert him by some problem to difficult for his elucidation; she dared his opinions and challenged his sentiments; she wore the colors, the flowers and the gems she knew he most disliked;—and she was indeed the plague of his life.

'Why do you always wear that topaz, Miss Evelyn?' he asked her later that day.

He had glanced up with a ready frown at the exquisit shape and charming brunette face, perceiving only the yellow gem he whimsically abominated, glittering in her coal black hair and amid the white laces on her bosom.

'As an amulet,' she answered quickly, merrily, and meaningly. 'It is a preservative against poison, you know.'

The speech was not quite civil; the laughing glance of the big black eyes was saucy and significant; but her manner was the perfection of most innocent playfulness.

Fred's frowning face crimsoned.

'What monster of iniquity would wish to harm so gentle and gracious a lady? he retorted with ungallant irony.

She regarded him for a moment with a curious intent and questioning look before which his countenance suddenly changed; suddenly he seemed defensive rather than agressive—as one who feared his own weakness rather than the strength of the enemy.

Perhaps she discerned something in his uneasiness that she wilfully declined to understand; perhaps she comprehended a pain that thrilled her more than she cared to acknowledge—for she, too changed.

'Mr. Ives,' she began at length, with a singular new sweetness in her voice, 'any sarcasm is absurd between you and me. The candid truth is so much better always even if it be disagreeable. I am perfectly aware that you detest me; that everything I do displeases and annoys you. You have given me abundant proof of your dislike and never yet vouchsafed me a kindness nor a courtesy. It is you who are ungentle—you who are ungracious. Why you are so I may not inquire; but I shall implore our dear Carry to send me away, and trust that you may never again be afflicted with the presence of so luckless a person as myself.

And while he marvelled if this new amiability, this charming combination of humility and dignity, were sincerity or a snare, she had gone, leaving him somewhat bewildered and wholly uncomfortable.

'I have a mind to try the subjugated black horse myself,' he thought presently, as he noted the gleam of a white dress and an amber scarf among the trees up the long shady road.

But the black horse had not been subjugated for Fred's pleasure evidently. The mettle that had been obedient to the command of one dainty, darling girl, had not been turned for his control.

Jessie, pausing by the pleasant wayside, was suddenly startled by the unsteady tramp of hoofs, and looked up to behold the unmanageable animal galloping towards her. The next instant he tossed his vicious head aloft and reared on his haunches; simultaneously, the saddle girt snapped asunder and the unfortunate rider was precipitated upon the level sward almost at her very feet.

'Oh Fred, are you hurt?' she inquired in tenderest concern, as she knelt down beside him and slipped her pretty arm beneath his head.

'Yes,' he answered, gazing straight up into her anxious eyes. 'I am hurt to death for love of the girl who hates me, who fancies that I have disliked her.

It was an odd love-making, doubtless, but there and then, holding fast the little wilful hand, the lover rehearsed the ancient and delectable story.

'Of course, I will marry you Fred,' she answered him sweetly. 'I always knew I was doomed to be the plague of your life.'

Memorials of a departed Minister.

My dear Morse,—Although not very able, I yet attempt a scrawl with scarcely anything definite before me, so that Burns' lines furnish me with a quite appropriate motto:

'How the subject theme may gang
Let time and sense determine.
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.'

I did not reach home until the day after leaving your friendly dwelling. I was glad to go to bed at Mr. Denton's. Next day I reached home comfortably, and was improving in health until Saturday evening, when cough increased to that degree that I almost despaired of life till morning; and when the sweet Sabbath light looked upon me, it saw me prostrate and languid, temples throbbing, my breathing short, my poor head as though it contained a miniature 'Etna,' and, O, if possible, worst of all, denied the sweet privilege of God's house. I could really adopt as my language the 84th Psalm. O let us, my brother, prize *our healthy* Sabbaths and make good use of them. I am still quite unwell—weak, and exceedingly sore from coughing—though much better than I was. The pins of myframe are falling out. Soon, yes very soon will my pilgrimage end; and I can say, as far as I myself am concerned, the sooner the better.—'To depart and be with Christ...is far better.' If heaven be no better place than I felt it to be in a dream a few nights since, it so far beggars all the best delights of this world that I am acquainted with, as to cast all its boasted glories forever into oblivion's shade. Shall I tell it to you? I can only *attempt* I *must necessarily fail* It, as nearly as I am able to describe it, was *something like* this. I stood on the quarter-deck of a 'man-of-war.' She was the 'flag ship,' or Admiral's. On the opposite side of the quarter-deck stood A. M Gidney, the only person I recognized amidst untold numbers. Between us stood the Admiral I intuitively knew to be Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour and I felt towards him much, very much love modified by a sweet and solemn reverence. The sheet of water on which we lay was bounded on either side by land which, on our left, appeared to almost touch our ship's side, and thence struck away in the distance, until lost against the blue sky. The water was as pellucid as the mountain rill, and smooth as the surface of a summer lake. The greater part of the ship was covered with bright smoke and all the fleet which I seemed to know was numerous (though I saw them not) were covered in like manner. We were about to engage an enemy, and must get 'under weigh' for this purpose. Directly we were in motion, but neither sails, oars, nor steam were seen. Orders were given but no sounds such as I had been accustomed to hear were enunciated. The most animated addresses were constantly delivered by the CHIEF, accompanied by action the most graceful and expressive I ever witnessed. Assurances of victory were frequently made; and I felt for myself and for all concerned that all was true. 'No noise nor battle sound was heard,' yet work we felt was being done. The ship's velocity increased and excitement increased correspondingly. At this I raised my eyes, when lo! I beheld a great multitude of *faces* only approaching in the distant heavens, and myself caught up amongst them, and from this height of indescribable glory looked down upon the scene which I had just left. The fleet were rising, and the happy ones among whom I now stood were descending. Shouts of victory, and alleluias of praise rolled forth from the now Ariel Ship's deck, and in ten thousand voices responses were poured forth in the perfection of sympathy from the 'shining ones' as they sailed down the sea clouds to meet the conquering hero as he came bearing the spoils of the victory he had won. Though conscious of a failure, I must, however, attempt a description of this glorious army of 'shining ones'—Figure to yourself a countless number of busts made of gold, and polished until they outshine the sun,—their faces bearing every mark of the most perfect beauty, while from every face rays of glory resembling more closely than any other thing I can call to mind—those brilliant fireworks' exhibited on great public occassions. Then that sweet, ineffable expression of *pure goodness, unmixed happiness* and a poor *paper* idea is all that can be obtained or conceived of.

Of my own feelings I can only say they were such as made me, after I awoke, to weep that I was still alive. I thought for a little while the earth never at any former period of my life appeared so worthless—a heap of dirty ashes. This is a meagre relation of my dream, which he that hath may tell as such. If it were not too laborious a task, I could improve this by rewriting it. The outline, however, is, I believe, truthfully told. Such is the impression which it has left on my mind, that I feel strongly persuaded that I shall soon go home, or be blessed in seeing what above all earthly good I most desire—a revival of religion. A large congregation was disappointed at the Joggins yesterday morning—perhaps not more so than their poor suffering unworthy minister.

I have my dear brother, been much of my time, since I left Sandy Cove, with you in spirit, making mention of you in every prayer of mine.' Indeed, my dear Morse, I flatter not when I say 'you are in my heart to live and die.' May a triune God hold you in the hollow of his hand, and make you mighty in word and doctrine.

Yours in Christ,
R. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Rose Cottage, Digby,
Nov. 10, 1851.

The Dazed Miner.

It is difficult for one who has been cradled in wealth to conceive of the mental and moral shock given to a poor man by the sudden acquisition of riches. The almost instantaneous transition from the struggle to keep the wolf from the door to a life which is free from both labor and care, dazes him. He becomes as eccentric in his actions as one who dreams it in his thoughts.

A correspondent of an English paper writing from Australia, illustrates this fact by the following story:

A friend of mine came to Sidney a month ago who had struck a fortune in the mines, and from being a poor miserable tramp with just enough money to keep him from starving, he had become the owner of thousands of pounds in ready gold.

He rushed into the first store he happened to see, which was a drugstore.

'Just let me have a hundred dollars worth of those bottles there, will you?' he shouted to the proprietor.

'Certainly,' replied the polite druggist. What kind of drugs do you want?

'Drugs I don't want your drugs! Just send a couple shelves full of those bottles up to the Hotel—to me, Tom Randall. Here's your pay,' and he threw a handful of gold on the counter and rushed out, and into the next store, which was hardware.

'Is that a good stove?' said he, kicking the nearest one.

'Yes, sir,' said the hardware man coming forward, smiling, 'that stove will,'—

'Never mind what it will do. Just send it up to the Hotel——to Tom Randal, will you? How much is it. Never mind the change! and he had paid for it, and was gone, before the store-keeper had recovered from his wonder.

He then went to a dozen different stores, ordering countless things which happened to strike his fancy, or please his whim, and at last, returned to his hotel.

I found him there two hours later sitting on the edge of a trunk surrounded by his different purchases, which with the promptness of the Sydney tradesmen had been sent according to his order.

My friend sat with his face in his hands did not stir. Finally, the tears began to trickle through his fingers, and at last he looked up at me with a comical smile.

'Bob,' said he, 'its the first time I ever had any money in my life. Just think! Here I am a rich man! Why I had to do something *to prove it to myself.* I should have gone crazy if I hadn't. Then after a pause, he added, 'And I've proved it pretty well, I guess.' With a pensive air he glanced over the room, and for the first time seemed to take in its contents.

Then he burst into a laugh in which I joined. From laughing he passed into crying, then quieted down, and asked me to help him dispose of his numerous purchases.

Most of them were sent to his old comrades in the mines, and a week after, he sailed for America. But I believe those absurd purchases were indirect means of preserving his reason at the critical period of his life.

Young Men Don't Do It.

Elias Hunter, of West Medway, writes to the Amherst Gazette: I should like to give a word of advice, to the young men who contemplate leaving Nova Scotia for the United States, to work. Now, I can say with a good idea of the business condition of the country, that it is a very foolish thing for any to do. I believe in Nova Scotia there are more and better chances to make a living than here, where there are four men who want work to every one man who is needed. There are those who it would seem left their homes with the idea that when they got here every man they meet will be anxious to hire them at any price, while the fact is that wages are as low as they are in Nova Scotia. It is hard to find work at any price and if they cannot find work to do they are in a bad fix, for the cost of living is very much higher. I left Nova Scotia twelve years ago and I can say and those who know me will not doubt it, that if I had stayed at home and worked as hard and steady as I have worked here I would have dollars where I now have cents. I will give the wages in Mass., which are as high as any; fourteen dollars a month and board for farm hands, in winter months ten dollars. Factories one dollar per day without board, carpenters one dollar and fifty cents without board and other classes of help in proportion, board is four dollars per week. There may be some who get better pay than the above prices, but there are many who get less. I write this because there are young men coming here every day, who if they had known these facts would have stayed at home and been very much better off.

France and China.

The moral sympathy of impartial outside observers must be very generally with China in the present crisis. The operations of France in Tonquin, out of which the existing complications grew, were unprovoked and were prompted by a spirit of aggrandisement. The treaty made with China, after the fighting in Tonquin was over, was wrung from her by undisguised bullying. The episode of the firing of Chinese irregulars upon French troops at Langson was a very inadequate pretext for the demand of an enormous indemnity and the seizure of Chinese territory. France has been the aggressor from the beginning her demands have been unreasonable, and she has refused the request of China for arbitration. This was precisely the sort of quarrel in which arbitration might have been resorted to, without any loss of dignity, and with a reasonable assurance that justice would be done. To decline arbitration is, in such a case, nearly to an equivalent to an acknowledgment that one's cause is not just. There is no mistaking the temper of the French press and people. The old thirst for glory, for expansion, for power, seems to control them once more. But if warlike operations should be long continued it will become a question of great moment how far nations like England and Germany will permit the lives and property of their subjects to be endangered, and their valuable commerce interrupted, to gratify the ambition and caprices of France.—*Boston Journal.*

KINGS.—The most powerful king on earth is wor-king; laziest king, lur-king the meanest king, skin-king; and the most distinguished, emin-king; and the most popular, emo-king; and the most disputable, jo-king; and the leanest one, thin-king; and the thirstiest one, drin-king; and the slyest, win-king; and the most garrulous one, tal-king. And there is the bac-king, whose trade's a perfect mine; the dark-skinned monarch blac-king, who cuts the greatest shine; not to speak of ran-king, whose title's out of the question; or famous ruler, ban-king of good finance digestion.

—Jim Cooper has a fine pointer, but Bob McArther has none.

'Let us go out hunting tomorrow,' said Bob to Jim.

'But you haven't got any dog?'

'Of course I haven't. If I had a dog I wouldn't want you to go along with me.'

'Don't you think, said a husband in a mild form of rebuke to his wife, 'that women are possessed of the devil?'

'Yes,' was the answer, 'as soon as they are married.'

—A little boy six years old, and a little girl eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed: 'Oh, Minnie, I see a dog in the sky.' Well, Willie, replied the sister, it must be a sky-terrier.