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 17, 1884. NO. 23.

Weekly Monitor Advertising Rates.

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

ONE SQUARE, (two inches)..First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN...First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $10.00; two months, $14.00; three months, $15.00; six months, 22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN..First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, 3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $20.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

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.

PATENTS

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.

Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper. $3.20 a year. Weekly. Splendid engravings and interesting information. Specimen copy of the Scientific American sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Office, 37 Broadway, New York.

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

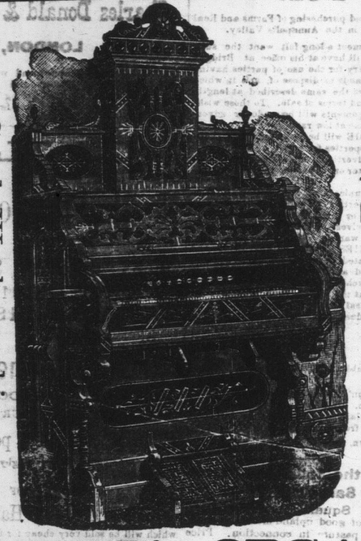
DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (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 Lame 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, $18; 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

A FINE LOT OF
TWEEDS
—AND—
WORSTEDS
have just arrived at the
"BLUE" STORE,
where persons wanting can examine them.
JOHN. H. FISHER, Prop.
Bridgetown March 6, '84.

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

THE EXCELSIOR
Carpet Fasteners!
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 confidental. 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. 35lyr

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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 20i23.

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. 19i25.

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 to
W. E. COVERT
Bridgetown, Sept. 3rd, '84. 13i34.

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.
Proth'y.

JOHN ERVIN, Plaintiffs Atty.
Bridgetown, Sept. 3rd. 5it27

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 3mt21.

Poetry.

Giving and Living.

Forever the sun is pouring its gold
On a hundred worlds that bog and bor-
row,
He wastes no pennies on summit cold,
He wealth on bones of want and sor-
row.
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night.

To give
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses,
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the light it freely loses,
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
No choice of another, to wither or bloom.

To deny
Is to die.

The seas land ally ry rays to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the
ocean,
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning
motion,
And over and over we yield our breath,
Till the mirror is dry and images death.

To live
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the length of his lifelong ride
Who gives his unfortunate place to another
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies.

To deny
Is to die.

Select Literature.

How I Kept House.

Well, we were married at last. What a distressing time it was to be sure, and what a martyr poor mother became in those weeks of preparation. We were not rich but well-to-do as people said. At father's death there was the life insurance and a snug little cottage with its ten acres of fruit and garden. Mother, bless her dear heart, could manage, but there was a family of three girls and two boys.

John and Charlie had just begun to make their own way in a distant city. How we girls did cry when they left us, for they had always boarded at home, and they were good brothers.

The wedding was for me, quite an event, you see, in the family, and Clare and Helen said I should have a good send-off. I was the youngest, just eighteen, but the first to have a home of my own. They had lorded it over me, but still I was the pet of the family, and we had a happy home. If we did not appreciate mother, who does until real life comes, and she, perhaps under the grasses.

We made our own cake or rather mother did, It was always mother, Jane, the maid of all works said: 'It took an awful lot of cooking to marry a man and we must eat powerful.'

A caterer from the boys' city attonded to the rest. The hundred dollars it cost was mother's present. The house was fragrant with flowers. Clara was an artist in decoration, and it looked perfectly lovely. I had five hundred dollars rather had left me for the occasion. Dear father how he would have enjoyed this happy day.

The trousseau was all that could be desired, and Mark hadfurnished a little cottage in the inland city where we were to live. Mother had been too kind to me. I was a good scholar, and graduated with honors, quite a musician, and was a deft hand at fancy work. But housework, bless me! I was innocent of knowledge in that regard as a new born babe. I had tried to tell Mark of my ignorance, but he stopped me with kisses as if love would make the pot boil.

The wedding breakfast was well prepared; my trunks were packed, with tears, I confess. Jane, poor soul, had bought me a dozen linen cloths, for wiping my china 'They'd be real handy,' she said. How little I realized that dishes must be washed in that vine-covered cottage! But I thanked her, and many a time since.

Mark had come the night before; now Helen came in with her stiff silk and her queenly bearing, and said the guests were arriving, and the hour was nearly at hand. Then Mark knocked and looked a little startled when he saw me in my silk and filmy vail. 'Why Rosa,' he said, are you going to fly? I am afraid I am going to lose you.'

The voice of John came up the stairway, and Mark and I went down amid the perfume and low whispers. Dr. Dale waited there for us with his benignant face and white hair. I only recall this of that shadowy service: 'Remember, my dear child, whatever awaits you in the new life that duty must be before pleasure, and heroism the fibre of life.' 'Until death do you two part.' Ah, how that means now, for all this was ten years ago. Then came the congratulations, the hurried breakfast and we were steaming away toward home. We were to live together. How queer it seemed. Mrs Mark Patterson, wife of Mark Patterson.

We reached home at last, and Mark's sister was there to receive us. She was twice my age and regarded Mark as a little above any one else. We went all over the little house, out into the garden, and sang, and dreamt, and talked like two kittens innocent of life. The dusk found us in the arbor, the moonlight sifting through the grapevine fragrant with blossoms. We were in an enchanted land; life was love.

What feared we of trouble? it had not touched us.

The next day Mark went to his office saying as he kissed me good-by, 'let Martha see to the ordering of the dinner: just rest,' as if I was tired. But I resolved to surprise him—I would prepare the desert. Had I not seen mother make such delicate puddings with a delicate crust the color of amber? Had I not made myself a chocolate blanc mange? To be sure mother stood by and told me every thing to put in; but it was nothing to do.

So I went to my piano, my very own, which had been sent from the old home. That brought up the familiar room, and I cried a little to think of the new life before me. Then I began to play. I was passionately fond of music, and my homesickness was forgotten. I had been playing some time when I thought of dinner. There was only an hour. Martha had been out in the morning. She, with Chloe, the colored cook, was about the dinner. My proposition to prepare the desert seemed to strike oddly, dat I went bravely to work. I thought I would make fruit pudding. We often had them at home and I knew Mark enjoyed them. I got the flour, the butter, and made the dough with milk and water, and then rolled it into little cakes and pearled the peaches. I told Chloe they were to be boiled three-quarters of an hour. They didn't look just right, but I thought boiling would remedy every other defect. The dinner passed off pleasantly. Mark had had a busy day. But when the dessert was rung in Chloe turned up her nose and snuffed ominously. Good Heavens! They were as heavy as lead. To eat would be to invite dyspepsia. Mark said nothing, but he smiled, and finally began to roar until the tears ran down his face. At first I felt hurt, but the mirth was contagious, and I laughed until faint. I had forgotten the two spoonfuls of baking powder, and Mark was sacrilegious enough to say they would not rise until the day of judgment.

Martha stayed with us a month. I thought she was meddlesome, but now I know her love for Mark, and a real desire to help me prompted her to make suggestions. She was a perfect housekeeper, and must have regarded me as a mere child Chloe was a real treasure. She had been in Mark's family for years. She was somewhat domineering, as favorite servants are accustomed to be, but while she stayed our household feats were carefully attended to. But her sister was taken dangerously ill and she was obliged to go. Mark refused at first, but I prevailed on him to let her go. It will be but a little while, I said, and I will take Chloe's place.

And so I went down into that awful kitchen the following morning. It makes me homesick when I think of those days, yet what is one worth, until tested? The range wouldn't work, and then it burned everything up. The sugar and butter were out. I was unaccustomed to it; all day my back ached, and when Mark came home, I sat on the floor in the kitchen in tears. He tried to cheer me up, but what does a man know of woman's work? I was utterly discouraged. We dined on dry toast and poached eggs, which Mark managed, and then we had a long evening talk and song. The breakfast past with a reasonable degree of success, and I resolved that I would make a brave fight.

We both liked soup; we had vegetables. Chloe had left pies. I saw my way through. I smile now as I think what toil I made of a simple matter, but perchance some young housewife may be encouraged as she reads how I took lessons in 'keeping house.' That soup was an epoch in my married life, for it was my second defeat. I had heard that a little clove for seasoning would be desirable, but I mistook my measure, and when I sat it on before the hungry Mark it was as black as his hat.

'Great Cæsar, Rosa, what have you here? Are you going to poison me outright? And when I told him he endeavored to turn it off in a joke by saying: 'It was suitable for him of the cloven foot,' I cried outright. I was nervous and hardly a woman, and the heavens and earth grew darker than the soup. Mark dined off of Chloe's pies, remarking that he was 'pigoned,' after all. The very mention of soup to this day makes me feel as though I should faint.

Chloe was away for six months. That sister of hers would not get well and would not die, I sometimes thought in desperation. I was too proud to send for Martha. Helen and Clare were both of them visiting. I fought it out alone, but I mentally resolved if ever I had a daughter she might be ignorant of some of the languages and music, but I would teach her to work. She should become familiar with the conduct of a home. Many a dinner was ruined. Mark, like his namesake of old, became an apostle of patience. The only wonder is that he did not acquire a settled dyspepsia. I was discouraged, and wept, and then went at it again. I thought I should never be able to prepare a well appointed meal, but just as I was on the point of utter defeat, mother, dear soul, visited, and then I was safe. When she heard my story she gave me hints, but she said I had best keep on. She only mourned that she had neglected this part of my education. 'But child, I never thought of you marrying so young. Your sisters are still single; you were but a school girl when Mark must take you away.' But with her counsel and suggestions and her dear smile I defied the world. Mother said before she left I was certainly becoming an accomplished cook, and when Chloe came back I was mistress of my own home in fact as well as in name.

The next six months of our married life were plain sailing. The cottage became the dearest spot on earth. I had not forgotten Dr. Dale's word, 'Remember, my dear child, whatever awaits you in the new life, that duty must be before pleasure and heroism is the fibre of every life.' I had conquered the cuisine. I could superintend the preparation of a dinner that no one need be ashamed of. My little rooms grew cosy and inviting as I adorned them with the work of my fingers. I began to think that life was a summer day of song.

The second year marked the advent of our baby. Not until one passes under the spell of motherhood can the full reaches of life be fathomed. How we loved him and what a beautiful mystery he was. We both declared he was a remarkable child. We feared he was too smart to live. How that second year was glorified by the cares and anxieties attending our first babe. We did not grudge the broken rest. But he safely passed the colic, croup and all other ills, until the sharp little ivories shone in the blushing gums.

I had been so engrossed with my baby that I had not noticed that Mark was growing thinner every week, until one night he came home sick and he did not leave his bed for four months. That terrible fever ate into his life until he was but the shadow of my husband. For two weeks I stood with him in the very shadow of death, battling with the Angel of Destruction, as only a woman can battle for her dearest. I learned to live almost without rest, and grew almost as pale as the tossing patient on the couch. Only a strong constitution saved me from death. Many and many a night I spent on my knees crying out unto Him who holds the key of life to spare my husband. As the spring came on he began to mend, and in June he was out again, 'as good as new,' he said except the gray hair had crept into his head.

I know what dear mother had experienced in the last sickness of father. She had spoken of it, and a shadow always fell on her face and a hush came into her voice. I did not understand her then; I know now.

My baby's second summer was a trying one. Ah, that second summer! how we dread them for our children. He had missed my care during the sickness of my husband, and he grew white and pallid in the hot days. We watched him anxiously. We would not give him up. Weak and weary as I was, I still kept about the house. The day came at last when we knew it was only a question of time. The golden leaves of October fell on a little grave, and we were childless. I had learned what Dr. Dale meant by 'duty' and 'heroism.'

Martha came and kept house for Mark, and I went home. I did not take to my bed, but I was lifeless and heartsick. My strength had departed. Everybody was very kind, Clara and Helen gave up their whole time to me, and mother told me all about father's dying as she never had before. I could not believe that only three years had passed since I left my home a blushing bride. What new hues life had taken on! but youth dies hard: I was in my twenty-second year, and I began to mend.

I had much to live for. I was not the only one grieved. I still had my husband; my home was yet dear to me. And so I went back, a little paler, but strong and hopeful, ready to meet the future of my life.

And then we really began to keep house in the most blessed sense, for this rambling sketch is only a prologue to the real story. I had been through the flood on foot, and my child had drifted from my arms, but I learned precious lessons. It had come to me in these years that the roots of home may reach down into the darkness, and that they are nurtured for the fairest blooming, not by health and prosperity always, but by pain and trial.

We have had our dark days since then. What home is free from them? But other children have come to patter about the house. Poverty has stared us in the face, but wealth came at last, when we were able to bear it, and restful days. I look with thanksgiving to those painful months, when I was learning 'that duty must be done before pleasure and heroism is the fibre of every life.'

Cranberries and Small Fruits.

[Staff correspondence Halifax Herald.]

Melvern Square Sept. 4.—The wide awake people of Nova Scotia are just beginning to wake up to the wealth there is in growing cranberries and small fruits. It has taken many years to gain the experience now possessed, and it has been obtained at heavy cost of time and money. But it is all the more valuable for that. Our people are just beginning to learn that money is to be made here in other lines of business than fishing, lumberings and mining; and with a great deal less work and investment of capital. Thousands of pieces of bogs along the lakes and shores of Nova Scotia, now absolutely worthless, may, with perseverance and patience, be turned into

Our greatest produces of wealth. Already these gold mines are being developed in Shelburne and Yarmouth counties. But the progressive people of those counties are not going to be allowed to monopolize this wealth-producing business. Some years ago William McNeal, of this place, purchased the present farm he now occupies. On it was a piece of bog from one to acres in extent. It is, of course, absolutely worthless. McNeal amused himself by planting a few cranberry plants. But he knew nothing about the business, and his efforts didn't amount to anything. Years passed by without any practical results. The fact is that McNeal's ideas of cranberry culture were of the crudest kind. He had never been out of the province, none of his neighbors knew anything about cranberry-growing, and McNeal was unable, or did not, obtain much information on the subject from current literature. But he had real faith in the ultimate success of the work and was convinced that there was a small fortune in his then useless bog,—if he only knew how to get it. The bog is surrounded by upland. Finally he fenced in about five acres and devoted it to cranberry culture. The land has to be given up entirely to the berries. They only increase and multiply after being in complete and undisputed possession of the land. A few years ago McNeil succeeded in raising one barrel of berries. People laughed at him. They said he was very foolish to waste his time and money in that bog. It would never amount to any thing. But he persevered and bided his time. The next year he produced two barrels of berries ripening on the bog These at $10 dollars a barrel the lowest market price, will yield him $1,000 this year. And the plants have only just begun to take 'possession' of the bog! It is Mr. McNeil who now enjoys the laugh; and his neighbors are beginning to realize who the fools were. The berries are unusually large, and command the highest price in the market. And the market is practically unlimited. McNeil's experience is that cranberry bogs properly looked after, and intelligently laid out, when fuly developed, will yield at least $800 per acre. And almost every piece of bog in the province, now utterly, useless, can be turned into gold producing cranberry fields. Yes and a great deal that is not bogs—along the borders of lakes and brooks, in any moist cold land, especially o a sandy nature. Tens of thousands of now worthless acres in Nova Scotia could be cultivated, and hundreds of thousands of dollars could thus be added to the wealth of our people annually. But the people won't believe it. They won't go into the business as a business. Even when they see what McNeil is doing, and and what is being done in Shelburne and Yarmouth, they will still hold back. They have very little faith and are not willing to wait for the harvest after sowing the seed. But nature takes her own time to make the returns of capital invested with her. Meanwhile, the progressive men of faith and works, who have gone into this business, will rapidly become wealthy men as compared with their neighbors who devote themselves to other branches of husbandry. William McNeil is one of the, if not the, pioneer fruit growers of the Annapolis valley. Descended from one of the first settlers in this part of the valley, he commenced life on his own hook in a very small way and without a dollar. But by years of hard work and an upright honorable life, he is now in a fair way to become one of the most independant men in the valley. And every dollar has been and will be earned by the sweat of his brow.

He refused to let his children go to 'the states' to become hewers of wood and drawers of water for Americans, but insisted on their staying home and helping to develop the farm that would one day be theirs, and enjoy in their native land with their parents and friends the sweet fruits of their labor. To-day this man is one of the largest and most prosperous small fruit growers in Nova Scotia. Mr. McNeil showed me over his garden and thus outlined his story: In 1866 I purchased this farm, of about 75 acres. It was a pasture farm. After building the house I devoted as much of my attention to the small fruit industry as I could, and at once commenced laying out apple and other fruit trees It takes many years of patient toil to lay out a garden, and it is a long time before any tangible returns are received. But I am beginning to see the fruit of my labor to-day. This has been a poor season, because of the extraordinary wet weather. Last year it was the reverse—a drought. But the two previous years were average years. My garden covers an area of say six acres. It is planted with about one thousand trees, apple, pear and plum. About three fourths are apples. Of course you will remember that they are nearly all young trees, and but few of them are in bearing. This business takes time. The whole garden is planted with trees and vegetables. The apple trees are planted in rows, 30 feet apart, and sixteen feet from each other in the row. Now it takes twenty years to bring an orchard into full bearing. I could not afford to wait that long for a return, and so I planted the rows between the apple trees, pear trees, current and gooseberry bushes and strawberry plants. These small fruit bushes yield the second year and produce a satisfactory crop the third year. They grow and flourish under the shade of the apple trees. So that practically every foot of land in the row is utilized and made to produce abundantly. No, the trees are not too close together.

Nature thoroughly understands her business. Go into the woods and see how close the trees grow there. You will find all varieties growing in the same soil. The elements in the soil not required by the ash, are taken by the maple or some other variety. What element in the soil is not taken by the pear and the plum, the gooseberry or the current. So you see that instead of waiting five or ten or 20 years for the orchard to produce a full crop, it is virtually made to do so from the beginning and then when the apple trees mature, it is a very easy matter to remove the small bushes—they having already done their work. Then the 30 feet of land between each row of trees, is planted with strawberries, currants, or potatoes and other vegetable—anything we wish to grow according to the age of the trees. So that now, in the beginning, just as the garden is coming into bearing, the six acres produces, or would produce were this an average year—and which, it must be remembered, increases every year as it matures: 50 barrels apples, 5,000 quarts strawberries, 250 quarts currants and gooseberries. These bushes are only three years old. I have planted three thousand currant and gooseberry bushes altogether. These commenced to bear in three years and increase in productiveness every year for many years until they yield from ten to twenty quarts per bush. I know of several instances of bushes yielding twenty quarts this year. Look ahead ten years and imagine what my crop of currants and gooseberries will be from 3,000 bushes! An acre of either currants or gooseberries ought to yield 30,000 quarts, which at ten cents a quart, a low price, is $3000. Not a bad investment! I have also set out an acre in raspberries. Four rows of fifteen rods in length yielding 200 boxes this season, for which I was paid $20 on the field. The whole of the rest of the six acres is planted with vegetables, corn, etc, etc. The first cost of the plants and trees in that six acre patch was at least $1,000. If that $1,000 were invested in a mortgage it would pay six per cent., but invested in fruit trees, it will pay one hundred per cent. Five years from now, providing that I get an average crop, the net cash value of the productions of those six acres will be at least $2,000. The greatest drawbacks I have had to encounter have been prejudice and ignorance. Any one starting to-day can learn as much in one year, as it took me ten years to learn.'

THE COLORADO BEETLE.—The much dreaded insect has again made its appearance in England, a live specimen having been found on the 14th instant on board a vessel laden with deals which arrived from Richibucto, Canada. The Customs officials in Aberdeen have just received information to this effect from the head office in London and the officers are instructed todo all in their power to prevent the introduction of the beetle into the country.

—France has now a divorce law, and, immediately upon its coming into operation there was a rush of men and women to take advantage of it. In a day or two 3000 cases were inscribed for trial! No doubt the rush will continue for some time. What an unveiling of social immorality and wretchedness!

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 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 satisfaction to our patrons.

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