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 3, 1884. NO. 21.

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.

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, 459.

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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, 261 Broadway, New York.

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
Genera 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 '84.13t23.

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.

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 teasp'nful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

NEW MODEL TOP SNAP "CHAMPION"

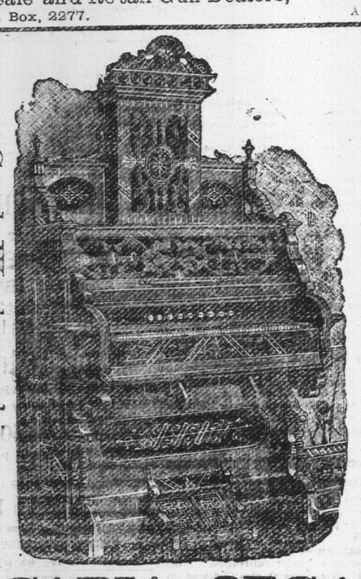
SINGLE BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN. Patented July 27th, 1880. THE BEST GUN IN THE MARKET

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, $15; Twist Barrel, 12 bore, $18; do., 10 bore, $19.

SEND ADDRESS FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE TO

JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS,
Wholsale and Retail Gun Dealers, - - BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.
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.

Great Inducement
—IN—
CUSTOM CLOTHING,

NOW is the time to leave your order at Morrison's, the Tailor. For the next

THIRTY DAYS

I will make suits

From $13.00 up

Latest styles, perfect fits and good work guaranteed.

Having received this week another lot of ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS AND WORSTEDS,

Which gives my customers a complete line of Goods to select from, at prices that defies competition. Call and be convinced at

A. J. MORRISON'S,
MERCHANT TAILOR, MIDDLETON COR.
March 26, '84.

NOTICE!

PICTURES & FANCY GOODS,

—Just opened at—

JOHN Z. BENT'S
NEW STORE.

NEAR THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
a large and varie assotment 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.

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 canvass 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,
Licenced 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

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.

TENDERS

For the Construction of the following

BRIDGES
IN THE
MUNCIPALITY
—OF—
Annapolis Co.

1. DeLong's Bridge over the Port Medway River, New Albany, 3 spans of Queen Post Truss founded upon Cribwork Abutments and Piers.
2. Maitland Bridge, one span of Howe Truss, 93 5 between abutments.
3. Byard Bridge, near Wilmot Railway Station; one span of Lattice Truss 63 5, and two spans of Trestle Work. This is a wooden Bridge, Abutments of Cribwork.

Plans, specifications, forms of tender and all information can be obtained at the office of Mr. Murphy, Provincial Engineer, in Halifax, and at the office of J. M. Owen, Esq., for Maitland and DeLong Bridges, and at the office of Albert Beals, Esq., Middleton for Byard Bridge.

Tenders to be endorsed "Tender" and specifying name of Bridge, and addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to noon on THURSDAY, the 4th day of September next.

Parties may tender upon the plan to be seen at the Provincial Engineer's office, or they may tender upon their own plans according to their practice or to their usual method of construction, but the plans submitted by them will be subject to the approval of the Provincial Engineer.

No Tender will be received unless submitted according to specifications, and on the printed form to be had at the Provincial Engineer's Office.

The Government do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any Tender.

Security for the due performance of the contract will be required.

CHARLES E. CHURCH.
Commissioner of Public Works and Mines.
Works and Mines Office.
August, 15 '84. 19:21.

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 } 20:23.

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.

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

Aug. 8th, 1884. 193m.

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. 19:25.

Poetry.

Summer.

O, Summer! thou Goddess of splendour,
We hail thy rich, redolent prime;
A song to thy praise would we render,
To tell of thy wonders sublime;
Thy sweet, balmy breath floats around us,
Like odors from off spicy hills;
Thy fring'd verdant mantles surround us,
Besprinkled with fairy-like rills.

Thy fair, dainty fingers are glist'ning
With diamonds—the dew-drops of morn,
And each placid streamlet seems list'ning,
As over the surface is borne
Thy ripples of laughter, resounding
Far down o'er the soft, grassy lea;
Where frolicsome lambs are seen bounding,
And hummeth the diligent bee.

Gay Summer! thy pure brow of azure,
Is Flora's own garlanded seat;
She pours in thy lap stores of treasure,
She showers her wealth at thy feet.
The fields glow in cereal glory,
When touched by thy magical wand!
And tell to our glad hearts the story,
Of what thou has wrought in our land.

Yon old-fashioned cot-home of childood,
The ripening grapes cluster 'round,
And down in the deep, tangled wildwood,
The sweetest of berries are found.
The fruit-laden orchards are sighing,
Beneath the rare burdens they bear;
'Round th' eaves twitt'ring swallows are flying;
The butterfly flits through the air.

Sweet Summer! O stay with us ever,
We love all thy bright, winning ways,
Oh! would there were nothing to sever
The joy of thy long sunny days!
The skies smile their sweetest, and o'er thee,
The whispering winds murmur low;
And though earth and heaven adore thee,
How soon, ah! how soon must thou go.

Yes! when every leaflet has perished,
The roses all scattering lie,
Dear Summer so tenderly cherished,
Will then see them droop, fade and die.
But wait we, for Summer eternal,
Beyond in the spirit's blest home,
Where in that high noontide, supernal,
No swift changing seasons can come.

—*Sadie O. Prince.*

Select Literature.

St. John's Wife.

It was in ye olden times, before croquet or lawn parties were in vogue. When the good wife wanted a few friends to meet at her ample board, for a social chat, a quilt there was always one on hand—was stretched on frames, the larder stored with good things, and invitations were sent far and near for the ladies to meet in the afternoon, with the gentlemen and tea in the evening.

Behold, then, a goodly number gathered in the front room of Farmer Goodwin's house, matrons and maids; but the latter were expected to do little work, and they gathered in groups on the piazza or strolled through the yard. Neighbors affairs were talked over, weather add housekeeping fully discussed, and occasionally a choice bit of news of a more interesting character made known. On this particular occasion it consisted in the fact that St. J ohn was going to marry. Some glanced up in surprise, but matter-of-fact Mrs. R. exclaimed. 'How do you know? I've heard that story so often as to lose all faith in the report.'

'Oh, it's a fact this time, for Miss Jay told me herself that Abigial St. John had engaged her to come and sew for her three weeks. She is to have her black silk made over, and has one or two new ones. She expects to go South with an invalid friend; but you all know she would never leave her brother unless there was some one coming to take her place.'

All concurred that it was a good thing. They did not consider Miss Abigal just the party to make her brother happy. True, she was a good housekeeper, but then she was considerable of a scold, and St. John was such a mild, pleasant, kind-hearted man, how had he ever borne with it? Such a contrast, too, to the first Mrs. St. John.

St. John was a general favorite—always had a pleasant greeting for every one. So the elder ladies remarked; and as for the younger ones, certainly his handsome face and agreeable manners were attractive. The lady elect was next in order.

'Folks say,' continued Mrs. S., 'it's the widow Granger's daughter over at Plumville. At any rate St. John has been seen to stop there quite often of late.'

'Well, perhaps she'll make a good wife, and the lady's glance rested for half a minute on her own daughter, who was standing by the window, 'but I've heard she's a proud, high spirited lady.'

So they chattered on, while Miss Abigail in her pleasant sewing-room stitched, all unconscious of their disparaging remarks, her thoughts going out to the new home in the far south, and rejoicing that her days at the farm were over. Miss Abigail dearly loved her brother, and at his request five years before, gave up her own home, came and tended the sick wife, and had since kept house for him. She had had carefully concealed the skeleton—for this house was not exempt from one. St. John was unconscious of it, Miss Abigail knew. In her endeavors to make the best of it, she felt she was losing her own peace of mind and serenity of temper. The had found it, and so had the young wife who now slept quitely in the church-yard. For an instant the sister's heart went out in pity to the young girl who was to take her place. But it was not for her to give her warning; and Rose Granger, in her cosy village home, dreamed bright dreams of a future strewn with flowers. People might harp on the ills of life for her part she did not more than half believe them. It was their own fault, they brought them on themselves; but she, oh, would do so different! And the bright air-castles rose.

Yet she was not without the range of gossips' tongues. They were busy at Plumville too, and Rose Granger, calm, selfpossessed young lady though she was, had not failed to note certain looks and mysterious nods, although apparently oblivious to them, and vainly she wished, as so many others have done, that people would not interest themselves in her affairs. One old lady, presuming on her age and old acquaintance to offer a little advice, remarked to her one day:

'I wish you much happiness, and you have apparently made a good choice. Mr. St. John is intelligent and owns a good property, so you can have ever comfort you can wish. Then, too he's agreeable and kind-hearted. But trouble comes in all lives; all men have their faults,' then, misinterpreting the expression on Rose's face, she continued, 'but I don't wish to frighten you, my dear; I've no doubt you can manage him.'

'Manage him!' exclaimed Rose scornfully. 'I loathe the idea. No woman who has any respect for herself would stoop to such maneuvering.'

'Very fine talk, my dear; but to let you into a matrimonial secret, most wives have to; they would have a sorry lot if they didn't.'

Rose's lip curled, and she designed no reply. The words came to mind the next time she met St. John; but a glimpse of his handsome face and sparkling eyes dispelled all unpleasant thoughts. That face spoke to her of perfect manhood; yet a close observer of human nature would have read in that easy, nonchalant manner and beneath that glance a certain lack of energy. Not that St. John was indolent, quite the reverse. He was always busy and full of plans, but he lacked the perseverance to fulfill them. Some other time would do; meanwhile something else was in hand.

Time glided by, and one summer evening Mrs. St. John arrived at her new home. Miss Abigail remained with them a few weeks; then, early one Monday morning, her brother carried her to the station, and after their departure Mrs. St. John gathered up the clothes preparatory to washing. The cistern pump was broken, and in peering in she discovered that the cistern was empty. She met her husband on his return with 'What am I to do? I've everything ready for washing, and there is not a drop of water in the cistern?'

St. John smiled at her look of distress, and replied, 'And hasn't been for years; the cistern leaks.'

'Why! what did Abigail do?'

'Used well water, I suppose.'

His wife made no reply, but gathering up the clothes, said: 'I will wait till we have rain,' and carried them back to the closet. St. John was a little abashed at her manner and exclaimed, 'I'll have it repaired right away. I meant to have done so before.'

So Rose washed the dishes and cleaned the floor with the well water and the pile of clothes accumulated in the closet, but no rain came.

One day St. John came into the sitting room, where his wife sat reading. 'Where have you put my shirts, wife? There's not one in the drawer.'

Rose laughed. 'You'll find them in the clothes-basket I guess; waiting for the rain.

'But—but I've agreed to go to Brenton on business, and this will hardly do to wear,' and he glanced disconsolately at his soiled linen. 'Couldn't you cleanse some water?' he asked hesitatingly. 'Abigail used to, I believe.'

'I never did such a thing in my life,' replied his wife. 'The lye makes ones hands so sore. Besides, it hurts the clothes; they never look nice and white. I've heard mother say one or two washings in cleansed water ruins clothes. Then, it's such hard work to wash in it; I don't believe I'm strong enough to do it,' and she returned to her book.'

'St John was in dismay. Go he must; and he was fastidiously neat in his personal appearance. Rose finally glanced up at his troubled face. 'Go over to our neighbor's, and ask her for a pail of rain water. She will not think it strange that we are out, there has been such a drouth and I'll do you up a shirt in a short time.'

'Bless you wife!' where is the pail?' and St. John started off. 'I'll stop at the village the next morning on my way to Benton.'

'How about the mason?' inquired Mrs. St. John the next day.

'Bless me! I forgot' replied her husband. 'I'll be sure to remember it next time.'

But the next day there came a rain, and all the tubs, pounding barrels and pails were put under the eaves, and there was water enough for the present; and the trouble having passed St. John is not the one to remember it. He never looked so far ahead as to ask, 'What shall we do next time?'

A new difficulty presented itself to the wife. She went into the pantry, and in lifting down a pan, splash! dash she was drenched with water

'What's the matter?'

'The roof leaks a trifle,' replied her husband.

'I think it is a trifle,' murmured Rose as she examined the ceiling more closely, and saw the drops oozing through. 'I wondered what made the plaster so loose. It will rot the timbers, won't it?'

'Of course, but I intended to have the house reshingled.'

'Yes, the spare cham——' but his wife was already half way up the stairs, for the day before he had spread her light silk upon it. 'Just in time,' she exclaimed as she snatched it up. But oh! the white spread with the ugly stain across the foot!

'What will I do,' she cried in dismay.

'I'll get a couple of pans,' replied her husband who had followed her up. 'That's the way Abigial managed.'

'I declare,' laughed Rose, as the pans were deposited under the leaks, 'I shall catch water enough to last the rest of the summer.'

St. John felt more ashamed than he had ever been in his life. 'Rose you are not a bit put out, and how Abigail used to scold? I dreaded the rainy weather.'

'Why didn't you get it repaired?'

'I did intend to. I will now.'

'I don't wonder Abigail scolded.' thought the wife. 'Five years in a leaky house! I won't scold I don't believe in it, but—'

'Let us go down to the parlor now, and I will finish the book,' remarked St. John. So the rain and leaks were forgotten, and husband and wife spent the afternoon cosily, while the storm raged outside.

St. John had to leave home on business, to be gone several days. Rose carried him to the depot, and hastened back. She thought, she would hurry with her baking, and then drive over to her mother's and spend the afternoon. The bread was quickly moulded, but on going to the wood-box to replenish the fire, she found it empty. Out she went to the wood pile, but not a stick was to be found. St. John had gone off in a hurry and had forgotten it.

'What shall I do,' she exclaimed, 'the bread cannot be wasted.' Searching around she found a rail that was easy to rent, and procuring a saw, she set to work; but it was not until after a half hour's hard work that she had enough to finish baking.

'Believe I am too tired to think of going to mother's; and while she hesitated there came a tap at the door.

'I saw your husband go off this morning remarked the neighbor who had entered. 'I supposed you would be lonely and so thought I'd drop in and spend the afternoon.'

An easy chair was offered, the old lady drew forth her knitting, and the more rapidly she knit the more talkative she became. She inquired in regard to Abigail, and then spoke of the years she had spent there.

'It was so sad about his first wife, you know. She was one of the prettiest little bodies you ever saw, not grand and stately like yourself, but a wee mite, with a baby's face, white and pink. She was very frail. She used to say she wasn't sick, but she grew thinner and weaker and so bad looking. If she had not had such a generous, kind hearted husband, I'd a thought it more trouble on her mind than any physical ill. But the ways of providence are often mysterious, and she died, and though I don't believe any doctor could tell what ailed her, and Mr. St. John had the best he could get. They called it general debility. Then Miss Abigail came. She kept a neat tidy home for her brother, but then her disposition was so different to Mrs. St John's. We were all heartily glad when you came.'

The young wife kept a pale face bent over her work, and was glad when her visitor rose to go. After her departure, Rose put aside all thought of her mother's and getting her sun bonnet, strolled across the fields till she reached the cemetry, then she searched for the St Sohn's lot. A tall marble bore the name of his parents, and besides them was another nameless grave; high grass grown over all, and a half-drooping rose-bush with a fading blossom.

'Poor little Amy!' Rose dropped beside the grave but not to weep. The dead was at rest, and for herself tears would not avail. Six weeks a bride, and her future already overcast.

'Mysteries of Providence!, she murmured, and for a moment hard thoughts towards her husband filled her mind. 'I see it all—a weak, quiet person, she worked with her inconveniences and annoyances, bore all and said nothing, and at last strength gave out. Abigail scolded and failed to mend the matter, and I—I must do. I always said all people have their failings, and of course my husband would have his; but I didn't really believe it. I felt St. John was perfect; but unless he does differently my life will be wretched. Mine is not the nature to die, or scold and fret; but to live on and have things move in this slip-shod manner is impossible.'

'Who is that?' inquired St. John, as they sat at the tea table the evening of his return.'

'Oh,' replied his wife, 'tis only Mr. Reese. I have hired him to stay for a week and cut wood.' St. John looked up in surprise.'

'You left me without any the other morning, and I had to cut some for my own baking. I am not used to that kind of work.'

'I know I did, but I never thought of it until after the cars started. I did feel very much troubled to know what you would do.

'And,' continued his wife, 'I went to the village yesterday, saw the mason, told him the cistern needed repairing, and that you would expect him over as soon as you came back.'

'St. John gave a low whistle. It was something new, this taking liberities with his arrangements. His wife saw his face cloud.

'And no doubt you have engaged the shingles for the roof.' The tone was worse than a blow. For an instant her heart sank, but rallying quickly she replied, 'No, I expect you to do that tomorrow; and mind,' she added playfully, and yet in a voice of determination, 'if you don't I will; I must have a convenient house to work in. You don't want me to scold or die—'

'Die!' he exclaimed, 'who talks of dying?'

'Or what is worse,' she continued, unheeding his interruption, lose my love and esteem for you. You think these things are trifles maybe, but consider, they necessarily must go a way toward making my life comfortable and happy.

Later, when the evening shadows were gathering, Rose joined her husband on the piazza. 'I was over to the churchyard the other day and it looked so neglected.

'Yes, I know, that's another of the things I've meant to do. Really, Rose, I believe you will think my life has been all 'meant to.'

'We must get some one to re-sod the lot,' she replied, 'and I will plant some flowers.'

There were tears in St. John's eyes, and he murmured 'poor little Amy.'

Rose came close to her hurband, 'I wish you would tell me about her.' He glanced at her an instant, then went on talking of the dead, finished as others had done—'Such a mystery! But Rose saw the wife with disappointed hopes and only a long life of worry and unnecessary toil before her, and she wondered not that the frail life died out. But it was not for her to tell him.

'Never too late to mend,' St John said when he came back from town. I've engaged the carpenters, Rose, and the shingles will be here to-morrow.

The old habit was not broken off at once, yet St. John soon found out whenever he failed to have the necessary thing done, Rose hired it.

After some years, Abigail came back on a visit. 'How well you look, Rose,' she remarked to her sister, 'as young as when you first came.'

'Happiness does not tend to make people grow old,' replied Mrs. St. John, 'and my life has been very happy, with fewer cares than fall to the lot of most women.'

'Do you know,' continued Abigail, 'that I dreaded to have you come, in fact, I pitied you. But you seem to have found no skeleton such as troubled me.'

'Or rather,' responded Rose, 'I found and buried it.'

— TESTING WHETHER A MAN IS DEED.— The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* submits the following as a sure test as to whether a man is dead or not:

A recent *Tribune* editorial, speaking of the estimated proportion of persons buried alive, reminds me of a simple mode of determining whether a life is extinct, which seems to me well worthy of publication. I have tried it myself, and am told it is entirely trustworthy. Apply the flame of a candle to the tip of one of the great toes of the supposed corpse, and a blister will immediately rise. If the vitality is gone this will be full of air and will burst with some noise if the flame be applied to it a few seconds longer; if life is not extinct the blister will be full of matter and will not explode. It is fifteen years since I saw this in print; and thousands of your readers will be glad to know of a simple test which can be used even when there is no reasonable doubt, and thus free the mind from future misgivings as to whether or not a friend or relative might not after all have had some life left when the body was treated as a corpse. Though very few are actually buried alive, many more may be abandoned as dead while life is still in them, and then die from being handled and exposed as corpses are. The test, therefore, should be applied as soon as life is supposed to be extinct, and before an undertaker is called in.

WORSE THAN DYNAMITE.—'These dynamite explosions over in England,' said the sleeping car conductor, 'remind me of an old woman and her jug of yeast. She got on at a small station out beyond Steubenville, carrying a gallon jug in her hand, which she told me contained a fine quality of home-made yeast. It was well corked and tied, and the old lady carried it to her berth with her, taking as much care of it as if it had been a baby. An hour or so later, when everybody was asleep, there was the most tremendous explosion ever heard in a sleeping car, and all the neighbors of the woman had a shower bath of the frothy stuff from the shattered jug. It was dark and they thought they were covered with their own blood. Such screaming you never heard, and the old woman herself was the most frightened of the lot. The shaking of the car had made the yeast livelier than dynamite, and an extra heavy lurch had set it off. The bedclothes of four sections had to be changed. —*Phila. Times.*

—The *Broad Arrow* says: Two important Indian appointments will be in the gift of Mr. Gladstone in a few months. These will be the governor-generalship of India and the post of governor of the Madras presidency. Lord Ripon will relinquish the viceroyalty on the termination of his five years incumbency, which expires in May, and Mr. Grant-Duff also has decided to surrender an office which has ceased to have any attractions for him. It is understood that Lord Duffern will probably accept, the governor generalship of India. This genial, popular, and shrewd diplomatist would do much to restore tranquility in the agitated Anglo-Indian community, whilst it would be a guarantee that native aspirations would not be overlooked. The Marquis of Lorne would have been nominated as viceroy, but his lordship intends to reenter parliament as member either for Argyleshire or for Glasgow. Mr. Grant-Duff will be elevated to the peerage, and his successor may not improbably be the earl of Dalhousie.

An Infallible Cure for Cholera.

A correspondent sends the *Telegraph* a clipping from a Liverpool paper with the above heading. It is as follows:—

Take three tablespoonfuls of best French brandy, and forty drops of laudanum, and three tablespoonfuls of castor oil; mix well together and let the patient drink it off. The body must then be rubbed over with brandy and a hot flannel cloth. Should the condition of the patient not improve within one hour, and the finger-nails begin to get black, administer one tablespoonful of castor oil, one of French brandy and ten drops of laudanum. This generally throws the sufferer into a profound sleep from which he will awaken perfectly well. This treatment has been found most effectual in India, where cholera first appeared, and thousands of persons were cured by this simple remedy.

—An Irish temperance paper says: Lately the body of a young man was fished up from the slime of the Mersey. An inquest was held, and a note taken from one of the pockets of the deceased was read. It was to this effect: "Make no inquiries about me. Let me rot. Drink did it." The inquest was, of course, a public one, and the tragic note was duly reported in the papers. Within ten days the coroner received more than 200 letters from parents asking for particulars as to the deceased. What a horrible fact this is! Within reach of the Liverpool papers there were 200 mothers who feared that the writer of that ghastly note might be their "wandering boy!"

—A British government return shows that British exports to Canada for the seven months ending July 31st, 1884 amounted to £2,996,014, against £3,957,652 for the corresponding seven months of 1883. During the same period imports from Canada amounted to £2,477,022 against £2,538,223 for the corresponding period of 1883.

—Of 50,000 postmasters in the United States, there are 2,000 whose salaries are below $10, 34 whose salaries did not last year amount to the sum of $1 each, 15 whose salaries were less than 50 cents, and one—H. H. Forrest, of Redellia, Pitt County, N. C.,—whose earnings for the year were nine cents. He says he is not afraid of being removed, even should Cleveland be elected.