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, AUGUST 20, 1884. NO. 19.

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, 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
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 '84.13i23.

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 Upper Shoe Findings for the trade.

220 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 little 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 else will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'n 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., 16 bore, $16; Twist Barrel, 12 bore, $18; do., 16 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 arssotment 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 5, '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 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.
1f36 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. 423m

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

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

Poetry.

Rock Me to Sleep.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight!
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of throwing my soul wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever was shown;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened to your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping your face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Select Literature.

"Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady."

'A hat of last year's fashion?'

'But her eyes were like grey stars.'

'And her manner dreadfully quick and decided.'

'Bright and sparkling, I should call it.'

'My dear Richard, you are really absurd! The girl is a hospital nurse, and what woman with any refinement or delicacy would take up such a profession as that? It shows she can't be nice.'

'Ladies do such things nowadays'—less defiantly.

'Now you know you are only saying so because she is pretty. Of course ladies do queer things nowadays, but that does not excuse an unwomanly feeling. Besides, she's only a solicitor's daughter. I shan't ask mamma to call.'

'But don't you think common civility—'

'No, I don't. She's only staying at the Rectory, and we're not forced to call on everyone's friends. Besides, Captain Hardwicke is expected home, and it would make it awkward. What would one of Lord Belmont's people say if we asked them to meet a girl like Miss Travers?'

'All the same, she's as pretty and ladylike as any one I ever met in these parts.'

'Very likely but she's not in our set. Now Richard, if you say any more, I shall begin to think you're falling in love with her, if the idea is not to absurd.'

But Richard had closed the door upon his six sister's languid voices, and was half way across the wide lawn with its brilliant parterres of summer flowers. Poor Richard Allerdyce! only son of the richest banker in Chellowdean, people of good family; but with just that uncertainty of social position which makes them afraid to overstep any boundaries, rather gratified on being on intimate terms with Lord Belmont and the Hardwickes, he was of divided mind this summer afternoon. He had been greatly taken by that sweet face and slight figure in the Rectory pew last Sunday; was sensible of a thrill of more than civil interest when he met their owner walking home with the good old rector after service and was introduced to Miss Travers, while the eyes like grey stars were suddenly raised to his; and he had ever since spent a larger portion of his time than was strictly needful in walking past the Rectory's rose colored garden gate. But, on the other side, his sister's words had certainly struck home.

Brought up, as all the Allerdyces were, like hot house plants, sheltered from every breath of frosty air, it was not strange that Richard at five and twenty, though a big, burly enough young Englishman to look at, but was little of a man in mind and heart. Knowledge of the world had been carefully kept from him, as from his sisters, lest they should learn evil; but their very ignorance would cost them the loss of power to choose between evil and good, and had given them weak prejudices and conceived opinionativeness, instead of a mind able to discern and prefer the right.

Richard's handsome face was overcast, as he swung out of the lodge gates, and down the road. Miss Travers a hospital nurse! certainly it was a shock. Not only did it seem to him unwomanly for a woman to work, but infinitely more so to do menial work. And then the awful thought of what his mother and sisters would say were they asked to receive a hospital nurse for his future wife! For it had gone so far that in Richard's susceptible mind, even in these three short days. All at once his thoughts broke off as Miss Travers herself, sweet and charming as ever, in her black dress, came out from the Rectory gate, and the great Rectory mastiff pacing behind her.

Now Richards's own collie was at his master's heels, and there was a border feud of long standing between those two faithful followers. There was one angry growl, a heavy rush, a thud, and then a brown body and a black rolled together in the dust in a manner suggestive of a dog's funeral on one side or the other. Richard, who was actually staggered by the suddenness of it all, could not for a moment regain his senses; when he did, it was to find Miss Travers' both white hands locked in the hair of Rollo's shaggy neck, pulling him from his foe with all her strength, and calling to 'Mr. Allerdyce' to 'take hold of his dog and pull him off.'

She was being whirled round in the dust by the frantic waltzers before Richard could quite settle where to 'take hold' but that task was performed for him by a gentleman in tweed knickerbockers, who started out of the 'White Heart,' a few yards away, and ran to the rescue. Miss Travers, flushed, panting, covered with dust, but looking lovelier than Richard had ever seen woman look before, sank back against the Rectory wall and tried to laugh. The stranger lifted his hat swaring straight at her with a pair of piercing brown eyes.

'Excuse me, Miss Travers?' he said, in rather an off-hand manner, 'but that was about as rash a thing as any one could possibly do. The dogs might both have turned on you and bitten you badly.'

'Thank you, Captain Hardwicke, I had not the least fear,' was her only response, given with a little haughtiness; and the gentlemen, with a nod to Richard, turned and strode away as rapidly as he had come.

'Miss Travers! are you hurt?' Richard was able to articulate at last. 'You should never have done a thing like thas; Hardwicke was right; it was awfully rash? By the way, you know Hardwicke?'

'No, I'm not hurt a bit.' The wonderful grey eyes were dancing with fun now 'Don't scold me, please; I know it was a silly thing to do, but I didn't stop to think. Pray don't look so horrified.'

'But it you had been bitten!'

'Well, I wasn't.' And her face dimpled with a friendly smile at his shocked look.

'But you know Hardwicke?' he persisted, unable to get over his surprise in that quarter.

'Oh, yes.' Her face grew cold instantly. 'Captain Hardwicke was in the hospital with an accident some months ago—my hospital. I had charge of him there, that's all.' And she pulled a rose so sharply from the hedge, that it fell to pieces in her hands.

'Look there!' she laughed, showering the petals on the ground before her; 'let us cover the battlefield with flowers' and she laughed again.

Richard went home more thoughtful than ever. Surely this woman was a novel thing in his experience of men and manners. She acted with the skill and daring of a man; and yet he would rather not think what his sisters' faces would be like had they but seen it! Was it actually ladylike? or should she not rather have fled from the scene of conflict, or even screamed and fainted? To be sure, she had looked as beautiful as an avenging Amazon; but was it correct conduct for a girl? And Captain Hardwick's manner so abrupt and dictatorial; he seemed to show her the difference in social position between a nobleman's nephew and a hospital nurse. It must have been an awkward meeting as his sisters had said. And then a cold shiver came over him, and he thought of Miss Travers introduced as Mrs. Richard Allerdyce at Belmont Castle, and and Captain Hardwicke's stony stare of surprise. And yet—and yet—she was so beautiful.

Nearly three weeks had passed since the dog episode, and Richard's courage still wavered in the balance. He had grown to know Miss Travers well in that time, and to know her well was but to love her better. There never was a woman so sweet, so clever, so sympathetic, so beautiful—he was certain of that—no woman he more ardently longed for his own; and yet—and yet! That terrible strength of character, that profession, that lack of pedigree! Only last night in the rectory garden, he had almost flung prudence to the winds, she had been so dangerously, fatally sweet (she was always especially kind to him), but he reeled back from the gulf just in time when she mentioned casually, without a change of voice or countenance, that she had an uncle who was a chemist in Rochester. 'A chemist! Shades of my ancestors, protect me!' Richard recoiled again as he thought of it, and fancied Hardwicke's look if he could have heard her. For Captain Hardwicke was still at the 'White Heart,' and perhaps his presence, and the atmosphere of exalted society about him, had been one of Richard's restraining, though unconscious influences. Now, as he slowly worked his way up the steepest hill in the neighborhood, on his new tricycle, he was pondering the old question in his mind. Could he take the fatal plunge or was it to costly.

A trim graceful figure on the road before him, as, at last he gained the summit, drove all else to the four winds; and in an instant he had overtaken the object of his cogitations, and sprang to the ground beside her.

'Mr. Allerdyce!' she said, turning with her own bright look to shake hands; 'how like a ghost you stole upon me. Oh, I see it was on a tricycle, and what a beauty! Do let me look at it.' And Richard, nothing loth, began to display his new toy—a perfect thing in build and finish—the Allerdyce's possessions always were the most perfect of their kind.

He began to explain it to her, forgetting all about the chemist uncle, but she interrupted him.

'Yes, I know all about them, thanks. I see it is a regular bit of perfection. I should so like to try it; may I?'

Once more Richard was dumb with surprise. A lady on a tricycle was as yet an unheard of thing in Chellowdean, and it seemed an outrageous idea to him.

'I really don't think you could,' he faltered. 'My sisters have never done such a thing.'

'Your sisters? Oh, perhaps not,' with a little smile at the idea. 'But I am quite used to tricycles. I ride one whenever I get a chance.'

Further blow for Richard; but there was no knowing how to refuse her, and he stood aside. She took her place like one who was thoroughly used to tricycles, and he could not but admit she adorned her position.

'What a delicious hill to run down!' she said with a happy little laugh as she placed her dainty feet on the treadles. 'I really must try it.'

'Pray, pray, don't attempt it!' was Richard's horrified remonstrance, for the hill stretched down even more abruptly than on the side he had ascended, and near the bottom there was a sudden sharp turn with the railway line running just below—the nastiest bit of road for miles around. Perhaps, even Agatha Travers would have hesitated to hazard it, had it not been for the consternation on Richard's face.

'Mr. Allerdyce, you are faint hearted,' she said gaily, as she started on her downward course—a little more rapidly than at first intended, but Richard's new tricycle ran smoothly. His heart was in his mouth, as she began to glide rapidly off. She turned her head and flashed back a merry defiance. 'My uncle, the chemist at Rochester, used to say'—then the wicked sparkle faded suddenly, and she called quick and clear, 'can you stop me please? The break is stiff; I can't make it work; it's running away.'

Poor Richard of the faint heart! It seemed to die within him. The next second he darted forward, but it was just one second to late. The check she had been able to put on the heavy machine with the treadles ceased to keep it back, and faster and faster it tore down the perilous road.

In all his life to come, Richard will never know any minute so long as that next, while the straight, slight figure flying through space, seemed to swim before his eyes, and his knees knocked together as he stood.

On, on—faster, faster! she managed somehow to cling to the steering handle, and keep the machine in the middle of the road; but the mad race grew more desperate. She could never turn that fatal corner by the railway embankment; over it she must go. And it was just then that Richard and she both together saw the puff of snow white smoke from the hillside, that told them the evening express was out of the tunnel, and thundering down that very bit of line.

It all flashed over Agatha in one rush; would the fall kill her, or would it be the train? It must be one or the other; the second or two would settle that; and a swift prayer rose to her lips, but what it was she never quite knew; for even as she breathed it, some one or something in brown tweed knickerbockers hurled itself over the roadside before her, a stout stick darted into the flying wheel, and with one quick swerve the tricycle crashed into the ditch and lay there a confused mass of spinning spokes, mutilated tires, while Agatha flew from its midst like a ball, and alighted on a grassy bank a yard or two away; and the express rushed past with a wild yell, on the line just below, and vanished round a sharp curve that matched the road above it.

Then, and then alone, did Richard's legs regain their motion; and he set off as fast as they could carry him to where the little black figure lay. Somehow it took longer to run down that hill than the past descent would have led one to think; for when Richard, panting and breathless, reached the scene of the accident, the little black figure very much out of its usual trim neatness, was seated on the grassy tangle that broke her fall, busily binding up with her own small handkerchief a deep gash in the hand of the knickerbocker person who knelt at her side. It was a very pale face that looked up at Richard's, with the awe that any human creature must wear who has just been face to face with death; but her great eyes had a wonderful shining light in them.

'The poor tricycle!' she said; 'I am so sorry. Is it very badly hurt?' And in the fervor of his relief and gladness, Richard could find words for nothing but—

'Bother the tricycle!'

He was ready enough to say something however, presently when he found himself obliged to stop and see its remains decently cared for, while Captain Hardwicke took charge of Miss Traver's return to the Rectory. She said she was none the worse for her fall, but perhaps she was a little shaken; but Captain Hardwicke kindly offered his arm, and she took it. Richard hurried after them, therefore, and came in sight of the Rectory gate as two hands, one very neatly bandaged, unclasped over it, and a small dark head raised itself swiftly from a brown tweed shoulder, where it seemed to have been resting.

'Good gracious!' was all Richard uttered, as Agatha vanished, and Captain Hardwicke, looking obliously radiant, sauntered towards him.

'Ah, Allerdyce, old fellow, caught us have you? Then I may as well tell you all my tremendous good luck at once, and take your congratulations. Perhaps you have heard how Miss Travers's nursing saved my life last year and when of course I fell in love with her, and who wouldn't? She would have it, it was only gratitude and refused to let me make a misalliance, just because there was a brute of a title coming to me some day. I told her I thought that all rubbish was obsolete and offered to drop the title altogether if she liked; but nothing would do, and we parted rather out of temper. I heard she was down here, and ran down to see my uncle, hoping he would talk her over, but I began to think it was no use. And do you know, I was frantically jealous of you, old fellow! I saw that she liked you, and I almost believe you could have cut me out, early in the day, if you'd the pluck to try, she was so set against me. But to-day has made it all right, and she thinks I've saved her life this time, so we're quits. Well, old man, am I not the luckiest man alive?'

'But—but—' stammered the wretched Richard, 'surely, her family?'

'She's an orphan. Oh, I see what you mean; she told me she has been shocking you with an uncle who is a chemist, or a butcher, or goodness knows what. Bah! I should think the mere fact of being a hospital nurse was a patent of nobility to any woman. But if my little girl were a beggar maiden she would still be a real princess. God bless her?'

And Richard's groan may have been an assent.

Printers' Errors.

As a class, the manipulators of type may truthfully be called the best (and worst) abused men in the world, and without sufficient reason. Very few outside of the trade know the difficulties under which they labor or have even a faint conception of the skill, care and patience required. Absolute correctness is a prime essential to secure public approbation, and how very little is done in the way of assistance. 'Copy' properly prepared is a great desideratum and rarely received. That which is called 'good' is often the reverse. It may be fair to they eye and yet blind to the sense. The patron does not know exactly what he needs. If he has any ideas upon the subject they may be perverted ones, and the little smattering he has of the art tends to lead him astray and demand impossibilities. His judgement has not been trained in the matter of letters. He knows nothing of 'justification,' except that he believes he has it in the largest sense to give the printer 'particular fits' when an error is found. Why six line pica and nonpareil cannot be made to chime like notes of music is beyond his ideas of eternal fitness of inanimate matter. According to his views, it is the most simple of undertakings to set, make up and work off 100 pages, more or less, in the most unreasonable short space of time. Before pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the head of the printer, it might be well for men to pause and consider how much he is to blame. Somewhere in our desultory reading we have met with the statement that any old piece of Mossic work containing a few hundred pieces is exaltad to the skies and pronounced wonderful. It requires patience no doubt, probable taste and study, but (carring out the drift of the article read) how very little in comparison to the tens and hundreds of thousands of still more slender and minute particles the printer is required to handle to make up paper and book. Take a solid page of the *Cabinet* as an example. It contains some 27,000 'ems' or about 81,000 letters. This is greatly more than any Mossic known. And they had to be placed without any chiseling or sand papering, as could be done in the delicate work of table, chair or picture. Taking this as a basis, calculation is easy as to the amount of type a compositor handles during his hours of daily labor in distributing and setting. Easy it is to conceive how such little fragments of metal will slip out of place, how a letter or space may be dropped, a word spelt incorrectly, a point be wrong, how errors will creep in despite all care—and the generous public be outraged at the 'gross carelessness and stupidity of the printer.' Errors do occur, we must admit, but they are fabulously uncommon when compared to chances of their being made, and books and papers are monuments to the correctness of the craft, their swiftness and certainty of touch, education and never ceasing vigilance. We write not thus for the craft. They practically know the truth of our words. But we do write for the multitude of outsiders, and with the hope that the simple illustration we have given may open their eyes to the great injustice done to those who, 'with their noses in the space box,' toil away their lives for the benefit of the world at large.—*Rounds' Printers' Cabinet.*

Harvest Drinks.

'Stokos' is a most refreshing and strengthening drink. It is easily made, and costs only 3d per gallon. Put into a large pan ½ lb. of fine fresh oatmeal, 6 ozs. of white sugar, half a lemon cut into small pieces. Mix with a little warm water, then pour a gallon of boiling water into it; stir all together thoroughly, and use when cold. The lemon may be omitted; raspberry vinegar, citric acid, or any other flavoring, may be used. More oatmeal may be used if preferred.

'Cokos' is a good nourishing drink, made as follows:—8 ozs. sugar, 6 ozs. of good fine oatmeal, 4 ozs. cocoa at 10d. per lb., mixed gradually and smoothly into a gallon of boiling water; take to the field in a stone jar. Cost 6d. per gallon.

A good harvest drink.—Boil ½ oz. hops, ½ oz. ginger, in 1½ gallons of water, 25 minutes; add one pound of brown sugar, and boil 10 minutes more; then strain, and bottle while hot. It will be ready for drinking when sold. It should be kept in a cool place. Dried horehound may be used instead of hops. Cost, 3d. per gallon.

Ginger Beer.—Pour two gallons of boiling water over 1 lb. of lump sugar, ½ oz. of bruised ginger, 2 lemons sliced, let it stand till lukewarm, then add one tablespoonful of brewer's barm; let it stand 12 hours, then bottle it. It will be ready for use in 24 hours. Cost, 4d. per gallon.

Boiling water poured on a few slices of lemon, with a little sugar, makes a refreshing drink. Butter-milk should be more used as a drink.

One ounce of coffee and half an ounce of sugar, in two quarts of water, is a very thirst-quenching drink; so is cold tea, but neither of these is so supporting as the oatmeal drink.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that beer or spirits give strength. They do give a spurt to a man, but that quickly goes off, and spurts in hard, heavy work, too often made, certainly lessen the working powers.

—Ezekiel Eads, who died recently near Athens, N. Y., aged 65 years, was born without ears, and had no apertures where his ears should have been. He was able, however, to gather sound through his mouth. When addressed he opened his mouth, and could hear conversation that was carried on in an ordinary tone. His hair was black at birth, but was interspersed with oddly shaped grey spots, some of them resembling diminutive human hands and ears. These singular markings never changed, and his black hair never became gray. Eads left fourteen living children. The eldest, 45 years old, has hair as black as jet, and not a gray hair in his head. The youngest, aged 13, is as grey as a man of 70.

The Fatalist's Terrible Test.

The world is full of fatalists. I have been told a peculiar anecdote on the subject. At a frontier post the officers' mess was engaged in an ardent discussion. Wine had been freely partaken of, and, with one of the strange caprices of intoxication, there was philosophy at the bottom of the glasses. The Mahommedan religion was the subject of argument. Mussulmen believe in fate. For them, a man's destiny is written above, the time of his death is set, and nothing can advance it. Every one had something to advance or relate in *pro* or *con* argument. In answer to one of the officers, who demanded to know of what use and to what purpose, was reason and its controlling power if we were born with the tag of our destiny attached, another—a new-comer—arose and said;—

'Gentlemen, what is the use of discussion? Make a practical test of the question. Take me as the question. Take me as the subject. Can a man willfully dispose of his life, or is the fatal moment chosen by a higher power? Try the question on me. Who will conduct the experiment?

No one answered. Then someone proposed a wager.

'Done,' was the answer. The subject drew a pistol, showed that it was loaded, and held it to his temple.

'Twenty dollars, I believe?' Who will pay if I lose?'

He pulled the trigger, and the pistol missed fire.

'A joke,' cried the crowd.

The fatalist smiled. He re-cocked the pistol, and with a steady hand aimed at a clock on the wall. He fired, and the bullet went right through the centre of the dial.

'Apologise now,' said he, 'I have won the bet. I always did believe in fate.'

—He who vainly trumpets his own praises is a fool, but he who speaks evil of himself is worse than a fool; he is either a crafty knave or a madman.

—There is no help for all the defects of future; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting them shorter.

—Much misconstruction and bitterness are spared to him who thinks naturally upon what he owes to others, rather than what he ought to expect from them.

—To protect one's self against the storms of life, marriage with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest; but with a bad woman it proves a tempest in the harbor.

—Neglect no woman merely because she is plain looking; beauty is to woman but what saltpeter is to beef—it gives it an appearance, but imparts to it no relish.

—As the shadow in early morning, so is friendship with the wicked; it dwindles hour by hour. But friendship with the good increases, like the evening shadows, till the sun of life sets.

—In marrying, men should seek happy, cheerful women. The sweetest and the loveliest women. The sweetest and the magic secret of being happy under any and every circumstance.

—Allow no aspersion on your character to remain disproved, no matter how low its origin may be; foul water has the same effect, whether it is thrown upon you by the mistress or the maid.

—Had not men a reasonable degree of confidence in one another, did they really believe that 'all men are liars,' as some croakers affirm, no society or organization could hold together for a day.

—It is strange but true, that a lady having a pretty foot and ancle can always get up stairs easily.

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.