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The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1884. NO. 33.

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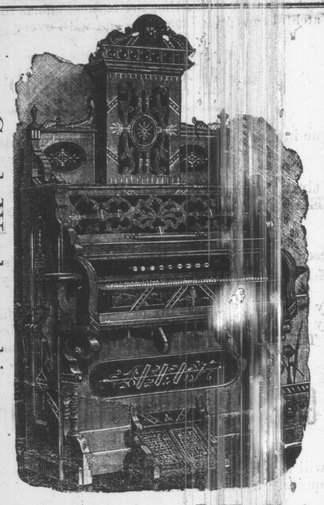

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June 30, 1884. 1y

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17.—50 acres;	Situated near Berwick.
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20.—83 acres;	Situated in Wilmot.
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23.—175 acres;	Situated near Bridgetown.
24.—300 acres;	Situated in Granville.
25.—150 acres;	Situated at South Farming ton.
26.—150 acres;	Situated at Wilmot.
27.—40 acres;	Situated at Granville.
28.—202 acres;	Situated at Brooklyn.

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Poetry.

The Great Question.

Vexed spirit, fold thy wings; why ever pine
In inspirations infinite as old,
Whose loving discontent still seeks the shrine
Paved with Faith's interwoven squares of gold?

Still yearning after good—backsliding still
Into the senseless follies of an hour—
Till man must hold that his most boasted will
O'er small temptations has no touch of power.—

I know not why I suffer or rejoice,
Or why my heartstrings sound to varied chords;
I can but feel the great mysterious voice
Which stirs all harmonies in one—the Lord's.

Eorever and forever, it would seem.
Onward the mighty Music's numbers roll;
And, spite of sense, my puny self I deem
Come fitting part of that majestic whole.

I feel that worthily to fill that part,
I must renounce Self's too unworthy side,
And kill the weeds that choke both mind and heart,
With noxious growth sweet flowers to override.

Wherefore must good and ill upon the earth
In a disordered order blended reign?
And out of every love and joy give birth
To some wild shape of evil and of pain?

The very things that save may turn to harm,
The happiest instincts work unhappiness;
The very blessing with most power to charm
Awake the question what is it to bless.

Thou paradox supreme—thou riddle met
At every turning o'er and o'er again,
Till every mortal creature half forgets
That he but shares it with all other men—

That ever since Being to being sprang,
And Life her all-embracing flag unfurled,
Like some huge millstone round our necks doth hang
The great perplexity we call World.

Oh, give us rest! oh, hush the yearning cry
Of souls, for souls they are, that to all light
Round and about them yet prefer the Why,
Which strains to solve the mysteries of Night!

Through whatsoever labyrinth we go,
Whate'er nighroads or byways we have trod,
Oh, grant us all alike at last to know
The one solution of the problem—God!

Teach us to feel, that were Earth pleasure all,
No sin or sorrow to obscure the scene,
Immortal hopes on mortal thoughts might pall;
Were this world Heaven, then Heaven could nothing mean.

HERMAN C. MERIVALE.

Select Literature.

A Night with a Ventriloquist.

BY HENRY COCKTON.

(Belfast Journal.)

There happened to be only four bedrooms in the house; the best of course, was occupied by Miss Madonna, the second by Mr. Plumplee, the third by Mr. Beagle, and the fourth by the servant. But that in which Mr. Beagle slept was a double-bedded room and Valentine had therefore, to make his selection between the spare bed and the sofa. Of course the former was preferred, and as the preference seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. Beagle himself, they passed the evening very pleasantly together, and in due time retired.

Valentine, on having his bed pointed out to him, darted between the sheets in the space of a minute, for as Mr Jonas Beagle facetiously observed, he had but to shake himself and everything came off, when, as he did not by any means feel drowsy at the time, he fancied that he might as well amuse his companion for an hour or so as not. He therefore turned the the thing seriously over in his mind while Mr. Beagle was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light before he began operations.

'Now for a beautiful night's rest,' observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself, as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with a great degree of comfort.

'Mew! Mew!' cried Valentine softly, throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagle.

'Hish!—confound that cat!' cried Mr. Beagle. 'We must have you at all events, my lady.' And Mr. Beagle slipped out of bed, and having opened the door, cried 'hish!' again emphatically, and threw his pantaloons toward the spot as an extra inducement for the cat to 'stand not upon the order of her going,' when, as Vallentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs, Mr. Beagle thanked Heaven that she was gone, closed the door and carefully groped his way again to bed

'Mew! mew! mew!' cried Valentine, just as Mr. Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

'What! are you still there madam?' inquired that gentleman in a highly sarcastic tone. 'I thought you had been turned out madam! Do you hear this witch of a cat? he continued, addressing Valentine, with the view of conferring upon him the honorable office of tiler for the time being; but Valentine replied with a deep, heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

'Well, I don't have a treat every day it is true; but if this isn't one, why I'm not in my reckoning, that's all,' observed Mr. Jonas Beagle, slipping out of bed, 'I don't much like to handle you, my lady, but if I did, I'd of course give you physic.' And he 'hished' again with consummate violence, and continued to 'hish' until Valentine scratched the bed post sharply—a feat which inspired Mr. Beagle with the conviction of its being the disturber of his peace in the act of decamping, when he threw his pillow very energetically toward the door, which he closed, and then returned to his bed in triumph. The moment, however, he had comfortably tucked himself up again, he missed the pillow, which he had converted into an instrument of vengeance, and as this was an article without which he could not even go to sleep, he had of course to turn out again to fetch it.

'How many more times, I wonder,' he observed, 'shall I have to get up out of this blessed bed to-night? Exercise certainly is a comfort, and very conductive to health; but such exercise as this—why, where have you got to?' he added, addressing his pillow (which with all the sweeping action of his feet he was for some time unable to find. 'Oh! here you are, sir, are you?' And he picked up the object of his search, and gave it several severe blows, when having reinstated himself between the sheets he exclaimed in a subdued tone 'Well, let's try it again'.

Now, Mr. Jonas Beagle was a man who prided himself especially upon the evenness of temper. His boast was that nothing could put him in a passion. He did, however, feel when he violently smote his pillow that that little ebulition partook somewhat of the nature of passion, and had just commenced reproaching himself for having indulged in that little ebulition when Valentine cried: 'Meyow! meyow!: —pit! pit!—meyow!'

'Halloo!' exclaimed Mr. Jonas Beagle, 'here again!'

'Mew!' cried Valentine in a somewhat higher key.

'What! another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening?

'Meyow! Meyow!' cried Valentine, in a key still higher.

'Well, how many more of you?' inquired Mr. Beagle, 'you'll be able to get up a concert by-and-by.' And Valentine began to spit and scold with great facility.

'Swear away, you beauties!' cried Jonas Beagle, as he listened to the volley of feline oaths. 'I only wish that I was not so much afraid of you! At it again! Well, this is a blessing. Don't you hear those imps of cats?' he cried, anxious not to have all the fun to himself. But Valentine re-commenced snoring very loudly. 'Well, this is particularly pleasant,' he continued, as he sat up in bed. 'Don't you hear? What a comfort to be able to sleep soundly!' which remarkable observation was doubtless provoked by the no less remarkable fact that at that particular moment the spitting and swearing became more desperate. 'What's to be done? My pantaloons are right in the midst of them. I can't get out now; they'd tear the flesh off my legs; and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Halloo! Do you mean to say you don't hear how those cats are going on? Valentine meant to say no such thing, for the whole of the time he was not engaged in meyowing and spitting he was diligently engaged in snoring, which had a very good effect to fill up the intervals excellently well.

At length the patience of Mr. Jonas Beagle began to evaporate, for the hostil animals continued to battle apparently with great desperation. He, therefore threw a pillow with a great violence at his companion, and shouted so loudly that Valentine, feeling that it would be perfect nonsence for him to pretend to be asleep any longer, began to yawn very naturally, and then cried out, 'Who's there?'

'Tis I!' shouted Mr. Jonas Beagle. 'Don't you hear those witches of cats?'

'Hish!' cried Valentine; 'why there are two of them.'

'Two!' said Mr. Beagle, 'more likely two-and-twenty, I've turned out a dozen myself. There's a swarm, a whole colony of them here, and I know no more how to strike a light than a fool.'

'Oh! never mind,' said Valentine; let's go to sleep; they'll be quiet enough by-and-by.'

'It's all very fine to say 'let's go to sleep,' but who's to do it? cried Beagle emphatically. 'Blast the cats! I wish there wasn't a cat under heaven—I do with all my soul! They're such a spiteful vermin, too, when they happen to be put out; and there's one of them in a passion, I know by her spitting, confound her! I wish from the bottom of my heart that it was the very last spit she had in her.'

While Mr. Jonas Beagle was indulging in these highly appropriate observations, Valentine was laboring with great energy in the production of the various bitter cries which are peculiarly characteristic of the feline race; and for a man who possessed but a very slight knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language of that race, it must, in justice, be said that he developed a degree of fluency that did him great credit. He purred, and mewed, and cried and spit, until the perspiration oozed from every pore, and made the sheets as wet as though they had been 'damped for the mangle.'

'Well, this is a remarkably nice position for a man to be placed in, certainly,' observed Mr. Beagle. 'Did you ever hear such a wailing and gnashing of teeth? are you never going to leave off, you scoundrels?' he added, throwing the bolster with great violence, as he fondly conceived, right among them. Instead of striking the cats therewith, he upset some furniture, which made such a clatter that he began to tut! tut!'

'Who's there?' demanded Plumplee in the passage below, for he slept in the room beneath, and the noise of the articles in question had alarmed him. 'Who's there? D'ye hear? Speak, or I'll shoot you like a dog!' and on the instant the report of a pistol was heard, which probably had been fired with a view of convincing all whom it might concern that he had such a thing as a pistol in the house. 'Who's there?' he again demanded! 'you vagabonds, I'll be at you!'

'Beagle!' he shouted, after waiting in vain for the street door to bang.

'Here!' cried Beagle, 'come up here! It's nothing. I'll explain. For heaven's sake,' he added, addressing Valentine, 'open the door.' But Valentine was too much engaged to pay attention to any such request.

At this moment the footsteps of Plumplee was heard on the stairs, and Mr. Beagle, who then began to feel somewhat better cried: 'Come in, my good friend. Come in.'

'What on earth is the matter?' inquired Mr. Plumplee, as he entered the room, pale as a ghost, in his night shirt, with a pistol in one hand and a lamp in the other.

'It's all right,' said Beagle; 'twas I that made the noise. I've been besieged by a cohort of cats. They have been at it here making most healthful music under my bed for the last two hours, and in trying to make them hold their peace with the bolster I upset the furniture, that's all.'

'Cats! cried Mr. Plumblee, 'cats! You ate a little too much cucumber, my friend! That and the crabs were too heavy for your stomach! You have been dreaming!

'You're half the nightmare! We haven't a cat in the house; I can't bear them.

'You are mistaken, said Beagle; 'they are about here in swarms. If I've turned one cat out this night I've turned twenty! I've in fact done nothing else since I came up! In and out! Upon my life, I think I can't have opened that blessed door less than a hundred and fifty times, and that young fellow there has been all the while fast asleep as a church!'

'I tell you, my friend, you've been dreaming! We have never had a cat on the premises.'

'Meyow! Meyow!' cried Valentine quietly.

'Now have I been dreaming?' triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Beagle; 'now have I had a nightmare?'

'Bless my life! exclaimed Mr Plumplee, jumping upon Mr. Beagle's bed, they don't belong to me.

'I don't know whom they belong to,' returned Mr. Beagle, 'nor do I much care; I only know that they are?' If you'll just hook those breeches up here, I'll get out and half murder them!—only hook 'em this way! I'll wring their precious necks off.

'They're out of my reach,' cried Plumplee. 'Hish! hish!' Finding, however that harsh terms had no effect, he had recourse to the milder and more persuasive cry of 'Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, kit, kit, kit!' 'Hush! you villains!' cried Mr. Jonas Beagle; who began to be really enraged.

'Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty! puss, puss, puss!' repeated Mr. Plumplee in the blankest and most seductive tones, as he held the pistol by the muzzle to break the back or to knock the brains of the first unfortunate cat that made her appearance. But all this persuasion to come forth had no effect; they continued to be invisible, but the mewing proceeded in the most melancholy strain.

'What on earth are we to do?' inquired Plumplee. 'I myself have a horror of cats.'

'The same to me, and many of 'em I observe Mr Beagle. Let's wake that young fellow; perhaps he don't mind 'em.'

'Halloo!' cried Plumplee.

'Hallooo!' shouted Beagle; but as neither could make any impression upon Valentine, and as both were afraid to get off the bed to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and shirts into balls, and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

'Who's there?' cried Valentine at length in the coolest tone imaginable for his exertions had made him sweat like a tinker.

'For heaven's sake, my dear young friend said Plumplee, 'do assist me in turning these cats out.

'Cats? Where are they? Hish? cried Valentine.

'Oh that's no use. I've tried the hishing business my self. All the hishing in the world won't do, they must be beaten out; you're not afraid of them are you?'

'Afraid of them! Afraid of a few cats? exclaimed Valentine, with the assumption of considerable magnanimity. Where are hey?'

'Under my bed,' replied Beagle. There's a good fellow! Break there blessed necks!' And Valentine leaped out of bed, and after striking an imagiary animal very furiously with the bolster, hissed with great violence, and scratched across the grain of the boards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of a room, when he rushed to the door and proceeded to make a forlorn meyowing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

'Thank heaven? they are gone at last? cried Mr. Beagle; we shall be able to get a little rest now I suppose.' After very minutely surveying every corner of the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he lighted his candle bade Plumplee good night, and begged him to go immediately to Miss Madonna, who had been calling anxiously for an explanation.

As soon as Plumpee had departed Valentine assisted Beagle to re-make his bed; and when they had accomplished this highly important business with a skill and dexterity of a couple of chambermaids, the light was again extinguished, and Mr. Beagle very naturally made up his mind to have six hours' sound sleep. He had, however, scarcely closed his eyes when the mewing was resumed, and as he had not even the smallest disposition to listen to the sounds so familiar to his ear, he started up and exclaimed, 'I wish I would die if they are all out now! Here's one of them left he added, addressing Valentine but Valentine, having taken in a deep inspiration, answered only with a prolonged gurgling sound. 'He' off again by the living Jove!' continued Beagle; 'I never heard of any one sleeping soundly. Hallo! my good fellow! ho! Fast as a four-year old! Won't you be quiet, you *Witches*? Are you determined not to let me have a wink of sleep to-night? She must be in the cupboard. Oh! keep the thing up my dear. Don't let me rest! And he tumbled about for his box, and having taken a hearty pinch of snuff, began to turn the thing seriously in his mind and to make a second person to himself, by way of having, under the circumstances, a companion with whom he could advise, and, if necessary, remonstrate.

'Well, what's to be done now? inquired he of the second person thus established. 'What's to be the next step, Jonas? Its of no use at all, you know we can't go to sleep; we may just as well try to get a kick at the moon! Nor must we again disturb—*Hush!* you—Jonas! Jonas! keep your temper, my boy! Don't let a contemptible cat put you out! And Mr. Beagle took another pinch of snuff, from which he apparently derived a great degree of comfort. 'What at it again?' he continued. 'I wish I had the wring of your neck madam! You want to put me in a passion; but you won't! you can't do it therefore don't lay that flattering unction to your soul! *Well* Jonas, how are we to act? Shall we sit here all night, or take up our bed and walk?'

Jonas was so struck with the expediency of the latter course, that he apparently urged its immediate adoption; for Mr. Beagle in the first place, half dressed himself in bed and, in the next threw the counterpane, a blanket, and a sheet over his shoulders, then, tucking a pillow and a bolster under his arm, said, We'll leave you to your own conscience madam! Good night! and left the room with a view of seeking repose upon the sofa.

A PHILOSOPHIC DARKEY.—An ohiphilosophic darkey was talking one day about rich men who squeezed their money and hed on to it until they died, and he remarked; 'Boss, dat rich man just like a fat hog in de pen. He not count till he die. When fat hog die and you scall him and clean him, and den dar is spar rib and backbone, ham and midlin, and souse, and sausages meat, and lard, and chitlins, and liver, and sweet-bread, and ever so many good things but while dat hog in de pen alive, he ain't worth nothin' to nobody. De rich man what don't let out his money is jes like de fat hog in de pen, but but he bound to die sometime—he is dat— and den all his kinfolks cum in and harvest, and some get rib and some backbone, and some get ham but all get sumthing.'

—All the machinery in a printing office in Lawrence Mass., including a large newspaper press, has been run for a month past by electricity, the steam boilers have been entirely done away with. The power is supplied by the company which furnishes the city with electric light and whose dynamos are located in a building seven hundred yards from the newspaper office. Two wires are stretched from the electrical head-quarters to the newspaper establishment where they connect with an electrical motor or engine which without noise or jar, steadily does the work hitherto performed by a large steam engine. "The electric motor,' says the proprietor of the establishment 'has thus far proved the most unvarying, steady and reliable power we have ever known."

THE SCHOOL-MASTER ABROAD.—If all the land in the Provinces were divided equally among its population, there would be eight square miles for every soul, or something like eleven thousand acres each. A man and his wife with a family of seven children would have one hundred thousand acres for his farm. Let us suppose his farm had only one acre frontage to the road, and extended in a straight line back. He would then have to walk sixty-six million feet to reach his back fence, and if he walked at the rate of three miles an hour never stopped night or day, Sundays and week days alike, he would not come to his back fence until the end of twelve years and 221 days, by which time he would not care much about the fence.—*Wiarton Echo.*

A WHITE ROBIN.—J. H. Carnal has recently dressed and mounted a white robin which was shot a few days since in Fredericton by W. H. Odell of Halifax. No question can be entertained with regard to the identity of the bird, which for a few days, will be on exhibition at the rooms of Mr. Carnall. While showing this freak of nature to a *Sun* reporter on Sunday, Mr. Carnall, remarked: "A few weeks since in my rambles through the woods I encountered a crow with a pure white head and whose other plumage was a pale seal brown. The bird seemed to be a sort of an outcast, for the crows in whose company he was made frequent and bitter attacks upon him. All my efforts to secure the bird were unavailing."—*The St. John Sun.*

—An exchange says: "We may look for an extraordinarily severe winter if there is any virtue in the old Indian hornet sign. All the nests we have found this year in the woods are built on the ground. When they are suspended from trees and high up it is a sign for a mild winter. Our old prognosticators say that they have never known the sign to fail."

LORD DUFFERIN AND CANADA.—At the banquet given Lord Dufferin at Belfast, recently, prior to his departure for India, he recalled a similar occasion when his friends had assembled to wish him Godspeed just before his departure to assume the position of Governor-General of Canada. He said:—"That occasion ushered in the brightest and happiest period of his life—a period passed in one of the fairest regions within the confines of the Empire—amongst a people animated by the most generous instincts, endowed with all the noblest gifts and qualities which distinguished the British race."

—Montrealers are considering the feasibility of holding a World's Fair in that city in 1885. All the foreign consuls are said to be in favor of the proposal. The year 1886 is urged as a most auspicious one, being the twentieth anniversary of the confederation of the provinces, as well as the year on which Canada's transcontinental route from ocean to ocean will be opened. It is intended to invite the Prince of Wales to be present, as well as his eldest son, Albert Victor of Wales. The railway men and the representatives of the various steamship lines had expressed themselves in favor of the scheme and cheap trips would be arranged from England and the continent.

—St. John bakers have reduced the price on bread one cent per loaf

—'Well my young gentleman how would you like your hair cut?' 'Oh like papa's please—with a little round hole at the top."—*Rural New Yorker.*

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