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. 11. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1883. NO. 34.

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 ensur 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.

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

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

A Proposal.

All those owning a horse should be thoroughly posted in the different diseases this noble animal is liable to be attacked with, and the different remedies for the same. A horse that is worth having at all is worth being taken care of. The better the care the better the horse. In order that all interested may become possessed of the above information, we will send to each and every present subscriber of the MONITOR who will pay up all arrearages and a year in advance a copy of DR. KENDALL'S TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES, post free. Every NEW SUBSCRIBER who will send in a subscription for the ensuing year shall receive this book of 96 pages free.

Dr. O. W. NORTON'S

BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,

cures Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Piles, Catarrh, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Female Weakness and General Debility.

Norton's Magic Liniment,

for Rheumatism, and

Doctor Hoffman's Cough Syrup.

for coughs and consumption, are all sold at Dr. Dennison's Drug Store. Bridgetown. 1yr

HEROES OF THE PLAINS.

Agents Wanted. } By J. W. Buel. { Agents Wanted.

The Great New Book of Western Adventures.

A book of wild life and thrilling adventures on the Plains; fights with Indians and desperate white men; grand Buffalo hunts; narrow escapes, wonderful shooting and riding. The only authorized and truthful history of the daring exploits of the greatest Indian fighters, scouts, hunters and guides of the far West.

Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Gen. Custer, California Joe, Capt. Jack, the Poet Scout, Texas Jack, Kit Carson, Capt. Payne, the Cimarron Scout, White Beaver, the great Medicine Man of the Sioux.

And many other celebrated Plainsmen. First and only history of Custer's "Last Fight," as related by Sitting Bull and his Chiefs to the author in person, with accurate Topographic Illustrations of the battle, and superb portraits of Sitting Bull and his Generals.—A great and valuable book; reads like a romance, *and outsells all others*. Two hundred thousand copies already sold.

Agents, don't throw your time away on *slow books*, or worthless imitations of this grand work, but send at once for the great original. *It sells on sight*. 600 large pages, 120 Illustrations, 16 Fine Colored Plates. Prices only $2.00. Canvassing Outfits 50c. Outfits FREE to agents who are canvassing for any other book. Don't miss this grand chance, but write at once for Pictorial Circulars and extra terms, address,

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING Co.,
723 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wanted! Wanted!

250 CORDS

Hemlock Bark,

for which the highest price will be given delivered at the Tannery or at cars at Railway Station.

THE SUBSCRIBER

also offers for sale at the LOWEST PRICES,

25

NICKLE, BRASS AND SILVER

Harness,

OF THE BEST MAKE AND MOUNTINGS,

together with a Full Line of

HARNESS FURNITURE

in Silver, Nickle, Brass, Japanned, &c., which is offered to the trade at WHOLESALE PRICES.

Always in Stock from my TANNERY,

Harness, Wax, Buff, Grain and Sole

LEATHERS,

CALFSKINS, SPLITS, &c.

Parties will do well to ask for prices before closing purchases elsewhere.

George Murdoch.

SAMUEL LEGG,

Watch and Clock Maker,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public, that he has resumed business at the

OLD STAND,

next door to John Lockett's, where he is prepared to do all work in his line of business. All work warranted.

Bridgetown, March 24th, 1883.

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

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.

MUTUAL HEALTH

AND

Accident Association

OF

HARTFORD, CONN.

Provides Indemnity in event of Sickness, Accident, Total Disability and Death.

ALL COLLECTIONS MADE BY REGULAR ASSESSMENTS.

For Certificates or Agency apply to

EDWIN J. H. MORSE,
BERWICK, KINGS CO.

General agent for N. S. and P. E. I.

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

Forest and Stream

—AND—

ROD AND GUN.

The American Sportsman's Journal

A twenty-four page weekly journal, devoted to the interests

Gentlemen Sportsmen and their Families.

TREATS OF

Natural History, Shooting, Yachting and Canoeing, Fisheriiure, the Kennel, Fishing, the Rifle,

and all the gentlemanly out-door sports. It is without a rival.

Pricc, $4.00 a Year.

TRY IT. A SPECIMEN COPY WILL BE SENT POST PAID FOR SIX CTS.

For sale by newsdealers everywhere.

Forest and Stream Publishing Company,
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

Bridgetown, N. S.

FIRST-CLASS Accommodation. Modern improvements and appliances. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests.

6m42] W. J. GLENCROSS, Prop.

Notice of Assignment.

EDWARD Y. MESSENGER,

of Wilmot, in the County of Annapolis, has this day assigned to me all his personal property and effects, for the benefit of such creditors as may sign the deed of composition within one hundred and fifty days from the date thereof. Said deed has been duly lyled at the office of the Registrar of Deeds for Annapolis County, a duplicate thereof lies at my residence in Wilmot, where it is open to inspection and signature of any person interested therein.

All parties failing to execute the same within the time named, will not be entitled to any benefit thereunder.

J. D. CROCKER,
Assignee.

Dated Wilmot, October 18, '83. 293m

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

THOMAS L. KELLY, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, upholsterer, and dealer in Furniture, has by deed dated on the 13th day of November, A. D., 1883, assigned to me all his property, wheresoever situate, in trust for the benefit of his creditors, without preference. Said deed has been duly recorded and filed in the office of the registrar of deeds, in and for Annapolis County, and a duplicate thereof can be seen and executed by all creditors interested therein, at the office of Albert Morse, on Queens Street, in Bridgetown, aforesaid. Creditors failing to execute the same within three months from the date of said deed will not be entitled to any benefit thereunder. All persons indebted to the said Thomas L. Kelly, are requested to make immediate payment to me. Dated at Bridgetown, 20th November, 1883.

ALBERT MORSE.
6ins Assignee.

H. J. BANKS,

PRACTICAL TAILOR,

(Tupper's Hall),

Bridgetown.

THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he has opened a TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, in Bridgetown, where he is prepared to execute all orders in first class style. A perfect fit guaranteed every time. Place of business over building known as Tupper's store.

H. J. BANKS.

Bridgetown, Oct. 16, '83. tf

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL-HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL-HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

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 extremely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'n-ful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

Acadia Organ Co'y.

BRIDGETOWN, : : : N. S

The attention of the public is respectfully directed to the above establishment.

FIRST-CLASS CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGANS

are now being turned out, which are UNRIVALLED in WORKMANSHIP ELEGANT IN STYLE, AND ARE UNEQUALLED IN TONE.

All Lovers of Music wishing to purchase a First Class Instrument will do well to call and examine those of our manufacture at our Warerooms. MR. J. P. RICE is now canvassing the County, and will take orders for instruments at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Tuning and Repairing

Promptly and Thoroughly Attended to.

N. B.—Strict attention paid to correspondence. Address, Acadia Organ Co., Bridgetown N. S. B. O. Box 18.

FACTORY:—At Bridgetown, in connection with Reed's Steam Furniture Manufactory. All instruments manufactured solely by the proprietors.

J. P. RICE. A. E. SULIS

Blacksmith Stand!

The subscriber offers his shop and tools for sale, situated in

LAWRENCETOWN,

IS ONE OF THE BEST BUSINESS STANDS IN THE COUNTY.

For information, apply to,

E. L. HALL.

October 30, 29tf

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.

FARM FOR SALE!

THE subscriber being desirous of giving more attention to his

GROCERY and PROVISION TRADE,

has decided to sell his valuable FARM, situated in Beaconsfield, three and a-half miles from Bridgetown, and directly under the North Mountain.

The property comprises about 300 acres of splendid land, 25 or 30 under cultivation, and 200 abounding in valuable Hard and Soft Timber.

There is also between 200 and 300 healthy and bearing Fruit Trees, in Apple, Plum, Pear, &c.

A good House, Barn, and other Outbuildings, together with pure and never-failing water privileges are among the inducements.

For full particulars apply to the subscriber.

T. J. EAGLESON.

Bridgetown, Oct. 9, 1883. tf

New Store!

NEW GOODS!

The subscriber has opened a store on Water St., adjoining his dwelling, where he will keep on hand a large quantity of the Best Brands of

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, AND OATMEAL,

which will be sold at low prices for cash.

Also.—A well assorted stock of

GROCERIES,

in Sugar, Spices, Salt, Tobaccos, Brooms, Soaps, Raisins and Currants. Canned Goods, Biscuits, Syrups, &c., &c. A quantity of Cow Corn.

A REFRESHMENT TABLE, where lunches can be had at all hours will be found on the premises.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, June 19th, 1883.

NOTHING

Can be lost by sending for free specimens of the Great Farm and Garden Journal of America.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.

It costs more to publish than any other of its class. It presents over 500 original engravings annually of cattle, grain, fruits, etc., etc. It has over 600 contributors—among them the best writers in the world. It owns Experiment Grounds of 82 acres worked in the interests of its subscribers.

A NEW ERA

in the agriculture and horticulture of America.

A $4.00 Weekly for $2.00 a Year.

It is original throughout. It is pure in tone and admits no ambiguous advertisements. It is a farm, garden, religious, news, home, and literary paper all in one.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is for the North, South, East, and West. It has become the leading rural paper by real worth, perseverance, and enterprise—by its devotion to the true interests of all who till the land whether for pleasure or profit. It is printed upon fine tinted paper, 16 pages weekly, each page 11½x16½ inches. It combines the best features of the daily and weekly press with all that can instruct, elevate, and interest the rural home.

Its Free Seed Distributions,

have introduced or disseminated many of the most valuable seeds and plants now known. Among them may be mentioned the Beauty of Hebron, White Elephant, and Blush Potatoes, the Cuthbert Raspberry, Clawson, Fulton-Clawson, Surprise, Black-bearded Centennial wheats, and a hundred others.

The new varieties of seeds offered in the Rural's Free Seed distribution are alone worth more at retail prices than the yearly price of the Journal. Specimen copies will furnish all details with original engravings.

WHY NOT send for free specimens and then judge for yourself?

34 PARK ROW, N. Y.

CAUTION.

I HEREBY caution all persons against negotiating or purchasing two promissory Notes, given by me, on Monday Oct. 29, viz:—One payable one month from that date, and the other payable in ten months from date, for the sum of twenty-four dollars and twenty-five cents each, as I have received no value from said notes, and shall resist payment. ENOCH WOOLWORTH.

Clarence, 31st Oct., '83. 5i36

Dr. C. P. French's

IMPROVED

Electro Magnetic

APPLIANCES.

A POSITIVE CURE

—FOR—

ANY DISEASE

Caused by

SLUGGISH CIRCULATION OR IMPURE BLOOD.

In wearing them you have a moderate, but continuous current of electricity passing through your system, which quickens the circulation, drives out all impurities, and builds up your general health.

THE WAIST BANDS

will cure the

WORST CASE

—OF—

LAME BACK OR KIDNEY TROUBLE.

We will refund the money in every case where they fail. The

LUNG PROTECTORS

cure any Lung or Bronchial Trouble.

THE LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

CURE FEMALE WEAKNESS AND KIDNEY TROUBLE. THE

INNERSOLES

prevent cold feet and cure rheumatism in the feet and limbs. Send stamp for circular and price list. Our circular contains names of prominent persons who have been benefited, and we have thousands of testimonials besides. Ask your druggists for them.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Address,

Kingston Station, Kings Co., N. S.

A. C. VANBUSKIRK,

General Agent for Nova Scotia.

Various Causes—

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light or red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weak, or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its results, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is colorless; contains neither oil nor dye; and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous, imparting an agreeable perfume.

For sale by all druggists.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I
Could not move!
I shrunk!
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

Poetry.

Waiting for Mother.

The old man sits in his easy chair,
Slumbering the moments away,
Dreaming a dream that is all his own,
On this gladsome, peaceful day.
His children have gathered from far and near,
His children's children beside—
And merry voices are echoing through
The 'Homestead's' hall so wide.

But far away in the years long flown
Grandfather lives again;
And his heart forgets that it ever knew
A shadow of grief and pain,
For he sees his wife as he saw her then—
A matron, comely and fair,
With her children gathered around his board,
And never a vacant chair.

Oh happy the dream of the 'Auld Lang Syne,'
Of the years long slipped away!
And the old man's lips have gathered a smile,
As his heart grows young and gay.
But a kiss falls gently upon his brow
From his daughter's lips so true;
'Dinner is ready and father dear,
We are only waiting for you."

The old man wakes at his daughter's call,
And he looks at the table near—
'There's one of us missing, my child,' he says,
'We will wait until mother is here.'
There are tears in the eyes of his children then,
As they gaze on an empty chair;
For many a lonely year has passed
Since 'mother' sat with them there.

But the old man pleads still wistfully:
'We must wait for mother, you know!'
And they let him rest in his old arm chair
Till the sun at last sinks low;
Then, leaving a smile for the children here,
He turns from the earth away.
And has gone to 'mother' beyond the skies
With the close of the quiet day.

Select Literature.

Madcap Madge.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

Cora Castleton laid down the pearl-backed brush with an impatient, discouraged sigh, that involuntarily repeated itself as she looked down in Madge's saucy, piquant face, that was upturned definitely from the crimson cushion of the lounge.

A low, joyous laugh came thrilling from Madge's lips, as Cora paused in such stately dignity.

'Well, you have read me a lecture a full quarter-hour long.

'But, true as I live, my dear, dignified sister, I can't tell yet what I have done so dreadful.'

Miss Castleton looked despairingly at the pretty, pink-flushed face, and when she spoke, the accents of her voice were in perfect accord with her expression of countenance.

'Child, child! when will you learn the lesson I have been trying to teach you for a year or more?

'Madge, child, will you ever cease being a careless, boisterous girl, with not the slightest regard for the conventionalities of society?'

'Oh, that is the crime I have committed is it?

'The sermon you have been preaching, you dear old nuisance you, has for its unannounced text the harum-scarum ramble I took this morning.

'Oh, Cora'—and the girl's black eyes flashed joyously—'if you only knew how perfectly splendid it is now over at the Falls.

'When I took off my shoes and stock——"

An explanation of horror from Cora suddenly finished the frank admission.

'Your shoes and stockings off—actually off?

'Madge, you shock me beyond power of expression.'

The perfect innocence on Madge's face was refreshing to see.

'Well, I was determined to cross over to get the ferns, and there was no alternative but to wade.

'I don't care now,' she added, defiantly, with a deepening flush on her face—'I wanted to wade, and I did.

'I don't care what anybody thinks.

'I'm old enough to do as I please.'

Another discouraged sigh from Miss Castleton.

'Yes, you are old enough to do differently.

'Do you know you are nearly seventeen Madge?

'Do you ever think you look like a young lady, which fact makes your moping girlishness the more out of place?'

'Of course I remember; but see here, Cora, am I so awful?'

'Do I really do such wicked things? Don't I ever do anything right?'

The gentle pleading in the voice—the wistfulness that suddenly banished the defiance from her eyes, touched Cora, and she laid her cool warm hands on the girl's warm cheeks.

'Darling, you are the dearest sister that ever lived, with the one single exception—you will be so unconventional, so childishly regardless of appearances.

'It is for your own good I speak, my dear.

'It is time you began to settle down and think of lovers, and marriage.'

Madge's momentary patience fled.

A mischevious imp peeped from her eyes as Cora spoke.

'Why don't you recommend Mr. Particular Dignity as a candidate for my favor, Cora?

'I'm sure he's the very handsomest young fellow that ever came to Laurel Lawn with brother Phil.'

'Madge!' and Cora spoke more decidedly than was her habit, even when reproving Madcap Madge.

'Madge Castleton, you shall not ridicule Mr. Arlington.

'Remember he is Phil's friend and our guest, and one of the most learned, polished men of our day.'

Madge wreathed her pretty arms over her head, and laughed defiantly.

'I tell you he is a Particular Dig.

'Didn't I hear you tell Phil only yesterday, when they were lying on the grass under the apple tree, that if there was one thing above another he admired in others, it was a graceful dignity and suitable appreciation of the eternal fitness of things?

'Oh, my Cora.

'If you had only seen how I had to hold my breath to keep from laughing. I was up in a bough, you see——'

Cora interrupted her by suddenly rising from her chair.

'Madge, you are hopelessly incorrigible.

'But may I, as a particular, very great favor, beg of you to come down to dinner to-night as I shall come, as Mr. Arlington is accustomed to see his friends, in suitable dress; and with dignity and grace of manner.

'This once, Madge, if never again, let Mr. Arlington see you can drop your boyishness as readily as you can refrain from parting your hair on one side.'

'Well,' retorted Madge, reluctantly; 'to please you, Cora.

'Not for Mr. Portico—Mr. Arlington, though, understand.'

* * * * * * *

A fine-looking fellow he was, certainly—Mr. Arlington whom Miss Cora Castleton was so anxious to secure for a brother-in-law.

A manly-looking fellow, with the appearance of assurance, bravery, dignity, and quiet, reserved strengthfulness that is unutterly delightful to woman's observation.

Just now he was enjoying a smoke all by himself, in his own room, second floor, front, over the library, where Miss Castleton had domiciled him so very homelike and cosily that he was in no hurry to break camp.

He was having a first-rate time down in the country.

Miss Cora was a model hostess and house-keeper—the very memory of her dinners, and anticipations of breakfasts and lunches made his mouth water, figuratively, of course.

Then there was Phil—the very best sort of chum, who both knew how to entertain him and let him alone.

And also Madge, whom he or no one else ever dreamed of calling 'Miss.'

Pretty, boyish, graceful, independent Madge, with saucy eyes, that he knew would melt some day, and saucy lips, that would murmur allegiance when the master came.

He admired her—as far as she would allow him, which wasn't very far.

Then she would dash off on her wicked black pony, at break-neck speed, and he would say aloud, very carelessly—

'What an odd girl your sister is, Miss Castleton,' and inwardly invoke all good spirits of earth and air to bring her home with her head still on her shoulders.

It had amused him not a little when Phil had laughingly told him the sobriquet Madge had tacked to him.

And yet, away down in his heart was a little pang of pain that she had no higher estimation of him.

And then came an equally severe pang of sarcastic bitterness, to think he—he, the grave, the reticent, the 'Particular Dignity,' should be such a fool as to care what Madcap Madge called him.

But her saucy eyes, her roguish mouth, her matchless grace, her glorious disregard of conventional things, and the whole covered with such a delicious veil of innate delicacy and modesty, had conquered, all unconsciously, this Richard Arlington.

And it was this very fact, and the stubborness of the case, that he was looking at, as he sat smoking by the window, ten minutes after Madge and her pony had dashed off for their morning scour of the country.

He was recalling how perfectly beautiful she had looked in her riding habit—dark blue cloth and smoked pearl buttons.

He remembered every curve of her faultless figure, so girlish, so graceful.

He remembered the glimpse of a dainty-buttoned boot, and the firm, yet apparently careless grasp of her gauntleted hand on the white reins.

Then a summons from below stairs dispelled the half-delightful, half-painful reverie.

It was Phil's voice—loud and cheary.

'Dick—come, you're not extra busy and lazy, as I am.'

He tossed his cigar into the receiver, and went down the broad, delightfully cool stairs till he reached the library, where he found Phil 'busy' in performing the same duty he had just finished, laughingly scolded him for his letter and went slowly up again.

It was a business letter that he was reading, that he finished just as he arrived opposite the door, and opened and entered.

There was a cheque in the letter and an unsigned receipt to be returned by post, and without raising his eyes, he made straight for his desk between the front windows to find—not a desk, but a marble-top bureau, that bore unmistakable signs of Madge's late presence, in the dainty, perfumed handkerchief, the scarlet ribbon she had worn at breakfast, and a broad-brimmed straw hat he had seen her wear many a time.

For a second his breath fairly stopped, and a flush came over his handsome face, to think of the mistake he had committed—blundering into Madge's room instead of his own.

Then, conscious of the blamelessness of his mistake, it occurred to him how neat, how thoroughly womanly everything was, from the snow-white counterpane and ruffled and binded slips, to the dainty little kid slippers standing so coquettishly where Madge had left them.

It seemed odd—Madge to condescend to wear slippers, and it gave him a thrill of actual delight to discover this trait of femininity in her; and grave, proud, loving Dick actually stooped down and caressed them with a strange fluttering of his heart.

Somehow, the very quiet, the peacefulness of the scene charmed him.

He dreaded to go away, and yet—what business had he there.

He looked around, taking in every detail with loving eyes, and then, in the same spirit of adoration, picked up the jaunty straw hat, that was looped up on one side with long feathered grasses and ferns.

He handed it very gingerly, turning it over and over; then smiled.

'It is for all the world like a sombrero I wore once—minus the grasses.

'That was ten years ago, when I visited Spain.

'I looked first rate in that hat then; I wonder if I've grown older and uglier? I've two minds just to try this on, and put myself to the test.'

He glanced towards the door that led to the hall, and heard no one coming.

He glanced towards the back entrance that led into the back stairs that entered the library, and it was deserted in that quarter.

Then he put Madge's hat on his curly hair in a very becoming, rakish manner that quite reconciled him to the ten added years of his life.

There was nothing vain or womanish about him, but yet he quite enjoyed the effect he had produced, and stood looking, half amused, half ashamed, thinking such odd, strange thoughts that he was fairly petrified when he heard a voice on the stairs, and a clear, sweet girlish voice that came nearer and nerrer.

'In a minute, Cora.

'I'll be there in a minute.

'I'm only going to my room a minute.'

The cold sweat started to Arlington's face in a perfect shower of drops.

Madge on the stairs, and he, the incarnation of all that was dignified, in her room, with her hat on, and no way of escape.

The pattering boot-heels came nearer and Dick's heart beat fearfully.

He snatched at the hat, but the elastic was fast in his curly hair, and refused to leave, even at the price of a lock with it.

His face was pale with confusion and desperation.

Then, not a second before Madge entered the door, he made a frantic dash for the back stair door, whose situation just occurred to him, and found himself in a dark wardrobe instead of a passageway.

But it was a respite, a merciful one, notwithstanding the fact that he couldn't stand straight up without endangering Madge's obstinate hat, and he stood there, as best he could, with his hand on the door knob, and fairly suffocating to keep from breathing aloud.

It was to be only for a minute, though: he heard Madge say so, and then he would gain his room, and the world in general, and Madge in particular would never be the wiser for this unlucky freak.

But alas, for the inevitable.

The brisk, gay tones of Madge's song, that she was humming as she came in, changed to an exclamation of surprise, directed to herself.

'Well, I declare.

'I am sure I left my hat on the dressing case, and now, when I am in such a horrible hurry.

'I have to hunt for it.

'If that meddlesome old darling of a Cora has been putting it in the wardrobe for me, I'll——'

The wardrobe.

The hat.

Arlington never wanted to die so badly in all his life, as when heard those words, and he in the wardrobe, with the unfortunate hat on his head, all askew.

In an agony of despair, he seized the handle still tighter, swearing no human power should move it a hair's breath.

Madge would suppose the door locked, or the spring of the knob broken, and perhaps go down for help, or leave the search for another time.

Her light, quick step crossed the room, and then her hand touched the knob, that was as firm as a rock.

She gave it a twist, but of no avail.

'That's singular,' Arlington heard her say.

'I wonder what can have possessed that door-knob?

'Something is wrong.

'I must have my hat.

'I'll ask Phil, or Mr. Partic. Dig. to see—he's always so obliging and——'

She was stopped most abruptly by the sound of an unmistakable sneezing coming from the inside of the closet.

Poor Arlington! he hadn't sneezed before all the summer, and now to sneeze after the most frightful efforts to prevent it.

Madge sprang back, and then—the door opened and Arlington walked out, handsomer than ever before in his life, because the delicious ridiculousness of the entire affair had actually delighted him,

He bowed low, hat and all.

'Madge, you see how it is, do take off this hat, won't you?—and tell me you are not awfully enraged at my stupidness?'

But to his surprise, the hot blood rushed to her cheeks, and tears trembled in her eyes.

'Oh, Mr. Arlington!'

That was all, but it wasn't shame, or contempt, or disgust, but a sympathy, or pity, that was all the sweeter from being so unexpected.

'You see, I thought I was in my own room, until I was fairly in.

'And then—then—I—well, I had a hat something like that once, and——'

Madge's eyes began to twinkle.

'You had such an overwhelming 'appreciation of the eternal fitness of things,' that you tried it on, and then I surprised you, and you trapped yourself and sneezed.

'It's no wonder you did sneeze, Mr. Arlington,' she added gravely, 'because all my furs and my sealskin sacque are in that closet, and they're just packed in pepper.'

Arlington laughed, but still there was deep earnestness in his eyes.

'Will you help me off with this masquerade, Madge?

'There, I want to tell you one reason why I ventured to put it on, why I touched your slippers, and kissed that red ribbon yonder, because, Madge, everying of yours is so dear to me.

'You are the woman I love and hope to win for my wife.

'Madge, am I presumptuous?

The hat was on the floor now, and the girl's hand prisoned in his, so perfectly her lord and master, despite the funny contretempts a moment earlier.

Then, a moment later, she lifted her eyes, from which all the sauciness was gone, in which all the tenderness of love's young dream was shining.

'If I am worthy; because you have taught me there is such a thing as love and that there is no such lover as yourself.'

It was the transition from girlhood to womanhood—from childish mischief to tender gravity, for love had graced her life and cast behind her feet her carelessness.

* * * * * * *

They laugh often about it—the strange freak of Cupid, who transformed the wild girl into the dignified woman for the lover with whom he played such undignified tricks.

But everbody is satisfied.

And what more can be added, except that Madge insists, defiantly, that she never in the world would have 'had' Dick if he had not proved most conclusively that he could enjoy a good joke, with all his particular dignity,' and the 'keen appreciation of the eternal fitness of things,' especially the 'fitness' of the unfortunate hat.

A REMARKABLE NORTH-WEST CAVE.—Winnipeg, Nov. 20.—The engineers at the end of the Canadian Pacific report the discovery of a large cave half a mile west of the thirtieth siding, high upon a lofty mountain side. It is three acres in extent, and wonderful is the abundance of fossil marine specimens to the seen in the interior.

—The Limerick Board of Guardians have resolved to take advantage of the Laborer's (Ireland) act by erecting 1,000 cottages, with half an acre of land attached to each, for the accommodation of agricultural laborers in the Limerick Union district. The announcement was received with loud cheers by a large number of laborers who awaited the result.

—In the forty-eight Congress of the United States; which meets on the first Monday in December, the house will be composed of 325 members and eight territorial delegates; of the former, 165 are Democrats, giving that party a majority of sixty. Only 73 of the Democrats were members of the last House, and about one hundred enter Congress for the first time. The Democrat majority is drawn in about equal proportions from the Northern and Western, and from the Southern States.

—Marriage for those who live in the Siberian mines has peculiar features. When a prisoner desires to undertake it, the only thing necessary for him to do is to send in an application to the overseer who forthwith allows him a wife. Three days of probation are then allowed, and if any incompatibility of temper seems likely to arise the applicant may receive 25 lashes and another wife. This process is continued until he gets a wife to suit him.

—Starch factories are also springing up at different points in Prince Edward Island. The farmers get 14 cents a bushel for all sizes as the potatoes come from the field, and find this better than assorting them and then carting them several miles to a market for 16 or 20 cts., which is not infrequently the ruling price. The process of starch making is simple, consisting merely of grinding the potatoes, washing the pulp, and settling the starch in three vats successively after it has been thoroughly washed with clean water to remove all impurities. Furnice heat is employed for drying.—*Ex.*

—A quanity of unlicensed whiskey and lager were emptied into the gutter on Monday. Several hundred English sparrows alighted and proceeded to imbibe freely of the running liquor. Some of the birds flew away while they were yet able, but other less prudent and more thirsty bipeds partook of such a quantity that they were unable to do so, and the spectacle they presented in their vain endeavors to soar aloft was too comical for anything. They would ascend a few feet, only to tumble to the earth again. They chirped slang to each other and fought all up and down the gutter. Their legs got tangled, they looked silly and made fools of themselves generally. The spectators of the funny scene had no trouble in capturing the little fellows.—*Ingersoll Chronicle.*

—At a fashionable church wedding in New York the three bridesmaids wore dresses of dark royal blue plush, made short, with full Marie Stuart tunics, and sharp pointed bodices. They wore London gypsy hats made of white velvet and lace; with short full ostrich tips wreathing the crowns. Their long white gloves of Danish kid were not drawn over, but passed underneath the lace-trimmed sleeves. The first bridesmaid carried a basket of plush roses at her side, the second a basket of carnations, and the third, a young lady of sweet sixteen, held a basket over flowing with trailing vines, ferns, white lilies, and tea-rose buds. Each young lady wore with her costume a pair of bronze shoes, the tops of which were made of dark blue velvet the exact shade of their dresses.

A WHISTLER.—Mrs. William Hade, a widow lady, residing south of the Canada Southern Railway shops, removed here from Guelph about six weeks since, where her son was employed in the Raymond sewing machine works. He has been accustomed to working alone, and so prone to whistling that as soon as he is by himself he unconsciously commences. When asleep the muscles of his mouth, chest and lungs are so completely in association that he whistles with astonishing shrillness. A pale countenance, loss of appetite and almost total prostration of strength, convinced his mother it would end in death if not speedily overcome. She accordingly called in a physician Sunday, and he recommended that the young man be placed in the society of another boy, who would give him a blow as soon as he begins to whistle. This novel remedy will be tried.—*St Thomas Times.*

—All of our readers who are interested in farm matters of any kind are asked to read on another page the announcement of the leading American country journal, the RURAL NEW-YORKER. It is the first to have established an Experiment Farm; the first to originate and distribute rare and new kinds of seeds and plants free among its subscribers. It has probably done more to create the present interest in experiment stations and an improved agriculture than all the rest put together. It is original from beginning to end. It presents over 500 original illustrations yearly of fruits, cattle, grains, house plans, etc., and combines in practice the true interests of the farm, garden, and household with the editorial labor of a rural journal. Its present Free Seed Distribution comprises eight kinds of seeds most of which are not offered for sale. These according to the prices which seedsmen charge for novelties, are worth more than the yearly subscription price of the paper. It is a weekly of sixteen pages, printed on fine paper. It has over 600 contributors, among them the most distinguished agricultural writers of America, Canada, and England.