Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 27. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1900. NO. 52.

Professional Cards.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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Rest, - - - -		275,000

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Dartmouth, N. S.—F. O. Robertson, manager.
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as it leaves the oven in
EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
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5,000 Hides,
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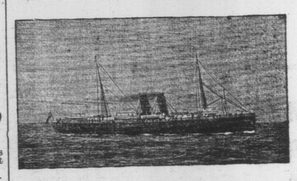

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The fast and popular Steel Steamer "BOSTON" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNSDAY and SATURDAY EVENING after arrival of the Express trains from Halifax.
Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 2 p.m., making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railways for all parts of Nova Scotia.
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Through tickets to all points in Canada and to New York via rail and sound lines.
Ask for and see that you get tickets via the Yarmouth S. S. Co. from Yarmouth.
For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Central, Intercolonial or Coast Rail way agents, or to
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REED BROS.
Have a full line of Coverings and a
FIRST-CLASS UPHOLSTERER.
Prices Right and Work promptly done.
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I have about completed my fall stock of **Boots and Shoes,** and now offer to the public one of the finest and best assorted stocks in above lines to be found in the valley.

RUBBERS
We sell the **famous Maltese Cross Rubbers** for Ladies and Gents; the celebrated **Stub Proof Rubbers** that cannot be punctured—especially adapted for lumbermen. A full line of Men's, Boys' and Women's Rubbers.
I would especially call your attention to a fine line of
FRENCH AND GERMAN SLIPPERS
Suitable for Xmas Presents.
Any quantity of Oats wanted in exchange.
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Safeguards the food against alum.
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
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Poetry.

God's Miracle of Light.

Marvelous mystery, God's miracle of light!
With scarce a stirring of the soul's surprise
Now we the sunshine's arrow as it flies—
That pulsing shaft of pure, pellucid white!
Broken in beauty through the raindrop's might;
Painted in glowing spectrum on the skies!
Seeing, yet blind, with numb, accustomed eyes!
Turn, tired heart, and read the message right,
Voiced mutely by that oracle sublime!
Grief of the world and glory of God's heaven,
By means of one the other we divine;
Light for its great analysis is driven
Through the rain prisms. Tender, blessed sigh!
Tears as interpreters to us are given.

Hester Caldwell Oakley in Woman's Home Companion.

Select Literature.

The Anthropologist's Coat.

(W. E. CULE, IN 'CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.')

It frequently gives one a shock of surprise to observe what small and even ridiculous matters serve to influence a man's development and success in life. Peter Sand, Master of Arts and Fellow of St. Gaston's, was dim sighted, and failed on one occasion to distinguish between a black cloth and a dark blue. In this act lies the secret of his subsequent development and prosperity.

Three years ago Peter's development had apparently ceased. He lived entirely at the university town of Durbridge, was known as a Fellow of St. Gaston's, and occasionally lectured on anthropology. His friends had once expected a great deal of him but had for some time abandoned those expectations. One or two articles in scientific magazines formed the sum total to the press, and the first portions of his great work on 'The Epoch of Mastodon' had been written only to be thrown aside. The income from his Fellowship was more than enough for his comfort, and he had never liked society. Gradually he had withdrawn farther and farther into himself, until at the age of thirty-three he looked ten year older, and was a willing and contented recluse. His enemies called him "Fossil," and he was familiarly known among his friends as 'Little Peter."

His usual course of life received an interruption one day in the form of a letter from Barron, an old school-fellow who had kept a distant but kindly eye upon Peter for some fifteen years. The Fellow of St. Gaston's read the letter several times before he could comprehend it fully. It appeared that Barron was about to be married, and wished his old friend to attend him as groomsman.

A notification that he would be expected to act as bridegroom could scarcely have caused Peter more distress. He a groomsman—at a wedding! It was ridiculous—impossible! To refuse Barron's request, however, seemed also impossible, for he was the last of that almost forgotten circle of early friend. After long and troubled consideration he sent an urgent note, asking the bridegroom to come up to Durbridge and explain.

Barron came, a big fellow with a large heart, which even his work as a country solicitor had not succeeded in warping. He was one of those who had respected Peter's learning and had hoped for great things from him. His disappointment was extreme to find shrinkage instead of expansion, retreat instead of attainment.

'Dear me, Sand! he cried; "what's wrong with you? You look so old, and so very grey! Do you go out much?"

"Never," answered Peter, "Why should I?"

"Why, because you are becoming a fossil, man," was the candid answer. "You must wake up—you ought to marry."

"What!" exclaimed Peter, astounded; 'and lose my Fellowship!"

Barron sighed, and felt very sorry that the Fellowship had ever been gained. Then he set himself to persuade Peter to run down for the wedding, and to undertake the duties of groomsman. It was to be a very quiet affair, he explained, and the responsibility was simply nothing. Peter listened and gradually gave way. To the bridegroom's amusement, he then began to make exhaustive notes in a pocket-book, so that he might not forget any of his duties.

"Since you don't care for going about much," said Barron, "you needn't come down until the day before. That will be time enough, and you won't require so much luggage."

"Just my things, I suppose?" said the Fellow. "It's lucky that I've had a first-rate new coat lately. It's a blue one."

"Blue?"

"Yes, dark blue. I intended to get black, but I'm short-sighted, you know, and when the patterns were submitted I chose blue by mistake; but it's a splendid thing, and my landlady tells me that it looks very well. I should like to do you credit at the wedding, old fellow."

He uttered the last words so kindly, and his confidence in the blue coat was so touching and childlike, that Barron could not speak the protest that rose to his lips. Besides, if Peter had to exert himself to fit a new coat he might rebel, and give up the project altogether. So he held his peace, reflecting that there might be no law against blue after all. He did not know how criminal his silence was, for he was but a man and had never been married before.

[illegible] found cause to

reverence for her new brother as she might have shown. Barron was continually at war with her.

"What is this Mr. Sand?" she asked pertly. 'What is his work?"

"Oh, he is a Fellow," said Barron.

"Indeed! That is very lucid. Is he a nice fellow?'

"He is a fellow with with a capital F, Miss Pattie," was the rebuking answer—"Fellow of St. Gaston's College. His work is anthropology."

"And what is that pray?"

"Oh, skulls,' said Barron, "skulls and skeletons, and all that sort of thing. He's wonderfully clever—so clever that the St. Gaston's people give him two hundred a year as long as he remains unmarried. They know that marriage spoils clever men, so they bribe them to remain single!"

His triumph was but a brief one.

"Has anybody ever tried to bribe you to remain single, John?' asked Miss Pattie, icily, and John was so demoralized by the thrust that in another moment he had betrayed the secret of Peter's coat.

The minutes that followed were decidedly troubled ones. Dismay succeeded to incredulity, and indignation to dismay. It was in vain that poor Barron pleaded that a Master of Arts and a Fellow of St. Gaston's might wear any coat he liked at any wedding he liked, and even claim to set the fashion. He was told that the idea was an outrage, and that he should have placed his foot upon that blue coat at its first appearance. Miss Pattie declared that she would never, never walk out of church on a blue coat sleeve, and that her brother Charles must be asked to act as groomsman instead of that Fellow. Then Barron said that he would prefer to walk into church with Peter in a blue coat than with any other living man in a black one. So the matter was left, in the faint hope that the groomsman might be smuggled into a more suitable garment on the morning of the wedding.

"It will be a bad thing for him," said Miss Pattie, 'if he brings that coat down here."

"Oh," said Barron, "what will you do?"

"I shall simply look at him," was the quiet reply. "That's all."

Barron thought it might prove to be quite enough, for Miss Pattie's eyes had remarkable powers of expressing the colder emotion. He felt sorry for his friend, but was utterly helpless.

On the eve of the wedding Peter came and Barron introduced him to the bride's relatives. While the groomsman was nervously congratulating the bride, he himself was forced to admit to Miss Pattie that the dreaded coat had come, and would certainly make its appearance in church. Her eyes flashed dangerously.

"Very well," she said, "you know what I promised;" and she took the earliest opportunity of working out her vengeance.

This was at supper, when Peter sat facing her. When he addressed, her, she answered coldly and without interest; if he glanced in her direction he met a look of abhorrence and contempt which even a scientist could scarcely have mistaken. Barron watched the play, at first in fear, but afterwards in surprise. It appeared to him that Peter did not suffer as he should have suffered. He certainly became more silent, but the glances he returned to the enemy were entirely free from confusion.

"You don't seem to hurt him," said Barron, at last. 'What is wrong?"

"There's nothing wrong," was the sharp retort. "He is unusually stupid, that is all."

Barron laughed. "Nothing of the kind," he said. "He is looking at you continually, and perhaps you notice that his interest is increasing. Don't flatter yourself, Pattie; please don't. He is simply studying the formation of your head for anthropological purposes. Peter has a mania for skulls.

After that blow Barron retreated with honor, and, bore the groomsman with him. They spent an hour before sleep in going over the duties of the morning, Peter making further notes in his book, with a face of unexpected interest and earnestness. When this was done, he said:

"That young woman, Miss Pattie, has a fine pair of eyes, John."

"Yes, said Barron, expectantly.

"Yes, I saw her looking at this old coat of mine. It is certainly faded, though I have never noticed it before, and perhaps she thought I intended to wear it tomorrow. I am glad that I have brought my blue one—I am sure she—I mean you—will like it."

What was coming to Peter? Barron gazed at his pleased and contented face in growing amazement. Could it be possible that Miss Pattie had worked this sudden change? Here was retribution, indeed!

"John,' said the anthropologist, a little more hesitatingly, a little nervously, "I believe there is an old custom—a groomsman's privilege—to—to—hem—to kiss the bridesmaid."

"Eh!" cried Barron; "the bride, you mean, not the bridesmaid. You kiss the bride."

"Oh," said Peter, 'the bride, is it—not the bridesmaid? I see!' and it seemed to Barron that his face had fallen a little. But his own amazement was so great that he could scarcely take notice. He tried to imagine how Miss Pattie would look if Peter had tried to carry out his mistaken idea of the old custom, and he wished with all his heart that he had left the thing alone. Then he said good 'Good-night' to Peter, and hastened away to his own room to laugh in peace.

In the morning Peter appeared in the dreaded coat. I was a dark blue, and he was so pleased with the effect that Barron, who had prepared another coat for him could not find courage to destroy his illusions. "After all," he thought, 'Peter looks very neat; it is to be a very quiet wedding, and everything will be over in half an hour." So he actually congratulated him upon his appearance, and nerved himself to meet the consequence.

The carriage took them to the church, where they prepared to wait in the vestry until the bridal party should arrive. There Barron spent a few anxious moments in reminding Peter of his various duties. It was at this point that a sudden and startling thought occurred to him.

"Peter," he exclaimed, 'have you the ring?'

"What ring?" cried Peter, astounded. "No—upon my word—I haven't!"

The bridegroom said something under his breath. He had not given the ring into Peter's charge on the previous night, fearing that he might leave it behind him, and up to the present moment that horrid coat had so troubled his mind that the matter had escaped him. The ring had been for-

[illegible] made a rapid calculation. His house [illegible] set far off, and the missing article could [illegible] obtained. It was true that the bride would arrive directly, but if Peter made an effort he might return with the ring by the time it was needed.

"Run!" he said, "run! You know where it is—in my writing desk. Run!

Peter did not wait for further instructions. He caught up the nearest hat—which happened to be Barron's—and rushed out by the side door. There was no vehicle within call, and he could not go in search of one. Clapping Barron's hat over his brows, he tore away through the quiet churchyard, the tails of his blue coat flying behind him. When he reached the house he knocked twice without effect. Then he perceived that everyone must have gone to the church, and turned in despair and helplessness. As he turned, he saw that one of the drawing-room windows had been left unhasped and slightly open.

There was only one thing to be done. He gave a furtive glance up and down the silent, sunny street, and then pushed the sash higher. There was an awkward scramble, and the hat was crushed against the top of the window. In a moment more he was safely inside.

The desk was found but it was locked. In his agitation, Barron never thought of giving him the keys. Peter looked about him once more, picked up a poker and with one or two blows destroyed the lock.

There was the ring, all ready in its case. There, also, was Barron's pocket-book, which had been forgotten like the ring. Peter grasped the articles, and was turning to fly, when he found himself face to face with a policeman!

It was a painful meeting. The officer had observed Peter's furtive entry, and had quietly followed. It looked to him a clear case of daylight burglary, and he was one of those obtuse policemen whose convictions it is impossible to move. Peter tried to explain.

"It's a wedding," he cried, "and this is the ring. I came back to get, and they are all waiting at the church. I am the groomsman."

Then came the tragedy of the coat. This policeman knew all about weddings, for he had often attended at the church doors in an official capacity. He had observed the costumes worn on such occasions, and he had never seen a groomsman in a blue coat. He shook his head stubbornly.

"That's all very well," he said, "but I can't take it, sir. You must walk to the station with me. It's close by."

Peter saw the argument was vain. The entry by the window, the broken lock, the pocket-book, and, although he did not know it, the blue coat were all against him. By this time the ceremony must have begun, and perhaps they were waiting for the ring. With an exclamation of rage and despair he hurled both ring and pocket-book into the farthest corner of the room.

* * * * * * *

At the church, however, matters had gone perfectly. Barron soon decided that Peter must have got into difficulties, and then discovered the keys of the desk in his own pocket. Making the best of the case, he secured the services of Miss Pattie's "brother Charles," as groomsman, sent him to borrow a ring from one of the ladies, and then went to meet the bride, fully provided. Everything ran smoothly after that until the whole party proceeded to the bride's home for the breakfast.

From there a messenger was sent to look for Peter, and just as the breakfast had begun the missing groomsman made his appearance. What he had suffered during the course of his adventures no one would ever know, but there was in his face a mingling of unutterable emotions. Hatless, dusty, hot and dishevelled, he stepped into the room stared about him. But his chief emotion was anxiety.

"Good gracious, my dear fellow!" cried Barron, "where have you been? What is the matter? Come and sit here."

Peter came. He looked at the faces of the bride and bridegroom, and saw that all was well. Then he wiped his brows, with a sigh of relief.

"It is all right, then?" he said, huskily. "I have been in a terrible state—thought you couldn't get on without the ring."

He spoke so strangely that a smile appeared on several faces. One of those at the head of the table, however, did not smile. She was looking into Peter's face, and it was her voice that murmured, "Poor fellow!" Barron heard it and wondered.

The groomsman took his seat, and told his curious story. I could not have been expected that the poor anthropologist would be a good story-teller; but here was a surprise for all. Peter had been shaken out of himself; he spoke with simple feeling and indignation; his words, his gestures, moved everyone to sympathy. The scientist had emotions, in spite of science.

"Imagine the position," he said. The bridegroom waiting for the ring which I had been entrusted to get—and the policeman, immovable, inflexible! My dear Barron, I was wild—I would have done anything—I would have given a fortune—I would have given up my Fellowship—to get away!—I would."

He paused for breath. Every eye was upon him; every sound was hushed.

"The inspector," he said, "was a little more reasonable, and thus I am here. That policeman must have been a little mad, I believe. I could not quite make out his explanation; but it seems that one of his excuses for arresting me was my coat—my my coat! It is most extraordinary!"

Then, of course, everyone looked at Peter's coat, and saw that it was blue beneath the dust. Barron glanced at Miss Pattie, and she, perceiving his meaning, remembered her threat. She looked at Peter Sand once more, for the third time.

There was no ridicule now, no contempt. Peter's face was flushed, his eyes were bright. Miss Pattie saw in his countenance something that caused her own to soften, to change. She saw, perhaps, an old Peter, the one who had been Barron's friend and won Barron's faith and loyalty long ago—the plain, unselfish Peter, who, during the whole of this unhappy adventure, had not given one thought to himself. Or perhaps she saw in his face the Peter of a possible future, when some soft hand—a woman's hand—should have brushed away the dust of his studies, and sent him forth, neat and burnished, to face the world again.

Then Peter, in the silence, looked up also, and his eyes met hers. For a moment they gazed at each other, and for the second time that day Peter Sand's Fellowship became a small thing. Then the incident was over.

"Well, upon my word!" muttered Barron, who had seen it all. "Upon my word!"

As I have already hinted, everything came about through the blue coat. Had it not been for that, Miss Pattie would have paid no more attention to Peter than to any other fussy scientist, and Peter would never have been led to observe her eyes. Had it not been for the coat, Barron would not have forgotten the ring, Peter would have had no need to break into the house, the policeman would have had no reasonable excuse to doubt his explanation. Further, but for the coat, Miss Pattie would not have given Peter that second glance which moved her sympathy for him, nor that third glance which laid bare to her quick eyes his simple, unselfish heart, and the possibilities that lay beneath the dust.

The remainder of the story is simplicity itself. When the Fellow reached home that night he sat up to a late hour, calculating what amount annually he would be worth if he lost his Fellowship! When he had settled this question he shook his head in a doubtful way and took down from a shelf those packets of manuscript which were the beginning of his "Epoch of the Mastodon." They had been neglected for two years, but from that hour he spent a large portion of his time in adding to and revising them.

He also developed socially, paying frequent visits to Barron under the plea that it was well to keep sight of an old school-fellow, and that he was greatly benefitted by change of scene. It was observed that after each visit he showed signs of further development in the form of increased activity. In six months he looked as many years younger.

His book went to press, and he visited Barron still more regularly. He found a friend there, he said, who was greatly interested in it, and who desired to see the proofs. It may be remembered, also, that at the time of its publication a chair of Anthropology was founded at the new Hexminster University.

The "Epoch of the Mastodon" made a great mark in scientific circles, where it is still regarded as a standard. The most prominent candidate for the chair at Hexminster was the author of that book, a neat scholarly fellow—they write it Fellow—whom few even of his enemies would have called a fossil. He was elected almost unanimously, and on the next day told his admiring landlady that he had resigned his Lectureship and his Fellowship, that he was now Professor Sand of Hexminster, and that he was about to be married.

He also intimated that, in deference to the wishes of his bride, he had visited his tailor, and ordered a new coat. It was to be a black one!

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Price 50 cents per Bottle, of all Druggists.
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HALIFAX, N. S.
For sale by S. N. Weare, Bridgetown.

1899. A. No. 822.

IN THE SUPREME COURT.

Between: CAPT. JOSEPH MITCHELL, *Plaintiff.*
—AND—
PERRY SIMS and OLEVIA SIMS, *Defendants.*

To be sold at **Public Auction** by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, at the Court House, in Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis,

On Saturday, the 7th day of April, A. D. 1900,

at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein and dated the 3rd day of March, A. D. 1900, unless before the time of sale the amount due to the plaintiff herein with his costs be paid to him or his solicitor, all the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property, demand and equity of redemption of the above named defendants and of all persons claiming or entitled by, from or under the said defendants and each of them in, to and out of all that certain piece or parcel of land and premises, situate, lying and being in Inglewood in the County of Annapolis bounded and described as follows: Commencing on the Bay road on the southeast corner of lands now owned by John Tyler, Senior; thence running southerly along the west side of said bay road until it comes to lands now held by Alfred Gibson under a bond for a deed from Leander R. Morse to the said Alfred Gibson; thence turning and running westerly along said Alfred Gibson's land so held two rods; thence turning and running south along said Alfred Gibson's and William Jones's land until it comes to a point twenty feet distant from lands of Albert Morse; thence turning and running easterly along lands of said William H. Jones to the Bay road so-called; thence turning and running southerly along the Bay road, twenty feet or until it comes to lands of Albert Morse; thence turning and running west along lands of Albert Morse until it comes to the old Thomas Chute property so called now owned by William Anderson and occupied by Wesley Miller; thence turning and running northerly along said Thomas Chute property to lands now owned by John Tyler, Senior; thence turning and running easterly along said Tyler, Senior's land to the Bay road so-called, place of beginning, containing [illegible] acres, more or less.

TERMS: [illegible] time of sale.

O. T. P[illegible]
BA[illegible]
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
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of Old Yarmouth Town.

SENATOR LOVETT THINKS BRAINS, CAPITAL AND PLANT WILL RESTORE ITS SHIP-BUILDING FAME.

Old Yarmouth town, at one time the leading shipbuilding port along the Nova Scotian coast, but whose building industry in that line has gone to seed, promises to take on a new lease of life as soon as the Sydney steel plant is in operation. This is the opinion of Senator Lovett, of Yarmouth. He thinks brains, capital and plant will bring about this result, and cites the great success which has attended the efforts of the people of Belfast, Ireland, towards constructing mammoth shipbuilding yards, notwithstanding the necessity of bringing in iron and steel from other parts.

"In the days when wooden vessels were built at Yarmouth, there was a real hive of industry there, and we do not intend to allow to pass undeveloped or unnoticed our natural advantages," the Senator said. "The fact is our shipowners sometime ago turned their attention to shares in the iron vessels built on the Clyde and elsewhere. This is true of the Thompsons, of St. John, N. B., who are largely interested in syndicates operating Clyde built steamships costing from $75,000 to $100,000 each. This spare capital of Yarmouth and other Nova Scotia places also finds investment in these vessels, Mr. J. B. North, of Hantsport, being among those whose investments are large. Mr. North is one of the old time builders of wooden ships."

Discussing the subject of prohibition he said that the people of Yarmouth still clung tenaciously to their old principles, and that the town, with its seaport features and population of 7,000 is without a licensed liquor resort, the druggist alone having the authority to sell it, and then only for medicinal purposes. Many people, he said, continued to give the town a black eye on that account yet the sentiment of its people continued strong against the whiskey element, and there was no immediate prospect of a change of principles.

Bathing in Electric Light.

It has been found that there are many painful ailments which, when acted upon by electric heat and light rays, are completely banished from the sufferer's body. Strong electric light is thrown onto the seat of suffering; the patient basks in a bath of light and heat, experiencing nothing but pleasant sensations, and, in most cases, an immediate and comforting sense of relief from pain. Men and women who for years have lost control of their limbs, and who have unavailingly tried every known cure, have arisen after a course of electric heat baths, and walked with perfect freedom. The apparatus which enables patients to bathe in electric light is extremely simple. To an adjustable stand are fitted two large copper or nickel plated reflectors, which can be moved in any direction.

If a patient is lying in bed, reflectors are placed on either side, adjusted to the exact position for locating the rays where desired. On the reflecting surfaces are the electric lamps which radiate the luminous heat rays. The heat may be regulated by varying the distance of the reflectors, or the number of lamps, or by means of a special regulator which controls the electric current. Those parts of the body, such as the armpits or the shoulders, which it would be impossible to treat locally with other arrangements, are easily dealt with by the new system. When the patient is in the right position, and is comfortably settled (he may be fully clothed or covered with blankets, without affecting the power of the rays), the current is turned on, and heat and light of considerable intensity are immediately produced. In a few minutes the thermometer will register 300 degrees Fahrenheit. I have seen patients chatting cheerfully, and experiencing no inconvenience, while an affected limb has been exposed to heat rays at a temperature of 400 degrees Fahrenheit. It might be supposed that such a heat as this would roast a limb. Undoubtedly there would be evil results were it not for the important fact that dry heat is employed, which evaporates perspiration as soon as it appears on the body.

—*From Pearson's Magazine.*

The Man Who Works.

AND THE MAN WHO GETS THROUGH THINGS THE EASIEST WAY HE CAN.

"The man that is so far advanced that he likes the work he is doing," said Mr. Stoggleton, "has reason to feel hopeful of himself. I suppose that the very great majority of us go through the work we have in hand the easiest way we can and get through it, skipping the hard places when possible and thinking we'll be glad when it's finished; but the next job will be just the same. There will be just about so many hard places in it, and then we'll be wishing just the same that we could get through that job.

"The fact appears to be that we are always trying to shirk the present job. We mean well in a feeble sort of way, and the next thing we tackle we're going to do right up to the handle, but when we strike that, when that becomes the present work don't we try to shrink that too? We do, indeed. And that's what we do all through life—daily putting off our great endeavors till tomorrow. Kind of a miserable thing to do isn't it?

"But occasionally you meet a man who puts in his best licks every day and rejoices in the labor. He doesn't care a continental what the next day is going to bring to him—he can handle it, whatever it is. Just now he's engaged with to-day's labor, and he does that up thoroughly and completely and searches out the last nook and cranny. He isn't trying to see what he can pass by, but what he can root out, and he goes home satisfied with his work, and he's the man in a thousand that leads all the rest, and pay corresponds with his labors."—*New York Sun.*

The Drainage.

VIEWS OF A FARMER WHO FINDS IN IT MANY AND LASTING BENEFITS.

Some farmers appear to think the only gain from underdraining is that the soil is dry enough to work sooner after hard rains and will yield better crops when the season is wet. But this is by no means all the benefit, according to an Ohio Farmer correspondent who is an enthusiastic advocate of tile drainage. He names and comments upon the following additional reasons for his faith:

First, a better yield in dry seasons; second, it is easier to keep the ground clear of weeds; third, vegetables, grass, etc., are made more palatable; fourth, wheat and clover do not heave out so much by freezing and thawing; fifth, the soil does not wash so much; sixth, it makes the soil more fertile.

To say that ditching prevents damage by drought may seem strange to those who have never tried underdraining their land, but those who have tried it know that the crops over and near a tile ditch are better in a dry season than where no tiles are used. The droughts that do the most damage are those where a dry summer and fall follow an open winter and a wet spring. This is caused by the wet weather in the spring making the soil run together and become compact. When dry weather follows, it is more injurious than if the soil is loose, as it generally is over and near a tile ditch.

As to the second reason—it is easier to get rid of weeds—a little observation will prove it to be correct. It is in the wet spots in the wheatfields where the wheat is killed by the water that the dock, ragweed, cress and other pests are the worst. It is the same way in the cornfield and potato patch. The low, wet places are generally the most difficult to keep clean.

The third advantage is that the products of well drained land are more palatable than those grown on wet land. The same variety of potatoes planted in different soils will produce potatoes of dissimilar qualities. Those grown on well drained land will cook dry and mealy, while those grown in a wet, heavy, clay soil will be of an inferior quality and will be soggy when cooked.

The fourth advantage claimed—that wheat and clover are not injured so much by the ground's freezing and thawing—does not need explaining.

As to the fifth claim—that the soil does not wash so much—I am not quite so positive as I am about the others. The loose soil over a tile ditch will wash easily if the tile does not have the capacity to carry all the water that runs to it.

As to the last claim—that it makes the soil more fertile. I mean by this that it not only makes the land more productive, but that it adds fertilizing elements to the soil the same as we do when we cover the ground with manure or fertilizers. Some may inquire when these elements are applied. The answer is, every day in the year and by the water and air that pass through the soil.

While a heavy coat of stable manure may make better crops for six, eight or ten years and an application of commercial fertilizer will show for several years, if they are not renewed the soil will not show any gain from them after a time, but the tile ditch, like "a thing of beauty" is "a joy forever."

—This is how a Kansas newspaper man criticised Paderewski the other day: "We heard the Polander, Paderewski, play the piano in Convention Hall, Kansas City, the other night. The fellow is deceitful. He makes you think all the time he is going to play a tune, but he never does. He flirts all around a tune, but never touches it. His hair looks like a wig, but it isn't. He deceives you in a hundred ways. He makes the sweetest sounds you ever heard that were not a tune. He has his piano so trained that the doggone thing will keep right on playing when he is not touching it. He reaches out slowly and strokes it, drawing back his elbows like a man brushing a girl's hair. You see the moonlight, and you're there with your girl, but somehow she don't love you. You know the sorrow of that, and that's why we don't like Paderewski. We wouldn't go to hear him again. If this is Paderewski's last visit to America we are glad of it, but we wouldn't take $100 for what we heard at Convention Hall."

—It is announced that the French Government, looking out for a new source of revenue, has determined to plant fruit trees all along the public high roads of France. The French are a law-abiding people, it is a consequence, one imagines, will [illegible] joy to the heart of the French boy.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. Price 25c.

The Lawyer Cornered.

Said a lawyer in Spain to a crafter one day: "If you promise to give me a guinea I shall teach you so to plead as to be always successful with [illegible]

"I promise."

"Well, [illegible]

do.