







Miscellaneous

Thoughts for the Hour

A paper read by Sister Mrs. W. E. STARRATT at the Annapolis District Meeting, Nov. 21, N. S. at the quarterly Meeting, 1879.

The last night of the old year, the holy midnight hour, and silence like a gentle spirit now is brooding over the still and quiet world; the earth is wrapped in its snowy covering; the moon rises as serenely, and the merry tinkling stars shine as brightly as when of Eden's fair landscape they cast their friendly light.

The Ghosts of forgotten actions come floating before my sight. And things that I thought were dead things are alive with terror.

As I sit alone in my reverie, the taper has wasted; and from the smouldering remains of the fire, the imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothingness a habitation and a name.

Time, swift, unmeasured Time, is ever on the wing. On still on it presses, and for ever. No chain can bind his rushing pinion, and for him the weight of sleep or weariness is never known.

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natures, we discover amongst the most admirable endowments, a lively perception of beauty, and it only remains for us to cultivate this germ, and we shall find ourselves surrounded by an array of new objects for admiration and research; for nature is of unlimited extent, and the history of the smallest plant far exceeds our highest powers.

Wherever we turn our eyes, beauty is an all-pervading presence—in the heavenly music that we breathe, in the fragrance of the flowers, in the verdure of the fields, and in the blue of the sky.

History, we consider, not only a most interesting but a most agreeable pursuit, for it gives us a knowledge of the past, and a view of the progress of the human mind.

Music seems to have existed in all countries at a very early date. It has been advancing through the centuries, and to-day is presented to us as a new art, and is not only an accomplishment appreciated in polished society, but is the means of much enjoyment in the family of the cottage.

Mr. Hugh Sutherland, of Winnipeg, who discovered coal on the Souris River, Manitoba, westward of the mouth of the Assiniboine, has been making arrangements to transport the coal to Winnipeg as soon as the navigation opens in the spring.

The Canadian Illustrated News, the only illustrated and purely literary paper in the Dominion of Canada, is published weekly.

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SILVER JEWELRY! PLATED SETS!! CUFF-BUTTONS, CUFF LINKS, NECK AND OPERA CHAINS, GENTLEMEN'S Gold, Silver & Plated Chains.

CLOCK DEPARTMENT. In the SILVER Department will be found Cake Baskets, Butter Coolers, Silver Castors & Crinets, Pickle Dishes, Napkin Rings, Silver Dinner, Tea and Dessert Knives, Table and Dessert Spoons, &c.

FANCY GOODS, suitable for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, ever offered by any house in Bridgetown among other things will be found China and Wax Dolls, Parlor Games, Playing Cards, Mustache Cups, Vases, China Sets, Wallsets, Hair Brushes, Combs, Boxes Stationery, in fact everything that constitutes a leprolatory for Santa Claus's requirements.

Flour, MEAL, Molasses SUGAR, TEA, OIL, FISH, Lumber, &c., &c. TERMS CASH. 50,000 Superior pressed Brick, 50,000 common ".

Hard and Soft Coal. 250 tons Hard Coal, best white Ash. Also to arrive from Glasgow, G. B., per bark "Geo. E. Corbett".

STEAMER "SCUD" For Digby and Annapolis. Connecting at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations, and at Digby with the Western Counties Railway, for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

TO LAWYERS. A FRESH LOT of Summons and Executions just printed and for sale at this office.

Agricultural

Feeding Cattle. The principles on which cattle feeding should be conducted to extract the greatest possible results both as regards meats and manure from the materials used, have been very little understood until lately.

It is clear that the successful feeding of animals must depend upon two things: first, what food is administered to them, when they receive it. To judge wisely upon those two points, we must study the chemical composition of the materials, the functions of the digestive organs, and the way in which those organs are affected by the various states in which they are required to act.

Now, by vast experiments, made on a large scale, but most carefully conducted, it has been shown that the proper proportion of fat and heat-giving to flesh-formers should be, in a perfect food mixture, as 34 to 1.

Now, modern agricultural chemists have divided the constituents of food in a different and a simple manner from that of their predecessors, inasmuch as the separation of the flesh-forming from the fat-forming and heat-giving matters is much more easily understood, by the man of average reading than the *portior compounds*, etc., of the past.

It will be evident at a glance that the prepared food must save the animal action, and therefore save some amount of animal heat, which must tend to economize the heat given. The preparation is simple enough—boil the linseed crushed (or if not you may expect to lose quite one-half) in plenty of water, and mix on any floor, with the other meal and cut straw or hay.

Prof. E. C. Corpe, a well known naturalist, contemplates Seth Green's allegation that trout cannot hear. The Professor says that there is a nerve at the base of every scale on a trout, at the point where the scale is united with the skin. All these nerves, from the base of every scale, and to a large girth, situated on the centre of the forehead of the fish below the eyes.

When the Yearling College was asked: "Young ladies, you ever put your heads on your breasts and listen to the heart?" "Yes," replied one of the girls, "I have done so many times, but I never heard it."

Don't do it. Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed. Don't scold meechants for a living. It is simply dying by inches. Don't throw dust in your own eyes. It will injure the pupil. Don't turn up your nose at things. Think of bread and butter. Don't boast of your pet. A fool has had a wise wife. Better make her write for you some of your own living. Don't publish the Lord's straight. Remember.

Joker's Corner

A Great Codfish Story. Not many months ago a party of Boston gentlemen came to this city and went on a fishing party. Some of them got pretty jolly. One in particular seized a codfish which they caught together while on the wharf. In a moment he espied a veteran fisherman sailing wood, and under the impulse of the moment fetched him a smack across the face with the codfish. In a moment he was sobered. The generous impulse of a noble heart throbbled in his bosom. He felt that he had done a mean, ungentlemanly act, and he went to the fisherman and offered it to the veteran, saying:

"Accept this and let it wipe out any recollection of the same coming from me, struck you, as I did not mean to do it, and am very sorry for it."

The veteran took the bill, his face beaming with mingled astonishment and delight, and making a bow, remarked: "See here, stranger, you can wipe over the face all day long with codfish at ten dollars a tick I don't bear you any grudge, but I do not like your style. When are you coming again?"

And that settled it.—Cape Ann Advertiser. REMINDER OF A DRY GOODS CLERK.—When I used to tend store at Syracuse, the old man came round to me one day, and says he: "Boys, the one who sells the most between now and Christmas gets a vest pattern as a present." Maybe we did not work for that vest pattern, I tell you there were some tall stories told in praise of goods just about that time; but the tallest talker, and the one that had the most check of any of us, was a certain Jonah Squires, who roomed with me. He would take a dollar out of a man's pocket when he had only intended to spend a sixpence; and the ladies—their pockets books to him, and let him buy out what he liked for them. One night Jonah woke me up with, "By Jo, old fellow, if you think that 'ere's got cod in it, I'll bring down the sheep-tail that was cut from and make him own his own wool. 'Twasn't wear out, either; wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years; they are as good now as when I first put them on. Take it at thirty cents and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Eh, too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight cents. What eye say? Shall I tear it? All right, it's bargain!" I could feel Jonah's hand playing about the bedclothes for an instant, then rip, tear something or other, and I hid my head under the covers, and was just laughing with laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the best sheet from top to bottom. When I awoke next morning I found that the back of my night-shirt was split from tail to collar-band.

An Oxford Graduate was showing his sister over his rooms in college, when some one knocked at the door. Supposing that it was one of his friends, and not wishing to be chided, he hid her behind the curtain, and admitted an elderly gentleman, who apologized profusely for his intrusion, and excused himself by saying that it was many years since he had been at Oxford, and he had been waiting for a visit to his dear old college and the old room he had occupied as a student.

"Ah!" cried the old gentleman, looking around at the same old carpet, and the same old carpet—everything the same! "Then walking into the bedroom he remarked: 'Yes, and the same old bed, and the same old washstand! Yes, everything the same.' Presently he stepped toward the curtains and remarked: 'Ah! the same old curtains!' Looking around he beheld the young lady, perfectly convulsed round, said: 'Ah, you young dog, and the same old dog!'

"Got something frisky?" he asked, as he walked into a lively stable and called for a saddle horse; "something that will prance about lively and get behind the curtain, perfectly convulsed round, said: 'Ah, you young dog, and the same old dog!'

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