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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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Weekly Monitor

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CHARLES J. MACDONALD.
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office inspector's office.
Halifax 6th June 1884.

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE I. FITZRANDOLPH, late of Williamston, in the county of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within three months from the date, and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

ALBERT FITZRANDOLPH.
S. BURPEE FITZRANDOLPH.
Administrators.
Williamston, June 17 '84. 13m23.

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SEED WHEAT,
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which will be sold for CASH only.

Will continue to fill all orders for MIXED FEED at short notice. Have purchased a SHINGLE MACHINE, and will be prepared to saw or furnish long or short tapered shingles. Are now negotiating for a

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all to be in operation this spring.

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AT PRIMROSE'S
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Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

John Ervin,
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Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, child-like refreshing sleep always?
And they will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

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Ask any or of the most eminent physician:
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"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu."
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:
Mandrake! or Dandelion!"
Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable
And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a
[Concluded next week]

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between

JOHN P. RICE AND ARTHUR E. SULIS,

doing business under the style and firm name of the ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY in Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. A. E. Sulis assumes all debts owing this firm, and to whom all accounts due are to be paid.

JOHN P. RICE,
A. E. SULIS.

Bridgetown, May 8th, 1884.

CARD.

IN accordance with the above, and owing to my late partner's health breaking down, which has compelled him to withdraw from the business, I would beg to inform my many friends that I still intend carrying on the same business under the same name and style, and will continue to manufacture the same celebrated ACADIA ORGAN. Every pains will be taken, and no expense spared to manufacture First-Class Instruments, which will be placed in the market at prices to suit the times. Thanking our friends for their liberal patronage in the past, I would still solicit a continuance of the same.

I am, your obedient servant,
A. E. SULIS.

CARD.

HAVING been compelled to withdraw from the above business, on account of poor health, I wish to take the present opportunity of thanking my many friends for their kind and liberal support in the past, and hoping that I may in the future be able to resume my business as salesman, I would still solicit patronage for the celebrated ACADIA Organ, which will still be manufactured by Mr. Sulis. I can fully recommend the Organs to the public, and shall be pleased to sell them to any of my friends.

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n5tf

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A good, reliable, active man wanted to canvas Digby County. n8tf

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LIME
will be kept constantly on hand and for sale. Apply on board or at residence of subscriber.
J. LONGMIRE.
Bridgetown, April 2, '84. 51tf

Poetry.

In Memory of Mrs. Timothy Brooks, who died April 9th, 1884.

BY MISS LIZZIE C. LETTENY,

"For so he Giveth His beloved sleep."

Weep not for her though hard to part,
With one whose love so filled thy heart.
Weep not for her a sad farewell,
'Our Jesus hath done all things well."

Weep not for her whose Spirit's free,
From Time to all Eternity.
Though fondest ties by death are riven,
Reunion, oh! how sweet in Heaven.

Weep not for her, so truly blest,
Since now she leans on Jesus' breast,
Though hidden from thy mortal sight,
Her spirit is robed in spotless white.

And though her form you may not see,
Her spirit hovers over thee.
In memory of her love look up,
E'en while you drink the mourners cup,

For Jesus' love alone hath power,
To soothe the heart in sorrow's hour,
And while we trust his sovereign will,
He to thy heart will say: 'Be still.'

And know that I am God above,
Who sends the chastening rod in love,
To win thee to thy home on high
Where tears shall ne'er bedim thine eye.

Weep not for her as without hope,
Her trust was firm in him who spoke,
The precious words to all who weep;
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

While sorrow dims thy mortal eye;
Still trust in him who lives on high,
O'er all thy life, kind watch he'll keep.
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Weep not for her whose death is gain,
Freed now from mortal care and pain;
In the long clasping love of Heaven,
Fond ties shall nevermore be riven,

L. C. L.

Select Literature.

A Tale of the War.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER WHO HAD MISSED THE TRAIN IN THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

Joaquin Miller.

Grizzled and gray, dazed and indolent, looking as if he had missed the train in the progress of life; as if the world had gone by and left him hopelessly behind—no Christmas turkey for him this year; nor for the twenty years past, I reckon—the old Confederate soldier (who limped about awkwardly, for he had a lot of lead to carry) told me the story, the other day, of the Shenandoah. If it is untrue or dull, blame him—not me. I only give it as I got it.

Gen. 'Jeb' Stuart was hanging on the Federal flank. His midnight camp was pitched on the hillside. Up the hill a little way lay a farm-house; two or three haystacks hung upon the hillside. The worn-out horses fed there, and nodded their drowsy heads to the bay. All around on the ground, under the trees, in camp the troopers lay—black men, white men, men who were gray and old, little lads, boys who had seen a dozen battles and hardly yet as many years, a mixed and motley lot—ragged, wretched, hungry. They lay on their bellies before the fire, munching roasted corn gnawing it off the cob greedily, husking it, roasting it, rolling it in the blazing fire of the old Virginia fence rails. Now and then a shot rang out in the clear, still night, away where the pickets met too closely for peace; [illegible] men [illegible] favored and fortunate, met together and reached each other on their bayonets tobacco and and old ragged news papers in a sort of exchange of prisoners of war. The moon rose high and white in the great blue sea above, and a little stars of heaven looked down in pity and in peace.

Then a song burst out. The black men were singing louder, sweeter, with more pathos and memories of home, than the white men. It was a sad, grotesque, weird and unique picture. Suddenly Stuart stood in the midst of the ragged and uproarious lot.

'Discipline! Look here Sergeant Zeb, I want discipline or death. Discipline I say! Do you expect me to fight battles and win victories with a howling mob like this and the enemy right here waiting to recoil on us the moment we give him a chance? Discipline, I say! Hang your blacks and shoot your whites, or have discipline!! Silence in a second! And the long lean men and the sleeping lads pulled themselves together and tried to look like soldiers, while the blacks at the suggestion of their being hung up melted back from the fitful embers into the night, as if they were a part of it.

Then the weary bearded chief threw himself on a heap of saddles at hand and forgot his sturness as he looked about over the wretched group of poor fellows gathered there for a rest under the oaks.

'Boys, I'm hungry, hungry as a wolf. What have you got to eat?'

A dozen men sprang up, a half-dozen young, beardless troopers rushed forward, and from out the night back under the trees there came many black forms. And each, every one, black men and white men, old men and little boys, reached out and thrust into the chieftain's face, with generous alacrity, an ear of roasted corn. Some of these ears of corn had only a few teeth marks in them, being almost entirely intact. Others again were pretty nearly gnawed down to the cob. But they were all alike offered with prompt generosity.

'Corn!' and the Confederate chief shook his head with a grim and sickly smile, as he muttered to himself: 'Corn! biled corn, roasted corn, raw corn, white corn, red corn—all kinds of corn. No, no, boys, I'm hungry, but I can't eat corn any more to-night.'

The men melted back in respectful silence into a broad circle. And there, suddenly, somehow in the centre of that circle, stood a child; a little boy who had been roused from his sleep on the pile of saddles in the commotion that attended the chieftain's coming. And now, wide awake, with a little flag in one hand and a red apple in the other, this little boy stood there in the midst of these wild and ragged men with cheeks as rosy as the apple he held in his dimpled little hand.

'If yer hungry, mister captain general, here's my yed apple,' and with this the little boy toddled right up and stood almost between the booted legs of the surprised soldier.

'Sergeant Zeb, where in all Jericho did this child come from? Is it yours? I won't have children around me here. I left my babies at home can't you do the same?'

'Tain't my poor little chickie, General Stuart.'

'Then take it to its mother,' thundered the chief.

'Its mother is dead, general.'

'To his father then.'

'It's father is dead, general.'

'D—a!?'

'Dead. Killed in the battle yesterday when you led over that stone fence by the farm-house on the hill, sah.'

The Confederate general bit his lips. Then muttering to himself as he rose up and turned away: 'Killed at the farm-house where I led. Some poor farmer defending his home and little ones. I can't stand this!'

'Please, sir, mister general, won't you take my apple? Papa growed it in his orchard. And he buyed me that too.'

Here the child reached his little flag, trying hard to make friends with the seemingly hard man who was turning away as if to avoid it.

'Sergeant Zeb, where did that flag come from?'

'Had it in his hand when I found it, sah and it won't give it up sah; says its father give it to it for the Fourth of July, sah.'

'Fo' of July,' piped, the little wait waving the little 5 cent stars and stripes, overhead, there in the midst of the dark and gathering circle of soldiers under the oaks.

The general turned stopped and took the child in his arms.

'Keep your little flag, and wave it when and where you like. You don't know the difference, and I wish I didn't know the difference. Here, Zeb, take care of this kid. Boys we killed its father by chance yesterday: Let's take care of it. We can't do less; and may be it will bring us luck. What do you say, boys?'

The wild shout that shook the leaves of the oaks overhead, startled the advocate for discipline, and turning to Zeb as he strode away in the night for another part of his camp, he shouted, 'Silence! and Zeb discipline, discipline! Damn it, discipline or death, I say!' and he was gone.

They gathered about the wide-eyed, rosy-faced orphan, with his little flag and red apple, and many a black and white and not over clean hand reached out to toy with and stroke the hair of gold that hung heavy as corn silk in summer time over the lad's shoulders.

'I found it in the fence corner,' said Zeb, all a shiverin', and its daddy and mammy dead, shot down by stray bullets when we stormed the place.'

'Yes, and dar warn rabbit right aside ub him,' said a black face back in the dark over another man's shoulder, over another man's shoulder.

'An' golly, we kotched and eat der rabbit,' chuckled another black man.

'Wal, we'll keep the kid; keep'm till the cows come home.' And with a grunt of universal approval from all as they gradually melted away, old Zeb hoisted the little one up on his colossal shoulders, and turned suddenly to look and to listen, for there was a shout down the hill and a sharp volley of shots above, beyond the haystacks. It began to look as if this squad of raiders had got into a bite. Shouts of the enemy down the hill, shots of the enemy up the hill beyond the haystacks. Which way should the surprised and panic-stricken soldiers fly? The colossal old Virginia sergeant, with the child on his massive shoulders, was the only officer in charge. The blacks were hiding about behind trees, behind each other, under saddles, blankets, anywhere. The shouts of the advancing enemy came loud and clear from below and very near. The camp fire, the song of the soldiers had done the mischief. This little squad of raiders was doomed. The leaves began to fall like autumn time over old Zeb, the tall and angular old sergeant.

What a plight for a soldier! A battle on hand and a baby in his arms. The old sergeant came near throwing it away with the heap of negroes hiding away under the saddles. Where was Stuart? The sergeant put his hand to his ear and leaned to listen as best he could between the sharp volleys from below that were ruinfug the prospects of the next year's acorn crop in the trees overhead. He could hear the clatter of iron hoofs on the high ridge to the west. The moon was sitting large and round and low. Over the bare crest of the hill and against the moon he could see the Confederate cavalry pouring in impetuous flight. Stuart, the cautious and wary leader, had escaped.

'Come, men! We must follow our general on foot—any way to get out of this. Come! Up by the haystacks and over the ridge.'

The strong man started up the stony hill to pass the haystacks. The child, as if it were afraid it might fall, wound its little left arm affectionately about the great grey shock of hair. That little act saved it; that accidental show of affection won the the old fellows heart entirely. Why, he would not now have pitched it aside among the terrified negroes for gold.

Up the hill he led swiftly, the men following in groups, knots, singly, armed, unarmed, limping, leaning, erect in all manners of ways, only so as to escape the Federals, charging up the hill from below. They could see the points of shining bayonets entering their camp by the light of the burning fence rails as they fled out of it, and the black color had nearly all faded from the flying Confederates as they neared the haystacks.

Here the grey-headed old sergeant, with the child on his shoulder, paused under the haystacks to get his bearings. The moon had fallen down behind the crest of the hill. It was nearly dark now. The Federal bayonets were only a few steps in the rear. The ragged and demoralized Confederates huddled close and helpless up and after the grizzled old giant, who stood there looking out which way to lead them, with the child on his shoulder, its left arm hugging the great shaggy grey head, its right one holding the flag.

The tall, grey soldier threw up his great heavy hand to his brow and looked out under his broad palm to try and see which way to lead.

Suddenly the haystacks blazed out before him, and the whole scene was bright as day. The Federals had been waiting for the Confederates to come! And now as they stood there huddled together helpless as sheep, they fired the haystacks in their path of retreat and stood there behind them, before them, around them, to shoot them down in the light which they had kindled.

It was a matchless magnificent sight! No scene so bright, no sunlight brighter! It pleased the child, excited and delighted it. What could it care for the long line of gleaming guns leveled only a few rods away in the rear? What did it know of the death hiding down in every gleaming gun-barrel of that compact mass of uniformed men just before? Nothing at all. Its little heart leaped with wonder and delight at the beautiful uniforms the disciplined the quick action by which every gun was brought instantly to the shoulder. The bayonets were beautiful—the gleaming bayonets all in the bright light.

The child seemed to think this a part of the celebration, and in the fullness of delight just as the Federal officer drew his sword and said 'Fire!' the child, holding tight on the great grizzled head its left hand, and as if to contribute its part to the celebration waved its little flag there in the glare and light. And in that awful stillness which comes always before any dreadful catastrophe, piped out in its shrill little voice as it raised itself higher for the occasion:

'Fo' of July!!

'Put it upon record in gold and red that the Federal officer lowered the point of his sword. The heavy breeches of the guns struck the stony ground with a thud. The line of blue divided, and the old grey Confederate, with his little charge on his shoulder, still waving the little flag passed on through the line, while cheer upon cheer shook the bullet riddled leaves of the oaks overhead.

And this is the story of the old Confederate soldier of the Shenandoah who had missed the train on the line of Progress down in old Virginia.

The Romance of the Museum.

ONE OF CHICAGO'S YOUNG WOMEN SEEMS TO KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN SHE SEES IT.

A tall man, with a full beard the color of old gold and a wide-brimmed hat, and wearing a suit of ready-made clothes with the shelf marks of an Omaha store plainly visible, got off the train as it reached the Northwestern Depot, and had his gripsack checked for safe keeping in the waiting room.

'Im goin' to take in the town, partner,' he confided to the man behind the counter,' and the grip might be onhandy like.'

'Say, mister,' said he of the checks, 'mebbe you'd better leave that gun, pointing to a 24-calibre revolver, the down-pointing muzzle of which hung some inches below the tail of his short sack coat. 'The perlice might take you in, and then you'd be fined $50, besides confiskatin' the shooter.'

'Preps you're right partner,' said the Westerner after a moment's consideration. 'I never been in a big town before, and ain't exactly fly on the ways of people. You're sure I won't need it?'

'No, you won't need it,' said the checkman, leastways if you don't drink too much.'

'I never drink,' said the new comer, unstripping the formidable weapon and handing it over.

Then he stepped out of the depot and walked east and saw the signs of the Chicago Museum. 'A show hey? Well I'll take that in sure.' He bought a ticket and passed in and was soon contemplating the pretty girls in the costumes of all nations. He glanced furtively and bashfully at the beauties in their gorgeous and becoming costumes. 'Wonder if they can talk United States' he thought. Finally he found a post against which he could stand, and, thus braced, he pushed his sat-brim up out of the way and stared long and earnestly at one of the young ladies who seemed to take his eye. The girl was fully conscious of this admiring look, but, like a well-behaved girl, took no notice of it untill after the space of some minutes, when the steady gaze brought the color to her cheek and a half smile to her face, which she attempted to Lide by quickly turning about. This was not lost to the keen eye of the Western man and several times he moved forward as I to speak to the girl but each time he shrank back bashfully and resumed his first position. The girl became somewhat nervous. She attempted to dust off the front of her booth with a feather duster, but it flew from her fingers upon the floor. The Western man sprang quickly forward and handed it to her with untaught grace.

'Thank you, sir,' she said, with a smile and a blush.

'Oh can you talk American?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' she replied. 'Why not?'

'Oho, I dunno; you wearing a furrin rig, you know.'

'Yes, I am American,' she said.

'It's a mighty purty rig, anyhow,' he said.

'Do you think so?'

'Yes. Do you stay here all the time?'

'No; I live at home. I'm only here for a couple of weeks.'

'I'm a stranger in town,' said he.

'Indeed.'

'Yes; I live in Arizony.'

'Is that far away?

'Yes; its lonesome for me out there sometimes.'

'Why don't you live in the city?

'Cause I've got a ranch and a lot of cattle.'

She looked at him with sudden respect, for she had heard of the Western cattle kings.

'I was going East to see a gal,' he said after a pause. 'But I don't think I'll go now.'

'Why not?'

'Cause I've found one that suits me in Chicago.'

'You're lucky,' said the girl smiling at the simplicity of the man. 'Who is she?'

'You.'

'Oh go on with your foolishness. You never saw me before.'

'No, said he, but I'm going to stay in Chicago and see you again. Fact is I want a wife. I'm a plain man with no trimmings. If you'll marry say so.'

'This is so sudden, and I don't know you and———

'Never mind that. where do you live?

'No,——street.'

'Father and mother living?'

'Father is dead. I live with mother.'

'And you came here to make a little money toward paying the rent?'

'How did you know it?'

'Never mind. I'm coming up to see you to-night. I can convince your mother that I am able to take care of you, and I've got letters to Chicago men that'll show who and what I am. If your mother will go along out I'll be glad to have her along. Anyway, I'm going to take you.'

'You're very confident, seems to me,' said the young lady who had suddenly come to think a yellow beard handsome.

'Never mind,' said the Arizonian. 'Tie up the dog and leave the latch-string out to-night, for I'm coming, sure as' thunder and he walked away.

To-day there is a vacancy in the 'Bazaar of Nations,' for one of the prettiest girls has gone; and in a neat little cottage in the North Division an old lady and girl are sewing for dear life on a serviceable outfit. This charming little romance is vouched for by a prominent pillar of this city.

MANKIND'S MISTAKES.—It is a mistake to labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so. To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become. To go to bed at midnight and rise at daybreak, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better. To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To eat as if you only had a minute to finish the meal in or to eat without an appetite, or continue after it has been satisfied merely to satisfy the taste. To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they learn. To imagine whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better (as alcoholic stimulants) as good for the system without regard to the outer effects. To take off proper clothing out of season because you have become heated. To sleep exposed to a draught in any season. To think that any nostrum or patent medicine is a specific for all the diseases flesh is heir to.—*Sanitary Record.*

—'I hear said,' Alpha to Omega that your property is in the hands of the sheriff.'

'Worse than that,' replied Omega gloomy. 'A water-pipe burst this morning and the house is in the hands of the plumber.'

— In the Counties of Oxford, Otta, and Yarmouth, N. S., the prohibitory section of the Canada Temperance Act has been declared in force.

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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 specialty of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

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