



VOL. 8.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1880.

NO. 7

Weekly Monitor, Published Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, \$2.00.

Advertising Rates. One Inch—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 25 cents; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.50.

Columns—First insertion, \$4.50; each continuation, \$2.00; one month, \$12.00; two months, \$18.00; three months, \$24.00; six months, \$36.00; twelve months, \$60.00.

The average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,154 being considerably larger than that of any other paper published in the City.

Notice to Bridge-builders. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS OF Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the instruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

Will find it their advantage to correspond with THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY, or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

21 CASKS Refined Sugar Received This Day, Ex. Steamer via Halifax.

J. & W. F. Harrison, 11 and 12 North Water, St. John, N. B.

DR. JAMES PHINNEY, DENTIST, LAWRENCEVILLE, N.S.

MECHANICAL AND OPERATIVE DENTISTRY promptly attended to in all its branches.

DENTAL NOTICE Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform his friends in Annapolis County, that he has just returned from Kings County, and will be at his office in BRIDGETOWN for a few weeks.

THE HIGH SCHOOL, at Lawrenceville, N.S., opened for THIRD YEARS' work on OCTOBER 8th, 1879.

Special Notice in order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce we have added to our extensive

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's BOOTS AND SHOES in all the leading styles.

CAUTION! EACH PLUG OF THE Myrtle Navy! IS MARKED

T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE. 35 PER CENT!

HE DOES NOT INTEND raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making the glory of the moonlight!

Still further Reduction, as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff.

JOHN B. REED, Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered to the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

10 First-class Cars (a proportion being sleepers), 20 Second-class Cars, 3 Express and Baggage Cars, 20 Postal and Smoking Cars, 240 Box Freight Cars.

TERMS TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and opened for THREE YEARS' work.

proud without blame? He saves two lives—no, three; I mean—and calls it 'quite an incidental affair.'

'What was the third?' asked Richard, in a tone by no means enthusiastic.

'Is it possible you don't know? Has not your friend Mr. Davenant told you? returned the young lady.

'No, Richard said shortly. 'Well, it was Miss Chalcombe of course.'

'I never heard she was in any danger. Oh, yes, she was! And Captain Thurstone finished into the waves and dragged her to the boat just before it upset.'

'No, I dare say not. And Miss Chalcombe too was so overcome and frightened that she is not well enough to come here to-night.'

'Oh, I thought Miss Chalcombe was not here simply because Davenant was ill and had to stay away,' said Richard.

'That seemed the natural cause of her absence to me.'

'Certainly. There is no one knows Davenant's intentions better than I do, and I have no hesitation in saying that he intends to marry Miss Chalcombe.'

'But I had mine from Davenant himself. He is really going to marry Miss Chalcombe?'

'Yes, if she will have him. Oh, she will! He has asked her to marry him, and she has accepted.'

'You can afford to say that, my love; can't she, Mr. Lacroix? You are an agent of her party, and you are bound to be true to her interests.'

'Oh, mamma, what a horrid idea! said Miss Rose, looking down in modest confusion at her little sister, Lucy.

'This was rather overwhelming to Richard and Lacroix. He began to think of beating a retreat.'

'There is Miss Saterleigh,' he said. 'I am sure she will do it. I have seen her. She is a very handsome girl.'

'Apparently she is already provided with a partner, returned Rose with a small laugh, as Poppy after one hurried glance again left the room leaning on a gentleman's arm.'

'Is she a flirt?' asked Richard carelessly. 'Dear me, Mr. Lacroix, no one thinks of asking that. They use their eyes, to be sure, and judge for themselves, but she is always surrounded by a group of military admirers, not one of whom means marriage.'

'No, not ill-naturedly,' said Mr. Lacroix in a very incisive tone. 'Lady Broadmead's little sister, Lucy, is not more so than girls must expect if they choose to be fast and brave the world. Rose, my love—bending past Richard to address her daughters—did you not observe me some time ago that you saw Miss Saterleigh go into the garden with that pink-faced young man whom we met at the Warringtons?'

Lady Broadmead's question, put with her sweetest smile—a smile that expanded her countenance amazingly—ruined Richard's ire to a point beyond patience.

'What? he cried. 'Marry Luffincock? Why, he is a boy—he is younger than her brother. I will ask her if she means to accept the devotion of her pink-faced admirer, and then I will let you know her answer—shall I?'

'Oh, you would not!' said Miss Rose. 'You would not be so cruel as to tell of it, I am sure.'

The room was full again. The tired pianist, having refreshed himself, struck a few chords with long clammy hands and breathed a deep sigh, and then looked up at the violin, which was tuning itself in an expiring manner.

'I cannot resist that,' said Richard; and, rising, he strode away.

'The instant he was gone Rose turned to her mother with a changed face. 'You have vexed him, mamma—you ought not to have said a word about that girl. You have done harm—I am sure of it—and I shall be miserable now. You see he has not asked me to dance.'

'My dear Rose, don't betray yourself here. I know what I am about. I have done quite right to let him hear how that girl is spoken of in society. And he has seen to it that you know that I have said a word about her. The men will say ten times more amongst themselves. It is the men in fact who talk about her, and then it comes round to us. We women don't set the talk afloat. All the scandal begins first at that abominable club. As for your brother, I pity him; he'll get into a scrape one day through her—you'll see.'

'At this moment Lady Saterleigh ran up to them as if she were a girl of twenty, her eyes nearly as bright as Poppy's, her pretty face flushed and sparkling. 'My dear Lady Broadmead, she cried, have you not been in to supper?'

'Oh, yes, thanks—long ago. 'But you'll go again? Here is Jocelyn ready to conduct you. I am so afraid you are not enjoying yourself.'

'I am spending a delightful evening, said the stout lady, looking back to smile and tell the by, as Captain Thurstone conducted her, for the third time, to the supper-table.'

'Now I am going to find you a partner, Miss Broadmead, cried lively Lady Saterleigh. 'I cannot think of allowing you to sit out a dance, and so many beaux long to get a chance of dancing with you.'

'Miss Broadmead smiled a little superciliously. She looked down upon military society as being impetuous and uncertain in its movements; nevertheless, being not being so numerous apparently as supposed, she was glad to dance with the pink-faced young officer, whom Lady Saterleigh led up to her, blushing uncomfortably.

'Miss Broadmead—Mr. Luffincock. 'Pleasure of this dance? said Luffincock. And Miss Broadmead smiled a sweet smile.

'As she pranced up and down in the hard gallop, shaking like a jelly, she saw sitting in the cool veranda, among roses and jasmines, Richard Lacroix and Poppy looking brilliantly beautiful beneath the dazzling light of the clear May moon.

'There is no doubt of it, my love, said Captain Thurstone, her little sister, Lucy, is not more so than girls must expect if they choose to be fast and brave the world. Rose, my love—bending past Richard to address her daughters—did you not observe me some time ago that you saw Miss Saterleigh go into the garden with that pink-faced young man whom we met at the Warringtons?'

'Yes, mamma. She went just after the first walk—oh, ever so long ago? 'Her brother was not with her, I think, my dear?'

'No; he was not in the room. Lady Saterleigh was looking for him. I don't know where he was. 'Poor young fellow! said Lady Broadmead in a tone of intense pity. 'I am sure you will see him some day. I will try to screen her follies.'

'Richard Lacroix felt exceedingly irritated. He had been told that Poppy was engaged to that pink-faced young officer, and he had looked into her eyes; he had touched her cheek and felt her hair, and he had seen things now against her; so he gnawed his lip and kept silent.

bles and fruit—this was his weak point, and flattered him into a smile—and if good management, our dinner cost us very little. I nearly always get the fish as a present, or I let old Dan Trezoun have a few vegetables or flowers for them, and he is quite content. And then they Davenant never hear of our having a party that they don't send something which they know is exactly the thing I want. It is very nice of them, and I shall miss their kindness terribly when it all stops.'

'Stop, my dear? 'Yes, stop; it won't go on for ever. 'Well, I don't know that I want to be under any obligation to them or any other sick folk, said the sturdy captain. 'I always make a point of returning them gift for gift.'

'Nonsense, John! As if your presents could be compared with theirs! A bundle of early asparagus, a bunch of flowers, a few rubbily old curranties you picked up among the swags—what are they in comparison with cases of champagne, bunches of venison, broods of birds—'

'What are you driving at, Lucy? cried the Captain, wiping his brow forehead as his mental eye swept the horizon of the future for the storms and rocks that loomed ahead.'

'I don't want to be mean,' said Mrs. Chalcombe, 'or to seem mean, but I can't help thinking of my children, and I know the Davenant connection would be a good thing for me. As for the little presents that fall in now, they appear to be fair enough, considering that Edgar is here either to lunch or to dine at least three times a week, and I am always obliged to make a little difference for him, though I say I don't.'

'Her husband heaved a great sigh of relief, and stooped for his towel again. 'Yes, my love—yes, looking on it in that light, the presents are not more on their side than on ours. We can't afford to give the young fellow five guineas—he knows that; so you need not fear, Lucy. I shall not make myself uncomfortable about the matter. Now for the geraniums! I don't know how you get on with your day's work. And Captain Chalcombe trotted away again with cheerful alacrity towards his beloved greenhouse.

'John, cried his wife's voice sharply, 'what are you running off for? The garden can wait, and my business can't. 'The man turned back with a dismayed face. 'I thought you had said your say, my love. 'No, I have only just begun it. 'Then I wish you would be quick, Lucy. I believe I shall have a sunstroke if I stand here much longer doing nothing. You mean never get straight before the wind; you talk to twenty points, and never know on which you are sailing.'

'When Captain Chalcombe grew nautical, he also grew angry, and, aware of this, Mrs. Chalcombe very rarely pushed his patience in the direction of her husband's work. 'The long and the short of it is, John, that if you can't make young Davenant speak out, once he will never stop, for, while he has been dilly-dallying with his happiness, some one else has stopped in who will snatch it from him.'

'Some one else? repeated her husband, dropping two flower-pots and breaking them. 'Some one else coming after Lillian, do you mean? 'My meaning is plain enough, said Mrs. Chalcombe, 'with a flash in her handsome eyes; and I only wish his regiment was ordered to India to-morrow.'

'It is not one of those military killers, I hope? 'Yes, it is—and one of the worst of them too. 'Ah, I thought you asked that young Harwood too often to the house! You should not do it, Lucy. 'This was a disagreeable turn in affairs. Mrs. Chalcombe started for an instant at her husband, and then burst into a laugh. 'What a goose you are, John! Harwood is a very good fellow, and he thinks no more of Lillian than he does of—or our cook.'

'I am glad to hear it. But, if you invite him so often, he'll be the next to be in love with her, that's certain. 'It is not Harwood, and never will be Harwood, returned Mrs. Chalcombe sharply. 'It is that gay wild young fellow in the Lancashire-Thurstone.'

'Thurstone! Why, he has never been inside my house! 'That's just it; you have no right to allow that. You should speak to him, and tell him that a man can't single out a girl for attentions in this way without doing her harm; therefore he must drop them at once. 'Captain Chalcombe lifted his jolly reddened face from the geranium-pot over which he was stooping and stared hard at his handsome wife. 'What, my dear? Do you want to have Mr. Davenant forbidden the house? 'Don't be a simpleton, John! Can't you see that in saying this to Mr. Davenant you will give him the opportunity for which he is seeking, and he'll speak out at once?'

'Well, I would rather he spoke out of his own accord. My girl is too good to throw at any man's head; and Captain Chalcombe smiled off to another part of the garden with two flower-pots on each arm.

Again his wife followed him closely, and seated his coat-tail as he went down on hands and knees upon his gardening-seat. 'Do leave that idiotic work alone, John, and listen to me. One would think those old scrubby geraniums were worth more to you than your own children's lives.'

'Thus rebuked, Captain Chalcombe thrust his towel into the earth, and stood up meekly to hear what his wife had to say. 'It is a lovely day for potting out, my dear, and I think I could listen just as well—but there—never mind—I am all ears now.'

'It is time you should be,' said Mrs. Chalcombe anxiously; and, if you were all eyes too, perhaps you would see a little of what is going on under your nose. 'This was rather an unseasonable speech; it brought a swift vision to Captain Chalcombe's mind of the little little dinners and the goodly young man who had sat them.'

'What is it? he said. 'Is it the butcher's bill or the wine? 'My patience, John! When it is either of those you blame me. I think I manage those things pretty well, without overstepping bounds or worrying your mind. 'So you do, my dear, and the Captain, much relieved, but so many dinners lately have made me rather anxious. 'There is no need, interposed his wife hurriedly. 'What with your fine vegeta-

(Continued on fourth page.)