

Weekly Monitor

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTION and PIPER, Proprietors.

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All persons are hereby cautioned against...

Notice.

All persons having any legal demands...

Notice.

All persons having legal demands...

Notice.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Monday, 7th of May, 1877.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

STATIONS.

Halifax Leave 8:00 9:15 3:30

8 Bedford 8:24 10:00 4:05

18 Windsor Junction 8:35 10:20 4:20

26 Mount Unalake 9:05 11:23 4:10

36 Ellerslie 9:35 12:15 4:43

38 Newport 9:43 12:15 5:05

43 Windsor 10:02 1:00 5:20

52 Hantsport 10:21 1:28 6:55

113 Bridgetown 11:50 2:03 7:35

70 Kentville 11:23 3:25 7:35

83 Berwick 11:56 4:26 7:35

87 Aylesford 12:09 4:45 7:35

84 Wilton 12:40 5:26 7:35

101 Middleton 12:40 5:26 7:35

107 Lawrencetown 1:03 5:49 7:35

110 Paradise 1:14 6:10 7:35

113 Bridgetown 1:28 6:28 7:35

123 Rosedale 1:48 6:48 7:35

129 Annapolis-Arrive 2:03 7:20 7:35

100 St. John by Steamer 8:00

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.

STATIONS.

St. John by Steamer 8:00

6 Annapolis Leave 6:15 2:20

6 Rosedale 6:40 2:36

14 Bridgetown 7:03 3:02

19 Paradise 7:26 3:07

123 Rosedale 7:49 3:30

150 Middleton 8:05 3:37

31 Wilton 8:17 3:40

42 Aylesford 8:38 3:40

101 Middleton 8:58 3:40

60 Kentville 6:30 11:10 5:26

67 Wilton 6:57 11:41 5:26

77 Hantsport 7:29 12:29 5:55

84 Wilton 8:20 1:19 6:17

90 Newport 8:42 1:40 6:23

93 Ellerslie 8:56 1:54 6:41

103 Mount Unalake 9:50 2:36 7:07

116 Windsor Junction 10:30 3:45 7:45

121 Berwick 11:00 4:03 8:00

129 Halifax-Arrive 11:20 4:45 8:20

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX

ANAPOLIS AGENCY.

INTEREST allowed on Deposits, Drafts on New York, Boston, Montreal, St. John, and Halifax, at City rates.

STERLING EXCHANGE BOUGHT and SOLD.

COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL ACCESSIONS.

ALEX. SHEARER, Agent.

Jan. 10 n 88 ft

MacFarlane & Adams

Forwarding & Commission MERCHANTS.

Agents for Canada Paper Co. HALIFAX, N. S.

Oct. 16th, '76. 6m 17

TWO CASES FINE FEAT MVS Just Opening.

R. STARRATT.

Paradise, March 21st, 1877.

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills, Barrister, &c., &c.

Bona Vista House, ANAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS) 146 BRIDGE STREET.

Opposite Custom House, St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, PROPRIETOR.

WILLIAM HILLMAN, Silver and Brass Plater, ELECTOR PLATER.

also MANUFACTURER OF CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS.

No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

GILBERT'S LANE STANDARD DYE WORKS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

It is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dyeing to make them look as good as new.

Agents—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss Winsor, Millinery and Dry Goods.

A. L. LAW.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform his friends that he is now in BRIDGETOWN.

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please send orders to the City of Montreal, 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the Star has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

CATARRH CAN BE cured by FARR'S Catarrh Remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bladder, Prostate, and Uterus. It is sold by all Druggists, and is the only remedy that will cure the disease without the use of any other medicine.

Having removed to the Store under the Moxton Office, and fitted the same up in Good Style, and put in a New Lot of

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, at Lower Prices than they could be obtained for some years past. We invite our old, and any new customers who may want such articles, to call and inspect our Stock and Prices, which we are determined to sell far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, TIMEPIECES, RINGS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, GOLD & PLATED CHAINS, SPOONS, FORKS, Spectacles, Purses, Charms, &c.

N. B.—Our Watch Department we make a specialty, and parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

J. E. SANCTON, Bridgetown, Nov. 15th, '76.

Poetry.

ROLL-CALL.

The battle was over—the fœman were flying

For the dark angel rode on its sulphurous blast

And had reaped a rich harvest of death as he passed;

For as grass, he moved down both the blue and the grey;

With the moon and the mighty that stood in his way;

While the blood of our bravest ran there as water,

And his nostrils were filled with the incense of slaughter.

The black guns were silent—flushed their loud singing cheers.

And the pale dead were buried, in silence and tears;

And the wounded brought in our stretchers so gory,

Broken and mangled but covered with glory

While the surgeons were clipping with expertness and vim,

From the agonized trunk each bullet-torn limb.

And the patient, if living, was carefully

To the cool open wards of the hospital tent.

Within one of those wards a brave Highlander lay.

With the chill rays of death on his forehead of clay.

For a shell had touched him in the heat of the fray.

And his right arm and shoulder were carried away;

No word had he spoken—not a sound had he made.

Yet a shiver, sometimes, had his anguish betrayed,

And so calmly he lay without murmur or moan,

The gentle-voiced sister thought his spirit had flown.

The lamps burning dimly an uncertain light shed,

While the groans of the wounded, the stars of the dead,

Made an age of a night, to the gentle and true,

That had waited and watched half its long hours through;

When the angels came in with a whisper of cheer,

And a nod and a glance at the cot that stood near.

When "How?" like a bugle blast, the dying man cried,

"It is roll-call in Heaven!" He answered, and died.

—C. F. Bonner.

Select Literature.

Miss Claverling's Nephew.

CHAPTER II. Continued.

"Permit me to thank you, Miss Vane, for your able championship," said Roland, adding, after a pause—"May I ask whether you think me sufficiently effeminate to do my duty?"

"I trust you are too much of a gentleman ever to do less," she answered, with a heightened colour, as she met his glance.

"Thank you again," he said, earnestly, "I live in peaceful times, Miss Vane, but should I ever be called upon to prove my manly words, and try to prove myself worthy of them?"

CHAPTER III.

The next two days proved wild and stormy, the rain descending in torrents.

But, despite the weather, the time passed cheerfully enough with "three hermits" as Miss Claverling's fancy to call herself and her companions. As for Lieutenant Temple, he was supremely happy—or would have been, but for one thing. The sense of his assumed character rested heavily upon his mind. Several times he had been about to betray himself, but he dreaded the consequences. In fancy he saw Florence Vane's beautiful lips curling scornfully at the knowledge of his deceit, and Miss Claverling informing him politely when the next train left Torchester. And all unknown to himself, a strange new feeling had found a place in his heart, which rendered him averse to taking his departure.

In the afternoon of the second day a curate of the parish was announced. The Reverend Bexley Cape was a tall young man, with light hair, and a fair complexion. He was a zealous laborer in a large district; and, except in holding very High Church views, he had no opinion of his own upon any subject, and was undoubtedly an inoffensive and harmless young man.

Accordingly, when Roland noticed the friendly way in which Florence Vane greeted him, the desire which sprang up in his military breast to collar him and do him some bodily injury on the spot was quite uncalled for. Roland could take but little part in the conversation, which turned upon the usual topics. The village school and choir were discussed—the secession of Evan Jones and his wife to the Dissenters lamented over—and the best remedy for widow Price's swollen face considered. And, then, as he rose to go, the Reverend Bexley said—

"I regret, Miss Vane, being unable to fulfil the commission with which you honored me. But the rains have so flooded the streams, and it is so early, even in the Welsh season, that I have not succeeded in getting a rise."

"Now, I declare," cried Florence, pretending to be indignant, "I have a great mind to be angry. I am simply for a brace of trout to gratify an old pensioner of mine, who is ill, and Mr. Cape, who professes to be a first-rate angler, has the assurance to tell me they cannot be procured."

"Will Miss Vane transfer the commission to me?" asked Roland.

"The Reverend Bexley said nothing, but smiled, loftily.

"Will you try for me?" asked Florence, eagerly. "But there is not much chance for you, unless you are a very clever fisherman indeed."

"The Rev. Bexley bowed his thanks.

There is a challenge for you, Captain Chetwynde, he said.

"If you like to accept it, I shall be happy to place my tackle at your service to-morrow. You cannot do myself the pleasure of accompanying you, my parochial duties giving me but little time for fishing." So Roland thanked him, and began to think that the curate was not such a bad sort of fellow' after all.

"Not a very promising day for fishing," said Lieutenant Temple to himself, as the following morning discovered him, with the curate's rod, by the side of the Arvan. "Nevertheless," he determined, "I will do my best."

And so he did; but his best was but a poor performance. Roland was an indifferent angler, and circumstances were against him.

The stream was simply a mud-stained torrent, laden with branches, uprooted bushes, and all manner of debris, which it was bearing away on its turbid current. This bank, thoroughly sopped, offered but a slippery and precarious foothold to the unsteady fisherman, whom the cascading rain was not less pelting. To crown it all, the boisterous wind took charge of his line, delighting to carry it round big stones, and entangle it in weeds of trees.

Alas! Roland's gallant attempt was unsuccessful. The end of the morning found him, drenched with the rain, and covered with mud—with all his tackle in a hopeless mass of confusion, and the Reverend Bexley's favorite rod broken in half a dozen places—solacing himself in a lonely public house some miles from Cwm Arvan, and still musing the coveted trout.

In the one room of the little inn was seated a rough-looking peasant, who, hearing of Roland's bad luck, grunted a grin of superior wisdom, and, drawing his chair a trifle nearer, suggested something in a whisper. Whatever the proposal was, it met with Roland's approval, and they left the house together.

Apparently this expedition must have been successful, for an hour later Roland was seen, with a smiling face, was statelyly trudging through mire and rain to Trevellyn Lodge; and his rough acquaintance, one of the most expert poachers in the neighborhood, was in a fair way towards intoxication, and half way through a bright half-sovereign, which he had returned to his former quarters to change.

The door was opened to Roland upon his return by Florence herself.

"What a mud-stained and disreputable looking figure!" she exclaimed, holding up her hands in affected horror. "Aunt saw you approaching, and thinking that I was a beggar, sent me down to say that we had nothing to give you."

"I am a beggar, Miss Vane, and you have something to give; but I dare not ask for it." And her heightened colour showed that she understood him.

"Oh, what a nuisance!" she exclaimed, impulsively, as he disclosed two brace of very fine trout. "How could you contrive to catch them?"

"I must not take credit which does not belong to me, Miss Vane. Strictly speaking, I did not catch them, being assisted by a man whom I imagine our reverend friend would stigmatise as a poacher. I would rather have taken them by half Mr. Cape's word, and I will fulfil the commission with which you had honored me."

"It is very good and very kind of you," she said, with a smile of gratification. "But how could you take so much trouble for me? You are wet through, too," she laid her delicate fingers upon his sleeve.

"I would do much more than this for you, Miss Vane, Roland said, earnestly. "May this be my reward?" And, stooping his head reverently, he imprinted a kiss upon the little white hand.

"A bright, rosy flush suffused her face, but there was no displeasure in it. And then Miss Claverling's voice was heard.

"What are you two talking so earnestly about there? Why does this disagreeable nephew of mine go and render himself presentable?"

"Oh, aunt, Captain Chetwynde has brought me back such beautiful fish."

"He has brought back a grand deal of mud," said Miss Claverling, "and he had better change his wet garments at once, or he will also have brought back a terrible cold."

CHAPTER IV.

"I am sure we have done justice to the results of your perseverance," said Miss Claverling, rising from the breakfast table the next morning, upon which two of the trout of the previous day had figured conspicuously.

"Yes, indeed," said Florence, "and I shall take advantage of what promises to be a fine day to drive over and deliver the remaining brace to my old pensioner."

"You will not drive yourself, Florence, dear?" inquired the old lady, anxiously. "You know those points are so very spirit-cold."

"O, you dear, good, careful aunt, you ought not to depreciate my skill before Captain Chetwynde," laughed Florence. "I assure you that I am quite capable of managing them."

"I don't know that, dear," answered aunt Claverling, doubtfully. "I should feel much more comfortable if he would accompany you."

"Very well then, you may come," said Florence, in answer to Roland's inquiring look. "You deserve to be introduced to widow Hughes, as a reward of your success."

"Very fascinating and pretty looked Florence Vane, as she came tripping down, equipped for her drive, with a bright scarlet shawl disposed about her graceful figure, and a coquetish little hat with a white feather curling round it, drooping over the brim. Very pretty she looked, and quite deserving of the glow of admiration shining in the young man's eyes, and which of course she affected not to notice.

Whilst waiting for her, Roland had examined the ponies. They were a beautiful pair, admirably matched; but his critical eye endorsed Miss Claverling's opinion, that they were almost too spirited to be controlled by a lady.

"Would it not be almost better for me to drive?" he asked, as he handed her into the basket-carriage—a rather high one—and disposed the ruga carefully around her.

"Certainly not!" rejoined Florence, with a decisive toss of her well-balanced head. "The Rev. Bexley bowed his thanks.

ment of my pet; they are as quiet as doves," she continued, in answer to his exasperating glance. "Let them go! Piece—to the factotum of the stable; and after a little preliminary pawing the sherry 'doves' consented to come down upon terra firma, and to proceed in a tolerably steady manner.

The drive was rather a silent one. Miss Vane's attention was claimed almost exclusively by the 'doves.' Her companion was wrapped up in his own mood thoughts. "This girl, in the short time which he had known her, had exercised a strange spell upon his entire being—had caused to spring up in his heart a passion of which he had scarcely demanded himself capable. With the quick perception born of love, he knew that he was not quite indifferent to her; yet there it must stand. He dared not ask her to be his, for prudence ever kept before his eyes one fatal fact. He almost alone in the world, had no wealthy relatives—no 'expectancy'—and his past extravagant career had burdened him with debts, that with his pay and small income it would take nearly a life time to pay off.

The confiding widow Hughes, for whose alling daughter, Miss Vane had been so anxious to procure the trout, was soon reached. As clean as whitehew, lavishly bestowed upon wall, roof and chimney, stood the house outside, it was close and stuffy within, and Florence was not tempted to make a long stay.

Absorbed in his own thoughts, Roland Temple had scarcely noticed the change which had taken place in the weather, which was strangely close and oppressive for the time of year, until a great heavy rain drop falling on his hand called his attention to a strange ominous silence which seemed brooding in the air, and to a dense mass of black clouds which were gathering together overhead.

"We had better hasten homewards as fast as possible, Miss Vane," he said, as he stood by the side of the vehicle, assisting her to her place. "I fear that we are going to have a storm."

Even as he spoke the heavens seemed to open,