# Weekly Monitor.

VOL 5. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1878. NO. 46



## Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

*Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.*

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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**Advertising Rates.**

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11,00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.



## CONSUMPTION CURED

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of

**Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh,**

and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

DR. C. STEVENS, Box 86, Brockville, Ont.

## ANOTHER CHANCE

**Is offered for Comfort**

## J. W. Tomlinson, Lawrencetown,

IS prepared to sell at lowest rates for Cash or prompt pay, Clothing in all lines and best styles. Men and Boys' Suits, Ladies Mantles, Dress Goods in variety, Wool Goods, Clouds, Scarfs, Jackets, &c. Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers and Over Boots in all sizes and quality. A full line of Choice Groceries. And to please the Ladies, he is now offering a splendid lot of Hats, Flowers, Feathers and Ties, Dress and Mantle Trimmings. Flannel in all shades. Mattalasse Cloth, Dog Skin, Coatings and Tweeds, Sailor Trimming, Ladies' Muffs and Fur Caps in all styles. No better chance is offered for an outfit for winter.—COME.

November 24th, 1877.

## Thos. R. Jones & Co.,

**ST. JOHN, N. B.,**

WHOLESALE DEALERS

—IN—

Staple and Fancy

**DRY GOODS**

**Haberdashery, Small Wares,**

**Hats and Caps,**

&c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURERS OF

**CLOTHING, SHIRT, &c.**

The best assorted stock in the Lower Provinces!!

New Goods arriving Weekly.

FOR SALE ON

**LIBERAL TERMS,**

to safe parties.

T. R. JONES & CO.

may9 '77

GILBERT'S LANE

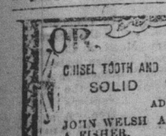
## DYE WORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dying to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,* dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.

may '76 A. L. LAW.



FOR Flange Tooth, PLANED TOOTH, CHISEL TOOTH AND SOLID **SAWS**

ADDRESS

JOHN WELSH Agent.....Amherst, N.S.
A FISHER, " .....Truro, N.S.
W H OLIVE, " ....St. John, N.B.
Waterous Engine Works Co., BRANTFORD, ONT

State where you saw this advertisement.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy is an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency,* and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as *Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age,* and After Taking, many other diseases that lead to *Insanity* or *Consumption* and a *Premature Grave.* ☞ Price, $1 per package, or six packages for $5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address WM. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

For Sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley Bridgetown, and Dr. L. B. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.

BRIDGETOWN

## Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

**FALCONER & WHITMAN**

are now manufacturing

## Monuments & Gravestones

**Of Italian and American Marble.**

ALSO:

**Granite and Freestone Monuments.**

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN

## ROYAL HOTEL.

*(Formerly STUBBS')*

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.

sept '73 y

## COUNTRY RESIDENCE

**FOR SALE! OR TO LET!!**

The well-known residence, formerly owned and occupied by the late R. D. Balcom, is now offered for sale or to let. The above mentioned residence, situated one mile east of Paradise Station, and in the vicinity of churches Schools, &c., contains Three Acres of Land in a high state of cultivation, on which are One Hundred Fruit Trees of apple, plum, pear and quince. The dwelling is tastefully built in Gothic style and is finished throughout. Stable, coach-house, and a never failing well of water are on the premises; also, a Tannery and Timber Lot with a residence if required.

TERMS—One half purchase money down, remainder on Mortgage.

For further particulars apply to

SAMUEL E. BALCOM,
B. R. BALCOM,
Executors.
or to J. G. H. PARKER, Esq., Bridgetown.

Paradise, May 12th, 1877 n5 tf

## Dental Notice.

**Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,**

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

**BRIDGETOWN,**

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

## Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of MAJOR JOHN SAUNDERS, late of Paradise, Annapolis County, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WILLIAM S. SAUNDERS, AVARD LONGLEY. } Executors.

Paradise, September 22nd, 1877. [n23 tf

**MORSE & PARKER,**

**Barristers-at-Law,**

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

## Two Trips a Week.

**ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!**

*STEAMER "SCUD."*

**For Digby and Annapolis.**

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY for Digby and Annapolis, connecting with Express Trains W. & A. Railways for and from Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, etc., and RETURN ON SAME DAYS.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50

Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

## STEAMER SCUD

AND THE

*WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.*

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

## FLOUR, FLOUR.

JUST received and for Sale, 300 bbls of Flour.

100 BBLS direct from Toronto,
100 " " Boston,
100 " " St. John.
65 Corn Meal.

Having bought the above, at the Lowest Cash prices I am prepared to compete with any Flour Dealer in the County.

Persons, wishing a supply of good Flour, for their winter use will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, on hand a large stock of Am. Oil, Dry and Pickled Fish, Salt, and Groceries of every description, Also, a large stock of Ready-made Clothing, Mens' Reefers, &c.

ANSLEY ELLIOTT.

Port George, Nov. 29th, 1877.


## NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying, or negotiating a NOTE OF HAND in favour of *JACOB SPINNEY*, dated in September last, past, due the last of December next ensuing, for the sum of twenty-six dollars. Not having received value, I shall resist payment of the same.

JAMES L. BROWN.

Torbrook, Nov. 22nd, 1877. n33 tf

## Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

## Time Table,

COMMENCING

Wednesday, 21st Nov., 1877.

| Miles. | GOING WEST. | Steamb't Express Wed., and Saturday. | Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday. | Pass. and Freight Mon. & Thurs. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| 0 | Windsor—leave..... | 9 15 | 11 15 | 5 30 |
| 7 | Hantsport..... | 9 40 | 11 43 | 5 57 |
| | | | P. M. | |
| 15 | Grand Pre..... | 10 06 | 12 12 | 6 24 |
| 18 | Wolfville ..... | 10 18 | 12 28 | 6 36 |
| 20 | Port Williams..... | 10 25 | 12 38 | 6 44 |
| 25 | Kentville— arrive..... | 10 40 | 1 00 | 7 00 |
| | Do—leave..... | 10 55 | 1 20 | |
| 34 | Waterville ..... | 11 20 | 1 56 | |
| 37 | Berwick ..... | 11 30 | 2 10 | |
| 42 | Aylesford ..... | 11 46 | 2 33 | |
| | | P. M. | | |
| 49 | Kingston ..... | 12 08 | 3 00 | |
| 53 | Wilmot ..... | 12 20 | 3 18 | |
| 56 | Middleton ..... | 12 29 | 3 35 | |
| 62 | Lawrencetown ..... | 12 47 | 3 58 | |
| 65 | Paradise ..... | 12 56 | 4 10 | |
| 70 | Bridgetown ..... | 1 11 | 4 38 | |
| 78 | Roundhill ..... | 1 32 | 5 07 | |
| 84 | Annapolis—arrive ..... | 1 50 | 5 30 | |
| | St. John by Steamer | 8 00 | | |

| Miles. | GOING EAST. | Pass. and Freight Tues. & Friday. | Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday. | Steamb't Express Wed. and Saturday. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| | | | | 8 00 |
| | | | | P. M. |
| 0 | St. John—leave..... | ..... | ..... | |
| 0 | Annapolis—leave ..... | ..... | 7 30 | 2 20 |
| 6 | Round Hill..... | ..... | 7 53 | 2 36 |
| 14 | Bridgetown ..... | ..... | 8 17 | 2 57 |
| 19 | Paradise ..... | ..... | 8 35 | 3 12 |
| 22 | Lawrencetown..... | ..... | 8 48 | 3 21 |
| 28 | Middleton ..... | ..... | 9 12 | 3 39 |
| 31 | Wilmot ..... | ..... | 9 24 | 3 48 |
| 35 | Kingston ..... | ..... | 9 40 | 3 50 |
| 42 | Aylesford ..... | ..... | 10 05 | 4 11 |
| 47 | Berwick ..... | ..... | 10 28 | 4 25 |
| 50 | Waterville ..... | ..... | 10 40 | 4 34 |
| 59 | Kentville—arrive ..... | ..... | 11 20 | 5 00 |
| | Do—leave..... | 7 15 | 11 50 | 5 10 |
| | | | P. M. | |
| 64 | Port Williams..... | 7 33 | 12 10 | 5 25 |
| 66 | Wolfville..... | 7 41 | 12 25 | 5 32 |
| 69 | Grand Pre..... | 7 53 | 12 40 | 5 43 |
| 77 | Hantsport ..... | 8 19 | 1 15 | 6 08 |
| 84 | Windsor—arrive ..... | 8 45 | 1 45 | 6 30 |

N. B.—Express Trains leave Windsor at 9.15 a.m. every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John. These trains offer special facilities for the conveyance of Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, enabling the same to be landed in St. John the same evening.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, Nov. 15th, '77

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is **12,154**, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is **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

CANNOT be cured by Snuffs, Washes, or Local Applications. Thousands of cases, some of forty years standing, have been entirely cured by CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY. For sale by all druggists. Send stamp for Treatise on Catarrh to

T. J. B. HARDING, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Dropping in Throat Disappear.

ST. ARMAND, P. Q., Sept. 13, 1876.

MR. T. J. B. HARDING.

DEAR SIR.—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 32 years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

Price $1 per bottle. HENRY SMIDER

ASK FOR LITTLEJOHN'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.


## Poetry.

[Original.]

### BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say it in the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or particular affairs in town,
But take a word of friendly advice,
Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
And the bread looks plainly thro'
So when you have a story to tell,
And would make a little renown,
To make quite sure of our wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse; just try
Utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry.
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And a general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

### A HOUSEKEEPING TRAGEDY.

One day as I wandered, I heard a complaining,
And saw a poor woman the picture of gloom;
She glared at the mud on her doorstep,
('twas raining.)
And this was her wail as she wielded the broom.

"Oh! life is a toil, and life is a trouble,
And beauty will fade, and riches will flee;
And pleasures they dwindle, and prices
· they dwindle,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet;
And there's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it.
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

In March it is mud; it's slush in December,
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust;
In the fall the leaves litter; in muddy September,
The wall-paper rots and the candle-sticks rust.

There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses,
And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies;
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And the ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

Its sweeping at six, and dusting at seven;
It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine;
It's potting and panning from ten till eleven;
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine

With grease and with grime, from corner to centre;
Forever at war and forever at work,
No rest for a day, less the enemy enter—
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

Last night in my dreams I was stationed forever,
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavour
To sweep off the waves e'er they swept over me.

Alas, 'twas no dream! Again I behold it!
I yield; I am helpless my fate to avert!"
She rolled up her sleeves, her apron she folded,
She laid down and died and was buried in dirt.

## Select Literature.

[From the Illustrated London News,]

### The Death-Ship of Trescat Cove.

BY R. LYNN LINTON.

CHAPTER IV.

*(Continued.)*

Again, all the men were to the fore when they mustered on the hill after they heard the shot; he, and he alone, was missing. And how could one of them have done it, when they all came out of their huts, old Martin among them? No one exactly remembered seeing old Martin come out of his own house-door; nor George, for the matter of that; George gave the first alarm, and he was there; and Martin was at their heels before they had got half way. To be sure, Mary Peard declared that Jose had taken leave of her an hour before sundown, and they all knew the Squire had stayed a good two hours longer. But George Martin's oath went further than Mary's assertion. All that she could say was, that Jose had taken leave of her, and that, to the best of her belief, he had gone right away to Penzance there and then. George said he had not; and, as Mary kept indoors after that, she was not likely to know for certain whether he really left, or whether he had or had not stayed on, as George declared, and followed the Squire up the cliff. So, when the poor lad came home the next day, he was arrested in full view of them all, and the net closed round him as if there would never be a slack string again.

At first he was too overwhelmed to say much. He only protested his innocence. 'All men do when they are first took,' said the policeman, sententiously. But when George Martin swore to his having followed the Squire up the cliff, he turned round upon him fiercely and said, 'George thou art a liar, and thou knows it.'

However, the magistrate before whom they all went plainly thought George Martin an honest man, for he complimented him on the frank and straight-forward way in which he gave his evidence; and, though he liked the looks of Jose, and felt sorry for him in his heart, yet he could do nothing else, as things stood, but commit him to prison on the charge of wilful murder, to stand his trial at the next sessions.

It was a bright sunny day when the charge was taken—one of those warm, rich, late summer days which are so lovely in Cornwall, by the seaside; but many of the Cove men noticed, as they came home in a wondering group together, that George Martin was white and cold as if it had been winter and snow on the ground. He shivered more than once, and once remarked inadvertently, how dark it was to-day; but the men looked at him strangely when he said that, and some jeered at him openly, and some spoke together in whispers and glanced at him askance. For the Cornish folk believe that when a man has committed perjury he never feels the sunlight again, never sees its brightness, but, stricken with worse than ordinary blindness, with more than physical coldness, sees nature only as he is himself—cold, pale, and dreary, whatever the glory of the sun or the blaze of the noontide warmth.

No one, however, said this, or reminded him of the general faith, until Mary Peard, meeting him face to face, cried out, as the blood left her own lips from horror, 'He's got the liar's look on him, and he'll have the liar's doom.'

All crowded round her as she said these words. They expressed, as we have seen, the unspoken thought of a good many among them, though others were as ready to swear to George Martin's truth and to think that things did look ugly for Jose. But George, instead of meeting her look fairly, as an honest man would, cowered and trembled visibly, putting up his hands before him as if to defend himself against her; then, lifting his eyes piteously to hers, he said, 'Don't ye, don't ye, Mary, if you curse me, I shall die.'

'Die!' echoed Mary, scornfully, flinging back her head with a contemptuous gesture, as she looked at him over her shoulder; 'Men like you, George, and who have done as much as you have, don't die for a girl's word. If you could die of sorrow or shame, you'd do it now, with Jose in prison yonder and you standing a free man here. O Jose! Jose! she burst out with a wild wail, 'that you should have been spared from all you have gone through to come home and be sworn to death by one of your own. But your sin will find you out George Martin,' she added, changing as quickly from despair to wrath as she had changed from scorn to despair; 'as sure as there's a God in heaven you'll suffer for this day's work. You cannot see the sun now, and you may be sure worse will come of it.'

'Come! come! we've had enough of this,' said old Daniel Martin, coming forward with an air of authority, 'George, what's over you, boy, that you stand as if you were 'mazed to hear the words of a half-crazed piece like this? Poor wench,' he added, with that kind of sympathy which is in itself an insult; 'we must not be hard on her. It's a trial—none doubts it—that her man should be taken from her just as he had come home to make all comfortable; and on such a matter as this, too! A murder's not like an fair fight, even; and Jose's neck will be stretched for this business if ever a man's will.'

'And I don't say whose ought,' flashed out Mary, turning round and facing old Martin. Why did he lower his eyes too, as George had done, and seem unable to meet those burning orbs of hers? 'I'd be sorry to lay that on any man among ye; but I do say that George, there, knows he lied. And I say more: that not one of us here will die before the true man's known, and Jose's name cleared. Mind what I say, boys; the man among ye as did it will have to face it out, and I said it once and I'll say it again.' Here she raised her hands while her voice rose to a wild scream. 'May the curse of God light on the murderer and the Cove, till the truth is known, and the Death-ship comes for him.'

'The child is off her head!' said old Martin, quietly; but he wiped the cold drops from his upper lip as he spoke, while George shook from head to foot as if he had the ague. The rest of the men drifted away, most of them looking scared as they talked in hushed voices among each other, glancing back at the girl whom they had left standing alone on the shore sand—no longer the Mary Peard they had loved like their own, but the wretch to whom they owed the worst misfortune that had ever befallen their village—with the worst to come.

But when they had left her she sank down from her state of hysterical exaltation, and only a ragged bare-headed fisher-girl, weeping bitterly behind the apron she had flung over her face, remained of the young sibyl who had called that curse upon her people, which had chilled the stoutest heart to hear.

Poor Mary! her lot was a bad one at this present time. All had come out she had tried to hide, for it never does a girl of the people good among her own class to have it known that she has attracted a gentleman, however innocently so far as herself is concerned; and she was clever enough to know that, though she had not seen so much of the world as a London lady. The fact alone that Jose and the Squire had had a fight about her, even without this dreadful charge as the outcome of it, would have made her to be ill-looked upon by the Cove men; but now she seemed a double calamity, having brought on them the terrible disgrace with which they were threatened by the law, and that other still more terrible doom, if more shadowy, which would never be lifted off until the Death-ship came for the evil-doer.

Besides this shame resting upon her, she had lost all now but her own poor sea-work. The Squire's lady, of course, could not be spoken to and would not help her if she had been asked; Jose was in prison, worse than dead for the time; and though George Martin would willingly have coined his blood for gold and given it to her, she would accept no kind of help from him or his. Pilchard-fishing, too, was bad, and their share, hers and her mother's, in the Seine boats brought nothing. She wrought early and late, now shrimping, now as a trigger, gathering whelks and mussels; she hawked fish about the country, carrying it in a cowel slung to her back; she worked at rude fieldwork for anyone who would employ her; nothing came amiss to her; and if anything could have softened the superstitious feeling of her evil influence among them, which made the Cove men shrink from her as one 'whist,' it would have been her brave endurance, her heroic industry.

Meanwhile she and her mother were nigh starving. Their fire was never alight now; her clothes, rent, stained, disordered, hung loosely over her shrunken figure; her aspect became daily more poor and neglected; and the savage destitution in which she lived was eating into her very womanhood, and destroying all her grace, all her sweetness, all her beauty. But still she said George Martin nay, and still held to her faith in Jose and to the ultimate proving of his innocence. And when she used to say this with all her wild blood on fire, George knew that by Jose's innocence she meant his guilt.

Yet nothing she could say or do would hold George Martin off. Day by day he came to her cottage, no matter with what scorn she received him; no matter, either, how badly he sped on any errand he had undertaken. The men said he was bewitched, and jeered at him, covertly. For there was something about him they did not like to touch too openly; and, in truth, he himself sometimes thought he was. If the most patient devotion, the most unwearied perseverance in an unwelcome love could have bought a girl's pity, he would have bought hers. But she had no pity for him; never a word of thanks, whatever he did or tried to do; only abhorrence and denial. She would take nothing at his hands. If he came to give her a length of net to make, she, who caught eagerly at any work, no matter what, flung back this, to which she had been used from her childhood, and which was good pay for comparatively easy labor. Though she hawked fish about the country, grateful to take it from anyone who would trust her, when it was not hers by right of her share, she would have none of the Martin's catch; and when he left bread or what not surreptitiously in her cottage, she seemed to have a kind of instinct as to where it came from, and biding her time would throw his gifts on to the road before him as he passed. A savage, untamable ferocity seemed to have taken possession of her so far as he was concerned, and the more he sought her good will, the more she scorned and forbade him.

Once, when he tried to do her a kindness, which she had savagely rejected, and he had turned to her with a wild, despairing pleading for gentler usage, she answered him, levelling her eyes at him—those eyes he could never meet now—and speaking more solemnly and less fiercely than was her wont, 'When Jose Cairn comes down to the Cove a free man, George, I'll eat at your hand, and give you my own upon it. You could bring him down with a word; and you leave him in goal for want of it While he's there and you here never ask me to take the value of a crust from you, or give you a friend's word.'

Another day, when he brought her a string of pilchards, and asked her with tears in his eyes to take them from him, she flung them back in fierce disdain, though she had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, and said, with the old flash in her eyes, 'I take a gift from the hand of a man who cannot see the sun? No, I'd die of hunger first!'

And George knew that she would and shivered as he slunk away in the broad sunlight, of which he neither saw nor felt a ray.

'If I could feel that sun again!' he said to himself. 'If I only could see it shine as I used!'

Vain wish! *That* would never return to him again. By his own act he had put out the light of Heaven, and nothing now would restore what he himself had destroyed. Can we ever recover the light of Heaven we ourselves put out by sin?

CHAPTER V.

Nothing went well with Martin, and never, within the memory of the oldest fisherman in the Cove, was such a series of misfortunes known to have overtaken any one. Persistent ill-luck followed him in all he did, on land or on sea, in house and in boat. When every man about him hauled in fish as fast as the line could be pulled up, he and young George had nothing to show but naked hooks and lost bait, or at the best a worthless dogfish or a half-starved pollack; his best boat got jammed among the rocks, and was broken up into splinters before it could be taken off; his cottage caught fire and was half-burned down before it could be put out; and his potatoes were a failure though every other man's crop showed flowers and fruit, and were as sound as they were fine; the bank in which he had placed a hundred pounds of his savings broke, and paid a dividend so small that it was practically worthless as a set off; and, though he certainly had something hidden under his bed which would have redeemed all his losses ten times over, yet he had become cowardly of late, and dared not utilise what he had done so much to obtain—what he had lost his soul to gain!

George, too, had lost health and strength strangely and suddenly. No one knew what was the matter with him, and to call it 'a waste' did not help the fishermen to understand it much. If they thought anything among themselves they kept it quiet; but they were not so fond of going about with him as they had been—he was so irritable, so moody, so unlike himself; and one by one they fell from him, as men do from one whom they think accursed and suspect of crime.

Yet from all his illness and ill-luck, and Mary's unwavering disdain, George held on to his one hope, his one object. Jose out of the way, he thought still that he would eventually win her over. Had she not all but suffered him on that fatal day of Jose's return? and could he not get back the ground lost since then because of his return? Jose would be hanged, there was no doubt of that; his evidence was too strong against him; his evidence—he looked up at the sky, and thought he had sold himself too dearly if his hope should turn out to be a delusion in the end. And yet what could Mary do when Jose was put out of the way for ever? Fret, maybe, and take it to heart for many a long day; but the longest day has an end, and in the end who would she have to fall back upon but himself? If she would only not look at him so strangely? if he could only keep from shivering before her, and be able to say that he knew the sun was shining!

Restless and miserable, father and son for ever at hard work, that seemed, however, something like the water-carrying of the Danaides or the rolling of the Sisyphean stone—it never came to good, whatever they did. They were out in all weathers, yet they would not only come back empty-handed, but generally with some damage done. Now they lost a spar, now an oar; on one day they split a sail, on another a rudder; or they lost their nets, or stove in the side of their boat. Nothing was too great ill-luck for them, and fortune seemed to take a woman's delight in persecuting them Still they went on the sea in all weathers, anything seemed better than staying on land.

One day they put out in spite of the omens the sea and sky both showed. All last night the fishermen said the dead 'had been hailing their own names,' calling out from the deep where they lay; and the fog bank across the mouth of the little harbor was a sign to those bolder spirits who did not believe in dead men's voices that they were best ashore to-day, and until matters looked clearer. Not a sane man of all the Cove would have ventured out with such a sea and such a sky; but the Martins, impelled by that restless misery which had possessed them of late, loosed their boat and pushed off, careless of all the warnings nature or the dead might give. So they rowed out in the dead calm of the bay and into the bank of fog, and beyond.

Hours passed, and they did not return. Meanwhile, the gale which had come up from the open sea, and which freshened with the tide, blew the fog back into space, and thundered into the Cove. It was a wild, strong iron breeze, blowing right inshore, and bringing up such a sea that even brave men would not like to face. Many were the anxious looks cast out, and many the glasses that swept the horizon, for signs of the absent boat; but they could see nothing of her. If she had gone down like a stone in the midst of the ocean she could not have more completely vanished out of sight; and yet the wind set in shore, and she must have had a stiff time of it tacking, though she sailed well when she sailed close.

*(To be concluded.)*

☞ The ancient lake-dwellers of Switzerland are srpposed to be of African origin. One of the discoveries which point to this conclusion, is this that the flax found in their dwellings does not belong to the species now generally cultivated, but to that which grows wild in Great Britian, Erance and the coasts of the Mediterraneean, and which according to Prof. Heer was cultivated in ancient Egypt. Some of the seeds of the Egyptian flax are in the Museum of Buleq and it is proposed by means of them to clear up the doubt which still remains on this interesting point.