

Weekly Monitor

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

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Respond, they are Unsurpassed. A careful examination of the instruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

MANHOOD: HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED! We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excessive...

THE BEST REMEDY FOR Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is a remedy of this kind, and is so well known to all who have used it, that it needs no commendation.

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., ANNAPOLIS, MD. For Sale, or To Let. A SMALL PLACE CONTAINING FOUR ACRES OF LAND, with comfortable HOUSE AND BARN. B. STARRATT, Paradise, May 10th, '80.

THE ANNAPOLIS BUILDING SOCIETY. LOANS MONEY ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY AT INTEREST 6 PER CENT. Send stamp for circular and form of application.

THE BEST PAPER! TRY IT! BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. 80th YEAR. The Scientific American. THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large, well-illustrated, and interesting paper, published weekly.

Ready-Made CLOTHING! BUFFALO ROBES, &c. JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well-assorted stock of Ready-Made Clothing of Buffalo Robes.

Men's Ulsters' Youth's Ulsters' Men's Over Coats' Ulsters' Splendid Assortment of FALL SUITS. Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years.

Poetry. ZLOBANE.

As sweetest in the summer wind The croon and staid grain, So merrily the Zloba shields That day on wild Zlobane!

Up on the British; In the shock of battle, when the foe, Shoulder to shoulder, faced the foe, And met their death like men.

SHERIFF'S SALE. ANNAPOLIS SS., In the Supreme Court, 1880, IN EQUITY. CAUSE: LEANDER R. MORSE and JAMES A. MORSE, Executors and Trustees of David Morse, deceased, Plaintiffs.

LAND. Situate, lying and being in the township of Wilcox, in the County of Annapolis, bounded and described as follows: Being a tract of land with east corner of land owned by Kinman Nelly, and running easterly the course of the line of the said Nelly, and thence southerly to rest, were surprised and surrounded by the Zulus.

How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar. BY BERT BARR. It had been raining in the valley of the Sacramento. The North Fork had overflowed its banks, and the waters of the river had marked the summer flood at Simpson's Crossing was obliterated by a vast sheet of water stretching to the foothills.

Dr. E. N. Payzant, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & DENTIST, Middleton, N. S. DENTAL NOTICE. Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform his friends and acquaintances in Annapolis County, that he has just returned from Kings County, and will be at his office in BRIDGETOWN for a few weeks. FRIENDS, PLEASE NOT DELAY.

John H. Fisher, MERCHANT TAILOR, Side Door, Mason's Building, Bridgetown. B' Customers, that he has but lately returned from Halifax, where he has been holding one of the largest and most complete stocks of cloth that has ever been in this town.

Buckley & Allen, OFFERS during the Autumn Season, at low prices, a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationery Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special Notice to purchasers of Photographs, Albums, Graphs and Scrap Albums.

Job W...

The Monitor office is filled out with the best job-printing. The printing is plain and ornamental, together with every facility for doing all descriptions of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in the line we better ourselves we compare with any office in the Province.

Old Man had fallen back in his chair, snoring, his head resting on his hand, and his hand on his forehead. He had pulled over his eyes. He was in a narrow wooden bedstead, by Johnny's window, in a room that was as clean as a strip of forehead, and as deep as a well.

His companions were already waiting for him at the crossing. Two of them were struggling in the darkness with some strange misshapen bulk, which, when they saw near, took the semblance of a great yellow horse.

It was the mare. She was not a pretty creature. From her Roman nose to her rising haunches, from her arched spine hidden by the stiff machettes of a Mexican saddle, to her thick, straight, bony legs, there was not a line of equine grace.

Sing, O Muse, the ride of Richard Barton! O Muse, of chivalrous men! the sacred quest, the dogged deeds, the battery of low chairs, the fearsome side and growling perils of the horse.

There was a leap, a scurrying struggle, a bound, a wild retreat of the mare, a creak of flying hoofs, two springing leaps that jarred the earth, a rapid play of angle of spurs, a plunge, and then the voice of Dick somewhere in the darkness. "All right!"

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