Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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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.

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

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. **I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Me.**

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now traveling in this county, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Lose one teaspoonful to one pint feed.

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Dont delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. **I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine.**

NOVA SCOTIA LLOYD'S

MARINE INSURANCE

ASSOCIATION,

—OF—

Annapolis Royal.

THE undersigned are Insuring on MARINE RISKS, at the lowest current rates that the business can be done with safety to the assured. All losses promptly paid on receipt of proof and adjustment.

THOS. S. WHITMAN, Attorney.
ROBT. MILLS,
SAML. McCORMICK,
W. M. WEATHERSPOON,
A. W. CORBITT,
WM. McCORMICK. } Directors.

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Chaloner's Drug Store,

DIGBY, N. S.

THE Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby N. S. He keeps a superior stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Soaps, Combs, Spices, Fancy Toilet Goods, Feeding bottles with Extra fittings, &c., &c., The Proprietor is also a large manufacturer of Flavoring Extracts, Fancy cheap Perfumes, and the Aniline Dyes in packets, these were originated by him, the genuine bear his name, and are kept up to the proper standard of purity and weight. All other kinds of Dye Stuffs on hand. He also claims Poor Man's Cough Syrup, the cheapest and best remedy known—Chaloner's Worm Lozenges—Chaloner's Tonic Extract, the great Antibilious Medicine—Eureka Liniment, called by one who used it "the best Liniment in the world—Furniture renovaters—Stove Varnishes—Salt Rheum Ointment and other reliable preparations. Garden seeds in season

Address, J. CHALONER, Druggist,

BETTER STILL

THE Subscribers have lately received per "Atwood":—
100 bbls. Choice Flour.
100 do. K. D. Corn Meal, "Gold Drop,"
100 Bags Fresh Graham Meal,
50 " Cracked Corn.
Arrived to-day per "T. B. Harris," direct from Mills:—200 bbls Flour, "Mistletoe," "White Eagle," and "Avalanche." Also in stock—50 Dexas Layer Raisins, do. ½ boxes. "Porto Rico" Sugars, Teas, Biscuits, Spices, &c. Salt, coarse and fine, Pickled, Dry and Smoked fish. A few casks of Kerosene, by cask 25 cents. Agent for Higgins, Crow & Co's. Confectionery.

RANDALL, HIGGINS & CO.,
Opposite Railway Station.
Annapolis, Jan. 16th, 1877.

MONEY TO LEND,

at 6 per cent.

THE ANNAPOLIS BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND.

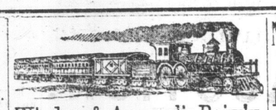
HAVE Money to lend on approved Security, and on Real Estate.

Funds are loaned at Public Auction at the Office of the Society on the Wednesday after the first Monday of every month.

All applications for Funds should be filed at the Office of the Society at least one week before the Auction.

Address—Building Society Annapolis.

THOMAS S. WHITMAN,
President.
Oct. 12th, 1878. 1y



Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

Thursday, 7th Nov., 1878.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Wednesday and Saturday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Tues. Thurs. and Saturday.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Windsor—leave	9 40	11 30	5 45
			P. M.	
7	Hantsport	10 02	11 58	6 12
15	Grand Pre	10 25	12 35	6 39
18	Wolfville	10 36	12 49	6 51
20	Port Williams	10 42	12 59	6 59
25	Kentville—arrive	10 56	1 20	7 15
	Do—leave	11 10	2 40	
34	Waterville	11 33	2 16	
37	Berwick	11 41	2 30	
42	Aylesford	11 56	2 52	
		P. M.		
49	Kingston	12 15	3 18	
53	*Wilmot	12 27	3 35	
56	Middleton	12 36	3 51	
62	Lawrencetown	12 52	4 13	
65	*Paradise	1 01	4 25	
70	Bridgetown	1 15	4 45	
78	*Roundhill	1 38	5 16	
84	Annapolis—arrive	2 00	5 40	
	St. John by Steamer	8 00		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed., and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Mon Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Express Wednesday, and Saturday.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	St. John—leave			8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave		7 15	2 25
6	*Round Hill		7 39	2 43
14	Bridgetown		8 04	3 05
19	*Paradise		8 23	3 18
22	Lawrencetown		8 37	3 27
28	Middleton		9 02	3 43
31	*Wilmot		9 15	3 51
35	Kingston		9 32	4 01
42	Aylesford		9 58	4 20
47	Berwick		10 22	4 34
50	Waterville		10 37	4 42
59	Kentville—arrive		11 15	5 05
	Do—leave	7 00	11 40	5 15
	Port Williams	7 20	12 00	5 29
64	Wolfville	7 27	12 10	5 35
66	Grand Pre	7 40	12 24	5 45
69			P. M.	
77	Hantsport	8 06	12 58	6 08
84	Windsor—arrive	8 30	1 30	6 30

N. B.—Express Trains every Wednesday and Saturday, connect at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John.

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

St. John & Maine Railway trains leave St. John at 8 a. m. and 8.40 p. m. daily, for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, Manager
Kentville, Jan. 1, '76.

STEAMER EMPRESS

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.

Two Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "SCUD."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and Western Counties Railway for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and intermediate Stations, and with Stages for Yarmouth and Liverpool, N. S.

Until further notice steamer "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, for Digby and Annapolis and return same days, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for and from Kentville, Windsor, Halifax and Intermediate Stations..

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
Return Tickets—St. John to Halifax and return, 1st class... 7.50

A. W. CORBITT & SON, Agents at Annapolis.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
nov3 41 Dock street.
St. John, N. B., Dec. 9th, '78.

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."

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN

BOOK STORE

So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN,
124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.
July 17th, 1878. n13 y

NEW FURNITURE DEPOT!

Having imported a large stock of

Elegant New Furniture,

from the United States, I solicit the Public in general to call and inspect the same. It consists of

Parlor, Setting-Room and Bedroom Sets,

in all the latest styles.

Warerooms,

Opposite the Bridgetown Railway Station.

I AM also prepared to attend to all wishing my services as an

UNDERTAKER,

having imported a

NEW HEARSE

for the purpose.

CASKETS AND COFFINS constantly on hand.

John Z. Bent.

Bridgetown, Oct. 23rd, 1878. n27 tf

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Samuel Tufts, late of New Albany, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, within eighteen months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

FRED LEAVITT,
Administrator.
Lawrencetown, N. S., December 21. 1878.

Queen St., Bridgetown,

September 27th, 1877.

JUST RECEIVED.

A Fresh Supply of

TEA & SUGAR,

Rankine's Celebrated

BISCUITS!

CONFECTIONERY, &c

Also a lot of

LAYER RAISINS BY BOX OR RETAIL, VERY LOW.

MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK.

BRIDGETOWN, Sept. 26th, '77

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S

STANDARD

Nail, Shoe & Tack Works.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)

Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE,

Canterbury Street.

FALL. 1878. FALL.

WE have now opened 300 Packages containing

New Fall Goods!

making our stock complete in every department.

OVERCOATING, BEAVERS;
WORSTED COATINGS;
SCOTCH TWEEDS;
PRINTS, SHIRTINGS;
DRESS GOODS, MILLINERY

and a large and well assorted stock of HABERDASHERY and SMALL WARES.

We invite inspection of buyers before placing their orders.

Terms Liberal.

T. R. JONES & Co

St. John, N. B.

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

Royal Hotel!

NORTH SIDE KING SQUARE,

St. John, N. B.

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

JOB PRINTING

Of every description at the office of this paper.

Poetry.

THE TWO WORLDS.

BY ANGUS M. GIDNEY.

What will banish gathering sadness
When youth's dreams and hopes are o'er?
What the glow of vanished gladness
To the stricken heart restore?

Wealth, with all its golden coffers,
Happiness cannot impart—
All that high ambition offers
Fails to ease a wounded heart.

Misers, brooding o'er their treasures,
Are like spectres round a tomb:
Titles can educe no pleasures
To avert life's hours of gloom.

Youth is arched with rainbow brightness
And spring flowers its path adorn,
While its spirit has the lightness
Of the lark at dewy morn.

But a shadow, darkly stealing
O'er life's prospect bright and fair,
Chills the fount of early feeling,
And o'ercloads the brow with care.

Boyhood's hopes, like transient visions,
Quickly fade and pass away,
And discouraging transitions
Darken life's maturer day.

When misfortunes hover o'er us—
When are lost our cherished toys—
And when nothing bright before us
Indicates returning joys,—

Whither can we, in our sadness,
Go to find a sure relief,
That can give enduring gladness,
Or assuage the pangs of grief?

Not in rank or earthly pleasures,
Not in fashion's restless round—
Not in wealth's up-hoarded treasures,
Can continuous peace be found.

But the Bible gives the presage
Of a world where all are blest,
And the Gospel's thrilling message
Calls us to eternal rest.

If to Mercy's call we harken,
All our sorrows will be o'er,
And o'erhanging clouds shall darken
Our existence nevermore.

While the joys of earth are groundless
As a dream-created thing,
Heaven's blessings are as boundless
As the Source from whence they spring.

Things of Time are doomed to perish;
Everywhere we see decay:
In my heart, then, let me cherish
Treasures that ne'er pass away.

Faith's unclouded, upward vision
Sees a rest prepared for me,
Brighter than the land Elysian
Heathen Sages hoped to see.

Things of earth my soul surrenders,
And I look with longing eyes
Far beyond the starry splendors
That adorn our evening skies.

I remember Watts's telling
Of "a land of pure delight,"
Where day endless is repelling
Evermore the gloom of night.

O, I then would fain endeavor
To attain that bright abode,
Where the saved from sin forever
Shall be near the Throne of God.

Select Literature.

Collared.

BY ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE, AUTHOR OF "A TANGLED SKEIN," ETC.

The British playwriter has one great advantage over us story-tellers. In a few lines he can give time, place, and an introduction to his *dramatis personæ*, sufficient to indicate what may be expected from them in the course of the piece. Now the British playwriter is not a bad sort of fellow upon the whole—a free and easy gentleman, upon whose conscience the laws of *meum* and *tuum* (as applied to literary property) sit easily. He owes me something, and therefore I shall not apologise for making reprisals, and borrow his easy way of beginning. This, if you please, is the bill of the play, so far as it relates to the opening scene:

SCENE I.

The room of a shooting-box in the North of England. Time, after dinner. Period, 1874. Persons represented,

The Hon. Percy Ryngold, otherwise 'the Bird.'
Mr. Thomas Fitzwalter-Smith, otherwise 'Marquis.'
Captain Ashleigh, V. C., R. A.

The Honorable Percy Ryngold, was familiarly known as 'the Bird,' on account of a fancied resemblance which he bore to a favorite species of songster; and indeed if a canary of good family could part his frontal plumage in the centre, slightly suppress his beak, and grow a small moustache of a mealy character, he might retaliate, and call himself the 'Honorable,' after Master Percy. Nor was the resemblance merely on the surface. The gentleman had chirpy, bird-like ways, and a very sweet voice. Canaries, I am given to understand, are gifted with a supply of brains out of proportion to their size; and therefore you are not to conclude that the Honorable Percy was deficient in this respect, as some young aristocrats of 'mealy' complexion have been known to be. On the contrary, any one from the country or elsewhere, who undertook to 'get over' the Bird' would have to rise at a very early hour indeed.

Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith (christened Tom) was the only son of his father—the great grease man, who had not only lubricated the wheels of all the railway trains, but those of Fortune's chariot as well. He died, very rich, about three years ago; and as his name was Walter, and plain Smith would not do for his heir, that golden youth became Fitzwalter, with a hyphen, and banished the vulgar Thomas from his card-plate forever. The immense delight which he evinced one day at being mistaken for a celebrated marquis gained him that title for a nickname. He liked it. Waiters and cabmen who heard him thus addressed, would take it in earnest sometimes, and call him 'my lord,' which was pleasant. Lounging about the grease works in his unemancipated days, with his pockets full of money, and safe under the ægis of the governor, this sort of wit brought him glory. Even its victims laughed, and slapped him on the back—the dull dog that he was!—and swallowed his insolence and his champagne with equal relish. They had their reward. As soon as good old Smith was in his grave, and the works sold, they were cut to a man; but the new set into which Smith's heir managed to wriggle, did not take his jokes half so well. There was a story about a horsewhip and some black balls, which was good-naturedly hushed up, as its hero showed signs of improvement. He had his good points, or we should not find him in his present company.

The last of our trio, Charles Ashleigh, had no nickname in particular. He was one of those happy, careless natures which do not throw out any peculiarity whereon to hang one. In the regiment he was 'Charley.' With a few men he was 'old Charley,' and *they* knew what a true friend was. No woman had ever called him 'dear Charley,' and repented it. If any one, not having the sense to see what underlaid his careless demeanor, selected him as a person with whom it was safe to take a liberty, that one would find that he made a most unfortunate mistake. In this respect he was something like his favorite setter Lady, who disdained to notice the yapping of small dogs, but was death on a real affront.

'Who's for the ball to-day?' said the Bird, throwing himself (as the smallest man always will) into the largest easy-chair, and lighting a cigar. 'you, *of course*, Marquis.'

'The tone of your inquiry seems to suggest that I'm a doubtful starter,' observed Ashleigh, when the person immediately addressed had nodded assent.

The Honorable Percy looked round with an expression as though he was going to chirrup 'tweet,' but replied:

'In making one's calculation it is well to reject at the outset those which prove themselves. The voracity of the Marquis's appetite for balls in general is too well-known to allow of any doubt as to *his* going. He would swim over the lake with his clothes done up in a water-proof sheet on his back, and dress upon a tombstone on the other side, rather than not go to this one; wouldn't you?'

'I mean to go—that's enough,' said the Marquis, rather gruffly.

'Of course. You will go anyhow, but circumstances might arise to prevent one or other of us from having the pleasure of your company.'

'How so? Is Ashleigh really undecided?'

He spoke quickly, and with a gleam of pleasure in his eyes.

'Not in the least,' Ashleigh replied. 'I shall certainly go.' Their looks met, as though they crossed swords and said, 'On guard!'

Dove le donna? When one gentleman brightens up with pleasure at the mere probability of another gentleman's staying at home, be sure that there is some lady who is not going to do so. Where is she? She is up-stairs, dressing for the ball—miles away from our shooting-box — but you really cannot see her. It is more to the purpose to ask where she was at two o'clock this afternoon. She was on the moor, taking the luncheon to a party of grouse-shooters, with her soft brown hair breeze-tossed into a tangle about a face as pretty as the wild heather, and as sweet. She will be out to-night 'in sheen of satin and glimmer of pearls'—the belle of the county, the queen of the ball. She looks with a sigh at a torn serge dress and a pair of muddy but bewildering little boots, and wonders if she will ever again be as happy as when she wore them last. Right in the centre of her dressing-table is a ruby glass vase, with a sprig of heather in it. The exquisite boquet which she is to carry to the ball wastes its fragrance out of sight.

Down-stairs in the dining-room is a portly gentleman, who was also at that shooters' luncheon, and whose last thoughts before he lapsed into his forty winks preparatory to dressing ran:

'Well I can't expect to keep her with me always The young man is steady and rich. Lord, Lord, how time flies!'

What young man was rich and steady? Captain Ashleigh was steady, but not rich. 'The Bird' was pretty well supplied with worldly pelf, but sadly deficient in steadiness. It must have been Mr. Fitz-walter-Smith who was running in the old gentleman's head as he dozed off before the fire, if he was thinking of any one he had seen lately, for he had no near neighbors, and our triumvirate at the shooting-box were the only men about. As Mr. Balfoure of the Ridge was *their* only neighbor, and a very hospitable one, they made the most of him, and their welcome was as good as new. Hardly a day passed in which some of them did not visit the Ridge. They had a standing invitation to drop in of an evening, and somehow or other the birds *would* get round that way about five o'clock, when Miss Balfoure's afternoon tea was ready. In the evenings she sang duets with the Bird, played bezique with Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith, and talked art and travel with Captain Ashleigh. They sang and talked and played very well respectively; but the gunner had the best of it. He had seen a great deal—seen it well; absorbed what was grand and beautiful about him unto himself, and gave out part of its grandeur and its beauty in description to a hearer who could touch the spring which threw off his reserve.

He was also able to interest Miss Balfoure in what his rival considered 'all sorts of trash'—rare mosses and ferns, quaint construction of bird or insect architecture, strange effects of light and shade, with which her mountain home abounded. This led to many a confidential ramble in what was truly their happy hunting ground; and on the day of that luncheon before mentioned, when a splendid lot of birds—three or four convoys packed — went away right into the thickest cover, Captain Ashleigh would persist in going back alone after a miserable brace, in quite another direction; and he never put them up after all. He only marked down a basket-carriage driven by a fair girl in a blue serge dress, who pulled up her ponies and exclaimed, 'Why, Captain Ashleigh!' as though he were the last person she expected to see. Was it because she got tired of his society during the ramble which followed, or because she was vexed with him for being an accessory to the muddying of those little boots and the tearing of that dress, that she almost ignored his presence at luncheon, and was so amiable to Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith as to raise the idea in her father's mind that he was the coming man and son-in-law? Or was she a flirt? She was no flirt.

Having thus answered the question which shunted the story from its opening scene, we'll return, please, to the shooting-box.

'I suppose we shall all go,' said the Marquis.

'If it continues fine,' the Bird replied; 'but the construction on wheels, dignified by the name of brougham, which has been sent for our conveyance, only holds two; and there is a young man with whom I am intimate, and in whose personal comfort I take the deepest interest, who absolutely declines to drive twelve miles in an open dog-cart, should this delightful climate indulge in one of its favorite mists.'

'We can toss up for the dog-cart,' said Ashleigh.

'I will not place my life upon the hazard of—of heads and tails. If it remains fine, I go in the brougham. If it mists—which means rain by the bucketful—I stay. Behold, I have spoken!'

'You are a spoilt child, Bird; you're tender plumage shall not suffer. *I'll* take the dog-cart, anyhow,' said Ashleigh. 'Well, what is it?'

This to his servant, who entered with a small, but heavy parcel.

'One of the gillies brought it from the station, sir, this morning, and forgot to tell me. It was not my fault, sir.'

'All right, put it down.'

'What is it?' asked the Bird, when the valet had gone.

'Only Lady's new collar.'

'Let's have a look.'

'Inquisitiveness, thy name is Percy Ryngold. There.'

Ashleigh tossed him the package, out of which came a curb-chain collar, light but strong, with 'Lady, the property of Captain Ashleigh, R. A.' engraved upon the plate.

'I don't like those things,' said the Marquis; 'they rust. I prefer straps.'

'Dog-stealers can take off straps,' said Ashleigh in reply.

'So they can that, with a key.'

'With the key, which they won't get. The lock is a patent one.'

'Isn't it too small for Lady,' asked the Bird.

'I think not,' replied her master.

'Why, it wouldn't go round my neck,' said the Marquis.

'Is that any reason why it should not fit Lady?'

'Bet you a sovereign it does not measure fifteen inches.'

'Done.'

'Who's got a measure?'

'We don't want one,' Ashleigh replied, taking off his shirt-collar. 'See! this is marked fifteen and a half. If I can get the chain on, it must measure as much. Will that satisfy you?'

'Perfectly.'

'There then!' He threw the collar round his throat, and fastened it with a sharp click.

Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith tossed the lost coin on the table, and left the room, muttering something that was not audible.

'How these rich fellows hate to lose,' said the Captain, as he pocketed his sovereign.

'They do, old man,' said the Bird very markedly. 'They hate to lose, but mostly they don't lose.

'That's true,' sighed Ashleigh.

'Charley, you haven't told me anything, and I am going to pump you. But don't you think it's time to go in and win.'

'Good boy!' said the other, with one of his bright smiles, as he stretched his hand over the table, and pressed Percy's. 'Only suppose that I go in, and do not win?'

'Well, you know your own running best. Look out, though, for the other horse is putting on a big spurt. For these stakes weight tells, and he carries twelve thousand a year.'

'And I six hundred pay and all! It's heavy odds, Percy.'

'Grease against blood. I'll back the red, Charley; that is, if the girl——'

'Don't, please don't. Leave her out of this part of the talk. It's awful to think that she could be bought with money.'

'What about her being won by something else, whilst you stand by shilly-shallying.'

'They'll say I want her fortune.'

'Let them, so that you get her.'

'I must think about it.'

'He has made up his mind. Did you notice how he brightened up when he thought you were not going to the ball?'

'Not I.'

'If he does not propose to-night, call me a duffer,' said the Bird.

'Look here, Percy,' cried Ashleigh, 'I'm not a conceited man, but hang it, if I could feel that it was only a question of who spoke first, much as I, well your horsey talk is catching; I should'nt care to win by a neck. I want to distance the field.'

'Fond youth,' said the Bird, relapsing into his usual chaffy manner. 'In these practical days young ladies are provided amongst other useful objects, with papas, who, for the most part entertain unromantic views with regard to matrimonial contracts, and have frequent opportunities of impressing them upon their daughter's minds. Those charmers have also been known to possess a feeling called pique, which had led them to smile upon Mr. Wrongman when Mr. Rightboy does not cut in when he ought. Don't you give papa time to talk, and don't you give papa's daughter cause to talk, and don't you give papa's daughter cause to doubt. Go in and win, if you can—never mind about by how much. Win, and the moment your number's up, the second horse is under the daisies—the beautiful, beautiful daisies!'

This conversation proved so interesting that Ashleigh forgot all about the dog-collar, which remained firmly clasped by its patent lock around his neck. They had a little more talk, and then they went up to dress.

'I say, Percy!' shouted Ashleigh from his room about ten minutes after they had retired.

'Well?'

'You are not larking, are you?'

'I am wrestling with a recalcitrant stud at present.'

'But you've got the key.'

'What key?'

'Why the key of this confounded collar.'

'No, I haven't.'

'There were two in the parcel when you opened it.'

'I left them on the table.'

'I can't find either.'

'Ask the Marquis.'

'He's gone.'

Gone!

'Yes, dressed and started without a word. Took the dog-cart, too, when we settled that I should have it.'

'Cool! Hold on, and I'll come and help you look for the keys. They're on the floor, or under the rug, or somewhere,' cried the Bird.

(To be Continued.)

THE MERCHANT MARINE OF THE WORLD.

The New York "Bulletin" has collected and published some interesting, but not very encouraging figures, (so far as American interests are concerned) as to to the combined merchant marine of the world at the close of 1878, compared with the year previous. In sailing vessels there is a falling off in the total tonnage of 581,058 tons, while steamers show a gain in tonnage of 87,476. In 1878 the total number of sailing vessels afloat was 49,525 against 51,912 in 1877—a decrease of 2,387. Vessels flying the British flag greatly outnumber, of course, those of any other nationality. They numbered in 1878, 18,394, of 5,576,018 tons, against 17,765 of 5,526,940 tons in 1870—an increase both in number and carrying capacity. The United States come next, with 6,050 vessels of 2,075,832 tons in 1878, against 6,306 vessels of 2,146,731 tons in 1877, showing a decline of 257 vessels and 70,899 tons. The Norweigans who come next in order, show a gain of 22 vessels over last year, their present total being 4,157. The Italians, French, Swedish, Greek, Spanish, Austrian, Danish, Portugese and others show a decline, which is occasioned chiefly by the growth in the carrying trade of the British steamers. As to sea-going steamers the whose number in the world in 1878 was 5,462, of which 3,216 are British, 516 American, 275 French, 220 German, 199 Spanish, and the rest scattered among fifteen other nations. Both as to number and to tonnage, the principal gain is with the British; the United States have fallen off in both particulars; and the Spanish, Italian and Swedish also show a decline. The figures indicate that opposite tendencies are at work in the two sorts of craft — in steamers, to vessels of larger capacity. The average size of steam vessels has increased from 1,048 to 1,077 tons, while that of sailing vessels has diminished from 311 to 304 tons. The gross tonnage of the s a-going steamers of the world is 14,218,072.