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BETTER STILL. The subscribers have lately received per "Atwood"...

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BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE. So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street...

Windser & Annapolis Railway. Time Table, COMMENCING Thursday, 7th Nov., 1878.

GOING WEST. Windsor—leave—9:40 A.M. 11:30 P.M. 11:30 P.M.

GOING EAST. St. John—leave—8:00 A.M. 9:00 A.M. 11:30 P.M.

GOING WEST. Windsor—leave—9:40 A.M. 11:30 P.M. 11:30 P.M.

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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. WHEELLOCK. BRIDGETOWN, Sept. 26th, '77.

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COURSES OF STUDY: Teacher's Course, Literary Course, especially arranged for young ladies.

Classical Course, Commercial Course, Day and Evening Classes.

Dept. of Music, Dept. of Fine Arts. For information address, J. B. HALL, Prin.

Lawrencetown, Dec. 9, '78.

Dental Notice. I have very many treasures that my heart has hid away.

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

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.

Address—Building Society Annapolis. THOMAS S. WHITMAN, President.

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THOS. S. WHITMAN, Attorney. ROBT. MILLS, SAM'L MCCORMICK, W. M. WEATHERS, Directors.

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BILLHEADS, VISITING, WEDDING AND BUSINESS CARDS, &c., &c., neatly and promptly printed at this office. Call and inspect sample of work.

Poetry. NEW YEAR'S EVE. BY THE LATE DR. M'EWAN.

The sun upon the wintry day, Is waning—waning on the year; You sunset clouds are warm and gay.

But past these gloomy thoughts away, And cheerless as the miser's face, While all above is bright again; And sweet it was when I was young— 'Tis we are waning, we who wane.

But don't your furs, dear wife; the sleigh Is waiting for us at the door; This life looks like a winter's day.

Compared with summer gone before, But past these gloomy thoughts away, 'Tis sad to think we're growing old; Dear wife, have we not had our day? With health and blessings manifold?

Oh! me, how short it seems ago, Since I in coasting time would whist! And many a picture I have seen, With you, a romping, rosy girl; Oh! what a glorious time we had! And what it was when I was still, As down we dashed, half glad, half mad, In vaultings on the bending hill.

And when, by naughty boys or fate, Our little sled would overlope, Oh! bliss, to hear you supplice, And what I love their merriment still, Although it makes me sad, dear wife; Somehow that sled pulled up the hill, As you and I alone are here.

And other memories, other scenes, Around my heart arise and beat, As pleasant things are past and gone, And left us not so young and gay, Yet each to each we warm and true, And oh! I love their merriment still, Although it makes me sad, dear wife; Somehow that sled pulled up the hill, As you and I alone are here.

But, oh! three days soon passed away, As pleasant things are past and gone, And left us not so young and gay, Yet each to each we warm and true, And oh! I love their merriment still, Although it makes me sad, dear wife; Somehow that sled pulled up the hill, As you and I alone are here.

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Genius—in their operations and influences, are not restricted by national boundaries, geographical distinctions, or dissimilarity of races.

Anglo-Saxonism is as clearly and robustly developed in New England as it is in the land of Bacon, Shakespeare and Hampden.

It is not my purpose just now to enter into a general detail of all I saw in the ramblings to which I have referred; but to lay before the readers of the Monitor a curious manuscript that came into my possession while tarrying a few days on the picturesque banks of the Connecticut river.

I visited that charming locality in response to the invitation of a travelling companion, with whom I became casually acquainted in the region of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. I spent several days at his delightful residence, enjoying his genial hospitality. He was a man of general information, and, being full of interesting reminiscences, his conversation was peculiarly agreeable.

On that old I see it still, As down we dashed, half glad, half mad, In vaultings on the bending hill.

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business, and had succeeded in rendering my mental training somewhat successful; at least, it was not an utter failure. I was then nineteen years of age, and my father took me into his confidence, and explained to me what he would like me to be in future life, and the course of conduct he would advise for my guidance.

He told me that my sister was about to be married, and that he intended to give her as a dowry what silver and gold he possessed, and that the homestead should be mine. Although I expressed no dissatisfaction at what he said, I could not forego with readiness the idea of being a gentleman, and the happiness of having plenty of money to spend. Of what avail, thought I, would be my fine clothes and jewelry as a farmer. Unknown to my father, I was already deeply in debt, and some of my creditors were importunately pressing me for payment. I had been a considerable loser in gambling, and I was in a tight place.

Not long after the interview which I have just mentioned, my sister was married to a lawyer of New Haven, and left the old homestead forever. My mother, who had been laboring under a pulmonary difficulty for some years, on the day after my sister's marriage, had a fit of coughing which broke a blood-vessel; and before night, her spirit had passed from earth. When this stunning event happened, my sister then embarked on a bridal tour for Europe. Father and I were alone with the remains of my venerated mother whom I dearly loved. It was the first heavy calamity I had endured in life. It tended to subdue and chasten my wayward spirit. Conscience sternly reminded me that I had been contracting vicious habits, and running headlong into immoral courses. As I heard the earth—ashes to ashes, and dust to dust—fall on the lid of her coffin, I resolved to reform; and for a time, I did reform.

The day after the funeral, with an accusing conscience, a grief-stricken heart, fearful eyes, and a palpitating spirit, I made a clean breast to my father, confessing my wrong doings, and penitentially promising to amend my life. On bended knees I implored his forgiveness. He seemed astounded at the revelations I made of my misconduct. He, however, pardoned me, and paid the debts I had prodigally incurred.

At that time my resolution to reform was entirely sincere; and for several months I went to work on the farm, and to the utmost of my power to please my father. He was called to Hartford on business in harvest-time, and left me to my own devices in the field. On the day he went thither, when standing near the roadside, watching the reapers, I was thus saluted: "Hillo, Will! I haven't seen you in a month of Sundays. Where do you keep yourself now a-days? It was one of my former drinking-saloon companions over at the village who thus accosted me. My reply was that I was busy on the farm, and now had no relish for sports in which I had formerly indulged. "Nonsense," said he; "come get into my carriage, and ride over to the outskirts of the village where a horse-race is to come off in half an hour—don't act like an old woman. I will drive you back as soon as it is over." At first, I peremptorily declined; but he was an adept at persuasion, and succeeded in seducing me from my determination. I went—got inflated with ardent drink—bet on the race a heavy sum—got beaten—in gambling that night I was a considerable loser, and towards morning, I returned home utterly demoralized. Two days after, my father came back; and when he did so, I was at the village. In the evening, a message reached me while I was at the saloon that he was alarmingly ill. I hastened to his bedside and found him utterly unconscious. Apoplexy had seized him, and before midnight his breathing had ceased forever.

The death of my father, so unexpected—so sudden, to me was like a cloud of midnight gloom, darkening the earth without a premonitory sign of its coming. It utterly stupefied the spirit within me. Even my brain was apparently paralyzed—my intellect overwhelmed—under a crushing sense of the calamity that had so suddenly fallen upon me. My very heart-beat seemed affected by the shock. Weep I could not. The fount of misery's tears was frozen. The weight of a mental nightmare descended all my thinking faculties. I was like one under the irresistible influence of a hideous dream. In response to the inquiries of sympathizing friends, I answered mechanically without the slightest internal emotion. Although years have rolled away, to this hour I shudder as memory recalls that period of mental stupor and suffering.

The friends and neighbors who were present, and commiserated my bereavement, heard not a sound of vocal wailing from my lips—they heard no complaining in my utterances—they saw no tear in my eyes. The few words which I spoke were articulated with solemn calmness. My feeling at this time was not that of boisterous grief; it was the stupefaction of all my emotional sensibilities. I was under the influence of a benumbing spell, which was not broken till the day of interment, when I stood upon the tombstone of my mother. A sudden thought of her galvanised all my sensibilities. Immediately the fountains

of the great deep in my heart were broken up—my tears flowed—and my wailing was loud, awakening the sympathy of bystanders. This outburst of emotion was violent for a time; but, after awhile it subsided—my lamentations were hushed;—and my tears ceased to flow.

For several months after my father's death, a sense of bereavement oppressed me, and a gloom rested, like a cloud, on my grief-stricken spirit. I spent day after day, and week after week, scarcely leaving the house, except on a moonlight visit to the graveyard. That melancholy resting-place of the dead had now an irresistible attraction and an interest, which, often, when the twilight was throwing its deepening shadows over the earth, drew my footsteps thither. There, under the stars, I frothier. There, under the stars, I frothier. There, under the stars, I frothier.

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