

Weekly Monitor, Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. SANOTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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Chaloner's Drug Store, DIGBY, N. S. THE Proprietor who has been established in Digby the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby, N. S.

BETTER STILL. THE Subscribers have lately received per "The Monitor" a copy of the "Better Still" which is a most interesting and valuable work.

Royal Hotel! BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE. Universally known for many years at 101 George Street, has taken a move to the upper part of the same street.

THE average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,164, being considerably larger than that of any other paper published in the City.

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

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Station, Time, and GOING EAST, Station, Time. Includes stations like Windsor, Kentville, and Annapolis.

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STEAMER EMPRESS AND THE WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY. PARSONS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

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.

Two Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX! STEAMER "SCUD". For Digby and Annapolis.

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

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S STANDARD Nail, Shoe & Tack Works. ST. JOHN, N. B. ESTABLISHED 1849. (Formerly W. H. Adams' Curr. Man. Works.)

The Winter Term OF THE HIGH SCHOOL WILL OPEN JANUARY THE 2ND. COURSE OF STUDY: Teacher's Course, Literary Course, especially arranged for young ladies.

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

MONEY TO LEND, at 6 per cent. THE ANNAPOLIS BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND.

NOVA SCOTIA LLOYD'S MARINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, Annapolis Royal.

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Poetry. SOME PEDALS. A REMINISCENCE OF THE BELLES OF TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

Take them up tenderly, Lift them with care, Fashioned so stenderly A beautiful pair. Look at those number "twelves," A sight of themselves! Made from two ox hides, The true sing around? Made for a young bride, A Terre Haute belle.

How were her father's feet? How were her mother's? Lace like clothes lines? How were her brother's? What had the maiden done That she should merit it? Was it a judgment, Or did she inherit it?

As! those huge bridal shoes, Look at their soles! Lace like clothes lines Pass through the holes. Take them up tenderly, Lift them with care— Fashioned so stenderly— A beautiful pair.

She has a good understanding, That's mostly true; Her footing is proper— So let's drop the curtain; And pledge in a bumper, With proper solemnity, A health to the fair bride's Pedal extremity.

A RAIN-DROP. Noiseless and swift a rain-drop sank Into the sea, Silent the sea the rain-drop drank, And made no sign. "Ah, me! Ah, me!" The rain-drop cried, "Here I am lost, No thirty fathoms! Of our drop's cost What knows the bitter salt sea sand?"

Into an oyster's open shell, No noise, no sound, No noise and swift the rain-drop fell, And by slow, subtle alchemy, Into a shining pearl was changed; A pearl of white, No diver who the deep sea ranged Had seen or dreamed a fairer sight.

To-day, the peevish, snowy gem Men kneeling set In a royal diadem, And kings about its pedegree, For the wayward, Of that drop's cost Naught knew the bitter salt sea sand.

Select Literature. Told at Torquay. "And in the afternoon we came into a land in which it seemed always afternoon."

"The quotation rose spontaneously to our lips, and we took slight liberties with it to suit our own purposes as the train rapidly along between Kingskerwell and Torquay on a glowing Summer day."

"The blue unclouded weather brought out vividly the rich and delicate tints of the innumerable wild flowers that embroidered the banks on either side of the cutting."

"We don't happen to feel it here, but I shouldn't wonder if you found it fresh enough on the New Cut. Don't let the idea that you'll never feel the breeze drive you away from the prettiest place in England."

"If such an idea as our unknown friend suggested had ever entered our heads, it would have died of sheer weakness before we twenty-four hours had passed over us."

"The beautiful green of the West—around whom twilight-loves coo and myrtle twine with heraldic pretensions—must have entered into a colossal contract with rude Boreas to keep her well supplied with blustering breezes and gusty gales. While the bay is untrifled, and the delicate blossoms of the myrtle unshaken, little winds are invariably up and doing about the place, at the same time the place and its surroundings look so calm and untrifled that watch-

ers from various windows believe, in their guileless innocence, that there is no wind abroad, and so venture forth to be met by a rushing, mighty blast at the first corner to which they come. Wind was rampant on the strand this day, where a well-dressed languid crowd were listening to the strains of the Italian band; and intuition told me that this ever-present power must be the spirit of the place!

"Accordingly, I resolved to pursue it—to follow it away into the shady hollows and ferny dapples in the adjacent high-hedged narrow lanes; and over boulders and pools by the sea-side—until I got it to tell me the story of Torquay. For, young and fair as she is, Torquay has known many a sorrow, and her story is full of subtle appeal to the sympathetic. The wind has crept into the heart of the place, therefore I resolved to follow the wind."

"The girl reeled in her saddle with agitation as he went on pressing her hand, and I saw before she spoke that she meant to give in."

"Oh, my love! my love!" she murmured; "I think I am mad about you! It will bring such misery to them all; but I'll tell him to-night." "She sealed the pledge with another kiss; and then he looked at his watch and reminded her that it was time they should go home to dinner. She evidently loathed the idea of dinner—a woman in love does not care about eating. But the tender passion very rarely robs a man of his appetite. Accordingly they went back to Torquay at a sharp trot, and I followed them."

"An hour afterward I was cooling the warm air of a dining-room for them, as they sat at an oval table that was daintily decorated with glass, and silver, and flowers. Kathleen was as glorious a beauty in her evening dress as she looked on horse-back; and the young fellow who was coveting the future wife of his neighbor matched her fairly. But they both looked as if it were held in bondage, poor things! and small wonder that it should have been so; for her father and mother were at the altar, and by her side, at the head of it, sat the man she had promised to marry; and he was old, and not specially well favored, and, additionally, he was Harry Sutherland's uncle."

"He had no doubt of her, I could see that, the poor shaky, infirm old fool; for after dinner, when the servants were gone, and the group dispersed in a measure, he offered her his withered old lips to kiss without fear. He did not see what I did—that the boy's face flashed with the fire that is only lighted by one feeling; and that the girl's pale under the influence of such a sickening disgust, as too many unfortunate women condemn themselves to suffer legally, by entering into uncongenial marriages. Her father and mother had scattered themselves about the window, for the sake of the fresh air I was causing, and so it happened that old Sutherland saw fit to indulge his amorous propensity, without regard to the 'boy,' as he called his nephew."

"I understood the whole story clearly as soon as I saw that father and mother. The latter was a scheming, pretentious, cold-blooded woman, and the father was a vague man who seemed to be in a perpetual daze. I learned afterward that they were very poor, and that they did not like poverty. Therefore they were going to sell Kathleen to old Sutherland, who in the vastness of his conceit dared to introduce his handsome young nephew to her, and suffer them to be constantly alone together."

"By-and-by Harry went out with a cigar, and the rest of the party went into a dimly-lighted drawing-room, which was large, and therefore convenient for the fulfillment of the purpose which was in the girl's mind. It seemed to suit Mr. Sutherland's views too; for when Kathleen's father and mother considered gave love one of its most valued privileges, that of being alone with the object, the decrepit old suitor drew nearer to the girl, and began to stroke the hand that could have struck him for touching her with an air that vibrated between pity and passion."

"My dear little girl," he began, (she was inches taller than he was,) "patience for a little week, patience for one little week—"

"I have need of patience," she interrupted, shivering and shivering. His caresses had not seemed to degrade her so infinitely in her own eyes before she knew Harry."

"His time-deadened ears failed to catch and convey to his time-deadened heart the true meaning of her words. He absolutely believed she was sighing for the time to pass more speedily, longing for the hour to come which should crown her with the glory of being his wife."

"Blake has been expeditious about the settlements too," he said tolerantly, "but we naturally think that he has been long, but this day week, darling, will see us united forever, never to part again."

"The words and the action (for he had put his arms round her, and was embracing her closely) nerved the girl to her task. She freed herself from him with a gesture in which there was a strange mixture of repugnance to and pity for his mad, and spoke:

"Don't be hard on me, she said, and catch in her breath. "Let us end this. I can't marry you. I've been mad—mad to think that I ever could. Will you let me go?"

"He seemed to me to dwindle and shrivel up as she spoke. He looked such a very old man as she brought her passionate appeal to a conclusion. But for all his age and infirmity I could see that he didn't intend to give her up."

"I can't do it, don't ask me, he said, quakingly. "It would send me into my grave before my time, it would blight the little life left in me; it would poison the only spring of happiness I have ever known in this world. I am an old man, Kathleen, a very old man," he wined. "My time is short. Don't murder me."

"What will it do to my life if you hold me to my wicked promise?" she panted out. "Think of that; do you think of that?"

"You should have thought of that when you gave your promise," he answered; and there came a snaky gleam in the cold, dim eyes, and a nasty hard expression about his

mouth. "I was not repulsive to you then?" he went on. "What has changed you?" "This," the girl cried out, all her natural courage coming to her aid in a moment. "This! I have met your nephew, and my sorrow—to my joy I have learned to love him!"

"You have learned your disgraceful lesson quickly." "Ah! what has love to do with time? Be pitiful to us both. I tell you he has held me in his arms, he has kissed me with kisses that I can never forget, and that no other man shall ever take off my lips. I cannot marry you; but if you will forgive him, and let him be to you just as he has been all along, I'll promise you this, I'll never see him again."

"You'll sacrifice your heart for his welfare?" "If you demand the sacrifice, I will!" "I hoped for a moment that he was touched to reason and to right by her generosity. At the end of that moment my hopes died out."

"I'll tell you what I'll do if you break your promise to me," he said; and he got hold of her hands and glared at her with a hopeless, imploring, hungry look, that was hard to see. I have brought that boy up in the indulgence of every luxury, of every extravagant taste; I have unfitted him for work of any kind; for I meant him to be my heir. When I met you, and loved you, and determined that you should be my wife, I still provided rickly for him. If I withdraw that provision, it will be because you have deceived and left me; the withdrawal of it will be his ruin, and his ruin will be on your head; but if you keep your vow, if you become my wife in name—I ask nothing more—Harry shall still be my heir, and at my death (I can't live long) your husband."

"She baffled for her lover bravely for a time, but at last she gave in, and agreed to carry out their bond before the world, for the sake of insuring Harry's welfare. I saw her bending her flower-like head with shame for her own position—with agony at the thought of gladly anticipating a fellow-creature's death, as he kept on reiterating his assurances that he could not live long, and begging her not to

blame make a scorn and derision in the eyes of all his friends for that shamey thing of Harry's, and at my death (I can't live long) your husband."

"I need not tell you of all the bitterness and love, all the despair and disgust which filled the hearts of these two poor young people, when she had to tell and he had to listen to the tale of the decision to which they had come. But I think if selfish, un-natural old Sutherland had seen her kneeling by her lover's side, pressing kisses on his hand, and showing herself ready to give herself to him, body and soul, as I did, that he would have cared to have her for his wife (even in name only) after the violation."

"Well, the nephew's sent away, and the marriage came off, and the happy pair went away. My services being required constantly at Torquay, I could not follow them; but I thought about them frequently, and wondered when and where old Sutherland would be good enough to die. For five years I never relinquished the hope of meeting that brilliant young pair on horseback again in some of our lovely lanes. Would fallen human nature allow them to love each other as much when there was no obstacle between them? I asked myself frequently, but naturally, I could not solve the question."

[To be continued.] We find the following, which refers to another Cornwallis man abroad, who has been trying to make himself happy, in the Ellis County, Kansas, "Standard," of Nov. 30, 1878—

"MARRIED—At the Stone Hotel, in Ellis, on Wednesday evening, the 27th inst., by Dr. Groehneuser, Mr. Jessie H. Gesmet and Miss Ermina J. Taylor."

Out of the simple facts in connection with the above marriage by the poet or novelist might be woven a very romantic story or a pleasing little poem, chanting the power of love."

The young couple thus recently united by the sacred bonds of matrimony, were betrothed a year or more since in Iowa, the young man following the stream of immigration, coming last summer to Western Kansas, in quest of a home on these fertile prairies. Making a location a few miles east of this place. Having created a simple but comfortable abode and made some other necessary preparations, the young man deemed that the time had arrived for a union with the object of his affections. Not having the means at his disposal to perform a second time the journey, he wrote to his betrothed, and she accordingly brought his affianced to leave her home in Iowa and come to him, to share his lot in the future. His importunities overcame her maidenly scruples, and obtaining, reluctantly, the consent of her parents, she devotedly alone set out, not as an Evangelist to roam the earth over in quest of her long absent lover, but as a light-spirited American girl, doubly blind in her innocence and rectitude, not deterred by any feeling of false delicacy from assuming a responsibility and writing aside the shallow laws of etiquette at the dictate of reason and prudence."

Arriving at this place, she was met at the train by her betrothed who had all in preparation, and in a few hours the nuptials were performed, the sacred vows gladly pronounced, and the time set one for life. The day following the pair set out for their new home, the bells of Thanksgiving ringing upon the first day of their wedding life. Assuredly, so courageous a start in wedlock will be crowned with rich success.—Star.

"A farmer who keeps his fences in good order has a good deal of stile about him."