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The Weekly Monitor

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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His Top Snap Action, Rebounding Lock, Pistol Grip, Patent Fore-end Fastening. Uses either Paper or Brass Central Fire Shells. The brass shells can be reloaded many hundred times, making it cost no more to shoot than a muzzle loader.
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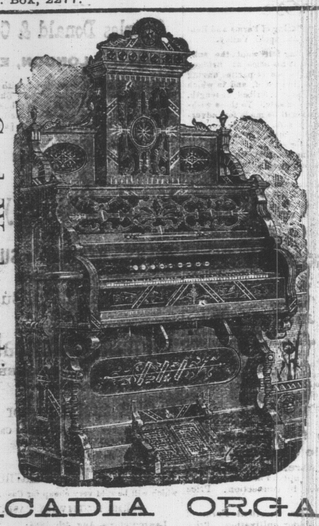
Good Workmanship.  Reasonable Prices.

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JOHN P. RICE. 6 SULIS.

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The Subscribers who have been for several years past carrying on a general business under the name, style and firm of A. W. CORBITT & SON, of Annapolis, Royal, have by mutual consent, dissolved said partnership, and all persons indebted to the said firm, will please make immediate payment to GEORGE E. CORBITT, who is to collect all debts due said firm, and who will in future carry on the business in his own name, the said A. W. CORBITT having retired from the firm.

Dated at Annapolis Royal in the County of Annapolis, 1st of August, 1884.

GEO. E. CORBITT,
A. W. CORBITT.
Aug. 8th, 1884. 193m.

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—Just opened at—
JOHN Z. BENT'S
NEW STORE.
NEAR THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
a large and varie arsoatment of
Brackets,
Bracket Stands,
Easels,
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Xmas Cards.
Something new—Japanese Brackets. Call and see them.
Fine line of Pictures in Marine Views, Pastoral Scenes, was ar of notable pieces, ect.
Also portraits of notable men and women Longfellow, Evangeline, Mrs. Langtry, etc.
Picture framing done at short notice. different styles of moulding to select from.
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A call respectfully solicited,
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Special rates for sales of Real Estate and Farm Stock.
Bridgetown, March 26th, 1884. n50

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The Greatest Invention of the Age for Putting Down Carpets.
THEY SAVE TIME, CARPETS, MONEY, AND PATIENCE!
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A good, reliable, live man wanted to canvas Digby County. 6m

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CHAIN PUMPS!
ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
Pumps Complete,
or in parts to suit.
FLOUR AND MEAL AT 25 CENTS ADVANCE ON COST.
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Will be found the best assortment of
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PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and all TOILET ARTICLES, EVER OFFERED IN THE COUNTY.
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Bridgetown N. S., near Presbyterian Church.
Coffins and Caskets, and Coffin trimmings, in all styles, always on hand. All branches of this department of his business will receive the most careful attention. 361yr

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REAL ESTATE SECURITY
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SEPTEMBER 17th.
A FINE LOT OF
TWEEDS
AND
WORSTEDS
Have just arrived at the
"BLUE" STORE,
where persons wanting can examine them.
JOHN. H. FISHER, Prop.
Bridgetown, sept 16, '84.

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THE Subscribers offer for sale the property formerly the late AARON BENT, deceased, of Havelock, Annapolis Co. Farm consists of 140 acres 50—acres tillage land, remainder in woodland and excellent pasture. Well watered. New Dwelling House, outbuildings. The above property is offered at private sale. If not sold at the expiration of three months will be offered at Public Auction.

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Farm for Sale!

THE subscriber being desirous of giving more attention to his
GROCERY and PROVISION TRADE,
has decided to sell his valuable FARM, situated in Beaconsfield, three and a-half miles from Bridgetown, and directly under the North Mountain.

The property comprises about 300 acres of splendid land, 25 or 30 under cultivation, and 200 abounding in valuable Hard and Soft Timber.

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A good House, Barn, and other Outbuildings, together with pure and never-failing water privileges are among the inducements. For full particulars apply to the subscriber.

T. J. EAGLESON.
Bridgetown, Oct. 9, 1883. tf

St. Mary's Carriage Man'f'g Co'y,
(INCORPORATED)
Capital, $48,000.
A Division of Surplus stock will take place on
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SUBSCRIBE NOW,
Shares for Sale, $2 Each.
This is the best investment in the Country. Send for prospectus and full particulars to
JAS. THOMPSON. H. A. L. WHITE.
President. Sec'y-Treas. St. Mary's, Ont.
Agents Wanted, Big Commission.

Poetry.

Slipping Away.

They are slipping away—these swift, sweet years—
Like a leaf on the current cast;
Will never a break in the rapid flow
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past,

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam,
As soft as the languorous breezes that
That lift the willow's long golden lid
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of a thistle-down;
As fond as a lovers dream;
As pure as a flush in a sea-shells throat,
As sweet as the woodbird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair,
We hear the sound of their heavy tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet?
By the dusty way of life.

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!

Select Literature.

Brave Ben Ballard.

He was using his axe stumily and with effect upon one of the great logs that went to make up Deacon Wilson's wood pile, that dull November afternoon—a thin little fellow with sandy hair and pale blue eyes, and a freckled, old looking face, in which there was certainly no appearance of anything like heroism. Just at that minute, indeed, there was a cloud of mingled grief and anger upon it, and the tears Ben could not check were chilling on his cheeks. He was Deacon Wilson's bound boy, and was expected to work early and late for his food and clothes.

He could scarcely remember the time when he was not a bound boy, though the time had been. A cottage in a little country town was occasionally pointed out as 'the place Rufus Ballard owned before he took to drink.' Poor Rufus Ballard! There was no kinder-hearted or happier man in all Pennyville than he, before the demon that has ruined so many homes clutched and held him in its vicious grasp. Ben was scarcely four years old when his mother died, but one memory of his dreamy babyhood still appeared to him, standing out terribly distinct against the dark background of forgetfulness. Often he thought of it and seemed again to see his mother, as he saw her then, living, oh! so white and still, her pretty soft hair all dabbled in the blood that was trickling slowly from a wound in her forehead. Her head had come in contact with a sharp corner of the stove when she fell, struck down by her husband in a fit of drunken rage. The shock sobered him instantly; through all his maudlin madness, he had never before raised his hand against her. Now, with dry, burning eyes he lifted the insensible form at his feet and placed it on the bed; and he kissed the stiff lips with sad remorseful tenderness. All this Ben remembered; and remembered, too, and always with grateful tears swelling up from the depths of his lonely heart, how his father had turned to him then, taking him to his arms for a moment, and stroking his hair.

'I've been a brute,' he said, huskily. 'I'm going away—away, Bennie. If I ever get to be a man again I'll come back. Tell—your mother what I say. And don't you ever, if you die first, Bennie, touch a drop of liquor. Run across, now and ask Mrs. Brown to come over—to see—'

And when Ben, crying bitterly, had performed the errand to the best of his small ability, his father had disappeared; and from that day forth Rufus Ballard was seen no more in Pennyville, nor did any word come from him to one little lonely heart.

Scarcely three months later Ben's mother died—of consumption, the doctor said; of a broken heart said the neighbors. At her death, good Mrs. Brown took the boy and was very kind to him until she, too went to her long rest. And then Ben fell into the hands of Deacon Josiah Wilson.

They were not particularly tender hands, though, to give the deacon justice he endeavored to perform his duty to his charge conscientiously. The trouble was only that in his composition duty was synonymous with discipline, and that of the most vigorous description. So the life of this poor little bound boy was lived in the extreme, and pitifully devoid of all simple childish pleasures.

It was just after prayers that Ben had proffered a timid request, standing as he spoke with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes.

'Deacon Wilson, can't I—oh, if you please, sir, Eben Beals says that if you—if I will come over and help him after I get my chores done nights,—he—I may—he will give me his old skates in pay. He's got—a new—pair.'

Poor little Ben! How the color came and went in his thin face, and how painfully hard his heart thumped behind his checked blouse. The deacon's sharp grey eyes were upon him.

'Trash!' ejaculated the deacon, shortly. 'What do you want to do with skates?'

'I'll skate,' cried Ben eagerly, brightening with a new hope. 'I learned last winter at recess time and noons on Mr. Kane's duck pond, sir.'

Deacon Wilson's next words dissipated all expectations of good to come, however; and the clouds swept across Ben's sky again, darker than ever.

'You might have been better employed, I don't send you to school to cut up any such didos. You can't help the Beals boy an' you can't have the skates. Give 'em back's quick as you're a mind to.'

It was of all this Ben was thinking as he stood with half angry, tearful face by the deacon's wood pile, where I have left him an unconscionable length of time. His tears fell thicker and faster with the gathering shadows of night, and he dropped his axe at last with a little bitter cry.

'It's no use to try,' he said. 'O father! O father, why don't you come, why don't you come!'

With a sudden thought he fell upon his knees beside the log, and clasped his hands before him.

'Oh, God, please bring my father back to me. Oh, please, dear God. And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.'

From the doorway at that moment sounded the deacon's incisive voice:

'Come in to supper Benjamin. You'll wear the knees o' your pantaloons all out getting down on 'em that way. Come right in.'

And at the supper table he eyed Ben's flushed face sharply.

'Lemme see,' he said, taking a meditative sip of tea, 'its high onto ten years since your father went off, ain't it?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Ben, faintly.

'Well' said the deacon, not altogether unkindly, 'I'aint a good man for ye to be pleasing yourself up with the notion that he will come back. It don't stand to reason he will. And you're best shut of him, Benjamin—best shut of him!'

Ben did not reply; his heart was full and there was a painful lump in his throat. Just as long as he lived he would cling to the faith, which had been his mother's also, that his father was alive and well and would one day come back to him—a man among men once more.

Every night before he went to rest he prayed for this, in his own humble way. On this particular night he crept up to his little attic room, and prayed again as it seemed to him he had never prayed before, and then he went to bed and soon fell into the deep, healthy slumber, which is one of the blessings of youth.

He could not tell how long he had slept when he awoke suddenly. The room was bright as day, and there was a dreadful glare through the one window which faced the west and the river. What could it be? Ben sprang out of bed and to the window with a fear tugging at his heart. It needed but a glance to tell him the truth.

He scrambled into his clothes, trembling with cold and fear, and flung himself out of his room and down the stairs hardly taking a thought as to what he could do.

The key of the church hung under the clock in the sitting room—for the deacon held the office of sexton as well. He sped along, and when he came to the church his hand shook so that he could scarcely unlock the door. The bell rops hung in the vestibule like a huge coiling serpent. The boy seized it with both his hands and flung his own slight weight upon it. Back and forth he swayed with the swaying of the rope, clinging like a squirrel to it, tugging at it in frantic desperation. His bare hands were cut and blistered, but he did not mind the pain. It seemed hours to the frightened, panting boy before the deep-toned bell above answered the summons; but it echoed at last, breaking through the frosty quietude of the night.

Clang, clang! Clang, clang! Fire! fire! fire! the deep rolling tones cried to the sleeping village. Clang! clang! Clang, clang!

In an incredibly short space of time the town was astir. Men raced past the church their voices echoing the cry of fire! Ben slipped out, leaving the key still in the door, and hurried away to the river with the rest. There was a great deal of excitement, of shouting and runing to and fro; but it was soon quite evident that nothing could be done to save the bridge.

'It's bound to go,' remarked Capt Winter, a stout, jolly-faced man. He had been first on the scene, as he was usually first whatever quickness of thought and action was required. Its just what I knew'd happen when they built the confounded thing.'

For the railroad was a recent institution and one that Capt. Thomas Winter had stoutly opposed from the first. It had made Pennville its terminus but for a short time and then stretched off and away again, leaving the sleepy little place all the more sleepy by comparison with the life that daily throbbed along its iron track.

Seldom now, unless for a passenger, did the daily train, up or down stop at the small deserted station which was quite beyond the village itself and out of sight of the bridge.

'Anyhow its lucky the fire was discovered in season to stop the train,' said the Capt, squinting funnily with the red light of the fire in his eyes. 'Who did it? who rang the bell?'

No one could tell that, however, unless indeed it were the boy who, altogether unthought of, shrank fearfully into the friendly shadow of the little grocery. The deacon might perhaps have conjectured rightly but he had not yet made his appearance.

'He did a good thing, whoever he is,' pursued Capt. Winter calmly and quite with the air of one who feels that he has done all that can possibly be required. 'I have sent my man on horseback to the bridge at Dominique at the first alarm. Its eight miles there, and full more across to the station; but he'll make it pass in an hour and a half, and stop the train at Hooly's. It isn't due here till two o'clock and 'Old Time' said' midnight 'just about as John started.

'Old Time' was the town clock, on whose ancient face a quaint representation of time with his scythe could still be traced. It was Old Time indeed, since Aunt Sally Bascom herself almost a centenarian, who could barely remember when it had not occupied its position in the belfry of the old town house. At Capt. Winter finished speaking, a sudden recollection flashed across Ben's mind, and a horrible icy fear clutched his heart. For an instant he stood as if turned to stone, but it was only for an instant.

'Oh, Capt. Winter,' he cried, springing forward and catching the captain's sleeve, 'the—the old clock doesn't strike right! I know it doesn't, it only struck five when it is six to night and Deacon Wilson said it must be out of kilter and would have to be seen to.'

Capt. Winter looked at his watch as if had occurred to him to do before. He shut it again without a word. His face looked drawn and fairly gray in the wavering light.

'Men! he cried sharply, 'the train for Princeton is due here in exactly twenty-four minutes. Do you understand?'

Did they understand? They stood with blanching faces and hard drawn breaths, gazing dumbly into each other's eyes—those strong men, so helpless in their strength. The little horror-stricken group was momently augmented by fresh arrivals and there was no one among them all but took in at once the whole dreadful truth. Beyond the ruined bridge the track was in view but for a short distance. It made a sharp curve to the left, and then lay for two miles through a swampy forest. And so surely as the train rounded the curve at full speed, so surely it must be buried with its living freight into the cold, black waters of the river.

'I tell you Judge Stanhope and his wife and his daughter are expected home to-night—on that miserable one-horse train!' cried Captain Winter, with fierce energy. 'I'd go myself, but,' with a contemptuous glance down at his own round person, 'I couldn't get a yard out. Do something for God's sake! I believe in my heart you're all cowards!'

'Take that back, Capt. Winter,' uttered a voice—a voice that was husky and shaking. 'We're no cowards. You know yourself that this ice won't bear half the weight of a man. It only began to freeze night afore this.'

The captain groaned aloud. Judge Stanhope's wife was his own sister.

'Try it!' he cried hoarsely. 'I'll give you every cent I'm worth just to make the attempt! We can't stand here like a pack of idiots, and watch them come on to death.'

Well! I cannot describe to you the terrible excitement of that time. Men ran here and there as if completely bereft of sense, each with some separate impracticable project, and hurried off for ropes and rails and 'cleats' and boats,—all leaky and unfit for the purpose. In the midst of it all, a figure appeared at the river's edge at some distance below the burning bridge—a thin boyish figure, with a face flushed with haste, and blue eyes that were dark and wide with fear. It was Ben Ballard. The Captain's revelations concerning Judge Stanhope and his family had given shape to the vague, wild idea that all the time had been floating in the boy's brain. Pretty Lida Stanhope was his teacher in Sabbath school. She had always been tenderly kind to him, more than orphaned boy. Ben loved her for it, and would die to save her.

That was what he said to himself as he sped panting up to the place he called home, and back again to the scene of the disaster, with a pair of wretchedly old skates in one hand, and the deacon's lantern, which he had actually snatched from the grasp of the astonished owner, in the other. Captain Winter was the first to espy him, and he hastened straightway down the low, steep bank. Ben had the delapidated skates already on his feet, tied as securely as might be with bits of rope yarn, and he rose as the captain came half sliding down to where he stood.

Captain Winter laid a hand on his shoulder. 'Ben—is it the deacon's boy?' he said huskily. 'Child—you can't cross the river.'

'O, let me try,' cried Ben. His nerves were strung to the highest pitch, his heart seemed all on fire. 'I can skate, and I'm little and awful light; and—if I don't get over sir, its no loss.'

'But, my boy—'

Hark! was not that the a distant thunderous rumble? With a quick cry of dismay Ben slipped away from the hand that detained him. A horrible groan sounded from the bank above, where deacon Wilson had at that moment arrived, red with the unwonted exercise and wrathful at the loss of his lantern. His vexation vanished suddenly, however. He reverently bared his head and fell upon his knees. 'Let or pray,' he uttered chockingly.

And there are those who declare, that never before or after in church, or private assembly, was Deacon Wilson heard to pray as he prayed that night.

In truth it was an extremely perilous, though short journey, that Ben had undertaken. It was only his light weight and swift movements that gave him safety. The ice bent fearfully beneath his quick steady strokes, and once or twice he cut through to the water. A pull of wind enough his hat from his head, but he dared not stop to recover it, and even in his excitement he wondered with a little feeling of dread what Deacon Wilson would say to the loss. Nearly over one of the skates loosened suddenly and he stumbled and nearly fell, and the thin ice broke beneath him. But the water was scarcely waist deep there and his footing sure; and so he struggled bravely out and gained the bank holding the lantern above his head all the while. A wild, hoarse shout reached his ears from the shore he had left. He pulled his worn boots from his feet—it was the quickest and easiest method of taking off his skates—then he sped away up the track. The night was bitterly cold, and his clothes were freezing around him but he did not feel the cold. On, on he went, flying from sleeper to sleeper like a small terrified Mercury, hearing each instant the rumble of a coming train grow more and more distinct. On till the curve was reached and passed; on still into the shadow of the forest. The train was coming—surely. Away, far away to the south appeared a tiny, fiery eye. Larger it grew and larger, and still Ben ran on, panting now with a dreadful weariness, his throat parched and burning, his eyes almost starting from the sockets, swinging his lantern as he ran.

On came the train to meet him, thundering over its iron road. It was late, as it often was, and there would be no slackening of speed at the bridge. In an instant of time the great head-light of the locomotive was glowering upon the boy. With a terrified shriek, with a last despairing effort, he sprang aside, and as he did so he flung his lantern with all the force he could muster straight at the window of the cab.

And then he flung himself, with a shivering, disheartened cry, face downward upon the ground.

The train stopped, not more than a hundred yards from destruction, amid echoing cheers from the farther shore, where Captain Winter was sobbing aloud and wringing the deacon's hand in an excess of joy; and then it ran slowly back. Many of the passengers crowded out to discover the cause of the stoppage, and those who remained were asking eager excited questions and getting no replies.

Pretty Lida Stanhope sat with her mother in the warm lighted car and immediately behind them was a man, well dressed, whose hair was sprinkled with silver, and who kept his face resolutely turned to the window. He had not left the car; he asked no questions.

Judge Stanhope entered presently.

'We shall not probably get home to-night,' he said, and his voice shook sadly in spite of his effort to steady it. 'The bridge is burned. Some brave fellow, God bless him, warned the train, but how—?'

There was a bustle about the crowded door at that minute, and an authoritive voice interrupted the judge.

'Take him right in, boys. Make way, there! We can't get a drop of brandy down his throat, and he's almost frozen to death.'

Lida Stanhope sprang up an eager cry, as the stout trackman pushed his way through the door with his burden, a boy bareheaded, shoeless and white and chilled but smiling brightly as he caught sight of the judge's daughter.

'Way, mamma, mamma! It's Deacon Wilson's bound boy! It's little Ben Ballard.'

There was a sudden movement behind her a low sharp cry, whether of joy or pain Lida could never quite determine, and then a quick footstep up the car.

'It's my boy! O, Ben, my little Ben!'

Thank God! for Ben was in his father's arms again at last. Rufus Ballard's tears and fears, were raining softly on the upturned face of his boy,—the boy who remembered, even in his extremity, his father's parting injunction, never to touch a drop of the accursed stuff—the boy whose courage and devotion had been made by Providence to answer his own heart-broken, almost despairing prayer.

VINEGAR SAUCE.—One and a half cups of sugar, one and a half tablespoons of flour, in a little water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a quarter of a grat distilbeg, and a pinch of salt. Over this pour one and a half pints of boiling water and boil ten minutes. Just before taking from the stove add one desertspoon of butter.

Job Work!

The Monitor office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a specility of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

MAIL CONTRACT!

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 17th October, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, once per week each way, between

Bridgetown and Granville Ferry,

via Chutes Cove, and once per week each way between

BRIDGETOWN & PORT LORNE,

via Chute's Cove, under a proposed contract for four years from the 1st of January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post offices of Bridgetown, Port Lorne and Granville Ferry, or at the office of the subscriber.

CHARLES J. MACDONALD,
Post Office Inspector.
Post office Inspector's office,
Halifax, 22nd Aug. 1884 } 20423.

NOTICE!

I hereby forbid anyone trusting any person to anything on my account, as I shall resist payment.

W. R. MATHEWS.
Middleton, Aug 18, '84. 19t25.

SCHR. A. M. HOLT.

The Subscriber having purchased the well known Schr. A. M. HOLT, lately owned by Capt. D. R. Graves, will continue to run her as usual between

Bridgetown and St. John.

Freight handled carefully and carried at reasonable rates.

For further particulars apply to Capt. P. NICHOLSON, Bridgetown, or on board to

W. E. COVERT
Bridgetown, Sept. 3rd, '84. 13t34.

ANNAPOLIS, SS.

In the Supreme Court, 1884.

In Equity.

CAUSE.

ROBERT DAVIDSON and ANNANELLA DAVIDSON, Plaintiffs.

vs.

WILLIAM STEPHENSON, JOSEPH STEPHENSON and JAMES STEPHENSON, Defendants.

Upon hearing and the affidavit of J. Averd Morse, High Sheriff of Annapolis County, the return of said sheriff endorsed on the original writ herein, the affidavit of T. J. Troimaine, sworn the 2nd day of September, 1883, and, on motion, it is ordered, that unless the above named defendants, William Stephenson and Joseph Stephenson, do appear and plead in this cause within thirty days from the date of the first publication of this order in the WEEKLY MONITOR, newspaper, published at Bridgetown, Annapolis County, a default will be marked against them; and it is further ordered that the publication of this order in the "Weekly Monitor," newspaper, at Bridgetown, aforesaid, for thirty days, shall be deemed a sufficient service of the writ herein upon said William Stephenson and Joseph Stephenson.

Dated at Halifax, this 2nd day of September, A. D., 1884.

(Sgd.) By the Court,
S. H. HOLMES,
Proth'y.

JOHN ERVIN, Plaintiffs Atty.
Bridgetown, Sept. 3rd. 5i27

Flour! Flour!

THE subscribers has just received a car load of

Goldie's Best Brands

of FLOUR, likewise

Feed Flour, Oatmeal,

and CORN MEAL, which he will sell at bottom prices, at the house lately occupied by Mr. Thos. Kelly.

D. S. SYLAIR.
Bridgetown, May 21 '84. 3m

FOR SALE.
500 M Cylinder Sawed
SPRUCE STAVES.
Orders by the Car load Solicited.
J. P. Chipman & Co.
Kentville-June 19 '84 3m24.