



Weekly Monitor, PUBLISHED Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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ADVERTISING RATES. One line—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 25 cents; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.00.

JOB WORK. At the office of this Paper may be obtained to order and at short notice: Pamphlets, Circulars, Programmes, Bill-Heads, Dodgers, Business Cards, Wedding Cards, Visting Cards, Shipping Tags, Posters, Tickets, &c., &c., &c.

Magistrates' Blanks. Kept constantly on hand. Call and inspect Samples of Work.

HARD TIMES Are Upon Us.

OWING to the hard times I am determined to sell at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE, and I now offer at my store on Queen Street a nice selection of

JEWELRY

FANCY GOODS,

WATCHES, CLOCKS, TIMEPIECES, RINGS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, GOLD & PLATED CHAINS, SPOONS, FORKS, SPECTACLES, PURSES, CHARMS, &c., &c.

ALL parties now owing the subscriber are hereby notified to pay up.

J. E. SANCTON.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway. SPRING ARRANGEMENT. COMMERCIAL Monday, 15th of May, 1876.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Exp., Pass. Pass. and Frgt. Frgt. Rows include Halifax, Kentville, Wolfville, etc.

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Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Halifax and Annapolis run on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays only.

Three Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS."

For Dipby and Annapolis.

On and after Monday, April 17th, until further notice, the "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and return the same days, connecting at Annapolis with Express Train for and from Halifax and way stations.

FARE—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$5.00; do do 2nd class, 3.50; do do Annapolis, 2.00; do do Dipby, 1.50.

STEAMER EMPRESS AND THE WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY.

LAWRENCETOWN, Autumn 1875.

MRS. L. C. WHEELER has now on hand a complete Assortment of

W. H. OLIVE, Custom House, Forwarding, COMMISSION, Railroad and Steamboat Agent.

GEORGE WHITMAN, Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent, Round Hill, Annapolis, N. S.

Jno. B. Mills, Barrister, &c., &c., Bona Vista House, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

ROYAL HOTEL. (Formerly STUBBS) 146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Opposite Custom House, St. John, N. B.

WILLIAM HILLMAN, Silver and Brass Plater, ELECTOR PLATER in gold and silver.

ERB & BOWMAN, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 3 & 4 NORTH MARKET WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THOMAS DEARNESS, Manufacturer of Monuments, Grave-Stones, TABLE TOPS, &c.

GREAT REDUCTION! FOR CASH.

Tweed Suits, \$20 to \$26, FORMER PRICES, \$24 to \$33.

PROPORTIONATELY LOW.

SADDLERY BUSINESS. The subscriber wishes to inform his old customers and the public in general that he still continues to carry on the

GEORGE MURDOCH, Bridgetown, Dec. 8th, 1875.

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES! AT LAWRENCETOWN.

MARBLE WORKS! THE undersigned having entered into Partnership for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of Marble, hereby notify the public that they are prepared to furnish at Short Notice and on Reasonable Terms, will receive prompt attention.

THE BANKRUPT STOCK! Estate of Lansdowne & Martin. HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at BANKRUPT PRICES!

BEARD & VENNING, Albion House. WE have received per Anchor and Allen Line steamers 95 Packages containing a Full Assortment of FRESH and SEASONABLE DRY GOODS,

CHEESE FACTORIES! All Kinds of Milk Cans, Curd Knives, and every Description of APPARATUS.

NEW GOODS! Victoria House, Spring, 1876.

ATTENTION. AS MRS. FRASER & SISTER are determined to give up their MILLINERY BUSINESS

Great Reduction for Cash.

195,000. THE DAILY and WEEKLY MONTREAL STAR

Great Reduction for Cash.

Poetry. WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP. We lay us down to sleep, And leave to God the rest; Whether to wake or weep, Or wake no more be best.

Select Literature. Found in the Snow. 'Hallo! This won't do. Move on! The speaker was a gigantic policeman. The object of his wrath was a boy who sat on a low stoop, with his face buried in his hands as if crying.

'Hallo! I say!' cried the policeman, angrily advancing nearer. 'No shame, young'un. Get up and shove on.'

'What's the matter?' he said, looking vaguely from one to the other. 'Yes, I remember,' putting his hand to his brow, 'Margaret—'

'Where's the note? Order the carriage,' said Mr. Ascot, incoherently, rising to his feet. 'Is it from Margaret? Did she write it?'

'What! what! he cried. A young tramp—a beggar? Not dead yet, Mr. Ascot,' said the policeman, respectfully, as he recognized the speaker, well known as the wealthiest and most influential householder on the beat, 'but I'm afraid will be before I reach the station. And he doesn't seem to be a common sort of beggar.'

'Not the common sort, eh? Neither is he,' said Mr. Ascot as he looked at the boy's clothes. 'Have him in here, have him in here, join ring the bell, why the deuce do you stand there gaping, don't you see the boy's dying from cold and hunger? I can walk up the steps well enough alone.'

'There's a roaring fire ready,' he said. 'I always have one waiting for me when I come here at night, since you're the housekeeper?'

'Die, Die!' cried the old man, rising up; and his voice and air were that of youth. 'She shall not die. Where is the carriage? I shall go at once and get my mother home to night. The carriage I say' he cried, almost angrily and he turned toward the door, where the footman now appeared.

'The carriage, sir, sir,' said the servant obsequiously.

'Get your cloak and bonnet, Mrs. Somers, a few blankets, a bit of wood, there's not a minute to lose. Good God! Margaret dying, and we wasting our time here! No, my brave fellow, your mother shall not die.'

'In a few minutes during which the thoughtful Mrs. Somers had provided a biscuit and some hot tea for the boy, the little party set forth. While the carriage is rolling over the snow, its destination being one of the most obscure streets of the great metropolis, let us say a few words about the daughter.

Margaret Ascot had been one of those sweet tempered, sympathetic natures that everybody loved. Beautiful, accomplished, wealthy and well born, she had crowds of suitors, but at nineteen she turned from them all, and gave her heart to a penniless lover. This was not because she was foolishly romantic, like so many others, but because her suitor was worthy of her in every way except riches. It was only a poor music teacher, an Italian exile—for this was in days now fortunately long ago, before Italy was free, and to be an Italian patriot meant banishment or a life-long imprisonment even death.

and he opened his eyes, this time with more of consciousness in them, and he fixed a long, questioning, puzzled look on Mr. Ascot.

'Merciful Heaven!' the latter said, staggering like one struck with palsy, 'It's her eyes, her eyes—'

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Parents do not sufficiently make allowances for the imaginative elements in their daughters. They fancy that at nineteen girls can feel as their mothers do at forty; that the dry husks of a matter-of-fact life are sufficient for them. It is not so, and the little men of fashion, who constituted the bulk of her admirers, he was a prince in disguise, a young god.

'What does it mean?' At any other time Mrs. Somers would have been reticent about family affairs, but she was too hurried to think clearly. Surprised out of herself she took her audience, unconsciously, into her confidence.

'No, it's not a stroke,' she answered with the experience of long years of nursing. 'His face isn't awry, you see, and he's only limp, and not paralyzed. There I've opened his cravat, and now James bring me some water. It's but a fainting fit, he often has 'em when he's worried, often I mean, since his daughter went away. She ran off, you know, most ten years ago. He's never forgiven her, or rather she's never forgiven him, but she's never—'

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